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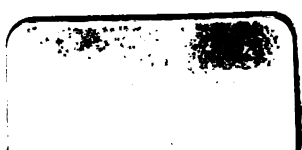
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The General Assembly commend the new Parish Magazine, "Life and Work,"
to the people of Scotland.—*Minutes of General Assembly, 27th May 1879.*

LIFE & WORK

A Parish Magazine

WITH

GAELIC SUPPLEMENT

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JANUARY 1880.

Sermon.

By the Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

EVERY rightly thinking person values the blessing of a good man; especially the benediction which he pronounces when the end of the life on earth is at hand. What he says then about the one that is dear to him, what he says concerning God and God's service and kingdom, are invested with a special interest and solemnity. Never was closing utterance more full of meaning, both in its flashings forth of the prophetic soul and its expressions of faith, than that "wherewith Moses, the man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death." Very touching, with long, far reaches of mind condensed into short pithy phrases, the delineation of the character and of the future of the tribes by him in the day when, as king in Jeshurun, he was surrounded by the heads of the people! Marvellously beautiful, the summing-up of the kingly charge! I have selected one clause of it; that in which he represents the blessedness of Israel, thus:—"Underneath are the everlasting arms."

It is the clause I would set before you on the morning of New Year's Day. What more appropriate than to invite you to a short, simple, please God, profitable meditation, whose points shall be the three words—God's arms; God's everlasting arms; God's everlasting arms underneath? Be it thine, mine, dearly beloved in the Lord, to realise the riches thus presented!

Of course you understand that in the expression *the arms* we are invited to look for that spiritual sense which is within the literal, of which the literal is the "covering over the glory" spoken of by the prophet Isaiah. As man was made in the image and after the likeness of the Eternal, so, in the several parts of his Being, the likeness is distributed. There is that in each of these parts which has its correspondent in some feature or quality of God. The heart, the eye, the ear, the hands, the feet, the affections, emotions, sympathies; each, all, have in them a divine something, a something whose fulfilment is in the Eternal Being. So, now, as to the arms. They are among the main instruments of action; with them we sustain, through them we repel, by means of them we work and toil. And, accord-

ingly, they are used to set forth the activity of God in His manifold doing to the children of men. It is not the first time that the man of God employs the symbolism. In the song which he sang after the passage of the Red Sea, he cries, "By the greatness of Thine arm, Thine enemies were as still as a stone until Thy people passed over." And the symbolism is found throughout the Scriptures. "Hast thou an arm like God?" is a part of the questioning by which Job is confounded. The prophet Isaiah recurs again and again to the phrase. He says of the Messiah, "His arm shall rule for Him." "Awake, put on Thy strength, O arm of the Lord," is the passionate pleading. "To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" is the pathetic complaint. It is the "stretched-out arm" that in the Old Testament is described as the instrument of redemption. And Mary, in the song which opens the fountains of New Testament poetry, prolongs the strain: "He hath showed strength with His arm."

The arms are the covenant activities of God, the sign of all His action in behalf of, with, and through the people whom He has redeemed. I do not know if we should push the analogy farther. But if you wished to find out representatives of the two arms, I might point you to such words as these: "Mercy and truth are met together." "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth." "We beheld His glory, full of grace and truth." For it is the joy, it is the blessedness, of the redeemed, that the righteousness and the tenderness of God are united in their salvation. That is one aspect of the reconciliation received in Jesus Christ. It represents the harmony of the divine attributes—"I have glorified Thee." Our confidence is, that it is no mere act of pity on which we must humbly trust for the forgiveness of our sins; but that it is God's faithfulness and justness which we may claim. It would be injustice not to forgive, since that has been done which has satisfied all righteousness, and which is unto all and upon all them that believe. There we take our stand; thence, our confidence towards God. Presenting ever the accepted sacrifice, we know that both arms of the divine will and government,—the righteousness of the Law whose seat is God's own Being, and the mercifulness of the Heart which hates nothing that He made, but seeks the good of all,—that these arms are obedient to the motion of the Father's heart: "When he was yet a great way off, his

father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

The arms are *everlasting*; the arms of the eternal God, whose purpose never fails, whose love never changes. What more suggestive of the ever-abiding than the physical universe? But there is a constitution surer still. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Oh what repose in the thought of these everlasting arms!

Everlasting, in what they hold for us. They are laden with blessings—blessings in the heavenlies—ay, and who shall set a limit? As to the scope and abundance of the blessings, judge from only one assurance, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" "All things are yours"—in these arms for you—"whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come." Worlds, eternities, sufficiencies for every sort of strait and condition; these are laid up, are kept everlastingly for you. In these arms are all the promises of God, with His Yea and Amen to you sealed on them; a promise for every emergency, a promise which is before every trial, a promise which remains after every trial. God's solemn oaths, His guarantees, His pledges, are bound about the arms. In them, for every one who will, are the four grand alls—all grace, all sufficiency, all ways, in all things; "sure mercies," "everlasting covenants," "everlasting kindness."

Everlasting in what they do for us. These arms are guiding the chariot in the heavens—the chariot of Him who is riding for a help and in His excellency on the sky. These arms are thrusting out the enemy from before thee. "All power," said the Lord, "is given to Me in heaven and earth." And as He so said, He was taken from them; they beheld Him passing into the glory, with the out-stretched arms blessing the world and the Church. Everlasting are these arms in which the whole power of heaven and earth is vested. The arm that is straitened is not His, it is ours. "The best of all," said Wesley, waving his withered hand, "is that God is with us."

Everlasting in the support which they provide. The soul that is held in their embrace is held for ever. There is discipline, correction, chastisement in them for sin, and error, and transgression—discipline and correction that are very sharp, that sometimes cut into the innermost places of the being. But the arms do not let go; and if they smite, they also heal; if they tear, they also bind up. Other arms must relinquish the embrace. The hour comes when they must be withdrawn. You have seen the loving bear the loved through the sickness on to the article of death; but then the support ceases. The form,

cold and lifeless, is buried out of sight. *Then* is realised the full strength of the everlasting arms. "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death." "Thy dead shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise." "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The everlasting arms are *underneath*. Mark the description: *above*, the face of the eternal God, shining, lifted up; the countenance resting in love, rejoicing over Israel with joy, the countenance in which the prophet read the word, "Thou wast angry with me, but Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me," in which the apostle read the word, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself," which the Son of God, who only knew the Father, thus interpreted, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." *Below*, the arms lifting up to the light of that countenance; sustaining, if for an instant the light be hidden. "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" cried the Divine Sufferer on the cross. The light was gone; the countenance was withdrawn. But not the arms; underneath they were: "My God, My God." Oh, let us evermore dwell on the underneath!

If I think for an instant of the Israel with regard to which it was first uttered, I cannot part with the assurance that underneath all its strange vicissitudes, its history chequered and marred, its condition—a race scattered and peeled, yet still holding fast its traditions and strangely perpetuating its unity—underneath all, are the Covenant election and promise. "God hath not cast away His people which He foreknew." Are not His gifts and calling without repentance? There has been a past, there is no present, but there will be a future for Israel. Somehow the destinies of the Church and world are interwoven with its fortunes; and deeper than all political movements, yet working strangely through them, is the purpose to bring back the Captivity of Zion, and in the grafting in of the right branch into the stem to realise new blessing for all the spiritual Israel—for mankind.

So, too, when disposed to tremble for the ark of God, to ask, What shall be the end of all the haltings and uncertainties of thought in our day, all the breakings-up of the old platforms and submergence of the old landmarks, all the signs of unbelief and the spirit which treats Divine Ordinance and Constitution, amid the plaudits of those who claim to be enlightened, as merely a machinery like that of police board or railway company?—when I thus, with something of heart-sinking, wonder whether the whole idea of a Holy City, God's New Jerusalem, fitly joined together, compacted by ministries and offices which connect with the grace of the Lord and Head, is fading from sight, and a cold, hopeless secularism is

eating into all our life; the rallying assurance is, "Underneath the Church are the everlasting arms." The gates of hell cannot prevail. "She has a charm, a word of fire, a pledge of love that cannot tire." Some higher order is being wrought through disorder. Is the cry, "Overturn, overturn, overturn"? It shall be only until He come whose the right is. He is in all, through all, over all; His strength working deeper than all; underneath, in the realm of the under waters, among the under currents, is the seat of His energy who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask. In death, the power of His might works resurrection.

For ourselves, brethren, let us take home the word *underneath*. The arms are below the body which they sustain; the whole weight of the person rests on them. God's will is, that you rest the entire weight of your care, your sorrow, your anxiety, on Him; and that, conscious of His upholding, you go into the duty or the trial which lies before you. This year has opened on many a heavy heart. How many on Thursday shall feel that festivity has in it a hollow sound; that there is nothing for them except the part of stilling and quieting the fevered spirit; not dwelling too much on the brightness that has gone, or anticipating too much the darkness that is coming! If I am speaking to any thus burdened, my word would be one of good cheer. Remember *the everlasting arms underneath*. Fall back, lean on them, let them bear you: "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." His word, whose are the arms, is, "Fear not." Heavy the load; but the arms that bear up are everlasting and infinite in their strength. This year, again, shall open on some who know that during the months which have fled they have failed and erred, in many ways, from the truth. Memories are not only regretful, but reproachful; what one felt to be the best, not only not attained, but miserably fallen from, sometimes denied; all sorts of shortcomings in even the first principles of righteousness; all sorts of offences against our own resolutions, and principles, and aims. Truly, as the years pass, we find the sort of enthusiasm with which we used to regard New Year's Day vanishing. "January 1 is not unlike December 31, and there is no transforming magic in a change of date." We recollect how we used to write resolutions, to begin diaries, to make all kinds of promises and rules for New Year. Some of us have given it up, for our diaries stare us unkept and our resolutions unfulfilled; and now we are fain simply to ask God's forgiveness, and commit ourselves anew to His help and the teaching of His Holy Spirit. But if I am addressing any who are conscious of great falls and distinct failures, who are morally weaker than they were last year, more under the power of some sin, more separated from the truth of a spiritual life, more eaten up by care and worldly concerns, more in the meshes of some series of actions as to which the conscience is uneasy, again, my word is one of good

cheer, but of solemn, urgent entreaty. When Gad, the prophet, presented three courses to David, after the numbering of the people, David's answer was, "I am in a great strait: let me fall into the hands of God." Fall into the everlasting arms. Do not struggle away from them, out of them. In repentance and contrition, yield yourselves to their wholesome scourging; only, only, be sure that they are below you; submit to the righteousness of God in the obedience of faith. Beloved, I repeat, your safety, your strength, your peace, your rest, and your inspiration alike are found in the experience of the saying, "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

New Year's Hymn for 1880.

"VICTORY."

("More than conquerors through Him that loved us.")

THE year is gone for ever,
And what is there to show
The patient loving service
I vowed twelve months ago!
When, in the joy of finding
The Pearl of greatest price,
My heart's-fires were enkindled

For any sacrifice,
And all was dross, if only
I might abide with Thee;
If, while I trod the world's ways,
My heart in heaven might be.

But I dreamed not of the hardships,
The weary toil and pain;
I thought but of the heavenly bliss
And all the joy and gain.
I knew not 'tis by crosses
We reach that blessed height,
And Christ's yoke seemed so easy,
I trusted my own might.

All for a time was sunshine,
The pathway bright and fair,
My heart was gay and buoyant,
My spirits light as air.

Then came defeat and failure,
And wretched days of gloom,
The giants Sin and Satan
I *could* not overcome.
Their chains are chains of iron,
Is there no help for me?
Thou, Lord, canst break the fetters,
And set the captive free.
Then with a shout of triumph,
No longer held in thrall,
Thro' Thee I'll more than conquer:
Thy love has conquered all.

From Self and Sin and Satan
For evermore I flee;
Strong in a strength almighty,
I'll strive to follow Thee
(Whose way thro' pain and sorrow,
Led past the cross and death),
And choose what Thou appointest
Until my latest breath;

For "he that overcometh
Shall walk with Thee in white,"
And Thy "well done" of welcome
Is the crown of life and light.
This year may bring me trial,
And strength is not in me;
But, Lord, in all time coming
Help me to cling to Thee!—A. H. JAMIESON

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

THE old house of Wallyford stands in the midst of the fields, in the rich and peaceful stretch of country which lies between Edinburgh and the sea. It stands no longer, let me add, but has been pulled down, and another house, possibly more convenient, and commodious, and healthy, but not so homely and attaching, built in its stead. Old houses come to be like growths of the kindly soil, dear as the hills are dear, and the singing burns by which we have played in our childhood, and the old trees—notwithstanding that the new ones may be better in some respects, they are not so dear. This house was neither large nor rich, nor even beautiful. It was a homely square house, with a rounded half-turret, in which was the stair; this made the most picturesque feature in the place. The staircase had a long window on the landing, and the door opened at its foot on the ground-floor. This window was the mount of vision of the house. It overlooked the approach, and the little shrubbery, and a bit of the road which led to the village, and through the village to all the great highways, to Edinburgh and to the world. Within, the rooms were low-roofed and homely—a dining-room, large and low, next to the kitchen, which was paved with red brick, with a hearth as white as snow; and upstairs a drawing-room, with five small twinkling windows, opening, as it seemed, at the first glance, in all the corners of the room, and making it a kind of lantern of cool greenish light, looking out at one side upon the great slopes of Arthur's Seat. The hill was six or seven miles off, but it was so great, heaving its mighty shoulder up against the sky, and covering itself with all the purple and gold of evening, and all the rose tints of the earlier day, with the distance ever blue and dreamy in its hollows, that it looked much nearer than it was. This drawing-room was such a room as no one would ever make now; but there never was a place that looked more entirely a home. The walls were thicker, and I suppose the windows fitted better than our badly made windows do—at least I know that a thin brick house in England, though it is farther south, and has more of the sunshine, is never so warm as was that many-windowed room. There was a west window, by which the last sunshine of the day got in; and there was a south-east window, which caught the sun by noon-day, so that all the light that was going got into this pleasant place. There was an old Turkey carpet on the floor, worn bare in various places; and old-fashioned chairs, such as Isabel Cameron, the daughter of the house, was slightly ashamed of, though, the fashion having changed, they would be valuable now. She would have liked to bring in the upholsterer and have everything modernised—being only twenty, and not much more wise than girls of twenty usually are; but fortunately (so far as this went) the Camerons were not very rich, and the mother of the house was of opinion that old furniture was suitable to old people.

Isabel was the child of their old age, and their consolation and support. She had been born when her mother was about forty, the last of a flock. It was sweet to the old people to have anything so young belonging to them. There was a kind of renewal to them in her freshness. She would read to them in the evenings, and sometimes Captain Cameron and his wife would scarcely hear what she said in their tender admiration of herself. "Our Isabel" was the name she went by; without that tender pronoun they scarcely ever thought of her. Captain Cameron had travelled about the world in all sorts of places. He was not a captain at all, indeed, but only a naval lieutenant, poor enough on his half-pay; but all his friends and neighbours had given him brevet rank for years. He was not a distinguished person though he had been in a great part of all that has been hard and dangerous in naval warfare during his

time. He had been under "Charley Napier," as he called him, wherever that great sailor was; and he had done a great deal of obscure and dangerous work besides on the Gold Coast against the alavers, and wherever there was trouble and risk, and not much chance of distinction. He had a good-service pension, but that was all the notice the country had taken of this veteran. However, he did not mind; his medals were reward enough, and this quiet haven and rest he had attained to now. His wife had been a minister's daughter, which gave great decorum and regularity to the house. A salt-water man like old Captain Cameron wants regulation in this way; he would not, perhaps, have been so regular at church had it not been for his wife; but he was a very simple-minded Christian all the same, holding very fast to the plain interpretation of the Scriptures, and trusting God as a man has to do who has lived through storm and fight for nearly seventy years, holding his life in his hands. The faith that sustains a man in such continual encounters with danger and wounds and disease and death has to be a simple one. When he begins to make difficulties, and ask explanations of every wonder of Providence, the heart goes out of him. And God has nowhere undertaken to supply explanations. He has told us that all this is to be left for the end. Old Captain Cameron would hear none of those questionings which hearts in trouble so often make. "We'll know later on," he said, bowing his fine white head; and there were so many things in his own experience that wanted explaining, that nobody could have a better right. Mrs. Cameron was thought to be more pious by many people. She was very zealous in her attendance upon all "the ordinances," as she said; but sometimes her faith would fail her when the old sailor stood fast.

Those two had a large family, but there were only four left—two sons, both afloat on the world, a daughter married in India, and Isabel. "The boys" were men of eight-and-twenty and thirty. Mrs. Ramsay, the married daughter, was still older. She was as old as her mother in every habit and sentiment, and thought she—with the superior lights of a new generation—knew a great deal better than her mother. I am afraid the sons held something of the same opinion. It is difficult for full-grown people, in full encounter with the world, not to feel that they must know better, not only than the young, who have no experience, but than the old, whose experience is past. This is a feeling which we all are tempted to entertain when it is our turn to do the fighting, and the others are only looking on. One of the sons, Charles, was in London; another, John, in Edinburgh. Among those who were dead there had been misfortunes which had wrung the hearts of the parents more bitterly than death. There is nothing in which the lots of families are more unequal than this. Some will "do well," as people say, any number of them, jogging along the path of life without serious irregularity, without loss, or shame, or great trouble; whereas some will suffer all manner of loss and misery, backsliding and downfall, and ruin. The Camerons had been, as all their neighbours allowed, "sorely tried." One of their sons—a fine young man, with every gift of nature in his favour—had "gone astray" altogether. He had enlisted and been bought out, and then had disappeared; and where he was now they did not know—wandering somewhere in Californian wilds, living the rough life that American writers give us so many strange pictures of—or perhaps dead in the Australian bush, no one could tell. One had died in India at the moment of his life when all was most promising and fair. A third had been a clerk in a merchant's office in Glasgow, and had, like his brother, fallen into bad ways, and come home only to die. The two sons who remained to them now were "doing well," so far as anybody knew; but there had been a whisper about John—a glance exchanged between two people now and then, or shake of the head—which augured further woe. The old people had borne it all patiently, almost proudly,

to outward seeming. They had accepted no condolence, they had betrayed no secrets. No one had ever known from them what kind of life Willie had led, or that they knew nothing of him now. They gave evasive answers on this subject, though on all others they were rigid in their truthfulness. He wrote seldom, they said; he was a very bad correspondent. Mrs. Cameron said this with a smile, looking every questioner in the face to disarm all misgivings. Some one says that there are sins of this sort which the recording angel blots with a tear as he writes them. To see her smile and make her little speech about Willie's letters was enough to break one's heart. I have seen the same kind of smile many a time, and no doubt so has the reader too.

But Isabel was all sweetness and fragrance, like a flower growing between them, filling the house with perfume and pleasure. They were sitting in the pretty old drawing-room one dim evening in summer, when the days are so long in Scotland. It was nearly nine o'clock, but there were no candles lighted, and she was reading aloud. The light by which she was reading is not a light that is ever afforded to southern lands, though we know it so well in the north country. It was neither night nor day. The skies were silvery, fading out of the sunset glory, yet with still a great deal of yellow mingled in the blue, making soft breaks of far-away greenness, but too faint and fine in tone to be called green. Mrs. Cameron sat with her knitting at the further window, which, though it did not command the door, was near enough to make every summons audible, and every sound of an approaching step. She was knitting and listening to what Isabel read, and there was the shadow of a smile that was past, or rather the light of a smile to come, upon her face; but underneath her smile and her attention to her work and to the reading, there was a very different strain of listening, for a footstep which did not come. This was why she chose that place of all others.

She sat there on Saturday nights when John was coming out from Edinburgh. This was before the days of railways, and John generally walked, which seemed the most natural way. It would not seem so natural now when there is a railway and many omnibuses; but it was a thing that all vigorous and youthful people did then. Old Captain Cameron sat at the other end of the room, with his face turned to the west window, which was in a deep recess at one side of the fireplace. In summer his arm-chair turned its back ungratefully upon the empty fireplace, which in winter he was too glad to turn to. His face was turned to his daughter, who sat in the west window against the light, and made a very pretty picture with her fair soft hair curling about her neck. Part of it was knotted at the back of her head in a soft coil, and the rest shed behind her ear and curling on her throat. That would be very old-fashioned nowadays; but it was thought very pretty then. She was reading in a soft voice, very melodious to the ears of the old people. It was only the newspaper. There was not very much of importance in it. This was in the long lull that followed the great Peninsular wars, the thirty years' peace when people were beginning to think that war would never be known upon earth again. They were mistaken, as we all know; but they were able to think so then; and there were no telegrams about battles—nor, indeed, about anything else—for the telegraph, as yet, was not in existence. It made a great deal of difference in life—perhaps for the worse in many things, but in one or two for the better. People were more patient and more tranquil when they could not get messages of life or death at any moment. Captain Cameron had his face turned towards his daughter; but nevertheless he was conscious of the aspect of his wife, and knew in a moment, by a side-glance at the outline of her against her window, what she was thinking of, and that as yet there was no step audible coming up the road. She was his telegraph.

He knew when there was anything like a footstep in the distance by a momentary pause of her knitting-needles. When that happened, he too held his breath; but when he saw them go on again, composed himself once more to pay attention to the reading, with a little sigh.

"There is nothing to read," said Isabel, suddenly, having read it all through. "Only something about the Town Council at Musselburgh, and the herring fishing. You don't care about the herring fishing, papa?"

"I—not care about the herring fishing, when it is the life of a whole town! You must think little of my heart, Isabel."

"Well, I think I have a heart," said the girl. "Perhaps not a very great one like yours, papa; but I don't care about the herrings. They make such a smell—the whole place is fishy for weeks after. And all the salting, and curing, and barrelling is so odious. I like them well enough, bonnie shining things, all lying like a mass of slippery silver in the boat."

"And slippery silver is what they bring in to the fishers' houses, Isabel. A feasting, and a waste, and little more. They might as well never be brought out of the sea for all the good they do—except to the curers that are rich enough already."

"You are too hard upon the poor folk," said the old Captain. "Never be hard upon poor folk. They have things to bear we could not put up with, and they are often kind to each other when we would be harsh. Let us hear what is to be said about the herrings, Isabel."

"I think it is time for prayers, papa."

Captain Cameron looked at his wife—that is, he did not look at her, he referred to her as he might have referred to his look-out-man at sea. She said, with something which she would not have allowed to be a sigh, which was only a long breath, "It is so long light to-night, nobody would think it was so late; five minutes more or less makes little difference."

"You mean, mamma," said Isabel, with a laugh; "I know what you mean—that you want to wait for John. He is late; he is always late now. Do they keep the office open longer than they used to do on Saturday nights?"

To this neither father nor mother made any reply. There was a little faint sound outside; her needles stopped for a second, then went on again; and then she put her knitting softly down on the little table, "I will go and look at the clock," she said.

"Mamma thinks we don't see through her," said Isabel. "As if I did not know where she is going. Don't you know where she is going? To the staircase window to look out for John. When I am late, I wonder if she is anxious about me?"

"If you are in any danger, my dear."

"Danger! but John is in no danger," Isabel said.

Her father made no reply, and in the silence her mother's soft steps were audible going down a few steps of the stair to the level of the window. She had gone to look first at the great old eight-day clock on the landing in scrupulous fulfilment of her word. And now she was standing, they both felt, looking out. A sudden flood of new thought had poured through Isabel's mind. Danger! what danger could be in John's way? There were no highwaymen now as she had read about—no bravoes or assassins such as those that lurk still in old-fashioned books—no pitfalls or snares in the honest, simple road from Edinburgh. What was there to be alarmed about? Isabel held her breath in the sudden panic that seized her. Danger! Isabel knew nothing. She had been left out in the calculations of the father and mother; they had spared her youth; but revelation was coming upon her now.

Mrs. Cameron stood on the stair leaning against the sill of the long window looking out. A soft dusk wrapped everything—trees and hedges and the flowers, out of which most of their colour had gone; but the gate of the garden was visible, and the brown line of the road beyond—that road which went into the world with all its dangers.

She stood and gazed out, but no figure appeared breaking the line of path. How is it that no influence can go out from a longing and anxious heart full of love, to bring back a wanderer! The old mother stood at the window, the old father sat holding his breath, listening, longing; but though they longed and listened, and watched and prayed, nobody came. And Isabel looked round her wistfully, not knowing the meaning of it. She had seen all this little pantomime gone through before, but it had never occurred to her before to ask what it meant. Danger! but where was there danger in an innocent country road that could come to John?

Steps interrupted the watch, but not the steps for which they were listening. It was a sound of a continuous tramp from the kitchen, coming upstairs, heavy feet traversing the passages. When it began, Mrs. Cameron turned softly and came back, up the few steps of the stair into the drawing-room. "Get out the books, Isabel," she said with a sigh; and the old Captain sighed too, sympathetic. Then the door, which was ajar, was pushed open, and two people came in.

These were Simon and Marget, the two servants of the house. They had married twenty years before "for company," and to establish matters upon a genial footing in the kitchen. He was the gardener, the outdoor man, though not above doing a little in the house when occasion served. She was everything indoors. Now and then a girl would be taken from the village to help her, but this was more for the advantage of the girl than Marget, who declared that "they were aye getting in the way." Nowadays there would have been three or four servants to do Marget's work; but then the house was Marget's house as much as it was Mrs. Cameron's, which, no doubt, tells for something. The idea of sending her away would have dismayed the house. And Marget would have been the most surprised of any. "Term! what do I ken about your terms!" she cried when some injudicious person had suggested that she was "maybe making a change at the term." "What would I make a change for? I ken when I'm weel aff," was what Marget said. Simon and she dwelt in their kitchen as the others dwelt in the parlour; they spoke of "oor house" and "oor bairns" (having none of their own), loving and finding fault as the parents did. Their "wage" was very modest, their fare very simple, but their devotion was perfect. We would give their weight in gold if we could get such servants now; they linger, it may be supposed, in out-of-the-way corners, old-fashioned, faithful and true. They marched upstairs now, like a regiment, Margaret first, a large comely woman of forty-five, while her husband, a tall and gaunt personage with a long face and longer limbs, followed with heavy tread. "I thought you had forgotten the hour," she said, as she came in with her Bible in her hand, and sat down against the wall. "If we should happen to forget, you always mind, Marget," said her mistress, with perhaps a tone of impatience in her voice.

"Oh ay, mem," said Marget, "I aye mind; when you have a clock that keeps time like the sun himself, you've nae excuse for being late." "I bade her bide for Mr. John, but she wadna be bidden by me," said Simon, seating himself by her side. "Mr. John will come a' the sooner," said Marget with decision, "if he's no watched and waited for like the king himself." "And that is true," said the old Captain turning round and opening the big Bible. Then he said with a little quaver in his voice, "We'll dispense with the psalm to-night." They all knew very well why this was; and Marget, who was the critic of the establishment, did not approve of it. She cleared her throat so decidedly that her protest was as clear as if spoken in words. The Captain, like his wife, was perhaps a little impatient of opposition in the suppressed excitement of his heart.

"What have you to say against that?" he asked abruptly. "This is not a moment for discussion; but you may as well say it out."

"Captain, I'm no' meaning ony debate. Is the Almighty to want His psalm every Saturday at e'en because there's aye that's no' here?"

"The Almighty does not need our psalm," said the old Captain. "We are not such grand singers, Margaret, that He should miss you and me."

"It's no' grand singers He's thinking of, Captain, but them that mak' melody in their hearts," said the woman, holding her own.

"That is like a poem I was reading," said Isabel, "of a poor shoemaker laddie in his stall, that sang and sang like the lark, always the earliest at heaven's gates; and they took him and made him a — great man," said the girl, with a little hesitation. (In the poem he was made a Bishop and Pope, and Isabel knew these titles were not pleasant in the ears of her audience.) "And though he was always very good, God missed the little voice in the early early mornings. It could not be for the sake of the music, for you would wonder He could hear it among all the angels; but He missed the little voice."

The Captain made no reply. If he was convinced he gave no sign, but opened his Bible and began to read. He had a lighted candle placed on the small table beside him, which threw a warm illumination upon his face, lighting up his white hair and large pallid countenance, and contrasting strangely with the silvery failing light behind, which was still light enough for all the rest. Mrs. Cameron had taken her seat again by the east window. She tried to fix all her attention upon the chapter which was being read; but now and then her heart would stir in her bosom at some imaginary sound. Then they knelt down, and the old father lifted up his voice and prayed. The prayer he used had got to be a familiar form enough to all their ears. They knew the very variations which he employed on these petitions, which must be always the same; but now and then the Captain would break forth out of all the ordinary phrases, into that "earnest and familiar talking with God" which was John Knox's definition of prayer — not always, perhaps not even often, but now and then. If I tell you what this prayer was, you will not think it is a want of reverence to put it in this story; for it was a very real and true prayer.

"Lord," said the old man, lifting up his countenance towards the fading lovely skies, but seeing nothing, absorbed in his prayer, "Thou hast accepted to Thyself one great blessedness, that we would be fain, fain to share. Thou, who art the great Father, who hast made us parents and given us children like to Thyself, give us likewise to share that joy which is the perfection of all joys. As Thou art ever well pleased in Thy Son, O Father, so make us to be well pleased in ours. Give us but this of all Thy gifts. We have asked for daily bread, and shelter, and peace; but if it pleases Thee to take all these things from us and give us this, Amen, O Lord, so be it. Thou, who art ever well pleased in Thy Son, make us to see in ours His image, who is the image of the Father. Lord, Thou art not a man, to make bargains, to give one thing and withhold another. Thou dost not grudge the lesser for having given the greater. Give us this, O Lord, to share Thy satisfaction in Thy Holy Child, and be well pleased with the sons of our bowels, the children of our hearts."

The old servants were like a second father and mother praying this prayer, and only the young Isabel joined in it with a wonder in her young heart. She was awed, but she did not answer. "Thy Son, in whom Thou art ever well pleased." She did not understand as the older hearers did the fulness of blessedness in these words — God's blessedness which His servants were "fain, fain to share." But one thing else she understood very well, and her heart jumped while she knelt, — a quick step on the road outside, the sound of a latch lifted, a voice that said, "Where are you, mother?" at the foot of the stair.

When they rose from their knees John came in, a

little dusty, but smiling. He was a well-grown young man, fair, like his sister, but with a slightly excited air, and pale as a young fellow should not have been after a wholesome six-miles' walk. "Late again," he said, with a jaunty air; "I am ever so sorry, mother," and then he rattled off a long line of excuses, of which some contradicted the others. But there was no blame addressed to him except from Margaret, who, as I have said, was the critic of the establishment.

"Your supper is a' ready and on the table," she said, as she left the room; "come, and I'll brush the dust off ye, Mr. John. I wuss ye hadna so many excuses," she said, as he followed her downstairs. "You might surely manage no' to keep your mother waiting. Pouff! laddie, what a dust! You might try and keep your hours as night in the week, no' to give your mother a sore heart."

"Why should she have a sore heart?" he said, with a laugh. "I am surely old enough to take care of myself."

"Are you, my man! Oh, the Lord send we were one of us old enough to take care of oursel's! But that's an ill wish. I'll wish you better, Mr. John—Him to take care of you—'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in a' thy ways.' What would your friends think if they saw a great white angel gang-ing by you, through all these ill places?"

"They would be rather frightened, I don't doubt," he said, with a laugh; "but what right have you to suppose that I am in ill places! you are a suspicious and wife, and know nothing of the world."

"What joke are you having with Marget?" said his mother, following him downstairs. She put her hand fondly upon his shoulder. It still trembled a little with the suspense, though it was over. But she did not stop for an answer. "Come in, come in to your supper, my bonny man; you must be tired with your long walk."

The supper table looked very bright. Charley, in London, had sent a new kind of lamp just invented, which everybody thought was beautiful, as a present to his mother, and Isabel had made the table gay with roses; a great, old china punch-bowl of the old blue and red porcelain, which nobody thought much of, but everybody possessed, full of roses, red and white, stood just within the light of the lamp. The four people round the table were all very happy, the elder ones forgetting, or putting behind them for the moment, the spasms of anxiety which evidently, as they had assured each other, was quite gratuitous on their part. How happy they were to think they had been all wrong! When the cheerful meal was over the brother and sister strolled out into the garden. "I want one of my mother's white roses," John said, "to put in my coat," and the two strayed out into the soft and fragrant dusk arm in arm. Old Captain Cameron came round the table, not very steady in his walk, for he was rheumatic with age and wounds. "You see it was nothing," he said, putting his hand upon his wife's shoulder. "Can you not trust God with the lad, though he is so dear?"

"I can trust God, William; but there are times—there are times—when He will not hear."

"What is past I cannot explain," said her husband; "we will know about that later on. But, for the present, my dear, I'll have no doubting. The Lord will hear. He is bound, doubly bound to you and me, all the more that He did not hear us before."

While this was being said indoors the two outside were chatting over the great white rose bush, which was called in the family "my mother's white rose." It was almost a tree, thick, and tall, and strong, throwing up showers of shadowy white globes against the rounded, projecting tower of the stair. "It will soon be up to the roof," Isabel said; "you can gather the roses out of the window. They come all round my mother's head when she stands there and looks out for you."

"One would think to hear you, Bell, that she was always looking out for me."

"Every Saturday night," said Isabel, "and every time she passes up or down, she stops to give a look. I don't know if it is for you. I wish you would tell me one thing; are you in any danger, John?"

"Danger!" he cried, laughing, "of pricking my fingers with my mother's roses. Nothing else, that I know."

"But they are thinking of something else," Isabel said.

He grew red, though she could not see in the darkness. "I'll tell you what," he said; "they are enough to drive a fellow out of his senses. Always suspicious! Why shouldn't I be late if I have occasion? Why shouldn't I stay away altogether when I have something better to do?" Then, instead of putting the white rose in his buttonhole, he held it in his hand a moment, then pitched it far away among the darkling trees.

To be continued.

SCOTTISH LADS.

WHEN this Magazine was begun, one main object was to furnish reading for the kitchens and bothies of Scotland, and to promote the moral improvement of the servants in town and country. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's powerful tale was expressly written, at our request, to interest Scottish lads. The contributions of our valued contributor, "The Old Farm Servant," have also, we are well assured by those whom we can trust, done much good. We wish that in all cases they had reached the hands of those for whom they were written. They may now be had in their collected form in our Volume for 1879. But our object is not so much to suggest that, as to speak of something else. One effort leads to another, and we believe that the time has come for an attempt—long thought of—to found a "Scottish Lads' Friendly Society," somewhat corresponding in its rules of membership to the "Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society," but embracing the whole of Scotland in its scope, and connected with the Church of Scotland. We believe that many ministers, to whom (as the "Christian Life and Work Reports" have often shown) the best way to reach and influence farm-lads is an unsolved problem, will be right glad to enter heartily into the attempt to organise a Society of such lads. It is a serious undertaking which is thus briefly sketched. We invite suggestions and offers of help, in service or funds, to be headed "Scottish Lads' Friendly Society," and addressed to the Secretary of Committee on Christian Life and Work, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh. Some particulars of a proposed plan (for which suggestions are invited) will be published in next number if, meanwhile, there be a hearty response to the general purpose. If we meet with the success we expect, we hope to have a programme ready for the consideration of the General Assembly in May.

SUPPLEMENTS.

IN addition to Parish Supplements there are now several of a more general kind. There are several Presbytery Supplements, and we heartily wish there were more, as such Supplements meet the circumstances of many rural parishes which have not sufficient parochial matter to require a Supplement every month for each one. We may venture, without being invidious, to make special mention of the Orkney Supplement. There is also a Gaelic Supplement. There comes to us across the seas, while we write, an admirable "Ceylon Supplement." It is proposed to have a Supplement for circulation among soldiers and sailors, and volunteer and militia regiments. Several officers connected with Scotland have urged this upon us, and if we can find an editor, and have promise of contributors and of circulation which will warrant the attempt, we shall forthwith set about a four-page Supplement under the title of "H.M. Service Supplement."

A New Year's Day Dinner;

OR,

THE THREE ORPHANS IN MULL.

By L. B. WALFORD.

TRAVELLERS who have only seen the beautiful islands of the Hebrides basking in the summer sunshine, surrounded by blue and sparkling water, and gay with flocks of white-winged tern and seagulls, have but little idea of the dreariness, the abandonment, and utter isolation, which falls upon them and their inhabitants when the first sheet of snow makes it sternly obvious that autumn is past, and that winter, with its grim freight of hardships, dangers, and deaths, has fairly set in.

Then does the goodwife sit down to her wheel with a sigh. The days are so short, the nights so long, that while yet the small hours of the clock are striking the dusk is gathering on moor and fell, and it is with mechanical feet and fingers she plies her task, for her heart is with her shepherd lad on the heights, or her fisherman on the sea. The

wind is moaning among the cliffs, and now and again a swirling blast will tear down from the hill where a deep ravine cleaves it in two, and it may be that a boat which was making for the land, is cast upon it, bottom upwards, next morning.

No wonder that the wife, the mother, the sister, the aged grannie in the ingle nook, alike dread the winter. No wonder that the orphan children of Peter Macallum, well as they liked their snug little hut under the bank, and friendly as they found their neighbours, should have pondered long before they could make up their minds whether it would not be better for them to return to their birthplace, the dull and fog-bestridden western

metropolis—albeit they had neither relations nor friends there—to facing four weary months of the Sound of Mull “wi’oot fayther.” At the end of that time their brother, who was many years older than any of them, might be expected home, and it would be his business then to decide on their future life; but as long as Jem remained away, no one could interfere with their final resolution to stay where they were, and make a brave fight of it. Another uprooting, such as had taken place five years before, when the miserable little street in

the lowest part of Glasgow had been exchanged for their present abode, seemed too great an undertaking to contemplate. They were not destitute. It was Peter’s having succeeded to an unmarried brother’s boat, nets, and all appurtenances, which had caused his emigration, and this heritage he could bequeath to his children. To have a boat and fishing gear, meant to be possessed of a means of subsistence among the people of the district, for although the two girls and their brother were unable to manage it themselves, this boat could be hired out during the herring and



mackerel season, and brought, in this way, enough to pay for the rent of the cottage with its small cabbage garden, and a little over, wherewith to buy meal and peats.

Katie, and Janet, and Sandy thought they should do very well. The garden had a few rows of potatoes, as well as a good stock of greens; they had their stack of peats cut and covered, and the boat was in good repair, fit for use whenever wanted. The neighbours, although none were within a mile, were nevertheless to be depended upon for being found at their own homes when wanted, and were invariably ready to do the children a good turn as occasion offered. Colds and fevers were

less likely to come nigh their dwelling among the pure sea-breezes than in the murky town, and the two graves in the kirkyard which they passed every Sabbath Day were, above all, something to cling to, when nothing else was left of the parents who had thus early been taken from them.

They dried their eyes, poor little creatures, and grew quite eager in their interest, as they consulted together over the future. Katie was fourteen; Janet was twelve; Sandy was somewhere between seven and eight years of age. A good amount of work can be gone through by hardy little frames when the hearts are willing, though the fingers are small. Katie could both cook and spin all that was needed for home consumption; Janet could wash and scrub; and Sandy, when he came home from the school, to and from which he, in the Highland phrase, "travelled" daily, made himself so useful in a variety of ways that his sisters in delight and admiration wondered where he had learned to be so clever. "Sandy's the man! Sandy will find out the way," they were wont to exclaim when a difficulty occurred, and Sandy, in all good faith, believed in himself to the full as much as they believed in him.

It was a pleasant life enough on the whole, and their hearts would grow quite light sometimes, and they would sing, and shout, and dance along the shore, when the sea lay still, and the sun peered forth from the clouds; but they used to shudder and cower together over the smouldering red hearth, when the wind broke out and howled over their heads. Then what Sandy liked to hear was Katie reading in the Big Book about the storm that was hushed by "Peace, be still," and the waves that were firm ground for their Lord's feet. Sandy could understand that, and he thought it very wonderful and very pleasant to listen to, while Katie never tired of reading it over, nor of his questions, and his ever-repeated wish that he had been there to see. Sometimes the minister would turn to the place, and give them a whole chapter for the morning reading at the kirk, sometimes he would only bring in one of the texts belonging to the part; but, whichever he did, a smile was sure to creep over Sandy Macallum's face, and an answering smile from Katie and Janet showed they knew what it meant. Every Sabbath Day the sisters took Sandy to their little back seat in the loft, and placed him between them. It was immaterial to them that of the Gaelic service, which came first, they did not understand a syllable; they liked to be there, for all three felt a glow of pride when the moment came for those who "had no English" to depart, and then all saw,—the neighbours saw, and the minister saw, that *they*, Katie and Janet and Sandy Macallum, sat still in their places.

"Wat or dry, cauld or heat, thae bairns are aye there," quoth one kindly woman, herself from the low countries, as she looked after the three as they trotted off one grey December morning; "it's my

belief that the Lord taks mair heed o' Katie and Janet Macallum and that bit brither o' theirs, than He does o' the haill o' the rest o' the island!"

Katie and Janet and Sandy themselves felt that "the Lord took heed o' them." The Lord was pleased, they knew, if they did well, would be grieved and offended if they sinned.

Their simple faith, doing all, bearing all, for the Lord's sake, gave them no trouble as to doctrine, no perplexity in their round of daily drudgery; amidst their loneliness, their poverty, and their privations, they lived with the constant sense of being overshadowed by an Almighty presence, mild, protecting, benignant,—and feared nothing, fearing Him.

On the December day in question, the hands of the little ones were blue with cold, and their feet were numb after the two long services during which they had sat wet and chilled—having been caught in a shower on their way to the kirk; but their eyes were dancing, and their tongues were wagging as fast as tongues could go, on the homeward route. Katie had broached a great idea, and as it had escaped her early in the day, we will not pause to consider how largely it had entered into the imaginations of all during the past three hours.

They were to have a pudding on New Year's Day.

Katie knew how to make a pudding, for she had often helped the cook at the farm a mile off, where the gentlemen came to shoot in the autumn,—and the materials might easily be had at the shop on the quay. There seemed to be no reason why they should not have a pudding, just such a pudding as Katie and Janet, at least, could remember seeing in the grand Glasgow shops; but the very ease with which so vast an undertaking seemed as though it might be accomplished caused each little fluttering heart to thrill with vague apprehensions.

"There's the suet, and the sugar, and the flour, and the currants,—Dugald has them a'," confidently affirmed the progenitor of the scheme. "Suet, and sugar, and flour, and currants. Sandy can fetch them the morn, for if I'm to mak a pudding, the house maun be tidied up first, and Janet maun get in the peats. The suet will be fourpence, and the flour will be fourpence, and the sugar will be twopence, and the currants maun just be twopence, whatever they want for them. There's a haill shilling in the box. Sandy, my man, I'm thinking the best way wad be for you just to tell Dugald what we want, and he'll gie ye the things accordin'."

Sandy thought so too. He could take the shilling, and he could tell Dugald what they wanted—suet, and sugar, and flour, and currants—and he could also inform him for what these were required, namely to make a pudding; but the twopences and the fourpences were beyond him.

"Ay, that's best," he acquiesced, cheerfully. "Gie me the shilling, and I'll bring the pudding,"

and that point settled, he went off to sleep and dreamed of feasting.

The next day was sunless, cheerless, and windy.

"See, here," cried Katie, as she opened the door at break of day, "here's yon auld-farrant silly-like pup o' Hector's come to tak shelter wi' us! Hey, Sporrán, come ben, my man," as an ill-made lumbering collie, only half grown, followed her inside. "He'll hae rin awa frae the farm; Hector's aye threepin he's nae good—he maun just bide in the hoose till we tell Hector he's here; or he can gang wi' you to the shop, Sandy."

But this Sporrán declined to agree to. It was cold and raw, and he foresaw unpleasantness should he be detected by any one at the farm. He did not fancy running for his life more than once in a day, and he had already had that experience. Hector had pronounced him unteachable and useless, and he had understood as well as if the words themselves had conveyed meaning to his ear, what the expression with which they were uttered, portended. He had fled.

"He's nae good to me. I hae nae need o' him," affirmed Sandy Macallum, but there was nothing in his tone to threaten evil, and, with a mind at rest, Sporrán threw himself down full length upon the hearth, as the little lad set off.

No need to warn Sandy from loitering by the way; his mission was too important, its object too near his heart, to make any delays a matter of temptation. Before his return was expected, and almost before all was ready, he was there, and all his parcels hanging on him.

"Weel, Sandy! Noo, Sandy! Sandy, are they a' here! Sandy, what keepit ye! Sandy, my man, ye hae done *fine*." The last from Katie, with a kiss and a clasp of delight, as, relieved from all further responsibility, Sandy's joyous soul causes his little bare toes to caper on the floor.

"Hoo lang will it tak on the fire!" he demanded.

"Maybe an hoor; maybe twa. Maybe mair nor that, even, Sandy. We maun see hoo it biles, and we maun taste at times, and we maun just watch," quoth the arbiter of fate solemnly, "for there's nae saying wi' a pudding what may happen."

"Ay, that's it," added Janet, impressed, "there's nae saying."

"Sandy, laddie, ye'll no be hungry 'ore it's ready, for there's nae piece in the hoose, and ye ken I had nae time for firing cakes," proceeded the elder sister, after a time.

Sandy affirmed his indifference to "pieces," and contempt for cakes. He wanted nothing but his pudding, and for his pudding he would contentedly wait, provided it was his at last. He clambered up into the little window-seat, and warmed his feet in his hands by turns.

"What gangs in first, Katie?"

"See for yoursel', I canna attend to ye, I canna stop to speak." But in the midst of the bustle a

floury currant found its way from her fingers into the little rosy open mouth.

"Do you want peats, Katie?"

"Dinna speak; I canna mind ye, amn't I telling ye?"

"Can I no get the water?"

But even this he was not permitted to do; all was ready; Janet had gathered in the peats, had washed an old white rag, and was now busily sewing it into a bag, while her sister chopped the suet; and all the materials, even to the jug of fresh water from the spring, were on the table beside them. Nothing remained for Sandy but inactivity.

"What's that on the window, Sandy?"

"Only the water. I never seed the water come so far this year," observed Sandy, turning to look out.

"Was that the water on the window?" inquired Katie, coming to a standstill. "Then we maun look till the boat. Come, baith the twa o' ye. The boat mauna lie there, to be washed awa. Come, Janet, the pudding maun wait, and it will be nae the waur. Come, Sandy, ye can help fine when ye like. She'll tak us a', for she maun be pit high up on the grass, or she'll no be safe. Steek the door, that the fire doesna blaw up ower fast, and come."

They dragged the door shut behind them, and all three ran swiftly down the little footpath over the rocks.

It took them all, as Katie said, to do what was needed. It took all their strength, and a considerable length of time, before the big boat was fairly above the utmost limit that the waves might reach, when impelled by a spring tide and in-blowing wind.

At length, however, their task completed, the youthful owners could return, with renewed zeal and sharpened appetites, to the pleasanter one awaiting them within. Not a mouthful has passed their lips since their frugal bowl of porridge at day-break, and it is now far into the middle of the afternoon. A scamper up the rocks, a rush into the cottage, a great shock and start to Sporrán, who is unaccountably cringing and deferential in his welcome, and then—then, there falls upon the hearts of Katie, and Janet, and Sandy Macallum such a sudden chill, such a cold weight of grief and despair as they will never forget to the latest day of their lives.

What had Sporrán done? What made him leap, scared and abject, from the table, as the door burst open, announcing the return of his little friends? What confused sense of shame and contrition was it that caused his blinking eyelids to quiver and flicker, as the eyes beneath furtively scanned the doorway as a means of escape? O guilty Sporrán! Ungrateful, treacherous hound! Righteous indeed is your repentance, if it is repentance which agitates that comfortable, well-satisfied frame,—for not one mouthful of the promised banquet, not one morsel of the coveted mixture, will those poor children ever partake of!

Sandy—he is but a bairn, they say—sobs aloud ; then Janet, seeking to comfort, herself gives way ; and last of all Katie, great big tired Katie, who would willingly have divided her share between the other two, and fasted, well content had they been filled with plenty, receives them both into her arms, and mingles her tears with theirs.

But did they thrust the villain, the robber, out of doors ? Did they belabour his distended hide with blows, accompanied by angry words and epithets ? Did they regard Sporrán henceforth, as he deserved to be regarded, in the light of an outcast, a pariah, an ingrate ?

They might ; who would have blamed them ? Surely that disappointment, that bitter end to their vision of bliss, ought, or, to say the least of it, would have been a case for vengeance dire and terrible.

Never more should the fell marauder have crossed that kindly threshold ; never, after that day on which they, dinnerless, wept as they prepared their poor supper for which only that morning such inward scorn had been felt by all, should the author of their woe have nestled on that hospitable hearth. Never should he have raised his eyes to theirs, have crouched to their touch, have followed at their heels.

But Katie and Janet and Sandy Macallum thought otherwise.

When Jem came home in the spring, he was amazed to find that the three had burdened themselves with a great, hulking, useless collie, whom nobody wanted, and who never did a hand's turn of work.

"He cam to us and ate oor pudding, dinna ye see ?" explained Katie, with a smile and a friendly pat on the head that had been concerned in the deed ; "and sae, as he had taen his dinner, he bit to hae his bed ; and then, having had his bed, he couldna but expeck his breakfast ; sae it fell aboot that we keepit him ategither, for the puir thing had been hungered, and kenned nae better."

"Sae that was a' he got for eating your pudding ! He wad ken whaur to speer for his meat anither day."

"Na, na !" said Katie ; "Sporran kens better noo ; we teacht him. But an he hadna, brither, we couldna but have keepit him a' the same to show we thocht nae ill, ye ken."

"To show ? Whae wad ye show to ?"

"The Lord," said Katie, simply.

On a Watch.

ONWARD, perpetually moving,
These faithful hands are proving
How quick the hours steal by ;
This momentary pulse-like beating,
'Tis constantly, methinks, repeating,
"Swift, swift, the moments fly."

Reader ! be ready, or perchance before
These hands have made one revolution more,
Life's spring is snapped : you die.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Robert Raikes and the Foundation of Sunday Schools.¹

ROBERT RAIKES, "The Father of Sunday Schools," as he has been called, was born in Gloucester, within the shadow of its great cathedral, on the 14th of September 1735. His father was a printer, the publisher of the *Gloucester Journal*, whose enterprise was shown in the fact that in an age when it was illegal to do so, he published reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons, for which he was punished on two occasions ; and whose philanthropy was seen in the manner in which every charitable object was advocated in his paper, to the columns of which George Whitefield used to contribute. His mother was the daughter of an English clergyman. He was bred to his father's business, and when twenty years of age, succeeded to it, and continued editor of the *Journal* until 1802.

In regard to active works of charity and benevolence, it is as a prison philanthropist that we first meet with him. The county jail—part of Gloucester Castle—was, when Raikes first visited it, in a most deplorable condition. Men and women were huddled together in wretched apartments of limited accommodation, without sufficient light or air. Immorality of all kinds reigned side by side with sickness and death. The city jail was little better. Years before we hear of John Howard's labours, Raikes was busy amongst those prisoners, personally visiting them, and making, through his paper, earnest appeals for them. He had the satisfaction of doing much good amongst them, and lived to see his labours crowned by the building of a new prison.

The principles upon which Sunday Schools are founded are as old as Christianity itself, as old as the days in which Christ showed that all human life was sacred, asked that the children might be suffered to come to Him, and taught divine lessons from the "child in the midst."

We see evidence of a growing reverence for child-life in the law of Valentinian, making infanticide a capital offence ; in the work of the monasteries ; in the foundation of what may be called Foundling Hospitals at Trèves, at Angers, and at Milan ; and in the decree of the Council of Rouen, that a child laid at the door of a church was to be cared for by the Church.

These are many examples of what individuals in various parts of the country endeavoured in their limited way to do. Raikes cannot be said to be the founder of Sunday Schools in the sense of being the originator of the idea of imparting instruction to the young on the Lord's Day.

¹ ROBERT RAIKES : Journalist and Philanthropist. A History of the Origin of Sunday Schools. By ALFRED GREGORY. Third Thousand. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row. Sunday School Union : 56 Old Bailey. 1877.

It was very much what he saw in his visits to the prison that made Raikes think of striking a blow at the root of the depravity, of which the jails, glutted with prisoners, were the result. But, as he himself tells us, the beginning of the scheme was entirely owing to accident. "Some business," he says, "leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city where the lowest of the people chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether these people belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah, sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at 'chuck,' and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place.' This led Raikes to hire four "decent, well-disposed women at one shilling a Sunday to collect the children, and instruct them in reading and in the Church Catechism, and to communicate with the clergyman of the district, who was so much pleased with the proposal as to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens."

The general outline of his regulations he states thus, and I think it is important to note how careful he was that when possible the children should attend the services of the sanctuary with regularity—a point that might be made more of by our teachers at the present day:—"The children were to come soon after ten in the morning and stay till twelve; they were then to go home and return at one, and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the Catechism till half after five, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without making a noise, and by no means to play in the street." He also called upon the parents of children not attending the school, and remonstrated with them on the melancholy consequences that must ensue from so fatal a neglect of their children's morals.

If poor clothing was given as an excuse, he said, if they were clad in a garb fit to appear in the streets, he should not think it improper for a school calculated to admit the poorest and most neglected. Clean faces, clean hands, and hair combed, were all he wanted, and that is all we want even now. Thomas Stock was the name of the clergyman to whom Raikes applied, and who always deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as himself; indeed, many have claimed for him more merit in the matter than for Raikes himself. As minister of the parish, Stock took upon him the

principal superintendence of the school, and one third of the expense. The progress of the Institution through the kingdom is justly attributed to the constant representations which Mr. Raikes made, in his own paper, of the benefits which he perceived would probably arise from it."

After three years the reformation effected was so visible that the Magistrates passed a unanimous vote to the effect that "the benefit of Sunday Schools to the morals of the rising generation is too evident not to merit the recognition of this Bench, and the thanks of this community to the gentlemen instrumental in promoting them."

As the movement spread, Adam Smith wrote of it: "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles."

The poet Cowper also wrote warmly in regard to it. John Wesley wrote that he found these schools springing up wherever he went, and added that "perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of." Raikes being at Windsor in 1787, Her Majesty, Queen Caroline, sent for him and expressed a desire to know "by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower orders of people as the institution of Sunday Schools was suggested to his mind, and what effects were observable in consequence on the manners of the poor. She said she envied those who had the power of doing good by thus personally promoting the welfare of society in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people, a pleasure from which, by her position, she was debarred."

The movement continued to prosper, but the payment of teachers was found to be a great hindrance to its progress. The rate of payment to teachers was from one shilling to two shillings per Sunday. From 1786 to 1800 £4000 was thus expended by the Society for the Establishment of Sunday Schools. Even in Gloucester, the movement on account of this received a check. It was at a meeting of Wesleyan office-bearers that the idea of unpaid teachers first originated. While lamenting the want of funds, one of them cried out, "Let us do the work ourselves!"

Once begun, the system found favour everywhere, and the number of teachers largely and rapidly increased. I regret to say that we in Scotland did not give that hearty countenance to the movement which most assuredly it deserved, though to the honour of the minister be it said, there was in one parish a Sunday School in the manse as early as 1756. If my information is correct, the name of the minister was the Rev. David Blair, and the parish was Brechin. The General Assembly in 1799 "condemned in severe terms the unauthorised instruction of lay teachers," and some of the teachers were threatened with legal proceedings for violating the statutes by which teachers of religion were compelled to obtain a

license and take oaths of allegiance to the Government.

Some ministers stated from the pulpit that Sabbath School teaching was a breach of the fourth commandment, and others threatened to exclude from the Communion of the Church all parents who sent their children to the Sabbath Schools.

From some parts of Aberdeenshire Sunday School teachers were marched into the city of Aberdeen, under the charge of constables, to account before the magistrates for their presumption.

It is pleasing, however, to think that the Church of Scotland is now honourably distinguished for the efficiency of its Sunday Schools and the energy and talent of its teachers.

About Robert Raikes it is unnecessary to say anything farther, save that he died suddenly on the 5th of April 1811, aged 75 years.

One day, when he, then an old man, was taking a visitor through the streets of Gloucester, he led him to the spot in a back street where the first school was held. "Pause here," said the old man; then, uncovering his head and closing his eyes, he stood for a moment in silent prayer. Then turning to his friend, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said, "This is the spot on which I stood when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered 'Try.' I did try, and see what God has wrought. I can never pass by the spot where the word 'try' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

Will my readers think about the Sunday Schools in their parishes, and "try" by their aid to help them actively and practically? If they do not teach, perhaps they might consider how best they can show those who do teach that they appreciate their work, and wish them "God speed" in it.

W. W. TULLOCH.

How we got up our Local Supplement.

THE idea of a localised Parish Magazine was one which I had long entertained. For no one who has his eyes open can fail to see that nowadays the Printing Press is the great channel through which the people are to be reached, and the great means by which they are to be educated. One monthly penny paper, at least,—"*Home Words*"—is published on this plan, under the auspices of the Church of England, and I had thoughts some time ago of introducing it into the parish with a Local Supplement, but the publisher's terms seemed beyond our reach at the time, and the plan impracticable. On receiving a copy of the first number of "*Life and Work*," with specimens of

Supplements, showing that the idea had actually taken shape in our own Church, I felt that this was the very thing for which I had been waiting, and that I *must* take advantage of it. Yet the terms for printing the Supplements were just as fabulous for us—a rural parish of 500 inhabitants, the best-off of whom are only small farmers—as those of the English paper had been. I did not see how we could raise the cost of even a poor half-page monthly, and my ambition aimed at something far beyond that.

About the same time I saw an advertisement of an amateur's printing-press, with type, etc., complete for 25s., and it occurred to me that I might get a press, and print my own Supplement much cheaper than the terms offered at headquarters. It was clear, however, that I would require more type than went along with the 25s. press, and on applying to a friend in Edinburgh I was directed to Mr. John Donaldson, Printer's Furnisher, 22 Niddry Street, Edinburgh. From that most intelligent and obliging gentleman I got a really useful amateur's press (having meantime found that the 25s. one was a mere toy), capable of printing two pages 7 inches by 5, along with type, ink, paper, and everything necessary for my operations, as well as instructions for my guidance. The result was a Supplement of four pages, besides as many of advertisements—of which more anon—which has been continued of the same size ever since.

As it was my intention all along to make the Magazine self-supporting, for defraying the cost of the press, etc., recourse was had to advertising in the Supplement. A number of tradesmen, etc., in the neighbouring town readily gave advertisements on terms proportioned to our circulation; and although this entailed additional expense for suitable type—the whole amounting now to above £12—the half of the outlay will be cleared this year from this source, along with the halfpenny charged for the Supplement itself.

As to our circulation: I had received a hint for the management of this from another Church of England paper, "*Hand and Heart*." The publishers of that paper, at the time it was started, offered a certain number of copies for gratuitous circulation to any minister who wished to introduce it into his parish. As it is an excellent paper, I took 100 copies, sent one to each house in the parish, and as the result a small number of copies still come to the parish. On the same principle I ordered 90 copies of the first number of "*Life and Work*," cut the stitching of each, inserted my Supplement (containing a letter recommending the Magazine to the favourable attention of the parishioners) within the cover, restitched them, and sent a copy to almost every house in the parish, chiefly by means of the scholars at the public school. Then, at a Social Meeting of the Choir, Bible-Class, etc., I explained the matter, and requested a certain number of young men and women to call on each family

in the districts assigned to them, to inquire who wished to take the Magazine, and then to deliver copies of the subsequent numbers to those who were to do so; the price to be 1s. 6d., or to those who grudged a halfpenny for the Supplement, 1s. annually. My expectation was that we should require afterwards about 50, but instead our circulation is now exactly 100, although 16 of those go out of the parish.

The above account has not been written by any means with the idea that our plan is to be taken as a model, either for producing a Supplement or for circulating the Magazine, but merely to show that in this matter, as in everything else, "where there's a will there's a way."¹

JOHN REITH,
Minister of Rickarton.

¹ I have prepared a few directions for working such a press as mine, drawn from my own experience. The Committee of "Life and Work" have thrown off a few copies, and I shall be glad to send one to any minister or other person who applies for it.

Reviews.

"SPENT IN THE SERVICE." Memoir of the Very Rev. ACHILLES DAUNT, Dean of Cork. London. Hodder and Stoughton. 1879.

"SPENT in the Service" is a true description of the life of this man; but "The Beauty of Holiness" would have been even a truer and a fuller one. No doubt he worked with a passionate devotion, in season and out of season, for the Master he so ardently loved, but the most wonderful results of his holy life were achieved not by his doings, great as these were, but by his being what he was.

No words seem to describe his perfect childhood but those of Holy Writ, "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Heir to one of the oldest properties in Cork; a delicate, sensitive child, cared for with an excess of tenderness almost unparalleled, he might, but for the blessing of God on the earnest believing prayers of his parents, have grown up selfish, self-engrossed, introspective; but instead, while his character shows all the blessings of his delicate nurture—the tender sensitiveness to others' cares and troubles, the heart brimming over with love to all mankind—not one trace of self-seeking or self-engrossment is seen in all his life. Nay, on the contrary, the things which to most men are "gain," he literally counted "loss" for Christ. For instance, when he was appointed, without his knowledge, to his first living of Rincurran, in the neighbourhood of his father's property, he had many searchings of heart about accepting it, just because he felt he was able to do harder and less agreeable work. Only the manifest leading of Providence, that he should be there to comfort his father, just bereaved of a beloved son, reconciled him to the pleasantness of his position. And similarly, when in later life he received the unexpected appointment from Government to the parish of Ballymoney, and had accepted it, he was so distressed to find afterwards it was a large charge only in the sense of being a large living, with charming rectory, extensive glebe, and easy work, that he had no rest or peace till he had resigned it for a cure where the emolument was smaller, and the work was hard and heavy.

Such a man as this was Achilles Daunt; no ascetic, for his heart was ever full of happy mirth, and wherever he went he was the life and joy of the circle. A public man, a much-sought-after preacher, with multitudes

hanging on his lips; yet his whole soul was ever ready to sympathise with a friend, in joy as in sorrow; the young and old, the sick and well, the child, the youth, the maiden, all alike went to him, secure of his sympathy.

This unfeigned love to all mankind was the secret of his power; and it came from a heart steeped in the love of God. In the words of his biographer, "He studied the life and words of the Lord Jesus so earnestly, that His tender and unselfish character stood out before him continually as an object of unconscious imitation. No wonder he went out from his house every day with his heart overflowing with affection, and yearning to help and benefit his fellow-men."

"LIFE OF JOHN WILSON, D.D., F.R.S. For fifty years Philanthropist and Scholar in the East. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D." Second Edition. London. John Murray. 1879.

John Wilson was born in Lanter in 1804; sailed to India in 1828 as an agent of the Scottish Missionary Society; was transferred from that Society in 1835 (because he felt that it hampered his Presbyterian position) to the service of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He joined the Free Church in 1843, and continued his missionary work in Bombay until the end of his honoured life in 1875. He was an eminent Oriental scholar and archaeologist; a competent antagonist of the most learned of Indians, even in matters specially connected with their own faith; a wise and trusted adviser of successive Indian statesmen; and, above all, a man whose admirable personal character and devotion to Christian work made his whole life an attractive lesson of the power of the gospel. He was not a popular English writer or speaker; and it is probably on this account that so few of his own words are given by his biographer in the volume. The book is full of instruction on India and India Missions.

"CHRISTIANITY CONFIRMED BY JEWISH AND HEATHEN TESTIMONY AND THE DEDUCTIONS FROM PHYSICAL SCIENCE, by THOMAS STEVENSON, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers." Second Edition. David Douglas. Edinburgh. 1879.

We welcome this book as a contribution to Christian Evidence by a man of science who has had discernment to observe and patience to follow out a line of proof never before so specially presented. He states his purpose thus:—"The object aimed at in the following pages is, as already stated, simply to collect together certain Jewish and Heathen records that relate to the predictions of a Messiah, so as to show, from writers who were hostile to Christianity, or who were unacquainted with its teaching, that those predictions were widely known before the Advent of Jesus Christ, and were fulfilled in His person. In accordance with this plan neither the New Testament nor any Christian writer, though sometimes quoted in collateral illustration, will ever be founded on as an authority."

"BIBLE LESSONS," by the Rev. ROBERT EDGAR, M.A., Minister of Newburgh. Blackwood. 1875.

These admirable volumes have no equal in their department. They are the result of much patient study by an able minister who has learned in his own experience how greatly needed such helps are to the Minister, the Sunday School Teacher, and the Home Missionary. They are full of learning, of piety, and of practical wisdom; and ought to be well known in every parish in Scotland, especially in the Manse, the Young Men's Society, and the Sabbath School.

FOR THE YOUNG.

A Little Action and its Results.

I have an only daughter who is very sickly and weak, and whom I love with my whole heart. Once when I had been away in Gothenburg for a whole week, and was on my way home, I went into a fruit shop and bought two unusually large red-cheeked apples—the nicest I could find. With these in my pockets I stepped into the waiting-room at the station, and the first object my eyes fell upon was a little girl crying as if her heart would break. I went forward to the child and asked the cause of her sorrow.

"I have lost my mother," she replied, looking up at me with eyes full of tears. "She has gone home and taken my return ticket."

The girl's grief broke out afresh in a flood of tears, and when I looked at her ragged dress, I easily understood that the loss of the return ticket was a serious matter for her.

The mother's conduct seemed to me most remarkable, and I resolved to make further inquiries, and began by asking her name.

"Martha Lindmark," answered the child.

"Is your father living?" continued I.

She nodded assent, but the sobbing broke out again, so I took out of my pocket one of the beautiful apples, saying,

"There, my little child, dry your eyes, and I will see what can be done for you."

Probably the child had never, in all her life, seen such beautiful fruit, for, as if by magic, her tears vanished, and she looked at the apple with astonishment and wonder, then began to thank me, but I interrupted her, saying,

"I bought it for my own little girl, but were she here, she would be quite willing that I should give it you."

I found that she went to Bergsjödal station—the same as myself.

I explained the circumstances to the station-master, promising that if the child's father or mother did not meet her at Bergsjödal and give up the ticket, I would pay for her journey. When the waiting-room door was opened, I took little Martha's hand, and stepped into a third-class carriage.

The girl, who all this time had been feasting her eyes on the nice red-cheeked apple, now began to taste it; but as soon as it was all eaten, her tears began again to flow, and for some minutes her whole body shook with her sobs.

"So! so! my little child," said I, stroking Martha's cheek. "Do not cry; you will soon be home, and if your parents are not at the station, I will pay for your journey."

"I am so frightened that I will be beaten, because I lost my mother in the market-place," sobbed the child.

"Who do you mean will beat you?" I asked.

"Father and mother—they always beat me when I do anything wrong—father always beats me most."

The poor child seemed already in her thoughts to feel the blows, for her whole body trembled, and her face was white with terror. "Perhaps you will not be beaten," said I, "if you tell your parents straightforward how it happened that you lost your mother."

"Perhaps if you went with me; otherwise, I know too well that as soon as father comes home he will beat me," said Martha, with a supplicating look.

This, however, I could not do.

"Where is your home?" I asked: "or how can I meet your father?"

"We live in the little red cottage beside the lake; but you will not meet my father *there*, for—he—is—is—never at home."

Suddenly I understood her distress. "Is he perhaps at the public-house?" I asked.

"Yes, he will be there;" and while her cheeks reddened with burning blushes, the tears fell thickly from her downcast eyes.

My heart was sorrowful for the little child's grief, and I racked my brains to discover some means of helping her. A thought struck me; taking the other apple out of my pocket, I held it out to her, saying,

"Take this, Martha dear, and the moment you see your father, run forward and give it to him with a kiss."

"I haven't kissed my father, not for a very long time," she said; and what a sad story these few words told.

"My poor little lass," sighed I; "take the apple and try. God have pity on both him and you; perhaps your father *will* kiss you this afternoon. Here we are already at the station."

After getting out of the railway carriage, I asked about Martha's return ticket, and was told that her mother had left it with one of the porters; so little Martha and I said farewell. As I stood ready to step into the carriage which was waiting for me, I saw a tipsy man come staggering along the road. Immediately my little railway friend ran forward to meet him, holding out the apple to him. This haggard, wretched-looking man, then, was the father who had drunk up all his love for his child in brandy!

The man looked at the child, and, with an oath, raised his hand to strike her. With a half-stifled scream she offered him the apple, saying, "Here's an apple for you, father, which a kind gentleman in the railway carriage gave me."

Her words and action were very simple yet they seemed to move the man. The raised hand dropped to his side, the other grasped the child's hand which held the apple, and, as if seized by a new

thought, he bent down and kissed his little daughter.

I stepped into the carriage and drove away; but as I drove past them, I could see by the girl's motions that she was pointing me out to her father as the person who had sent him the apple.

Three years afterwards I was speaking at a temperance meeting in the parish in which Bergsjödal is situated. When it was over I went back to my room in the hotel, but had scarcely got there when I heard some one knocking at the door. I cried "Come in," and a poor but respectably dressed man entered.

I rose, asked him to sit down, and tell me his errand.

"Have you quite forgotten my appearance?" he asked.

"Excuse me, but I do not remember having seen you before."

"That does not surprise me, for you have only seen me once, and that but a passing glance; and certainly I look a very different man now from what I did on the day that I took the apple you sent me out of my little Martha's hand."

"Are you really Martha Lindmark's father?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, I am really Nils Lindmark. Ah! it was a blessed moment when she gave me the apple you sent me. The gift touched a tender chord in my heart which had long been voiceless, and then she held up her mouth, and for the first time for many years pressed her soft lips to mine.

"We had, and still have," he resumed after a pause, "in our parish a young minister who had often done his best to *awaken me*, but who was always treated by me with scorn and abuse. When I was going home on that evening with my little Martha's hand clasped in mine, and bending down every few minutes to kiss her, we met

him on the narrow path that leads through the forest. He stopped and asked me if I was in any trouble, as I seemed so agitated. I answered him as well as I could, and we sat down together on the grass amongst the fir trees in serious conversation, whilst fast asleep on my breast rested my little Martha's tired head. This conversation was our first, but it certainly was not our last, and how much I, my wife, and my little Martha have to thank him for, God only knows. May He bless our dear young pastor!"

"Were you as great a drunkard, then, when you married?"

"No. Certainly not. I was considered a hearty sort of fellow, who liked to take a glass or two; but you know well enough how that ends. Step by step I wandered down the drunkard's path, always becoming worse and worse both as husband and father; yes, alas! I dragged my wife also down this terrible road. If God in a way so wonderful and full of love had not gone after us both, where would we have ended? God seems to love to show His Omnipotence by using the most insignificant means. Yes! Such a great, all-

powerful God will even begin the rescue of a miserable being by means of—an apple."

"You are right, God's blessing went with my gift; therein lay its great power. To give away an apple is in itself no great thing," answered I, deeply moved.

"God bless both you and our young pastor!" said he. "God send many more ministers to look after the poor drunkards! Then we would not have so many wretched homes, miserable wives, and unhappy children."

Translated from the Swedish of "Clara," by
WILLIAM GRANT.



"Here's an apple for you, father."



FEBRUARY 1880.

A Country Sermon.

By the Rev. THOMAS BARTY, M.A.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."
—ECCLIESIASTES xi. 6.

THE scenes and occupations of country life ought to help us in many ways to understand and remember the teaching of Holy Scripture; and, on the other hand, the teaching of Holy Scripture ought to make the scenes and occupations of country life full of a higher meaning than nature has given them. Our daily intercourse with nature in all the changeful aspects of its varying seasons, should supply us with daily Bible illustrations; while, by an association of ideas which we might do much to cherish, but too often utterly neglect, the teaching of Scripture should clothe with a rich suggestiveness the familiar sights of our country life, making them for us the patterns of heavenly things, and furnishing us with daily Bible lessons.

Sowing may well be taken as emblematic of all kinds of work, the results of which are not at once apparent, and the ultimate success of which in any particular case is not certain. Seedtime is an anxious and busy time for the farmer and the gardener. Having carefully chosen what they consider good seed, they have much to do to prepare the soil for it; and, knowing that the days of spring will soon pass by, they are diligent from morning till evening. But they do not expect an immediate result. They cannot be sure of any one sowing that it will prove productive, and the vicissitudes of human life continually remind them how often there is one that soweth and another that reapeth, and that the hand which scattered the seed in spring may not gather the crop in autumn. So their work is indeed a work of faith.

Looking at the connection in which it stands, we can see that we ought to take this text in what we are wont to call a "spiritual sense." But, perhaps, we may for a moment regard it in its literal meaning. Idleness, sloth, and thriftlessness, waste of time, of strength, of money, are unchristian and sinful in their degree; and if any one were to neglect his house or his family, his farm or his service, on the plea that such cares are beneath the notice of a religious man, he would thereby, to

say the least, place his religious profession under the gravest suspicion. Misfortune and infirmity will bring many, in spite of their best exertions, to poverty and want, and all such deserve our tender sympathy and ready help. But there are many who come to debt, and pauperism, and beggary, without any such excuse, and for whom to be dependent on others is neither more nor less than a shame! "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

But God did not give us minds and hearts with immeasurable capacities for thinking and for loving, merely that we might be good farmers, or skilful tradesmen, or handy workers, our higher being uncared for, our higher functions undischarged; our "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." The wise man is here teaching us the duty of being in every way helpful to one another, the same duty which Paul urged,—*"To do good and communicate forget not,"*—and in pressing this exhortation upon his readers he is not unmindful of the difficulties, real and imaginary, in the way of doing good. *"To cast our bread on the waters,"* however we may understand the phrase, does not seem a very hopeful work. Your prudent self-seeking man will regard it doubtfully. *"To give"* with a free hand not a pittance merely, but *"a portion,"* not to one only but *"to seven,"* yea, even *"to eight,"* not knowing all the while what evil may come, and how soon we or our families may be in want, will seem to many to be imprudent and uncalled for in the last degree. To sow, and to sow diligently, morning and evening, while the season lasts, though winds and clouds be threatening and adverse, and though we cannot be sure that our sowing will bring to us a harvest, this to your man of *"safe outlays and quick returns"* may seem hazardous and unwise. But in true faith there is truest wisdom. He who in that spirit casts his bread upon the waters shall find it after many days. The man who has in him that faith which worketh by love will give a portion to seven and also to eight, for even as he knows not what evil may be upon the earth, so he knows not how soon his opportunities of doing good may be at an end. In the place where his lot has fallen there shall he work, undismayed by any difficulties which a hopeful energy can overcome, and though he knows not all God's ways of working, yet trusts he in Him who *"maketh all."*

In the morning sow thy seed! In the morning, when thy life is fresh and the dews of thy youth sparkle in the brightness of the new-born day; in the morning, when thy pulses bound and thy heart beats strong, when thy mind is clear and thy soul unstained, and God's great field lies open and ready for thy work—sow thy seed! In the morning, before the heat of the sun has tired thee, and long hours of hard work have wearied thee, and the rude buffetings of the rough day have beaten thee; before labour has stiffened thee, or sickness worn thee, or failure vexed thee; in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come and the sad years draw nigh, remember thy Creator, and all the work He has given thee to do for Him. "In the morning sow thy seed." And here there may be a word for us as well as for our children. In the morning of thy child's life, when his heart is tender, his habits unformed, his nature plastic—in the morning sow thy seed. This soil has been given thee to tend, it is the Lord's heritage; if neglected it will not lie fallow, and where wild oats are sown wild oats must be reaped; but sow thou the good seed there, and with wise and gentle culture nourish it, and precious fruit will reward thee, and though now it may be thou sowest in tears, yet surely one day thou shalt reap in joy.

Two special temptations beset the young, and will often lead them to put aside or despise the wise man's exhortation. It is but morning yet with them; they will think a long day is before them and plenty of time for working. The sun has but newly risen, the time of labour has not come, the fresh sweet hours of morning are youth's fitting playtime! But thus thoughtless, selfish, and therefore ungodly ways are learned, and a precious sowing time is lost, and the young may die—and at all events work does not become easier by being put off, while idleness and self-seeking are a poor beginning for a Christian life. And besides all this, the child, like the man, "is known by his doings," and cannot live unto himself. In learning bad habits the young also teach them. And then the young are tempted to think that by reason of the ignorance and weakness of youth they are unable to follow the wise man's advice, and must leave all the sowing to older and stronger hands. But indeed they may do much if they will only try; every truthful, obedient, and loving child is a very minister of God for good, a sunbeam in the house, giving joy and hope to many anxious hearts, and holding forth a bright example both to young and old. Let no child who is able to read and understand these words of the royal Preacher for a moment think that he cannot do them. In the morning, my child, sow thy seed!

But if there be some who say, "It is too early and the day is long," how many more, alas! are tempted to say, "It is too late and my day is done." Indeed, in all times and seasons the unwilling heart will find excuse. The young man is too weak and

inexperienced, and besides youth is the time of pleasure, and so he cannot be asked to do the work which yet God has given him to do. The grown man is too busy, his whole energies are absorbed by the cares of the world and the calls of business; he has a farm to till, a house to keep, a trade to follow, a family to rear. The old man is too feeble, his hand is weak, his eye is dim, his step is tottering. And however vain or futile other excuses may be held, the infirmities of advancing years will surely plead the apology of the useless man when he comes to be old. Not so; at least if the wise man was not unreasonable when he said, "In the evening withhold not thy hand." And the twofold exhortation simply means that there can be no time of life, no season, no circumstances, in which the man—the Christian—may not be sowing seed, doing good to his brethren, and helping in the world the cause of righteousness and truth.

Advancing years, no doubt, make some kinds of work impossible, and others difficult, yet into some of the highest spheres of human activity they should carry with them gathered wisdom and accumulated strength. And if there be wide and matured experience, and ampler leisure, and fewer distractions, with a personal knowledge of life, its vanities, its cares, its true blessedness, how should old age not often be the best time of all for sowing seed? And if for some things the hand has then forgot its cunning, yet surely not for this! "In the evening withhold not thine hand." Thou hast borne the burden and heat of a long day, and the lengthening shadows tell thee that the day is well-nigh over, and the night at hand. But faint not yet awhile nor give over; scatter thy seed, though it be with a feeble hand, and the last of thy sowing may bear a rich harvest when thou hast gone to thy well-come rest.

"Thou knowest not," saith the wise man, "whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." We must sow in faith and go on with our sowing, even though no fruit appears. The seed-time is ours, not the harvest. But just in proportion as results are uncertain, are the opportunities precious, for at any time, if our hand be withheld, a blessing that would have been given, may be denied. And although we know not what may be, let it not be ours to add to the melancholy history of what might have been. Though the fact that we know not whether shall prosper—the morning or the evening sowing—may seem fitted to discourage us in trying either, it may just as well give us hope in both, for if our best efforts may be fruitless, yet, on the other hand, we need never despair. The fruit may be gathered after many days, and even he who goeth forth and weepeth—weepeth because the work seems hard and hopeless—may after all come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Short Papers on Family Life.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

I.—TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

WE begin these short Articles on Family Life with a frank homely word to husbands and wives. It is admitted on all sides that the prevailing and popular view of marriage is essentially worldly. It is looked upon as a convenience. It is regarded as an expediency in social order. It is called an appendage to our comfort. In the eye of the State it is mainly "a civil contract evidenced in words prescribed by law or by law counted sufficient." The preparation for it is frequently a mere matter of income and furnishing. More importance is attached to giving all due publicity to the purpose of marriage, and to the registration of the contract, than to its celebration by the Church, and the celebration is too frequently a mere parade of its worldly side. If you have such a view of marriage as this, you need not wonder that its obligations are lightly observed, and that it often fails to minister the expected happiness.

Your marriage covenant rests upon the ordination of God. God ordained it to minister to your highest interests. He has placed it first in time and highest in honour of all human relations. A man is to leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife. Its privileges are defined and its duties regulated by the Word of God. Its influence is said to bear directly on your spiritual and eternal welfare. And the use that is made of it as a symbol shows its sacred character. The violation of the marriage covenant is the scriptural symbol of idolatry, and the ideal marriage relation reflects the union that exists between Christ and the Church. "The husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is head of the Church." It is true that it might be the symbol of spiritual realities and yet belong to the order of human institutions. But in the analogy between your marriage relation and the relation of Christ to the Church, there is an interchange between the symbol and the thing symbolised. It is not only true that the natural is the symbol of the spiritual—that as the husband is to the wife, so is Christ to the Church. It is also true that the spiritual is the symbol of the natural—that as Christ is to the Church, so ought the husband to be to the wife. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." "As the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands."

In pleading for the sanctity and religious character of the institution of marriage, we are not underrating the importance of looking well to all its temporal relations. The State must have civil enactments where property and public morality are at stake. The civil law must interfere where husband or wife violates their marriage trust to their own injury as citizens, or to the injury of the common good. The State must guard public order

by demanding sufficient evidence that the contract has taken place, and secure an accurate registration of the marriage celebration. It is also a clear duty to look to the comfort of the home that marriage creates, and to make provision for the future, with its uncertainties and its inevitable parting. But notwithstanding all this we counsel you to keep in view the sacredness of the relation in which you stand to each other as husband and wife;—not to regard marriage as a human institution admitting of the infusion of a religious element, but to regard it as a divine institution in a setting of human circumstances;—not to see its basis in your own will and act, but in the will and ordination of God.

We would also remind you of your oneness in privilege and interest, and of your essential equality in the sight of God. According to the appointment of God, the woman is not inferior in trust and honour to the man. She is bone of his bone. It has been said that she was not taken from man's head that she might rule him, nor from his feet that she might be trampled on, but from near his heart that she might be one with him in loving and being loved. In this view of your essential equality we are not overlooking the wife's ordained subordination. The husband is head of the wife, and the wife is laid under the obligation of obedience to her husband. But in this subordination the essential equality between you is not vitiated. The honour of ruling is not higher than the honour of obeying, when God appoints the place of each, and when righteousness and love regulate the conduct of both. The husband rules for God, and hence he must rule like God; and the obedience of the wife is a divine obligation, and hence it must be rendered as unto the Lord. The ideal rule of the husband is in righteousness and sympathy, and the ideal obedience of the wife is in reverence and love. You are both ministers of God, and in the harmonious adjustment of your parts in life there is no inequality in dignity or privilege. And a disparity of gifts cannot break up this fixed order. It is true that the wife may be superior in gifts and culture to the husband, or the husband may be far above the wife in knowledge and ability. But exceptional gifts do not change a divine order, and in the lives of a truly wise husband and wife such things will not interfere with their scriptural relations. The most gifted husband will rule without harshness, and the most gifted wife will obey with becoming submission; and this will be done without conscious effort. They will feel themselves to be one in the enduring interests of privilege and duty, and that the acceptance of the will of God is the only way to regulate their respective obligations, and the best way to make life's yoke easy and its burden light. This sense of equality will have a far-reaching influence in your domestic life. It will enable you to see your union in a very sacred light, and lift your home with its root-relations above the level of a worldly expediency.

And as you are one in the sight of God, your duties to each other are summed up in the work of mutual helpfulness. In living for each other, the one thing you should keep in view is your individual and common good. You must unite in the overcoming of each other's sins and in the culture of each other's virtues. This is the surest way to domestic happiness. When goodness is kept in view as the end of your domestic life, you are adopting God's ordained plan for the promotion of domestic peace and comfort. Your natural love has not its end in the pure pleasures that spring from it, but in the righteousness and holiness of your respective characters. The perfecting of your character according to the will and method of God is in a very important sense the very end of your union. The husband who shows his love in self-sacrifice for his wife's good is standing to her as Christ stands to the Church, and the wife who uses her love in order to make her husband a good man is teaching love its highest ministry. And no fickleness of disposition, or trial of temper, can annul the duty of mutual helpfulness. Melancthon, who had a suffering, delicate wife, with an unhealthy fancy as to her bodily weakness, could yet call marriage "a kind of philosophy that required duties the most honourable and the most worthy of a noble man." And this mutual helpfulness must not be confined to seasons of profitable talk and set times of prayerful fellowship. These will not be neglected by you if you are in God's ordained attitude to each other, and they will occur as natural events in your domestic life. But your mutual good must be kept in view in the whole round of the daily task allotted to each, and it ought to be the end to which the whole domestic purpose tends.

You may think that this is an ideal picture, with a very far-off reference to the actual condition of modern domestic life. This may be true. But it is good for us to see ourselves in the mirror of an ideal. When God presents us with an ideal, we may be sure that it is within our power to approach indefinitely near to it. It has been well said that every call of God is accompanied by the offer of the grace that enables us to obey it. The ideal home was lost in Eden through the fall, but it may be regained by you through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. The jarring notes of life are all blended in a Psalm at Calvary. Christ is the power of a new individuality, and the union of a renewed man and woman in the marriage covenant is the Christian ideal of home. And this might be the character of home in every palace and in every cottage in Scotland.

THE BUILDERS OF SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.—They believe that God has condescended to dwell among men in the host upon His altar; and we have seen the sort of tabernacle they have reared for His dwelling-place. We believe that the dwelling-place He loves best is a human heart: have we been at equal pains to make these hearts of ours a home worthy Him? Which of us has best shown his sincerity?—*St. Cuthbert's Parish Magazine.*

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN CAMERON opened his eyes next morning upon the familiar walls of the room which had been his since he was a boy, and saw the sunshine coming in through the small panes of the windows, and heard the birds singing outside, with what was for the moment a sense of peace and relief. Though his parents were so anxious about him, his heart was yet within reach of all the old gentle influences of home. And he had been living a distracting life during the week; getting up every morning with the intention of doing his work, and avoiding all idleness and dissipation, but generally finding himself at night in the same position as before, with a knowledge that much of his day had been wasted, and some part of it more than wasted; that he was getting against him a slow-growing, reluctant disapproval on the part of his employers; that there were many things in his life which demanded concealment, and which would shame him if brought to the light of day—painful thoughts, which he pushed aside and would not face. If he had faced them and fairly asked himself how far these things were consistent with the life which he thought he wished to lead—the life of an honest man and a Christian—John knew well enough that it would be impossible to satisfy himself any more than he could have satisfied his father or his master. But he did not want to be brought face to face with his own careless life; he preferred much to be let alone, to stumble on from day to day, always meaning to do better to-morrow; and to think that his father and mother were old-fashioned and did not understand the world; and that there was a general prejudice against him among his employers and all the people with whom he had to do. But when he woke in the perfect peace of his little room at Wallyford, with its little window full of sunshine, and the birds singing outside, a sense of safety and repose got into his breast. For to-day, at least, there would be no reason why he should not do his duty. No one could rush into his room with a shout of, "Come along, old fellow!" to remind him of some engagement he had made overnight, some expedition or entertainment which "just this once" he must keep to, whatever the risk at the office might be. There would be no need for any struggle; perhaps it might be dull later, he said to himself; but in the meantime it was pleasant. The birds were "singing their heads off" in the trees, making the very air ring with a tumult of music; perhaps it was because all was so quiet here. And the air seemed to be made of sunshine—not blazing and scorching as it is farther south, but penetrating in its delicious warmth, going to the very heart. The white roses flung themselves up into it with an energy of happiness which made John smile at them instinctively, as if he had still been a child. Everything was happy about him; his heart, which had been beaten hither and thither by various emotions, not consistent with happiness—excitement, haste, uneasy compunctions and shame, seemed to sink down softly in his breast to quiet beating, to a kind of fictitious peacefulness. It was not a peace which would outlast the day, but perhaps he did not wish it to outlast the day. Here at home the quiet was a part of the pleasure; away from home, most likely, it would be dull; but, for this one Sabbath day, nothing could be more sweet. He felt good as he dressed himself in his best and went downstairs, and gathered a half-opened bud from his mother's tree to put in his coat. How sweet everything was! and he was young, with bloom still upon his cheek, and nothing so far wrong in his past but that it might be made right again. When they all set out to church in a pretty procession, the brother and sister first, the old people after, walking more slowly, for Captain Cameron was a little lame, what pleasure was in the hearts of the father and

mother! Isabel in her white dress, fresh and fair as a flower; and their boy in all the glory of his young manhood, with the white rose in his buttonhole. Was not that an emblem of purity and innocence and hope? Marget and Simon turned the big key in the kitchen door, and came on two minutes after. The key was laid down at the root of "the mistress's rose bush," where all the familiars of the house could find it. But who was likely to come that way this Sabbath morning? "Ye might leave it in the door," said Simon; "it's ower fine a day for ony mischief." "Eh man," said Marget, more prudent, "ye think thae vagrant creatures are like your flowers, and want naething but a bright sky to mak' them guid." "It doesna fill their emptiness," said Simon, "but it makes the green turf as warm as your fireside." "And my guid broth!" said Marget, but what was the connection in her mind, I would not venture to say. Though she took this precaution against tramps, there was no wanderer ever went away from that kindly door without a bowl of broth or a "piece." That was the custom in the old days. The broth by the side of the fire bubbled and simmered slowly, coming to perfection at a modest distance from the heat, and Marget's black cat sat in a haze of dreamy comfort in sole enjoyment of the fireside. Ettrick, the collie, was taking a sober walk about the garden and grounds; he knew very well that it was Sunday, and his attendance undesired by his masters; but whether it was that he had measured a sun-dial for himself by the shadows of the trees, as persons less clever have done, or heard some faint echo on the road, inaudible to human ears, of the stir of the "kirk a-kailing," it is certain that he went off with a soft long run, his great tail in the air, and his head down, just in time to meet his people as they came home. What trifling things to talk about! But they all made up the impression of deep peace and gentle quiet in John Cameron's mind. This was the outside of the pleasant summer Sunday. And the early dinner, with Marget's excellent broth, and all the family talk, was pleasant too.

But when the summer afternoon came, John began to flag. The afternoon is the time that tries us all. It is then that we begin to feel the want of something to do, something to occupy our hands or our minds, and keep rest from becoming monotonous. For after all, rest is the most difficult of all things to manage—how to proportion it to our wants, how to keep it from becoming a burden and a danger. There are hundreds of people who can arrange their work quite satisfactorily, to twenty who can make their rest really a relief and consolation, as it is intended to be. And John had nothing to do; he did not want to read, nor would it have been taken well of him if, on his sole day at home, he had buried himself in a book. And he had asked about everybody, and heard all Charley's letters and the last news from Agnes, his married sister in India, who wrote home by every mail. What was to be done more? He could not tell them much about his life in Edinburgh, or he would not, and the conversation flagged. The afternoon was so bright and so long. Gradually John began to recollect that it was more convenient, on the whole, to go back to Edinburgh on Sunday evening than to wait for Monday. He thought of a great many hours of failing conversation still before him, and of the candles that would be lighted in the drawing-room late in the evening, and the dimness of the place, and the want of anything to do; whereas, on the other side, he could call before his imagination lighted rooms, all bright and crowded with acquaintances and cheerful voices, and companions whose talk perhaps was not worth half so much as the conversation in Wallyford, but who would be more congenial and more lively. When he left them on Sunday evening, instead of Monday, the comfort of the household was diminished all the week after. But he did not think of that; or if he had thought of it, perhaps John would have been angry and made all the more haste to go; for why should his freedom be limited? It

was Isabel who suggested the walk to the Fisherstown, which was about a mile and a half off. John's former nurse lived there, having married a fisherman, and it made her very proud and happy to see John. "We will be back in time for tea," Isabel said. "And I think, mother—" said John; but then he paused. What he intended to say was that he must go back after tea, but something in her look stopped him. He did not say it. "What were you thinking, my man?" "Nothing," he said, half sullen. Why should they try to stop his freedom? Was he not able, quite able, to take care of himself?

However, when Isabel and he were out alone, things brightened a little. The roads were dusty; but in that district, within the reach of the salt sea, it is never too hot for walking, even in a summer afternoon. Isabel had gathered up her white dress over her arm to walk the more easily. She had the shady setting of a large parasol all about her bright face, and she was ready to listen to him with unbounded interest. John felt himself far more free here than indoors, and he began to speak to Isabel about many subjects which would have been inappropriate at Wallyford. He talked to her about "fellows" whom he knew, and about cigars, and wine, and horses, and even theatres, none of which things Isabel had much acquaintance with; but for a time it amused her to hear him discourse upon these strange subjects. She was quite willing to consider it wonderful that Simson's mare should have got over so much ground in so short a space of time—and clever that he had got his last box of cigars such a great bargain. She had heard the same sort of talk before, and it had been droll to her to remark how different the talk was of boys (as she irreverently called her brother) and girls; but yet the one not much more instructive than the other. Her smiles, her attention, drew John on.

"You should have seen us the other day," he said. "I went to the Races at Dalkeith, I and two other fellows—not much in the way of races, you know—a poor lot of horses. The drive was the fun. Do you know what a tandem is, Bell?"

She had to pause to think, but after a while remembered to have read of such a thing, "in a book about the English colleges," she said. "The students drive about in them."

"Students!" said John in disdain. "They are very swell things. One of the fellows blew a horn. We had the greatest fun. You should have seen the people run out to the doors to see us as we went past. And we went like the wind. They thought it was the old mail coach when they heard the horn; and then to see this bit of a thing flying, the leader with all his feet in the air, and a whirlwind of dust."

Isabel listened smiling; then she began to remember her mother's grave face on the Saturday night's watch, and to think of the "danger" of which her father had spoken. She did not understand it very well, but her mind seemed to awaken slowly to a vague uneasiness. At first it seemed to her rather a fine thing that her brother should drive about with a tandem; but perhaps after all—"Do you often go to races?" she said.

"When I can. Don't be prejudiced, now, Bell. There is no harm in them. It is only my mother's old-fashioned notions. The governor himself goes."

"And does he like you to go, John?"

"Ah, that is quite a different thing! They like pleasure themselves—but when we are young, when we can really enjoy it, then we must be shut up at the desk all day while they take their fun. That is the thing that riles me."

Isabel did not know what to say, and John went on with his revelations. His tongue was loosed. He told her that he had won "quite a pot of money" upon Vortigern. "Nobody thought he would do anything, but I liked the looks of him from the first. I know a horse when I see him," John said, with that air of boyish vanity which makes strangers laugh. But Isabel had a

little temper, and it made her heart hot to see her brother look silly, which was how she characterised it within herself.

"Who is Vortigern? and what do you know about horses? O John, what are you talking about? You are not like yourself; you are like——" She stopped, for a very wounding comparison had risen to her lips.

"Who am I like? It is not much you know," said John, half offended, "about horses or anything else. I have learned a great many things since I have been on my own hook. A fellow is never half a fellow living down in a hole like this. But the moment they think you are enjoying yourself they are down upon you," he cried.

"Who do you mean by *they*, John? We are always very happy when we think you are enjoying yourself," Isabel said, with a little falter in her voice.

"Yes, going to tea-parties at Miss Martin's, or asked out to dinner where there are nothing but old fogeys, and everybody says, 'How is your excellent father!'"

"Well!" said Isabel, indignant; "you should be glad to have an excellent father. When they ask me that, I am so proud! I say, 'Quite well, thank you,' out loud: but in myself I could sing—How delightful that everybody knows how excellent he is; and how thankful, how thankful, I am that he is well!"

"I don't say," said John, somewhat abashed, "that I am not thankful too; but to talk to a fellow about his father and mother is not much fun." And then he went on with his confidences. Isabel listened, it must be acknowledged, with a mingled sense of admiration and surprise. Some of John's friends seemed very great people to the inexperienced girl. One had promised to invite him to the Highlands to shoot; and with another he had dined at the Club, which sounded very dignified to Isabel. "But it must all make you spend a great deal of money, John; and how are you to get on when you are so often away from the office?" she asked. John told her she was a little goose and knew nothing about it. "The chief thing," he said carelessly, "in life and in business, is to make friends that can push you on—I know what I am about." And he looked so wise that Isabel was disposed to—laugh if the truth must be told. It was not the kind of conversation which Mrs. Cameron expected to arise between them as she watched the two young figures disappearing under the green arch of the great ash-trees which stood beyond the gate of Wallyford. It would be hard to say what the mother expected Isabel to say to her brother—to warn him against dangers the girl knew nothing of—or give him good advice out of her own innocence and ignorance. But perhaps the perplexed and wondering look which came upon Isabel's face, as he spread out all his tale of youthful complacency and folly, did as much for John as he was capable of having done for him at that moment. It gave him a little shock to see the look of bewilderment on her face. That was because she was only a girl and silly—was it? or was there something else that repeated this expression in John's own heart? He would not have paid much attention to her advice, but he remembered the look in her eyes of alarm and wonder. What was there to be frightened about? He was half angry, but he remembered it all the same.

The Fisherstown was a long street of irregular cottages, half of them confronted by a second line of houses turning their backs to the beach, half of them facing the sea. The little harbour and pier were at the farther end, standing out white with bleached and sea-worn masonry against the blue breadth of the firth, and the bit of stony beach beyond. With the cluster of brown masts and cordage in the distance, and the red roofs of the cottages, the Fife hills for a background, and the sea almost as blue as the sky, there was a picturesque and homely beauty about the scene. But the place had always a flavour of fish, and if not positively dirty, was inhabited by people who took no particular care to show that they were clean, if they *were* clean. On a warm

day, when the sun found out every scrap of decaying matter in the gutter, it was not pleasant to walk along this picturesque little street. How was it that the people did not smell it themselves? but perhaps the sharp salt fragrance of the waves rolling in almost to their very doors, took away a portion of the harm. John and Isabel had paid their visit to their old nurse and were turning back towards Wallyford, not sorry to escape from the general fishiness, when they came upon one of those scenes by the wayside which suggest an entire story. Seated on a bench by one of the cottage doors was a young man, leaning back against the rough wall which had once been washed with yellow, half asleep in the sun, his blue bonnet tilted over his eyes, his rough fisher's jersey and jacket showing no trace of the "redding up" appropriate to the Sunday. This was not a common sight in Fisherstown, where, if the men showed signs that Saturday night and its riots had preceded the Sabbath rest, they were generally either kept indoors by the care of their wives, or made presentable, as became the day. This young fellow, however, had no wife nor mother to look after him; he was a lodger in the house by which he sat half asleep in a fit of bravado, defying all that "the neebors" might say. John, who was a step in advance, made a pause before this figure, which stretched across the little pavement with slumbering feet. "I wish you would take your legs out of the way, my lad," he said; then added with surprise, "Is it Robbie Baird?"

"Wha's speerin' for Robbie Baird? ay, that's me," said the young fisher, half opening his sleepy eyes. There was a smile upon his handsome brown face, full of good-nature and indolent ease. "If ye've ony business wi' Robbie Baird ye'll hae to wait till the morn."

"Business! but you might get out of the way," said John; and then, though he was so far from blameless, this other young man with the white rose in his best coat felt himself at liberty to throw a stone at his contemporary. "You don't look much like Sunday, Rob, lying there in your working clothes. What has come over you to-day?"

"Come ower me the day! na, naething's come ower me the day; it might be last night; I'm no saying." Then, without moving, he gave a sleepy glance upwards from under his half-closed eyelids. "Is't you, Mr. John? then you're no such an innocent but you ken wha's come ower me. A wee merry, a wee merry, Saturday at e'en, and a long lie on the Sabbath morning. I'm nae heepocrite, me," he added after a pause, with a low laugh; "I'm hevin' my fling, and see I tell you. If I'm wild, as you say, I'm no a whited sepulchre wi' a rose in my breast." And here Rob laughed again with the foolishness of a man only half sobered, yet with the shrewdness of a natural observer. There were two women within the open door of the house to whom his sleepy drawl was half addressed. The elder one, who was the mistress of the house, came out to the doorstep as she spoke.

"Ye may mak' an exhibition o' yourself, Robbie Baird, if you please, and naebody can stop ye; but ye needna pit yourself in a gentleman's road that's gaun through the town on his ain business, and meddlin' with naebody," she said.

"Eh, mistress, ye're aye preachin'," said Robbie; "it's John Cameron. I ken him as weel as I ken myself. He's no that strait-laced. Eh, Maister John! You and me, we've seen a thing or twa, that thae women never understand."

"Get up, you big fool," said John, furious, yet afraid of further revelations. "Do you see my sister can't get past you!—my sister—will you hold your tongue, you ass!" he said in a fierce whisper close to his ear.

Robbie stumbled up to his feet; his brown face grew red with sudden shame. He was a fine handsome young fellow, powerful and active, though half dazed with the effects of his debauch, and sleep, and sunshine, and self-disgust, though he veiled the last. He stood on the narrow path, his strong figure swaying to one side, before

he steadied himself with an effort. Then his hand stole to his bonnet. "I saw nae leddy," he said abashed. Isabel stood by, in her fresh white dress, shrinking back a little, her wondering, troubled face set against the large shadowy frame of her parasol. Tears stood in her soft eyes. She looked from Rob to her brother, both of whom drew back a little under her clear and simple gaze. While they stood thus, the other woman came out from the door. She was a pretty country girl, in her Sunday dress, evidently arranged with all her simple skill, a figure like the day, bright and pleasant, but her eyes were red with crying, and her cheeks flushed. When he caught sight of her, Rob's face, which had grown grave, changed; he burst forth again into a laugh.

"Here they are!" he said, "here they are; there's your sister and my lass, twa bonny creatures, I'll uphald that, whae'er says the contrary. And, Maister John," said the young fellow with another laugh, "here's you and me—and we're a bonnie pair!"

"Come along, Isabel," said John; "the fellow's drunk, or near it." He was red with rage and shame.

"I'm no a whited sepulchre wi' a rose in my button-hole," cried the fisherman with his mocking laugh.

"Gang ben the hoose, gang ben the hoose; O Rob, Rob, as quarrel's plenty," cried the girl, who stood behind; "now a's ended asteen you and me—but you needna jeer and pick a quarrel with the gentleman. Miss Eesabell, speak a word to your brother; he doesna ken what he's saying; and a's done between him and me," she repeated with a fresh outburst of tears.

Rob stood, the centre of the group for a moment, undecided whether to carry on his assault upon John, or to hide in some better way the tumult in his own breast. But as for John, he reflected that least said was soonest mended. He caught his sister by the arm, and led her away, smothering his wrath, not even turning back to reply to the laugh of triumph with which Rob sank again upon his bench, defying all his surroundings. Jeanie Young, the fisherman's "lass," followed Isabel too, pulling her aleeve and whispering anxiously through her tears—

"O Miss Eesabell! you're no to think waur of him than he deserves; he's broken my heart—but he's no that ill, no as ill as he says; he wouldna harm a dog—he's naeboddy's enemy but his ain."

"And yet, Jeanie, you say he has broken your heart."

"Oh, that's true, that's true, Miss Eesabell. I hope you have nae laud. It's awfu' hard to bear in your ain family, but it's waur, it's waur when it's your laud, and ye can hae nae confidence in him. He has just broken my heart."

Isabel's eyes were full of awe, yet of youthful severity. "But, Jeanie, a lad like that is not for you; you said all was ended between you."

The girl dried her wet eyes with a hurried hand. "It's easy speaking, it's easy speaking," she said; and then, "Miss Eesabell, how often were we to forgive!—no seven times, but seven times seven."

John was marching on before, waving his cane. He would not take any notice of the whispering or the crying. Perhaps he was glad to see his sister occupied with Robbie Baird's shortcomings, and therefore unable to inquire what the fisher had meant. And what did Rob know, or what could he mean? only to save himself a little by implying that all young men were the same. But John was not aware that he had ever made a woman cry as Jeanie Young was crying. If he "went wrong" a little, nobody else was the worse for it, nobody was made unhappy. The people at home might take fancies into their heads, but they did not understand. So that, on the whole, this encounter helped him to shake off the burden that was more or less on his heart. He lingered a little at the point where the road to Wallyford crossed the highway to Edinburgh; waiting till the girls should have finished their talk. Just as Isabel joined him with her grave face, a phaeton came dashing by, recklessly

driven, with two men in the front seat and one behind. The horse was stopped for a second while the latter person jumped down—but went on with such a rush that he was propelled violently forward, and saved himself with difficulty from a fall. It was almost at Isabel's feet that this precipitate descent was made, and her brother stepped forward between her and the stranger hurriedly. The dust had swept round them like a whirlwind. "Have you hurt yourself?" John asked—then started, and there ensued a greeting which still more surprised the bewildered Isabel, before whom so many new experiences were crowding. "Cameron!" the stranger cried. He had a "nice" voice. In Scotland, as everybody knows, there is a great prejudice in favour of "an English accent." It sounds refined and superior to simple ears; and the newcomer possessed this charm. Isabel, after the pain of the meeting with Robbie Baird and poor Jeanie, was glad to escape to some more cheerful impression. But John did not seem to share her feelings. His voice in reply had no pleasure in it. It sank low, as it had a way of doing, becoming deep bass when John was displeased. Without any pretence at civility he said, with something like a growl, "You here?"

"Yes; I am here, as you see," the other young man said pleasantly. Isabel could scarcely keep from whispering a word to her brother about his rudeness. As it was, she looked at him with an admonitory glance. The stranger was younger than John, lightly built, with crisp and curling brown hair, and a genial light in his eyes—or so, at least, Isabel thought. "I saw you as we passed," he said; "and you know I always wanted to see the home you are so faithful to—"

"Oh! so you have come to spy into the—land," said John, angrily. "You had much better have stopped where you were."

"John!" Isabel felt herself compelled to interfere. Such rudeness was without parallel in her experience. When a friend arrived suddenly, there was but one thing to be done with him, and that was to take him home to tea.

The stranger laughed, and took off his hat. "Oh! I don't mind," he said; "I am used to him. He is not so bad as he seems. Perhaps you will introduce me to your sister, Cameron. We see a great deal of each other," he added, not waiting for the introduction. But while the newcomer smiled and talked, John stood like a thundercloud. His countenance had grown sullen and full of wrath. He stood obstinately at the corner, in all the dust, not moving. Isabel was more and more shocked by his incivility.

"We have been taking a walk," she said, to smooth matters down. "We have been seeing some people that are not—very nappy. And the sun is hot and confusing—"

"Everybody ought to be happy," said the stranger, with enthusiasm, "in such a country, with such companions as your brother has—"

"Oh!" said Isabel, with a little rising colour, "no doubt Mr.—this gentleman, John—has heard of papa! We are just going home," she continued, embarrassed, "to tea. I am sure my mother would be glad to see—any friend of John's, to tea."

"He doesn't acknowledge me," said the stranger, with a laugh.

"Come along, then," said John almost roughly. "Isabel, this is Mansfield. You'll find it very dull at Wallyford; but since you are here—"

"He wants to keep his garden of Eden all to himself," said the young man. "We never can get him to make any engagements for the Sunday, Miss Cameron. He is always due at home, he tells us. I hope you make a great deal of him when you have him. He is more faithful to you than any fellow of his age I ever saw."

Isabel looked up brightly, gratefully, at her brother. Robbie Baird's insinuation flew to the winds. Even John melted a little at this tribute to him, which was evidently quite unexpected. He said in a softened voice, "I like

coming home. You fellows don't understand what a refreshment it is. However, it is a very quiet place, and my father and mother are old-fashioned people. One must put on country ways and country ideas. My mother will not like to hear even that you arrived upon us in the dust out of a Sunday excursion. You had better hold your tongue about that."

Isabel looked up wistfully. "My mother does not like us to hold our tongues about anything, John."

"I understand," said Mansfield. "Mrs. Cameron does not like Sunday excursions, but she likes the truth. I will tell her the truth, Cameron. If she is angry with me, I can't help it; perhaps I may learn to love your Scotch Sunday at—did you say Wallyford? We have different ideas where I was born."

And then he began to tell Isabel that he had been born in France, and how different everything was there. He told her about the French villages, where the people were not wicked people, though they did many things that were strange to her. The way to Wallyford, though it was a long way, seemed short to Isabel as he talked; he had seen the world, that great, brilliant earth beyond the ken of simple folk, which seemed to the inexperienced girl so much wider, so much fairer, than the humble corner which she knew. John's friend, whatever was his reason, had made up his mind to please the family to which he was thus suddenly introduced. At Wallyford he was received with the warmest simple hospitality. Mrs. Cameron was as hospitable as Abraham when he received the angels unawares. It did not suit with her old-fashioned ideas of politeness to ask who was the guest, or how he came there; as soon as he set his foot across the threshold of the house, nothing that was in the house was too good to be set before the stranger. She made him sit at her right hand, and served him with the best. The hush of the Sunday evening was upon the quiet house; there was no attendance at the meal except what Isabel gave. The bowl of roses on the table, the fragrance of the great bushes outside coming in through the open window, the sunshine dropping lower and lower till it came in level through the small-paned windows, all seemed to charm the young man. And after the first sacred duty of attention to the guest, as a guest, the two old people began to remember that here was some one who belonged to that unknown portion of their son's life which cost them so many alarms. But Mansfield talked of it as if it had been the fairest chapter of young life ever written. "He will never come with us on Sunday," he said, "I understand now why; he is better off at home."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cameron, "if you young lads would but think what a fine thing is a Sunday at home! You are young: I hope I make allowances for you; and if sometimes you forget your Creator in the days of your youth—we all forget—I hope the prayers of your parents will be heard. We old folk, we have little to do in this world but to pray for our bairns."

"There are no old folk to pray for me," said the young man, "and I have no home to go to now. Perhaps I was not so thankful for it when I had it as I ought to have been; but John is happy, Mrs. Cameron, he ought to be better than the rest of us." John's mother looked at him with glistening eyes.

"I do not know you," she said, "but every other woman's son is precious to me: and, if you like to come, here is a home aye open, and prayers for those that need. I do not know ye, Mr. Mansfield—"

"And perhaps I am not worthy," he said.

"I'll no think that; the Lord knows; those that have no mother, my poor lad, have a right to every mother's prayers. Come with John, whenever you will," said the kind woman out of her large heart.

Was she right! She was Isabel's mother too, and perhaps she should have guarded with more care the sacred threshold of her home.

To be continued.

Meditations.

By the Rev. GEO. MATHEWSON, D.D.

XII.

"And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain."—MATTHEW V. 1.

TO me it is ever from a height that Thou speakest. Whenever I hear Thee, immediately I am on the plain and Thou art on the mountain. Thy most earthly words cannot make Thee earthly; the accent is unmistakably from above. As it is not difficult to tell him that hath seen better days, even so Thy speech betrayeth Thee. No meanness can wholly mar Thy visage, no poverty or suffering can altogether shroud that beauty that is fairer than the children of men. Thou art divine in the workshop of Nazareth, divine in the dust of death. The elevation of Thy words is more remarkable from the lowliness of their theme. Thy sermon comes from the Mount, but it deals not with things which the world calls lofty. Thou speakest not to the great, but to the lowly, and the burden of Thy speech is not the mountains but the valleys. Thou callest blessed what the world calls contemptible. We have made thrones for the proud; Thou givest the kingdom to the poor in spirit. We have wreathed laurels for the prosperous; Thou hast blessed the mourners. We have assigned the earth to the aggressors; Thou hast promised it to the meek. We have made heroes of the warmakers; Thou hast pronounced the peacemakers the children of God. We have declared happiness to belong to the self-satisfied; Thou hast said that the hungering and thirsting alone shall be filled. When Thou speakest every valley is exalted until it becomes a mountain. The world's great things grow mean, and the world's mean things grow great. The dark places of the earth shine with a new significance in the light which Thy words have shed around them. Thou hast singled out for Thy rest the labouring and the heavy-laden, and hast made the last of earth the first of heaven. Unto whom can we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of everlasting life. We have but the words of the fleeting hour; we use the language of this world's fashion, and the fashion of this world passeth away. But Thy words are for all time. They are as fresh to-day as they were on the shores of Galilee. Years cannot antiquate them. Change cannot make them obsolete. The inundation of a thousand new civilisations cannot sweep them away. They are on the top of the mountains, and therefore they are invulnerable by the floods below. In my highest moments I must still look up to Thee. In myriads of ascending worlds I shall never reach Thee, for the height whereon Thou standest is infinite, and Thy voice is the voice of the Eternal.

Some churches are like hotels; people go there, have their room and their food, pay their bill and go away, knowing nothing of those under the same roof, having no sympathy, no common feeling, and not caring to have any.—*St. Giles' Parish Magazine.*

MINING MEMORIES.

By D. WINGATE.

To the Editor of Life and Work.

DEAR SIR—Will you permit me to preface these "Mining Memories" with a word or two? First, I am, what I profess to be, an old collier. Second, When I address myself *especially* to miners, they may be assured that they have my sympathies in all that to me seems wise, and probably in some things that seem to me a little unwise. I am not going to look down on them from any little pinnacle on which fancy or accident has placed me, with a patronising eye, and smile; and, while eschewing all unnecessary airs, will at the same time try to avoid all apparent humility. I shall as much as possible follow an old example, and speak "right on," using familiar terms and phrases as the matter in hand requires; trusting at all times to be understood, or, at least, never misunderstood.—I am yours, AN OLD COLLIER.



No. 1.—OLD William.

ON a hillock that overlooks the village in which I was born I am in fancy standing now. It is an October morning about four o'clock. The stars are bright over me, for the morning is frosty, and the moon is just touching the top of the old castle (one well known in the west) distant a mile or so. The autumnal tints of the wide woods around it seem almost visible, and the breath of breeze that comes to me seems to bring with it the rustling of the frost-parched leaves which I know are thickly falling there. Old memories are crowding around me. Joys, rarely remembered, and almost forgotten, rise and present themselves, and sorrows and disappointments—the merest wraiths of their once vivid selves—flit past and disappear. There are the pits in which my apprenticeship was passed. Yonder, beyond the stubble field, ascends the black smoke as the engineman breaks up his well-damped fire and

prepares to get up steam for the day's work, while, now and then, a great gleam from the opened furnace streams across the stubble and into the wood beyond it. One after another, from the village, lights appear, red as Mars, and move towards the pit. Only experience tells me that each light is borne by a miner, large or small, though nothing but the light is visible. By and by the darkness is full of them; meeting, crossing, and passing each, as one might imagine the stars above would do were the restraining force that keeps them moving in their eternal order for a short time relaxed. Yet there is method in their movements, for however much they cross and mingle near the village, their ultimate way is to the pit. If one were to follow them to the "lodge" where they meet and wait till the engineman is ready for them, a scene that would not readily fade from the memory would be seen. I see it before me as vividly as if it had real existence at this moment, instead of being merely an image on the wet linen of memory. There, in a corner seat, close to the ever-open door, sits the patriarch of the village, prepared to go

down first whenever the word "ready" is given. His locks are white and his face is wrinkled and sallow, and he leans against the wall silent, with folded arms, looking at the fire that is fast growing stronger on the middle of the floor; puffing his pipe, the while, in a dreamy unsteady way, as if his thoughts were elsewhere. Look closely at him. His limbs are covered with woollen patches of many a hue—stitched roughly together, and altogether concealing what had been the original fabric. Over his feet are tied clouts—bits of old canvas, or mole-skin, perhaps—the toes and heels being left bare on purpose. The old shoes into which he had thrust his naked feet when he left home are now lying behind him between the thatch and the top of the wall, there to remain till his day's work is done. There is not much talking among the score or so that are assembled, but into the talk that is, his voice enters not. There are remarks about the earliness and keenness of the frost, but of that he has nothing to say. Whether he is thinking of those who will work to-day, or of those who will work no more, none can tell. Now and then, at

long intervals, you may note that his pipe is taken from his mouth; his head is raised a little; his eyes brighten, and his lips come closer together, as if memory, or fancy, had come upon something interesting at last.

Old William has had his share of toil, danger, and sorrow, and there are times when he grows garrulous over them, but these times are never on working days—some other time he may be heard. In the meantime look at the others. Look, if you have the eye of the artist, at the indistinct human shadows on the unplastered and smoke-blackened wall. Look at the eager young faces, half in shadow, as each busies himself in thawing, unloosing, warming, and tying on the wet and dirty "*foot-clouts*." Happy faces seem very rare, and if a laugh is raised, it seems out of place and dies quickly. The business before them is work, not mirth. Some of them in the circle nearest the fire are very small, and very young, many of them not yet in their teens, and they can hardly be expected to go cheerfully to the very hard labour that awaits them. Poor little lads! But of these the good men among the colliers of the present day were to be formed. There are no such scenes to be witnessed now. The old thatch-covered lodge with the great fire crowning a heap of ashes in and on the middle of the floor has vanished. The foot-clout is no more. The draw-rope does not exist save as a relic.

With the introduction of shoes a new era in mining may be said to have dawned on the village which I have in my mind. What a cry there was against working underground with tacketed shoes! The "*drawing*" could not be done, it was said. What freedom under a low roof could a man, or a boy, have with heavy, stiff shoes on his feet? How was he to find footing on the slippery pavement? And were people who chose to go on in the old way to be obliged to run the risk of getting their feet filled with tackets that were sure to be dropping from the leathern innovators? The question was hotly discussed for a long time, but the shoes won the day. There might be less freedom of action in moving about with them, but the increased

comfort was unmistakable. From that point "change" seems to have rapidly overturned everything. The old system of things began to be no longer possible. Old managers died and young men took their places—young men with new ideas. It began to be whispered that we were behind the age in all things. In other parts of the country, we were told, things were better and life safer. In some pits, it was said, they had ponies for hauling the coal up steep places, and even along the level roads. Ponies in pits! Who could believe in such a statement? How could horses live underground?

And how were they got down? Nevertheless it proved to be true. And then, what did the new manager mean? He was speaking of having regularly formed air-courses underground and of having a furnace built that would be blazing at the bottom all day and all night too. That was a pretty state of matters! Suppose the coal near it took fire? Suppose the smoke refused to go up the shaft? Suppose it went round the workings instead? What would be the result? Suffocation of course, and all because a young man insisted on making changes. Could nobody stop him? We had heard of an Inspector appointed by Government to look after pits. What was *he* about that he could not interfere and put an end to such danger-making? The worst of it was that (so we heard) the Inspector was even fuller of new-fangled notions than our



new manager, and was quite likely to agree with him in all his fancies, even if we complained of him, if, indeed, he did not put newer and worse notions into his head. We were not to be allowed to ascend and descend swinging from side to side in a tub at the end of a chain. There were to be slides, and guides, and cages, and we were to be let down and brought up as safely as if we were standing on the lodge floor. But all these things were done, and it did not seem that we were any the worse of it. The old men among us (save one or two who were possessed by a spirit of supreme radicalism, and who never ceased to sneer at the present condition of everything) moaned and prophesied, Cassandra-like, but there were younger ones who

held up their heads and felt that in the race of physical progress we were fast getting into the front rank.

My fancy goes back to Old William and the lodge with the great tempting fire in the centre of it. By and by the word "Wha's first?" is passed, and Old William rises and prepares to go down. The modern preliminary of examining the workings to see whether men might safely descend was little attended to then. Generally the Overseer went down along with the first man on the ground, but even that amount of care was not rigidly attended to. Old William was "first," and led the way alone. What need of following him step by step? What need of detailing to miners who lived at that time his progress from the pit-head to his working-place? I go with him the whole way along the long stone mine with the watercourse at one side. In the mornings the stream was crystal bright and sweet to drink, but, long before night, the trampling of many feet rendered it muddy and unwholesome. Is it not strange that I, who ran along it twenty or thirty times every working day,—I, who never have ceased, and never can cease, to look back fondly to the tiniest stream I have ever wandered by, above-ground,—should have no pleasant memories connected with that subterranean burn? There it ran always, making soft noises as it ran, no doubt, but no fond interpreter ever heard either song or sermon in its murmur. It required to be lifted to the sunshine, and to have a bordering of green grass, and a bird to sing over it, before it could be a "joy for ever,"—there it was only water where it was not wanted. Old William had a habit of drinking from it every morning before he watered the wheels of his "hutch" with handfuls from it. He was always the morning pioneer along its course, and whether it ever was to him more than it was to me I cannot tell. Onward I go with him until his working-place—the trimmest in the whole pit—is reached. There he divests himself of his coat, hangs his lamp on the "stoop" side, and then, after having selected the pick he is to begin with, he puts his knees on the hard ground, lets his pick drop from his hands, and for the space of half a minute, covers his face with them. What was he doing? No one that he knew of ever saw him. Nevertheless in that attitude he had been

seen, and among the lads it was whispered that Old William's first duty in his working-place was prayer. That duty over, there was no idling of his time—no losing of either "sett" or "ben." The strongest and most active among the young men knew he was well forward if he was along with Old William in his day's work. Good old solitary! The very embodiment of sturdy independence! He had been married, but he had been long a widower, living alone and doing everything for himself. Sons had been born him, but two were away soldiering and were seldom heard of, and the youngest had fallen from his side, while being taken up after their day's work was over, and had been killed. If there was one thing that Old William hated it was poverty—poverty in the sense of needing from others. His wish, often expressed, was that he would die in harness. He wanted no help. Once a man of his own age rebuked him for a manifestation of that spirit, saying, "Ye're no a'thegither independent, William. Ye may scorn the help o' man, but there's ae Helpin' Haun' ye canna dae wantin'." "Ah," said William, "ye speak rashly, I've nae scorn o' that Help. I'll get a' I need there."

One day Old William led the way as usual. It was a day in the hot summer when working days were few. He had been ailing a little, they said, and had (an unusual thing) spoken of his own feebleness to a sympathising neighbour. But he went to work as usual. His pick was heard in the morning, and to the cheerful "Hoo's a', William?" of a neighbour he had answered "Gaylies;" but when the second "sett" came William was not out to his ben, nor did he appear when the whole "sett" had been run. There was wonder felt and expressed, and at length to the "Hoo's a', William?" of the same neighbour there was no reply. On going into his place his lamp was found burning, but the lamp of his life had gone out for ever. Old William had died as he wished, at his post, unseen by any eye save that which can look through the soil and strata, in the darkness as in the light. He was found reclining on his coal-heap with a smile so fixed on his face that

he who found him first could hardly believe he was in the presence of Death. No doubt the Help in which Old William had such full faith did not fail him at the end, and in that perhaps lay the secret of the smile on his cold face.



Endeavour to keep an account of your income and expenditure, that you may be able to live justly and generously. Give what you can to assist poor relatives, and poor Christians, and the Church of Christ. Try this one year to tax yourself ten per cent on your free income for such purposes (Malachi iii. 9, 10).—*St. Stephen's (Edinburgh) Parish Magazine.*

If you are obliged to live in one room, have nearly always a chink of the window opened from the top; it will not give you cold, it will rather keep you from it. In the Infirmary, where there are so many sick people, this is constantly done, and the fresh air is as helpful to the patients as the good food and good nursing they get.—*Newington Parish Magazine.*

Christ in the Tabernacle.

By the Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D.

THE object of the following papers is to suggest some of the spiritual meanings which may be found in the Jewish Tabernacle.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews (ix. 5), the sacred writer, after giving a list of some of the contents of the Tabernacle, adds, "of which we cannot now speak particularly." It is in the direction of this "speaking particularly" that the present Articles are intended to go, based on the direct statements of Holy Writ itself.

In Hebrews viii. 5 the Jewish priests are said to "serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things" (the representation and foreshadowing); and "when Moses was about to make the Tabernacle," he was commanded to make it after the "pattern" shown him when he was on the Mount with God.

In Hebrews ix. 23 we read that it was "necessary that the patterns (rather, the representations) of things in the heavens should be purified with these." These representations, which are contrasted with "the heavenly things themselves," are the services, or arrangements, or furniture of the Jewish Tabernacle.

In Hebrews ix. 24 (the verse which follows the above) the "holy places made with hands" are called "the figures of the true" (the copies of those which are spiritual—not typical or symbolic).

Only one word need be added as to the meaning of the Tabernacle as a whole. It seems to combine three things—1. The earthly *dwelling-place* of God; 2. God's place of meeting with His people; and 3. The place where the witness or testimony of God was made known.

This Tabernacle, then, was divided into three parts: The Outer Court, the Holy Place, the Most Holy. Into the first, all Jews who were not openly (*i.e.* ceremonially) unclean were admitted, but only they. Into the second, the priests were admitted, but not the people at large. Into the third, only the High Priest could enter, and he only once a year.

These three divisions seem to symbolise—1. The visible church; 2. The standing-ground of the Christian; and 3. The presence of God, after death (in Paradise and Heaven). All who professed to be the people of God were admitted to the outer court, unless for the time they were deprived of the benefit thereof by outward defilement. The priests only, who represented those who offered up spiritual sacrifices, entered the second. While, in the meantime, only he who represented the Great High Priest could pass within the veil. This seems to be the truth indicated: but there are difficulties as to it, and there is want of full and direct Scripture warrant as to the first two divisions; and we do not therefore press it on the reader.

I. THE OUTER COURT.

This was a large outer space, within which the Tabernacle stood. It was shut out from the world by curtains of white linen or canvas, about seven feet high, so that those without could see nothing of what was done within; the whiteness of the screens indicating the purity which the church of God ought to show in the face of the world. There was but one entrance, consisting of a screen which could be raised by any one who desired admittance; and this entrance was on the eastern side, opposite to and close by the altar. Both to this door and to that of the Tabernacle itself, we may apply the words, "I am the door" (John x. 9); and the door stands over against the altar!

The outer court contained two objects of interest and importance.

1. The first of these was the altar, commonly called the Altar of Burnt-Offering. It met the eye so soon as the court was entered. It was a large vessel, 7 feet square and 5 feet high; hollow within; made of wood, and overlaid with brass. At each of the four corners there was a horn of brass.

On reaching the altar, the first thing seen is that the ground all round it is *swimming with blood*; that the brazen sides are all *sprinkled over* with blood; and that the horns are smeared with blood. The priest shall "pour out the blood" of the goat of "the sin-offering," "at the bottom of the altar" (Lev. iv. 25). The priest shall "sprinkle the blood round about, upon the altar that is by the door of the Tabernacle" (Lev. i. 5).

This is "the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. xii. 24). This is the "sprinkling of the Blood of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. i. 2). Here then, at the very door of the Tabernacle, at the first step we take in even the outer court, we have THE BLOOD, openly, manifestly, loudly proclaimed, the blood of Christ. Without that, there is no sacrifice; without that, there is no meeting with God; the threshold of God's dwelling-place with man must be covered with that blood, so that we must pass over it as we enter! "Almost all things are by the law *purged* with blood; and without shedding of blood there is no *remission*" (Heb. ix. 22). The *purging* is almost always by blood; the *remission* is always so. Nay, the blood is always on the altar and around it, to affect every offering,¹ burnt-offering, and meat-offering. Remember how we are told that "the altar sanctifieth the gift" (Matt. xxiii. 19); and again, "Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy" (Exod. xxix. 37). And why? Because the blood was there, "the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Before anything could be offered, the altar must first be sprinkled with the blood!

The *second* particular as to the altar was the

¹ We do not propose to touch the question of the offerings, or of the high priest.

sacred fire which burned in it. We learn (1) That it came from God at first. "There came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering and the fat" (Lev. ix. 24). (2) No other fire was to be employed for the purposes of sacrifice. It was "strange fire" (Lev. x. 1), and the punishment of using it was death. (3) This sacred fire was never to go out by day or night (Lev. vi. 13). (4) The purpose of this fire was to burn up and consume entirely the sacrifices which were placed on the altar (Lev. ix. 24).

When we inquire into the meaning of this, we find (1) That the fire represents the anger of God against sin—"A fire out of His mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it" (Ps. xviii. 8). "Our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29). (2) That the fire consumed Christ, as the Offering and Sacrifice for man. It is written, "He offered up Himself" (Heb. vii. 27); and as the offerings were always consumed *by fire*, this fire of God is implied here and elsewhere. Think of God's "consuming fire" being known most fully by His Beloved Son! (3) This sacrifice of Christ was offered once only; but is perpetual and for ever efficacious!

One other thing was true of the brazen altar. It was "anointed with oil" (Exod. xxx. 28). All the Tabernacle and its furniture were to be anointed with the holy oil which Aaron was to make, and which it was death to use for any other purpose than the worship of God. That altar, then, which was sprinkled with the blood was to be anointed with oil. What meaneth this? Who is "God's Anointed"? The Name of CHRIST is the answer. "Unto the Son He saith . . . God, even Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows" (Heb. i. 9). And again, "The SPIRIT OF THE LORD is upon me, because He hath ANOINTED ME" (Luke iv. 18). The anointing oil is the pouring out of the Spirit making Jesus the Christ—that is, the Anointed One of God!

Here, then, is the precious truth as to the brazen altar in the outer court of the Tabernacle. (1) Blood beneath it, blood around it, blood upon it—"the sprinkling of the blood of Christ;" (2) Fire within it from God, ever burning, "devouring" the sacrifice whose blood was shed; (3) The anointing oil upon it—the Spirit poured out without measure. Not merely the lamb slain, but the altar on which it was offered, is the representation of Christ, "the altar which sanctifieth the gift!" This is "the Tabernacle of witness in the wilderness," and the first testimony which it gives is to Jesus, the Christ of God!

2. The only other object in the outer court was THE LAVER.

This was a large vessel of brass (made out of the "looking-glasses" given by the women of Israel), which was full of water, and which stood between the brazen altar and the door of the Holy Place.

It also was anointed with the holy oil. Its use was for the priests to wash their hands and their feet, not *in* it but *at* it, before they took part in the service of the Tabernacle; and in the event of their neglecting this duty, they were to be punished with death (Exod. xxx. 21). It was the first thing they had to do when they entered the court, and when Moses consecrated Aaron and his sons (doing with his own hand the whole *priestly* service, Lev. viii. 15), the first part of it was to *wash them* at the laver;—"Moses brought Aaron and his sons and washed them with water" (ver. 6). There were other washings for the priests, but it is of importance to note that it was the *first* thing to be done, because that helps to indicate its purpose.

There are various passages which show us what it must mean. When David, bending and groaning under the burden of guilt, cries, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than the snow" (Ps. li. 7), he is referring to the laver and its washing away of *guilt*. And when our Lord would wash His disciples' feet, He warns Peter, "If I wash thee not, *thou hast no part with Me*" (John xiii. 8). Then He adds, as if to point to the laver beyond all question, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit" (ver. 10). There is one other passage where St. Paul uses the same language. "According to His mercy He saved us, *by the washing of regeneration*, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5).

It is therefore no mere subsequent cleansing which the Christian receives, that is meant by the use of the laver in the outer court: it is the radical cleansing *from guilt*. It speaks of the Fountain opened for sin as well as for "uncleanness;" and as with that Fountain, the laver was always open and always full. It is Christ Himself, not excluding the Holy Ghost, but, as in the quotation from St. Paul, including and bringing His influences; the laver was filled with the cleansing water, but it was *also* "anointed with oil."

Does any one ask, Why was this needed? Was not the blood a sufficient symbol? Nay; the Tabernacle is full of Christ; at every step we meet Him. Why should we have in the Christian Church the Cross and also the symbol of Baptism? The altar and the laver bear one witness—none but Christ! Mark then the three teachings of Christ. I. The Door, ever ready to be opened. II. The altar, blood-sprinkled and blood-surrounded; the Fire from Heaven ever burning; the Holy Anointing Oil upon it. III. The Laver, free, and full of living water, at which the feet of every priest must be washed ere he offered, if he would not die!

Reader, we have trodden the outer court together. What thinkest thou of Christ? What is He to thee? Art thou cleansed by Him from every spot of guilt? Art thou redeemed by His precious blood?

Life and Work.

THOU, who hast won our peace
With bitter strife,
Hast died, and vanquished death
To give us life !

For priceless gifts like these
What shall we give ?
We can but take, dear Lord,
Believe and live.

We can but ask for love
To give Thee back,
For faith to trust Thy love
For all we lack.

And yet, Thy human heart
The secret learned,
How love, to serve the loved,
Still craved and yearned.

For Thou hast said, "Behold,
My brethren see,
Show them Thy love, I count
It done to Me."

Oh enter Thou our hearts
Who lovest all,
That we may all of Thine
Our brethren call.

And thus, from out our hearts
Thy light may shine,
And all men glorify
Thy love Divine.

J. JOHNSTON.

Higher Education for the Agricultural Classes.

IT has far too often been thought that the schoolmaster is the only educator of society, so that in many schemes for the higher education of country lads, he has been the most prominent figure. Yet we may safely say that the average labours of a country schoolmaster, during the day, preclude the possibility of his undertaking classes in the evening.

But apart from that, we shall find how much may be done in every department of life by what may be called *unordained* or *unprofessional* effort; and therefore I would say, Let us take things as they are, and, without inventing anything new, let us see what can be done in ordinary circumstances. Let us remember that we have human minds in God's great world to work upon; and surely there is plenty *better* education abroad and around to lend a hand in helping the *worse*. "Freely ye have received, freely give" is true in this as in everything, and in the deepest sense it holds good, that every gift of nature, education, or grace, is something we ought to desire and try to share with others.

How then? Well, a farm-place, for instance, is a small community, and, as a rule, there are several young men at it; why should they not form themselves into a winter night-class, and educate themselves? And surely, what with parents, and neighbours, and the "big house," and the minister, and others who may be raised up to help in the good work, they may depend upon sufficient help both to start

them and keep them going. I shall tell the story of one such class, which I can never forget. There were eight young men at a farm-place, and I started them on a winter's course, which comprised writing and letter-writing, arithmetic, and some other things. They worked every evening, and I went up once a week, to clear away any difficulties. I always said to them, "Tell me what has *stopped* you; I don't want to know what you *can* do, but what you *can't*." They worked gallantly, and made wonderful progress. Usually they met in a house where the family were grown up,—two of the sons were in the class,—and the head of the house told me at last, "'Deed, sir, we canna get them oot; they ha'e a maister among themsel's, and they ha'e a 'dux,' and tak places; and whiles the wife an' me has jist to gang to bed, for it'll be past eleeven o'clock till the hoose is clear o' them." One young man went as far as I could take him in arithmetic, and farther than three-fourths of college men could go; and I have taught mensuration to farm lads more than once. It was a joyous winter that,—for all hearty effort is joyous, and gives one the sense of *life*;—and when I occasionally meet with some one of these old pupils, there is a link of attachment in my heart which will never be broken. Of the hours thus spent I can most truly say, in the words of the expositor of the Psalms,—“They are gone, but have left a relish and fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.”

I may mention that the books which I have been asked by young men to purchase for them would astonish most people if they were written down in a list,—representing religious, scientific, and technical departments of literature.

It is not desirable to aim at having very large classes: there are not usually many lads at a single farm-place, and it is better, so far as possible, to save them from having far to go to their place of meeting. Moreover, their regular evening duty of "suppering" their horses should not be interfered with, unless by the free-will grant of the farmer, or some of the other men, to have it done for them. They can meet either in one house regularly, or in various houses alternately; and it will surely make the blood of older people run quicker, and their hearts beat warmer, to have the "youngsters" round their table with their ruddy faces and fresh enthusiasm!

I have always found arithmetic to possess an almost supreme attraction in such classes, and it is an excellent mental exercise, over and above its own usefulness; but it should not be allowed to be indulged in as a mere puzzle, apart from its own practical application and necessity. I would strongly advocate *letter-writing* on this principle: let the author suppose himself writing to a friend, and let him give a distinct account of what he is doing in his ordinary life, and of what he is thinking too. This makes a demand upon several faculties, and quickens power of observation and the spirit of

inquiry, while it cultivates fluency of expression, accuracy and scope of language, and insight into grammar. The pupils should always write with a dictionary at their elbow for reference. The letters should not be written in the class, but at home, and given in once a week; and they may be made the basis of much valuable instruction by the person who takes charge of them. It is best to use notebooks, and each pupil must have two (say 2d. or 3d. each), in order to have one always at home, while the alternate one has been handed in. Of course all kinds of letters should be encouraged. A black-board is always a necessity, and may be employed for various purposes.

Physical geography and natural science may be made very attractive; and it is of great value that the best authorities are editing or writing the primers and text-books of literature, history, and science, themselves, as those who know the farthest reaches of any subject are usually fittest to teach its elements. Surely the same principle will soon be applied to the study of the Bible, leading up to an intimate knowledge of its history, which is the vehicle of its inspiration!

I don't think I have anything more to suggest at present; except that, if any one asks how long such classes should be continued, I would answer, not later than some time in March; for when the birds begin to whistle, and the spring breath comes, and the early flowers are out in bloom, and the gardens are all busy, the spirit of indoor application is apt to fly through the open window to court the budding promise of the youthful year.

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

The Missionary's Fatherland.

After NOVALIS.

WE live beneath the same eternal dome:
The hoary sea,
The sunbright earth, are aye our world-wide home,
Where'er we be.
O'er hill and dale waves brooding night aloft
Her raven hair:
'Neath southern cross or polestar sleep we soft
In one God's care.
O cross of love! The centre of the world
By God's good grace:
O'er every land thy banner is unfurled,
Hope of our race.
Where'er is work to do, or souls to save
The wide world round,
On dreary hills, on tempest-darkening wave,
Our home is found.
Our home alike we have on desert sand,
Or island shore.
Thy love, O Father, is our Fatherland
For evermore.

BERTIE REID.

SCOTTISH LADS.

Best thanks are due for several valuable letters regarding the proposed "Scottish Lads' Friendly Society," and for promises of aid. Any further suggestions should be forwarded to the Editor immediately.—Ed.

FOR THE YOUNG.

"A Little Gempleman."

By MONA NOEL PATON.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CHAPTER I.

HE certainly was a very little "gempleman" indeed, being only four years old when he won the title. He was the youngest of five, but the others were all much older than he, and Basil had always been made a great baby of. He was a very pretty little boy, with dark curly hair and laughing blue eyes; and, dressed in a white frock and bright ribbons, he made a most charming baby. But when he was four years old Master Basil put off his baby clothes, and with them his baby ways.

In the fourth summer of his life he and all his brothers and sisters went to live in a very lonely part of one of the most beautiful of the Western Islands; and his mother, Mrs. Waymere, saw at once that her poor little boy would be anything but happy in his white dresses, especially as there was a delicious "sandy hole" quite close by, just made for children to play in, and where white dresses would not long remain white. So, in spite of nurse's wails and his sisters' pleadings, Baby's fat little legs were thrust into a pair of his elder brother's blue flannel trousers, which were much too large for the tiny limbs. A sailor shirt of equal dimensions covered his plump body, and a Glengarry bonnet was drawn, by his own rosy hands, quite down over his ears, so as entirely to conceal every curl he possessed, and, as seen from behind, to complete his resemblance to the back view of a baby elephant or rhinoceros. With no shoes or stockings on his soft white feet, there stood the little scarecrow, as proud and happy as baby could be.

"I'm a big boy now," he sighed; "I'm as big as anybody." And from that hour Baby was a baby no more.

With solemn step he marched off to the "sandy hole," and there, upon the road-side, under a golden canopy of whins, dug ditches and planted gardens and raised castles, as happy as the day was long. And when at last hunger told him it was getting late, he stumped home alone, as haughtily as the trotting feet would take him. He was so happy that his mother listened to his request, and gave him full permission to remain out of bed as long as he wished. This was delightful news. But alas for Baby! some of the grains of sand seemed to have got into his blue eyes. They would *not* keep open, and scarcely more than half an hour after his usual time for disappearing he gave a tremendous yawn and meekly begged to be taken to bed. When his fearful garments were removed, and he

was clad in his little white night-gown, he knelt down to say his evening prayer.

"Gemple Jesus, meek an' mild," whispered the sleepy voice, "'ook upon a 'ittle child." Then, with an emphatic shake of the curly head, he corrected himself: "No, *gempleman*—'ook upon a 'ittle *gempleman*;" and with perfect earnestness he then finished his prayer, and hugging a leg of his flannel breeches, fell asleep.

From that hour Basil's title was "the little gempleman." The next morning he was up with the lark. The first object which met the nurse's eyes when she awoke was a vision of a child, apparently in rags, vanishing through the nursery door. She recognised the apparition as Basil, and called to him to return. He came back readily enough.

"Oh, Mary," said he coolly, "you is wakened. I'm welly solly. I did not mintend to distulb you."

"Where are you going, Baby?" inquired the astonished nurse; "and what do you mean by leaving the nursery in that undressed state?"

"I's not Baby. I's Master Basil; and I is dwessed. I dwessed me."

In this, however, nurse did not seem to agree with him. She tried to persuade him to go back to bed, but he would not; so she dressed him in his wonderful garments and let him go down stairs.

When, about an hour after, she followed, there was no Baby anywhere to be seen. His Glengarry was not on the hall table, and his little blue figure was nowhere in the garden. Nurse went along to the "sandy hole" to look for him, but he was not there. While she stood in the middle of the lonely road wondering what next to do, a wild, rough-looking man came slouching along, singing scraps of songs, and savagely shaking his fist at his own shadow, thrown by the morning sun on the rugged banks between which the road lay. The nurse was very much alarmed, for she saw at a glance that the man was half-witted. She shrank back, hoping he would not see her. But he did. He made a rush at her, then drew back, took off his hat, and began to address her in almost inarticulate language, yet with great seeming politeness. But Mary did not wait to listen. With a cry she fled past him, and rushed along the road.



"Oh, my Baby! my Baby!" she cried. "What if he has seen that awful man! He'll be frightened to death. Master Basil! Master Basil!"

"What is it, Mary?" asked a little voice so close beside her that she started, and, looking quickly round, saw, climbing over a gate, her little scarecrow.

"Oh, where have you been, my own boy?" sobbed she, lifting the bundle of blue flannel from his perilous position.

"I've been at the shore," answered he, coolly, kicking to be set down; for his dignity was wounded, and, I must allow, he was just a little spoiled.

"At the shore!" exclaimed she in astonishment. "Why that's more than a mile away."

"Yes; an' the bother was that me had to climb free grates. An' I sawed such a funny man. An' he talked to me, an' he talked so funny."

"But were you not frightened?"

"Frightened? No, why? He talked pretty: about the flowers an' about the giants that sleep in the hills, an' about the clouds. I like him. But, oh, Mary, I am so hungry! I do want my breaksticks." And Mary, with a troubled mind, led him home.

The whole family soon learned, with no small anxiety, that at the next farm a large number of mad and imbecile people were kept, most of whom, being considered harmless, were allowed to roam about at their pleasure. This was by no means a comfortable piece of news; and everybody

expressed great apprehensions of horrible danger, excepting the "little gempleman."

"Was the man that speaked to me daft, fazer?" he asked, with earnest eyes.

"Yes, dear, it seems so," answered his father.

"Well, 'en," replied Basil, with great decision, "I like daft people. They has got bootiful minds."

With which sagacious speech he turned away and trotted off to his "sandy hole."

To be continued.

Have you ever seen a child come to a shut door and put his hand upon the handle, and try to turn it in his feeble way? and as he tries he calls aloud, and his father rises and comes to the door, and lays his hand on the inner handle, and round it goes, and the door opens, and the child comes in. So set your hand firmly to open the door of your difficulties, and an unseen Hand will "work with you."—*St. Giles' Parish Magazine.*



MARCH 1880.

Sermon.

By Rev. GAVIN LANG, Montreal.

The Anointing of Jesus by Mary of Bethany.—
ST. MATTHEW XXVI. 6-13.

THE holy Gospel contains few, if any, more charming or instructive narratives. Let us try to realise the scene! It was a goodly company which assembled in the house of Simon the leper, who gave a supper in honour of Jesus. This man had evidently been cured of his awful disease by his Guest, and among those invited to meet the Saviour was Lazarus "which had been dead, whom He raised from the dead"—as it has been put, "between the raised Lazarus and the healed leper the Lord probably sits as between two trophies of His glory." Martha served, waiting especially, we may be sure, upon Him who had been "the resurrection and the life" to a brother beloved, and all throughout the entertainment casting adoring glances first at the Restorer and then at the restored. She was in her element! And not less so was her sister Mary in the performance of *her* self-set task. While yet the feast was going on, she stole quietly into the room. Apparently no one was watching or noticing her movements. But both sisters had their opportunity, each in her own way, of marking their reverence for Christ. It would be a tame world if we had all dispositions of one kind, and shaped our course and conduct according to one fashion! Mary struck out a path for herself—"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair." St. Matthew and St. Mark tell us, that she also "poured it on His head." The whole action had been so silently and unobtrusively done, and the posture of reclining at meals, in use among the Jews, so favourable for her object, that, but for the rich perfume which exhaled from the oil, Mary might have come and gone from the supper chamber without exciting any observation or comment. As it was, "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."

It is not very clear with whom the sharp criticism of Mary's conduct, which followed, originated. We are probably near the truth in believing that it was Judas who started the condemnation which became general. It is plain that they all share the responsibility of disparaging a deed which Christ afterwards covered with immortal renown. How their strictures affected Mary herself, none of the

Evangelists tell us. But that she was hurt by them may be inferred from the question with which Jesus begins His defence of her—"When He understood it," *i.e.* the charge which had been made by Judas and his brethren, "He said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman?" His keen sympathy is aroused in behalf of this victim of cruel misrepresentation. He meets indignation with indignation. It is a controversy of one with twelve, but Christ holds to His verdict. He even goes farther. He commends without any qualification what Mary had done—she has not only done nothing amiss, but she has positively done something eternal in its blessing: "She hath wrought a good work upon Me. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

But it is worthy of remark that Christ does not justify Mary at the expense of the poor, about whose interests Judas Iscariot had professed to be much concerned. No teacher more than He had ever inculcated the duty of remembering and relieving all in want. He had done so both by example and by precept. Here, accordingly, He solemnly commits the poor in perpetuity to the tender mercies of His followers in these words, "Ye have the poor always with you." The position which, in justifying Mary, Christ takes is, that He must ever rank in human estimation before and above all others. "She hath wrought a good work upon Me"—this announcement from Himself was ample vindication of her action. In all things He is to have the pre-eminence. It is so in heaven, all whose hosts of angels and ransomed ones cease not to "worship Him, and cast their crowns before the throne!" Why not also on earth where, "even in the midst of His self-renouncing sympathising humility," He was the Son and equal of the Most High?

But we must not forget that Mary's anointing of Jesus had, at that particular time, a singular significance. He Himself exalts it into more than even an act of worship—"for, in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for My burial;" or, as St. Mark has it, "she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying." It was a stronger impulse than respect or esteem which urged her to seek Him. There are, indeed, those who are of the opinion that she had an intelligent conviction of the approaching death of Jesus;

and the theory has been advanced "that it was the keen insight of a loving soul which overcame her on such a day and at such a moment," moving her to feel, even more than to say, "Alas, when Thou diest, none will anoint Thee; I will therefore do it beforehand"—that her thought was, that, "as she could not avert His fate, she would, at least, consecrate Him to His sad destiny." It may, or may not, have been so with Mary. It would almost seem as if she had realised much of the drift of Christ's own repeated allusions to His coming crucifixion—that she was conscious, in her heart of hearts, that a tremendous crisis was imminent in His life. And that she had a secret foreboding of disaster being near at hand, is by no means unlikely! The clouds which eventually burst upon Gethsemane and Calvary were gathering thick and fast. The mutterings of Jerusalem found an echo in Bethany. The very fact that the alabaster box, whose contents she lavished upon Him, had been in her possession before she could know that she would have the occasion for using it, is itself most striking. According to St. John's account, the Saviour distinctly indicates that she had kept it for him—"Then said Jesus, Let her alone; against the day of My burying hath she kept this!" It has been supposed that it was, in the first instance, got for the interment of Lazarus, but that, his body not having been embalmed, it was laid aside. The disciples were evidently aware that such was the case—else why should they say, "This ointment might have been sold," instead of "This ointment need not have been bought"? At all events, Christ is satisfied that Mary "reserved it under the guidance of a higher hand," and He makes the statement "that she did it for His burial" without any hesitation. Anyway, with or without premonition or knowledge, she had symbolically anticipated what was thus to befall Him. Her act has been called "an anointing fit for kings." But it was more than that! Her very breaking of the alabaster box over His head was eminently typical of His body broken for us, and her pouring of the ointment over both His head and feet foreshadowed the comprehensive character of Christ's sacrifice, the efficacy of which was to reach "whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world."

It is impossible to dwell, as we have been doing, upon this Bethany scene without realising how suggestive the whole narrative is of lessons suitable for our own instruction. First: From the side of the disciples we learn how correct all notions of excellence are, into which there enters a supreme regard and devotion to Christ. In the attitude of these men, the views and judgments to which they gave expression, we have an exhibition of that false Utilitarianism which measures the worth of all emotions, deeds, and institutions by considerations no higher than those which affect material and economic welfare. From His answer we may safely draw the inference that, had Mary

lavished the ointment of her alabaster box upon Jesus from any other motive than to honour Him, He would not have defended her. But her motive gave her simple deed and costly offering an imperishable distinction. I do not pause to either inquire or discuss whether all our practices and pursuits are, in whole or part, unobjectionable. It is sufficient to leave their fitness or otherwise to the plain test which Christ Himself lays down in dealing with Mary's anointing of Him—"She hath wrought a good work on Me." "Done unto Him, not done unto Him—this will finally arbitrate upon all the works of men." But, secondly, from the side of Mary and her anointing of Christ, we learn the essential importance and grandeur of love. There is a force, all its own, in the word which qualifies "work" in Christ's commendation. "She hath wrought a *good* work upon Me"—in the original, it is more than good, it is lofty and beautiful. Simon did well in giving a supper to Christ, but the woman who poured ointment upon His body and balm into His spirit gave Him a still better and fuller feast. Martha did well in serving at the supper, but who would compare her service with that of Mary? And so, the kind word, the kind deed, even the kind thought, whether or not it be accompanied by anything material, may be of more real use than demonstrations of zeal and interest which bulk more in the eye by the magnificence of their outward appearance. Not the amount so much as the intention of good works determines their value. God forbid that I should say one word to discourage liberal offerings to the cause of Christ. But whether on the larger or smaller scale, the value of all goodness lies in our possession of the spirit of love—"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

One word more! The highest style of love is that which, like Mary's, is rendered first and foremost to Christ. We must love Him with our whole soul and strength and mind. Our very love to our neighbour must spring from our love to Him. He must have absolute sway over our affections—be enthroned as the Monarch and Centre of all our desires. How do we regard Him? Do we, as did the gentle sister of Bethany, bow at His feet and bend our wills to His authority? Is His law our rule of conduct—His word "the man of our counsel"? It is, at least, this dedication of ourselves, our longings and belongings, which He entreats from each and every one of us. He so entreats, chiefly that we may be benefited and filled with His peace and joy. It is with no despot's voice, but with the sweet, winning accents of a Friend and Brother that, by His Holy Spirit, whom He has sent as His own other-self into the world, He implores us to come unto Him and find rest for our souls. Brethren, let our response, warm and prompt, be, "Even so, Lord Jesus, Saviour, Master, King, we come, we come at Thy command."

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III.

ISABEL got up early to see her brother away. She walked with him a long stretch of the road in the early sunshine. The morning was bright, though there were indications that it might soon cloud over. The hills of Fife, showing blue over the blue Firth, looked so near that you could fancy them within reach of your hand, and the whole landscape was radiant with a light which in our climate never lasts.

"Inchkeith has sailed in the night; look how near it is!" said Isabel; "you could throw a stone on to the island."

"That means it will rain before the afternoon," said John, looking very weather-wise. "When I was last at Inchkeith in Mansfield's yacht—"

"Has Mr. Mansfield a yacht?" his sister said, with a little awe in her voice. To people who have had to consider all their expenses all their lives, and never spend a sixpence without thought, and who know how much trouble it takes to earn money, it is a wonderful mystery to see the idle lords of existence doing nothing but spending it. A man who had a yacht and a tandem (for it was Mansfield's tandem which John had been driving, he told her the evening before), and who had lived abroad, and had nothing to do, appeared like a young prince to Isabel's innocent fancy.

"Oh, he is well enough off," said John, with a grand air, as if this were the most general thing in the world; "or at least he ought to be, for he spends right and left. All the same, if he comes when I am away, you had better give him the cold shoulder."

"What is the cold shoulder?" said Isabel, half affronted. She said to herself that if her father and mother chose to admit Mr. Mansfield she had nothing to do with it—and certainly they must know better than John.

"I don't know him so well as he pretended," John said. "He is not exactly of our set. He had no call to come and look me out; and mind what I say, Bell, he is not a fellow for you to know."

"Then how can he be a fellow for you to know?" retorted Isabel; which is the kind of question women often put, and men find it hard to answer. As she walked home again she could not help thinking over this little episode. A stranger was a rare thing in Wallyford, and John's acquaintance was quite unlike anybody Isabel had ever seen before. She knew nothing of him, which was of itself a wonderful attraction; and she had been warned against him, which has a perverse charm too. It was like sailing up an unknown river into a new country, with strange villages on the banks and everything new. It was like the beginning of a story in which you can imagine all kinds of things happening, and your imagination has free scope; but all this turned into actual life, which is more exciting than anything in a book. Isabel's acquaintances were but few. It is true, she knew, after a sort, the "haill parish," and all the fisher folk, from Robbie Baird to the patriarchs of the community; but that was a different thing from knowing people who were "like herself," as Mrs. Cameron said. It is rather difficult to explain what kind of people they were who were "like ourselves." They were not rich people nor grand people: the county families had not the least acquaintance with the little house at Wallyford; but the Camerons were what our grandmothers called "genteel people" all the same. The nearest to them were the minister's family and the doctor; but the minister was a widower with only one son, and the doctor had married late in life, and had a wife who was quite occupied with her children, and had no time for visiting. As she pondered, walking along, after she had left her brother, of all that was going on, Isabel thought a good deal of Mr. Mansfield; and thinking of him made her think of the only other

person at all to be compared with him whom she had ever known. This was another Robert—Rob Bruce, the son of the minister, who was now far away in India, or somewhere equally distant, Isabel did not quite know where. No one ever spoke of him to Isabel, for indeed it had been partly to break off a boy-and-girl attachment between them that poor Rob had gone away so suddenly, three years ago, though she was now but nineteen. She smiled a little herself at the thought. Except that she had been flattered and pleased by the idea of having a lover when she was little more than a child, I do not think that Isabel's mind had ever been much occupied by Rob Bruce; but she remembered him gratefully still, and affectionately, as having been so "fond of her" three years ago. He was not at all like Mr. Mansfield. He had no yacht nor horses, nor did he speak with an English accent. He had gone out from the office to which he belonged, partly to make his way in another office abroad, as being trustworthy and high-principled, and all that a good merchant ought to be; and partly because he was likely to make a fool of himself and marry (if the fathers and mothers would have consented) when he was too young to take such a step. If he had remained, Isabel, in all probability, would have been made a foolish little wife at sixteen; for though she was too young to know what she was doing, yet she liked Rob very well, and was flattered by his love, and had no particular objection to attain the grandeur of a married lady while yet not much more than a child. This was what made her blush now at the thought of Rob. She had thought of him often with a little smile and sigh, pleased with this romantic episode in her young life, yet equally pleased that it had come to nothing. She had thought, too, with a little agreeable excitement, of what might happen when he came home. But why should she associate him with Mr. Mansfield? Isabel blushed again as she asked herself this question. She knew by instinct that Mr. Mansfield's appearance would not be agreeable to Rob Bruce, but if you ask me why, I cannot tell. She could not have told herself, but she knew it. She laughed half-guiltily as she strayed along the sunny road that August morning. She was a good girl, but her heart was light, and life all bright and full of pleasure before her. She found a little fun in everything, and she was not without a sense of mischievous amusement in the sudden picture of Rob's black looks and Mr. Mansfield's civilities that crossed her fancy. Things will have come to a strange pass in the world when a girl does not feel a certain pleasure in her power to make one or two persons happy or unhappy. Isabel could not help being amused in spite of herself.

But as she came slowly along, pleased with the bright world and the clearness of the morning and her own thoughts, a little cloud came over her firmament at the sight of another figure on the way, crossing the high road towards the Fisherstown—the same way she had come on the previous day with John. She had just remarked to herself, with a sudden smile and sensation of pleasure, that here was the very spot where the stranger of yesterday sprang down from the carriage, almost falling at her feet, when this other appeared, who was not a stranger, and whose appearance suggested thoughts that were far from pleasant. The cloud came up over her face, as she recognised him, with much the same effect as when a cloud comes over the sky. The little bit of sunny road on which she walked darkened round her, though the figure was no worse than that of a handsome young fisherman, robust and strongly made, with vigorous red brown hair, all full of twists and curls that looked like a mere exuberance of life, clustering about his ears, and his bonnet on the back of his head. Robbie Baird was as light-hearted as Isabel herself, though not so innocent. There was a laugh in his dark eyes which lighted up his whole face—but he stopped short in front of her and took off his bonnet, and folded his hands with an air of penitence, with the bonnet folded between them.

"I have to beg your pardon, Miss Easabell," Robbie said; but his laughing eyes contradicted his penitential air. All the same, he did not feel at all proud of himself as he stood in the sunshine, and saw the clouding over of the girl's face.

"I do not know for what, Rob," she said, with a little offence, for immediately there had risen before her a recollection of all that had been said.

"I was ill-bred," said Robbie; "it maun be aae since they a' tell me, or I wouldna hae believed it o' myself, that I could be unmannerly to a leddy; but when drink's in wisdom's oot, you ken—or at least, ye dinna ken; that's the worst and the best of women folk."

Moved by that last aspersion upon the female character, Isabel answered hastily, "Do not speak to me, please, of anything of the kind."

"You're mair angry than them that hae greater reason," said the fisherman; "but I havena a word to say. I would get nae mair than my due if you were never to ware a word on me again; for a' the kindness I've had frae the captain, and a' the guid advice—that I have never taken, ye will say; but yet I maun beg your pardon, Miss Easabell. If it had been anither laud that had put his lazy body in your gait—Lord! but I wuss I had been there to knock him down."

In spite of herself, Isabel smiled at this curious expression of penitence; then her face clouded over again. "O Robbie, you are right; there are some that have greater reason, far greater reason, than I have. How can you vex so good a lass! You will break Jeanie's heart."

Robbie twisted his blue bonnet in his hands, and looked down sheepish, yet not without a certain humour still. "No so bad as that, no so bad as that," he said.

"But it is as bad as that; she said you had broken her heart; she said it was over between her and you."

"Ah, but she's changed her mind. It would take mair than the like o' that to part Jeanie and me," said Rob, still with a wavering smile upon his face.

"She has changed her mind, because she cannot change her heart," cried Isabel, with all the severity of a youthful judge; "and you laugh! That is all you think of it. And next Sunday Jeanie will go to the kirk and watch for you coming in, and pray and cry behind her Bible: and then walk down the street in her Sunday gown, so neat and so bonnie, with a sore heart, trying to fancy that something has happened, that it's not your fault. And she will see you sitting there— You were a fine sight last Sabbath day, Robbie Baird!" cried the girl, drawing up her slight figure, feeling half as tall again as the big sinner before her, "sitting in the bonnie summer sun, so near the bonnie quiet sea, still, still, like as if it was giving thanks. You were giving no thanks, nor anybody for you: dozing with your bonnet over your een like a big dog in the sun, your sea-clothes on, and your heart—where was your heart! Not with God, nor yet with Jeanie—"

"You may ken about my sea-clothes, and that I wasn't just, the outside o' me, what I might have been," said Robbie, colouring high with shame and offence; "but as for my heart, that's for nobody to judge; and Miss Easabell, you're but a young lass—you're no' a minister to preach—"

This brought a corresponding flush upon Isabel's face. "If you think a minister," she cried, "knows better what is in a woman's mind! Jeanie is a young lass like me; and if you knew, if you only knew, the shame and the disgust, as well as the misery!—would you like to think that your wife hated the sight of you!"

He gave a confused yet triumphant laugh. "No much fear o' that."

"You think so!" cried Isabel; "and that is just what a young lass can tell you better than a minister. But she will: Jeanie, that is so fond of you—Jeanie, that cannot give you up—could not bide the sight of you that day! she hated the light that showed you to her, and her eyes that saw you. She would rather be a blind woman

and never see the sun again, than see you like that. Now, Robbie Baird, you can go away if you like, and do the same next Sabbath day, and think I am a young lass and have no right to speak. And I would not speak if you had not spoken to me; but it's true what I tell you. Jeanie abhorred the sight of you, if that's a stronger word," cried the girl, flushing with fiery and beautiful indignation, and bringing out the hard sound of those consonants as only a Scotch voice can do, "and so did I!"

With these words Isabel swept on, indignant, holding her head high in the excitement of this quite unusual effort. The girl's heart was stirred, she could not tell why. The miseries of the world had begun to dawn upon her, or rather the miseries that men make for themselves in the world, and that women (she thought) have to suffer. This was the first breaking for her of the illusions of the lovely earth and the smiling skies and her youth. She had made this one discovery—that a household can be made miserable and a girl's heart broken, because of what another person laughs at and considers amusement. She had intended, with caution and care, to inquire of Robbie when she met him, what he had meant by the words he had flung at her brother, the insinuations that John was no more innocent than himself; but all her intentions had gone to the winds in the sudden impulse of the moment, the flush of hot indignation that had come over her. She was not a minister—no—she was only a young lass. The minister would have spoken far more solemnly to Robbie. But, perhaps, it was just as well that they should know what a young lass thought. Isabel had not a doubt that every woman was of her opinion. No illumination had been afforded her as to the possible evils on the other side.

In the afternoon she went out with her father, as was their wont. She had recounted this little episode to her mother, and had been chidden and sympathised with. Mrs. Cameron had sighed out of the depths of her heart, and said, "That is true, that is true, however you came to know it;" for she had concealed the former troubles of the family as much as she could from her child. But she had added, "You are not a minister nor a missionary, my bonnie darlin'. You have no experience to understand the heart. You must not lay a rash hand, as it were, upon the ark, my Bell. It's not for you to teach the like of Robbie Baird. And he might be impudent to you."

"Oh no, no," cried Isabel, with a flush of warm partisanship, "Robbie might go wrong like you, but never, never, would he say a word. I don't understand it, mamma; what is the meaning of it! He will break Jeanie's heart; but he would not harm a fly, nor wrong anybody, nor say an unkind word. He's a good lad, and yet he goes wrong—what does it mean!"

Mrs. Cameron had put her apron to her eyes. "The Lord He knows, the Lord He knows," she murmured to herself; "that is the mystery of this life, Isabel. When it's an ill man, it is not so hard to understand. But you will see them that have their Maker's image stamped upon them, and yet that will take the wrong turning, and ruin their bonnie lives, and break their parents' hearts."

"And Jeanie's too," the girl said, with a wistful look.

"Ay, and many a Jeanie. Wives and bairns, and honour and credit, and all that's worth having in this world and the next. But you must not speak to me about this, my darlin', for I'm a foolish woman, and it makes my heart sick: nor think too much upon it yourself; you're too young for such thoughts; put on your hat, and take your walk with your father. It will rain before night, and you should take the advantage of the good day while it lasts."

Captain Cameron had but one walk that he really cared about—the fields and the lanes, he acknowledged, were very pleasant, and on a fine Sunday morning the walk by the side of the rustling, golden corn, almost ready for the shearers, would fill the old man with pleasure; but for his own choice he always went the way of

the Fisherstown, threading his way through all the smells without wincing, and steering carefully through all the children, and the nets and creels that confused the way, to the pier, where he would sit, when it was not too cold, and watch the boats come in, and the waves dashing against the sea-wall. The fresh, salt breeze was life to him, he said, and there was no sound in the world so sweet as the soft hush of the water when it was calm, running softly up and breaking into smiles on the beach. When he was ill, and had to keep indoors, that was the thing he always wished for; if he could hear the soft ripple coming up, the sh-sh of the broken water sweeping back again into the sea. But he always made a little pretence at choosing a new direction for his daily walk. "Where will we go to-day?" he would say, when they issued forth, he so proud of his young daughter, she so proud of her old father, with Mrs. Cameron watching and smiling at them from the staircase window in the turret. He took off his hat every day to his old wife, and he said, "Where will we go, Isabel?" Sometimes he even went so far as to suggest a new walk, but usually he would add, with a twinkle in his eye, "It's a fine day for the sea; I think we'll take a turn, if you've no objection, as far as the pier." What with his rheumatism and the old wounds that gave him so much trouble at times, the old sailor walked but slowly, and the walk was consequently a long business; but it was never tedious to Isabel. She told her father a hundred things that were nothing, and yet the very essence of life; about all her books that she was reading—the old books which he had known for years, and yet found quite fresh through the eyes of his child; and all her thoughts, and what she would do if she could, and what she thought she could do if what she would do failed her. There is no such sweet companion as a girl upon the edge of life, except sometimes, but not always, a boy in the same sweet season; but the boy is more self-occupied, more full of his own doings and pleasures, which are apart from his home, than a girl. There is more imagination and less fact in her. Isabel's soft voice ran along the rural roads like an accompaniment to their measured steps, now and then stopping to give room for her father's slower bass. The people in the houses which they passed habitually looked out for them with friendly nods and smiles from their windows. "How's a' wi' ye the day, Captain?" the old fishers said. "I'm doubting we'll ha'e a change o' weather," or, "I hope your rheumatism's better. If anything will do it good, it will be this bonnie day—if it will but last."

"It'll not last," Captain Cameron said on this particular afternoon, "but we'll take the good of it as long as it keeps up."

"It'll keep up till tea-time, in my opeenion," said old Sandy on the pier; "and there's a boat coming in wi' a grand take o' haddies, which is aye a bonnie sight."

The boat was in before they got to the pier, and when the captain reached his usual seat, was lying by the quay displaying all its silver load of fish. It was a curious scene, and what a stranger would have thought of it I cannot tell. On the very edge of the pier were clustered a crowd of women, so closely packed together and overhanging the edge, that you would have supposed a slight push anywhere would have precipitated the whole vociferating mass into the depths below. Some were kneeling, some standing, all leaning over each other's shoulders, pushing upon each other, keeping up one continuous scream to the fishers in the boat. It looked like vituperation, a gigantic scolding match, every virago among them menacing the laughing fishers with uplifted hands and shrill voices; but it was only a peaceful process of commerce, the fishwives—to whom it belonged to carry on the further part of the business—making offers for the fish, so much for so much. Captain Cameron liked the amusement of the scene. He sat down upon his usual seat to rest, and looked out upon them all like a benevolent old king.

"But why should they make so much noise?" said Isabel, more fastidious, laughing, and putting her fingers in her ears.

"The sea makes a kittle accompaniment," said the old sailor. "It's louder than a piano; you must speak out, or you've little chance—and when it's quiet now and then, you forget. That's a grand haul, Sandy," said the old man. Sandy was the keeper of the pier, and signalled the boats, and hoisted the flag on great occasions, and took charge of everything.

"Ye may say that, Captain: and mair coming," replied Sandy.

While her father talked with the other old sailor about the weather, and the direction in which the clouds lay, and all those recondite intimations of what is coming, which are so clear to the initiated, Isabel turned her eyes to the sea. Her troublesome thoughts had flown away, the firmament of her young mind was as blue as the blue sky, treacherously clear and brilliant, out of which, the experts were aware, torrents of angry rain would be pouring in a few hours. How did they know? Isabel, herself, was sufficiently weather-wise to be aware that when the Fife hills looked so near, and Inchkeith, so to speak, within reach of your hand, that evil was brewing. But yet, as she looked out upon sea and sky so brilliant and fresh, she could scarcely help a laugh of incredulity at all these prognostics. Was it possible that in a few hours the whole prospect would be blurred and black in the rain, the Firth dashing dark and angry against the rocks, the sky as black as night? She laughed to herself at the impossibility, and yet she knew it was true. Just then a little white sail caught her eye close to the pier; there was just air enough to swell its whiteness, to carry it a little way to and fro on the blue waves. She watched it with pleasant interest, for who can refuse to be pleased by the sight of a boat, giving life and movement to a sunlit stretch of water, tacking and changing, curtsyeing to the light winds, moving about in fantastic capricious sweeps like a living thing? How pleasant it would be to sail about like this on the summer sea, independent, going just where one pleased, stopping where one would, dreaming with eyes fixed on the unfathomable sky, while so swiftly, softly, carried over the unfathomable water, between two infinities! It came close to the pier as she looked at it envying the pleasure-sailers. She had not even begun to wonder who they were, when the sail was taken down hastily, the little yacht pulled alongside the pier, and some one jumped out upon the rude steps and ran lightly up to the place where Captain Cameron was seated. "I felt sure it was you," she heard a voice say. She heard it as if in a dream, and it was not to her the stranger was speaking:—"I felt sure it was you; my little yacht is there, and it would be such an honour to our seamanship if you would come with us for an hour; won't you come, Captain? She is a nice little craft, though I say it that shouldn't; come and look at her, come and take a seat in her. The breeze is delicious, and the water is as smooth as glass. Miss Cameron would like it to-day."

"You are John's friend, Mr. Mansfield?" said the old captain; "I am glad to see you again. Your yacht, my lad! Is it that little pleasure thing with the big sail?"

"I am reproved," said the young man. "You are quite right, it is too small to be called a yacht; but it is big enough to carry you out on the Firth, and it is delightful to-day. Won't you come, sir? Give us the pleasure—and Miss Cameron too."

"The weather is going to change," said Captain Cameron.

"But no afore tea-time, Captain," said old Sandy, "take a look at the glass. It might hold up till seven or eight o'clock, but it'll no come on afore tea-time. The youngsters can manage the bit boat, and it would be a pleasure to Miss Easabell."

"What do you say, Isabel?" said the old captain. He shook his head, but when he saw the glow of pleasure

that came over his child's face, the old man's heart was soft. What could he refuse to Isabel? And John's friend looked a likely young fellow in his sailor's dress, touching his cap with such a smart salute, that the old man-o'-war's man was propitiated in spite of himself. "I'm too heavy for such a bit cockle-shell," he said, yielding with every word.

"Hout, Captain," cried Sandy, "it has carried heavier weights than you: and I'll assure you till tea-time." Meanwhile young Mansfield was making his suit apart to Isabel.

"You can't think how delightful the Firth is. Come and make the day perfect," he said. "It only wants you—r father," he added, with a laugh, modifying the too great boldness of the compliment—"and you. It will be an honour for us to carry Captain Cameron."

"I think he would like it," Isabel said, shily. Who would not have liked it! Between them, they persuaded the old captain, who was got with some difficulty down the steps and into the boat. The little vessel gave a lurch when he got into it, which justified his own fear about his weight, but that soon righted, and before Isabel had mastered the idea, she found herself as she had been dreaming half an hour before—floating between the sea and the sky, between the two infinities, the sail caught by the soft breeze, flying as if it would lift the boat out of the water, then dropping as the wind fell, the sea rushing, yet so softly, along the side of the little vessel, now and then dashing a handful of white spray over the bows, playing with her like a toy. The old captain lay back in the stern, with a serene air of enjoyment.

"There is no-thing like the sea," he said; "but you must take care, my lads, you must take care. It is playing itself just now, and playing with your bit boat; but you must promise me to leave her in the harbour with old Sandy, and not to go to Leith in her to-night."

Mr. Mansfield, Isabel thought, had the most beautiful manners. He touched his cap again, "All right, sir," he said; "we won't disobey orders. When you do us the honour to come aboard of us, it is not to have your opinions slighted. We thought of running back to Leith and chancing it."

"I never approve of chancing anything," said the old sailor; "look before you, and make your plans accordingly, has always been my maxim at sea. At sea, ay, and on land too. The only exception is when you're in the way of duty. When it is a thing that has to be done, or in the way of saving life, or to obey orders, I am not the man to bid you mind storm or gale; but chancing it, chancing it has never been a way of mine."

"I suppose there's no such thing as chance," said Mansfield's companion. "I believe in fate. If it's to be, it will be, storm or fine, that's my principle: and with that, you needn't mind what you do, in my opinion. If you're to drown, you'll drown in the finest weather. If you ain't to drown—"

"You'll be hanged, perhaps," said Mansfield, angrily. "Can't you hold your tongue, you fool?" he added, in a lower tone. "Is this the time to show off with your confounded principles! Can't you hold your tongue! I am sure you are right, sir," he added, louder; "but the dark and the risk make one's heart beat. Not when we have such a freight, though," he said, with a look aside at Isabel.

She had heard everything he said, and she looked askance under the shadow of the sail at his companion, who was not nearly so "nice" as Mr. Mansfield. This did not do her new friend any harm in Isabel's eyes. Indeed, she did not think of it at all. She gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment—the heavenly quiet in which she seemed floating, the exhilarating freshness of the air, the charm of this novel, strange meeting. What a delightful plunge it was into the unknown! Her heart beat quicker, yet softly, with a secret elation and content, and her father, full of a pleasant excitement too, talked on, she scarcely knew of what, his kind, familiar voice

running on like a pleasant recitative to the accompaniment of the soft plashing of the water and sibilation of the wind. Was ever anything so delightful, so momentary, so sweet! For it seemed not half an hour, not ten minutes, till they were at the pier again, standing looking out once more upon the Firth as if they never had been on it at all.

"Sandy, my man, you will take great care of the gentlemen's boat," the captain said with authority, waiting till he saw them land. How rightly they felt about papa! Isabel thought, obeying him without a word, though Mansfield laughed and the other looked sulky. Then the old captain gave them a solemn invitation, which made Isabel's heart beat still higher. There was a moment's consultation, and then the other one, he whom Isabel in her heart called "the sulky one," declined it. Mansfield, on the contrary, gave her a look which glowed with pleasure. "If you think Mrs. Cameron will excuse my boating dress?" he said.

"And it'll be all you can do, wi' the captain's wake leg, to get hame," said old Sandy, "afore the storm comes on."

To be continued.

Meditations.

By the Rev. GEO. MATHESON, D.D.

XIII.

"The same came to Jesus by night."—JOHN iii. 2.

NIGHT is the true season for coming to Thee.

To come by day would be impossible. If I am in the light, I am already in Thee; Thou art Thyself the day. But the night is my very need of Thee, the very distance which makes coming possible. Night alone separates me from Thee; there is no twilight between us, the twilight is itself the beginning of Thee. Whence then shall I come but through the night? I cry to Thee because I have lost my way, and the one comfort is that I know I have lost it. If the night had been my birthright, I should not have learned my darkness. My vision of the night must be the reminiscence of an ancient day. I could not seek to escape from that which was my nature. Night cannot be the law of my being. If it were, I would not call it night, or by any name which would suggest my knowledge of a contrast with the day. I come to Thee because I have recognised the darkness to be darkness, and have thereby prefigured the image of the light. I come to Thee because the image of the light makes the darkness darker in my soul. I come to Thee because through the knowledge of my darkness I am in fear—the child's nameless fear, whose source is ignorance and whose issue is unrest. O Light of the world, rise upon the shadows of my heart. Though it be but a dawn in the east, though it be but a star over a manger, there will, there must, be healing in Thy rising. When I see Thy star I shall rejoice with an exceeding great joy. Meantime the darkness must itself be my star. The night must lead me to the day. The sense of nothingness must be the harbinger of almighty power. The load of conscious sin must prepare the way for the Sin-bearer, and the box of ointment must be broken ere it can yield its fragrance. I must wrap myself in the night-shadows when I come to Thee.

The Vaudois.

By the Rev. WM. ROBERTSON, D.D., New Greyfriars.

IT is thirty-seven years ago since I first became personally acquainted with the Waldensian clergy and people. I had been previously much interested in them by reading the Waldensian Researches and Narrative by the late Dr. Gilly of Norham, and my first visit to their magnificent valleys, and my subsequent intercourse with them, increased that interest into deep and warm affection. I knew them while they were still under the iron heel of Rome, a poor, cruelly-oppressed, insulted, isolated, and neglected little Christian community. I was the first in later times to bring their unhappy condition into notice in Scotland. I have taken part in every movement since then in their favour,—and I need not say with what admiration and delight I have watched the noble Christian use they have made of their newly acquired liberty ever since 1848, the era of their political and religious emancipation.

It may be needful for the information of some of our readers to mention that the Waldenses or Vaudois are a small Christian community numbering in all about 22,000 souls, who from time immemorial have been located in three narrow valleys of the Italian Alps, about 40 miles southwest of Turin, the capital of Piedmont. They claim to be the most ancient Christian Church in the world; they trace their origin to the apostles themselves, and they boast—a boast which has never been disproved—that they never submitted to the antichristian power of the Popedom, nor accepted the heresies of Rome. But whatever opinion may be entertained of their far distant origin, the claims on our Christian sympathy of these descendants of “persecuted saints, of these meek confessors, of this noble army of martyrs, this most ancient stock of religion,” to use the words of the great Milton, are being fully recognised in all the Churches of Britain and America; and no wonder, for the more their past history and present position are known, the more must the hearts of all true Protestants, and especially of Presbyterians, be drawn towards them. I consider their history, with the single exception of that of the Jews, the most wonderful in the world. Indeed it so nearly approaches the miraculous, that, were not the facts recorded by their own writers amply confirmed by the records of their enemies, they are such as would stagger belief. “Weak in numbers,” says a periodical writer of the present time, “without allies or protectors, the very frontier, guard, and outwork of Protestantism, their country perhaps its actual cradle, these gallant hill-men have kept the gospel committed to them as pure and inviolate as the snow upon their own Alps.” Councils have published comminations, bulls have thundered excommunications, fire and sword have stormed their villages, their mountain streams have run

red with blood; but the Waldenses clung to their gospel standard with a tenacity which has hardly a rival in the history of Christianity, till Europe behind them took it up; for that which we call the Reformed Faith was the faith of these Alpine people, ages before Luther was heard of. “Thank God for the mountains,” says Mrs. Hemans, and true it is. Mountain districts have always been the strongholds of liberty and a free conscience; the old writers call them *latibula fidei*, lurking-places of the faith; and there, under their native pastors, this extraordinary flock of Italian Highlanders have lived for hundreds of years as on an island of pure belief, with seas of anger and bigotry breaking round them, from the days of the Roman Emperors down to the last King of Savoy. “Certainly,” says the writer already quoted, “no darker pages are to be found in history, no bloodier cruelty disgraces the records of the Papacy than the persecution endured by the ancestors of the 20,000 Waldenses now surviving in the three Alpine valleys. They literally lived for centuries with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. They received a chronic baptism of blood. In 1560 a ruffian with a holy name, the Count de la Trinité, carried an overwhelming force into their territory. The unhappy mountaineers were hunted like wolves, butchered in their villages, dragged to the dungeon and the scaffold, robbed and loaded with intolerable outrages. A war of despair against cruelty was waged for many years. The women and the feeble were hidden in the inaccessible rocks, and every man and boy that could handle a weapon was out on the hills.” From 1470 to 1640 generation after generation had to bear the terrible animosity of Rome, and for centuries the history of this persecuted people might have been written literally and truthfully in the very words of the apostle—“They were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: they had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, in mountains, in dens, and caves of the earth.” All this was literally true of them, nay, their popish enemies outdid all that had formerly been known of savage cruelty. And these are no vague charges, for they are embodied almost word for word in the bitterest rebuke ever addressed to royal ears, which Sir Samuel Morland, the English envoy, administered to the sovereign of Piedmont, when he told the cruel despot in the face of his court, that the most savage tyrants of antiquity might be ashamed of the feebleness of their tortures when they should find them outdone by the monstrous deeds perpetrated in the valleys. How the inhuman sovereign, the cruel tool of cruel

Rome, must have cowered under the stern eye of the bold Englishman, when, in a burst of generous indignation, he uttered words like these: "O the fired houses which are yet smoking, the torn limbs, and ground defiled with blood. Men decrepit with age have been burned in their homes. Infants have been dashed against the rocks, and cruelties unmentionable have been perpetrated. The angels are surprised with horror. Men are amazed. Heaven is astonished with the cries of dying men, and the very earth blushes with the blood of so many innocent persons. Do not Thou, O Most High God, do not Thou take that revenge which is due to such aggravated wickedness and horrible villanies. Let Thy blood, O Christ, wash away the stain of this blood!" At this period so terrible was the hurricane of murder which swept through the valleys, that this noble garrison of God must have been utterly exterminated but for Oliver Cromwell and his Latin secretary. The famous sonnet of Milton, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold," was not written in vain. Macaulay has told us how grim Oliver laid his sword across the entrance of those desolated valleys. "The shepherds of the Alps," says he, "who preferred a Protestantism older than Augsburg, were secured by the terror of his great name. A voice which seldom threatened in vain, declared that unless favour were shown to these people of God, the English guns should be heard outside the castle of St. Angelo."

But death cut short the remarkable career of the Lord Protector of England, and deprived the Vaudois of their only powerful earthly friend. Immediately persecution was resumed, leading to one of the most extraordinary wars on record. It was a doctrine taught by their clergy that it was unlawful to resist the constituted authorities on any account whatever, and it was only when driven to desperation that they took up arms. The perfidious Louis XIV. of France joined his arms to those of Piedmont, and marched an army of 14,000 men into the unhappy valleys. I have said that the history of the wars of the Vaudois against their persecutors, both in those ancient times of which I have already spoken and in later days, are so marvellous as to border on the miraculous. My space will not permit me to enter into details, and I can merely observe that the victories of little bands of half-armed peasants over the disciplined troops of France and Piedmont, under veteran and experienced generals, were such, that, as appears to me, nothing can account for them but the visible interposition of an Almighty arm. To them was fulfilled to the very letter the promise of old to the Jews, "Ten of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight," so that at last the troops of the oppressors, though inured to war, struck with superstitious terror, actually refused to march against them. In fact, the battles of the Vaudois at this

period of their history, under their celebrated leader Gianavello and others, have no parallels in history except in the victories of Gideon and Jephtha. Perfidy, however, at last succeeded, where manhood and courage had failed. Overtures were made to them by their sovereign, promises of peace, liberty, and even of royal favour, were lavished on condition that they should lay down their arms. The simple-hearted mountaineers believed their sovereign's word, gave up their arms, received the Popish troops into their fastnesses, and surrendered their hitherto unconquered valleys into the hands of their enemies. This they did on the faith of the most solemn engagements, but they soon learned by bitter experience the application of that Popish principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Unarmed, betrayed, surrounded on every side by armed soldiers, they were utterly incapable of offering resistance. I must not dwell on the horrors of this period. A brief summary must suffice. More than 3000 men, women, and children were massacred, 2000 children were torn from their parents, and handed over to priests and monks to be brought up in the Romish faith; 14,000 were thrown into dungeons of so unwholesome a description that in six months 11,000 perished. The whole of Europe rang with the report of these events, and it was only when the indignation of Protestant states reached a pitch which the sovereign of Piedmont dared not trifle with, that the dungeons were reluctantly opened, and there issued forth 3000 skeletons rather than men and women—all that remained of the 22,000 late inhabitants of the valleys, and this miserable remnant of a brave people were mercilessly driven across the Alps in the depth of winter to take refuge with the generous and hospitable Swiss. The horrors of that journey, as recorded by contemporary writers, can hardly be exaggerated. Their march might be tracked by the dead bodies of those who perished by the way. The snows of the lofty mountains became the winding-sheet of many of those persecuted Christians, and when the remainder reached Geneva they were in such a lamentable condition through hunger, fatigue, and cold, that many died at the gate of the city before relief could be administered, and a wail of lamentation arose from the multitude, who went out to welcome them, over the miserable spectacle presented by their brethren in the faith. Everything that humanity could prompt was done to mitigate their sufferings, and subsequently the expatriated Vaudois found another home prepared for them by the loving hospitality of their Swiss brethren, on the northern shores of the Lake of Geneva. And now follows one of the most remarkable episodes in their remarkable history.

To be continued.

A *disaster* signifies a blow from an evil star. There is no such word in the vocabulary of the Christian's heart. He looks above the stars and finds a Providence there; and he knows that all things work together for good to those who love God.—*New Greyfriars Parish Magazine.*

Our Spring Song-Birds.

A NATURE-SERMON.

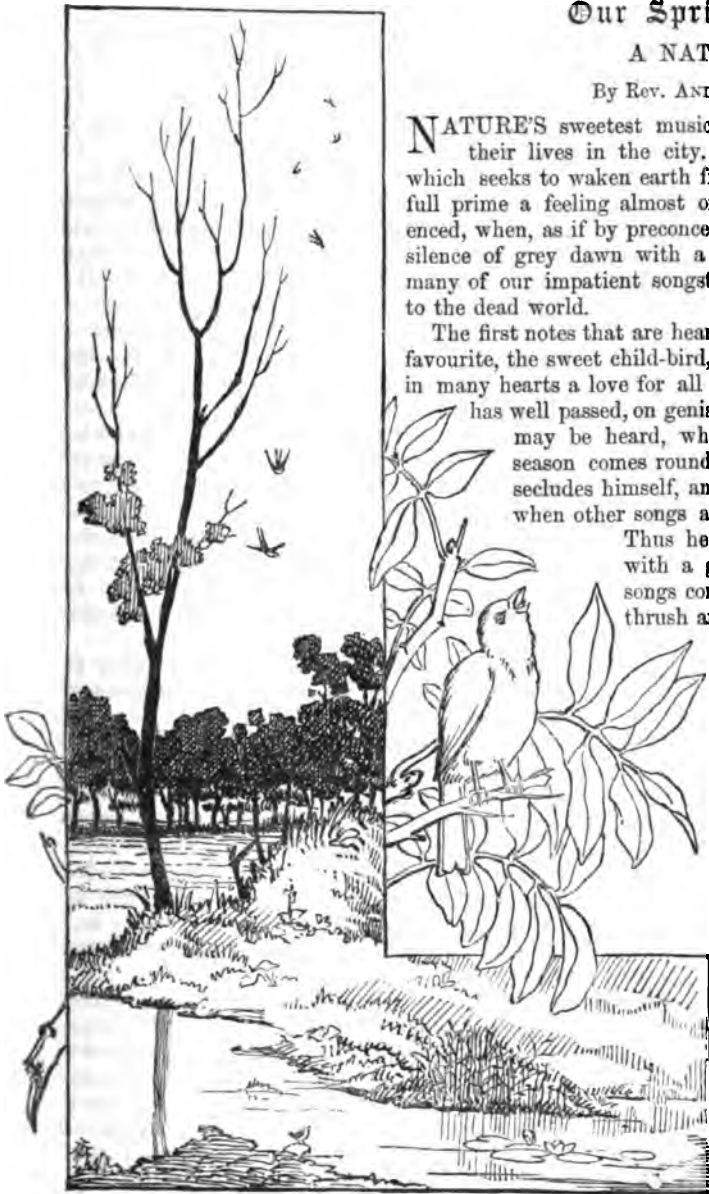
By Rev. ANDREW PATON, PENPONT.

NATURE'S sweetest music is seldom heard by those who spend their lives in the city. It is the song of early spring-time, which seeks to waken earth from its long winter repose. In spring's full prime a feeling almost of ravishment may sometimes be experienced, when, as if by preconcert, the whole feathered tribe breaks the silence of grey dawn with a burst of song. Yet, long before this, many of our impatient songsters give the prophecy of returning life to the dead world.

The first notes that are heard are those of the redbreast, the winter favourite, the sweet child-bird, which by his trustful familiarity wakes in many hearts a love for all the lower creatures. Before New Year has well passed, on genial days his low, half-doubting undertones may be heard, which grow into fuller pitch, till nesting season comes round, when, with strange shyness, he almost secludes himself, and is little heard till autumn time again, when other songs are hushed, and anew he sings his lay.

Thus he links the dying and the opening year with a golden thread of melody. The fullest songs come to us from the fluty tone of the thrush and the whistling of the blackbird, which

only close observers of nature distinguish, as they pipe from topmost spray, or call back answering echo from distant grove or tree. A new interest will be given to the song if we can furtively watch the delicious joy of the bird itself, as the warbling trills shake and ruffle the feathered throat. While from the branches come these songs, pleasant it is in contrast to hear the low melodious tones, half human in their cadences, of the brightly mottled starling. While many of our birds sing but in the morning and evening, yet the labourer in his midday rest may still hear the never-tiring chaffinch and the gaudy yellowhammer telling to the noontide their well-conned though limited ditties, which in their semi-harshness have yet a beauty all their own. As at times the work of life may call us by the broom or



furze clad bank, what delightful sensations are sometimes wakened by the sweet notes of the redbreasted linnet, sweetest-toned almost of our northern song-birds! While from brake and branch these happy songs sound in early spring days, yet a joy of a peculiar kind comes from the songs that are shaken down to earth from the lark, invisible in the dark blue far up at the gates of heaven. Ere break of morn these notes are heard, and when the last streak of light has died out of the west, still they linger in the skies, till they are strangely shaken together as they near the earth and cease. Although no nightingale haunts our

northern clime, yet even with us darkness hushes not our song-birds. Wending, from belated toil, along the willow-strewn bank, the listener may hear a low, mocking song. It is the pleasing effort of a little warbler, timid perhaps of giving offence in open day, trying now in darkness to echo and imitate in rapid succession all the songs it has heard during the day that is gone. Those who do not live in the country know little of the charm that is awakened by the return of our migratory birds, and the birth or reviving of the multitudinous life of winged creatures. They know not to its full the marvellous tenderness and sweetness of the

lapping's wooing and nesting song, as it half tumbles in the air in its short uncertain flights, if they have only heard its later melancholy cries, by which it seeks to decoy danger from its hiding young. A whole world of gladness sometimes may come with the first sight of the swallow in its swift flight, or in the first twitter of its song on the house-top. This is perhaps surpassed only by the sensations awakened by the first music of the invisible cuckoo from the distant hill-side or shading wood. Sweet companions and blessed teachers are all our song-birds in these uncertain spring hours, and those who know not their haunts and songs miss one of the joys that God has provided in this rich world. There was once One on earth who delighted to make the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field His texts, from which to preach the Father's love and care.

The Faichney Industrial School.

A STORY OF LIFE AND WORK.

By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

I HOPE none of my readers will be repelled by the name at the head of this paper. I trust, at all events, to enlist their interest and sympathy ere I close.

It is a story not only of "Life and Work," but I cannot help thinking specially suitable for the pages of this Magazine, as being connected with one who was loyally faithful to the National Church of Scotland. If there be anything among the memories of a very early and sacred friendship more vividly impressed on the writer than another, it is recalling Mrs. Faichney of Ardargie (Lady Faichney, as she was familiarly known and addressed by those among whom she lived), as the occupant of her pew in the parish church of For-gandenny—the same church, it may interest some to know, where the Rev. Mr. Arnot, of Glasgow and Edinburgh note, worshipped in the days of his boyhood and youth.

Among the woods and streams of the picturesque Ochil Hills the "Birks of Invermay," with the river May, enjoy a distinctive pre-eminence. The property of Ardargie, at the most rugged and varied portion of this scenery (with the exception of what is known as the "Humble Bumble"), occupies one side of the impetuous stream, fenced in by noble cliffs overhung with ivy, and on whose summit and sides the hazel and rowan, along with oak and ash, dispute the supremacy of the birch in the lower windings. One memorable waterfall plunges into a deep pool, the envy of all unprivileged anglers.

And here, yet one other reference may be interjected before proceeding with the more special topic of this article. As "Life and Work," I know, finds its way into the hands of many servants—working men, as well as working women—it will not be out of place, but the reverse, to

mention that the proprietress of this romantic home was blest, among other faithful dependants, with one peculiarly so. His face, nearly half a century ago, I love to recall, but much more his unswerving devotion to duty. A beautiful example was he of the moral influence which those in a humble sphere of life may exercise, where there is sterling character and worth. I cannot help thinking that George Halley moulded his honoured mistress quite as much (perhaps even more) than she moulded him. It was a rare instance of mutual trust. He never abused her wise confidence. He could sway with his naturally shrewd and sagacious judgment, but this always with becoming deference and respect. He knew his place, and kept it. He was the *ideal* of the "good" as well as "faithful servant." His versatility of talent and resource, too, was remarkable; and some are now alive who can attest the truth of the assertion. Gardener, gamekeeper; as skilful at the rod as at the gun; as cunning at busking his flies as at fabricating his dog-kennels; in advising his mistress, from the staking out a plantation to the letting of a farm. Peace to his memory. He was a kind friend to me. I am not sorry to add a stone to that man's cairn.

The time arrived, however, when, not owing to any compulsion, but by one of those strange unaccountable vicissitudes of life, Ardargie came to be sold. The dear old lady left the more isolated home in the country for a home in Perth. A few years, and there occurred the inevitable end. As that drew near, she declared her intention of leaving the reversion of her estate for an Institution to do good, as she expressed it, to "little laddies." No destination could have been more appropriate, in the case of one, whose love of young people had been the conspicuous feature and pleasure of her life.

Little did she dream how that modest conception about "the laddies" was to be realised vastly beyond her fondest expectations. The "Faichney Institution" has now acquired, in its way, fame as a model home for boys far beyond Scotland. I think I may best describe it by detailing a recent visit.

The now large building is situated in a commanding situation. It stands on an elevated slope south of the town of Perth, and about half a mile from the General Railway Terminus. The site, embracing twelve acres in all, of strong "till," was happily chosen, and has largely, I believe, contributed to the health of the inmates. The view from the front terrace is one of the many fine prospects around the "Fair City." In the extreme left is caught a glimpse of the Grampians, these forming, with the Stormont strath, a background to the Palace of Scone, with its park of 1000 acres—the palace itself, in its sombre dull red, being a conspicuous object. The Tay, king or queen of British rivers, flows between. The classic Dunsinane, and other heights of the Sidlaws, occupy the centre

distance, terminating with the woods and clustering villas of Kinnoull; while Perth itself, though the least interesting view of it, lies immediately in front.

The garden ground of the boys, where vegetables are reared for the 150 mouths which are daily to be filled, slopes down from the terrace; the cultivation of it, I need hardly say, being carried on by the inmates themselves. Farther off is a more recent appanage,—the “Byre,” with its five cows and piece of pasture land; while any floral and horticultural tastes are modestly provided for, even to a small but well-stocked conservatory. At the back of the Institution several hundred tons of trees and logs for firewood are stored, of which I shall immediately speak. The building itself has wisely no architectural pretensions. It is in every respect seemly and appropriate; but economy in the exterior has been more prudently followed than in many kindred Institutions.

On entering, I was joined by the estimable Superintendent, who tells me that at present there are 147 on their books, with, I presume, the rare deficit of three from their maximum number.

The first room visited is where the birchen “bobbins” are made; principally, I understood, for thread manufacturers in Paisley and elsewhere. About twenty boys are here employed, and there is an additional room for drying these. The bobbin is the most simple and primitive of the many manufactured wood articles. The carpentry assumes varied forms, culminating in stair balusters, dressing-tables, and even wardrobes. A large turning lathe aids in the formation of the more ornamental portions.

Adjoining this bobbin department is the eight-horse-power steam-engine—a very indispensable “factor” in the conduct of the entire Institution. For its services are utilised, not only for the industrial department, and to minimise manual labour, but its steam is used for culinary purposes, much of the cooking being accomplished by this potent auxiliary. It is further employed for the heating alike of schoolroom and dormitory, extending even to the boiling, first, and then to the drying of clothes in the drying-shed, and lastly, to the heating of the conservatory. Nothing struck me more than the adaptation of this engine to a very profitable department—that of wood-splitting. All who have seen the formidable apparatus, appear struck with its resemblance to the French *guillotine*. A strong iron splitter descends with a will from the top, on a log of wood dexterously handled by one of the boys below. Woe betide him if his hand or fingers wander above a certain allotted height! But the crushing blade of iron has its prescribed bounds also, beyond which it cannot go; so that only a bungler, or very inexperienced hand, could be in jeopardy. The celerity of the process is amazing. The hardest logs are spliced into small portions of symmetrical size; and many a domestic

in the town has reason, in this small way, to reverence the genius of James Watt. These bundles of firewood have a very extensive sale and appreciation. One boy can manage to cut in a day as much as the ordinary axe (much more clumsily and less satisfactorily) could produce in a week. I have omitted to note that the sawmill is seen outside, cutting the blocks into manageable size preparatory to the process of splitting.

The next apartments entered were those occupied by tailors and shoemakers. The former were engaged not only in meeting the somewhat extensive claims of the boys of the Institution, but, I found, were patronised by a few outsiders alike in town and county. The latter (in both cases under a trusty Superintendent) were making shoes of all kinds and descriptions; from those of ladies, to the most pronounced “tagged” article, suited for an Alpine club; though, I presume, more probably destined for Grampian moors and deer forests. I was amused on behalf of these diligent workers, with a further utilisation of the steam-engine. The heat of its boiler enables them in winter to occupy an adjoining compartment with comfort and economy of fuel; while the tropical climate generated by the same banishes them in summer to cooler quarters.

Besides these, there is a minor industry, but a very prolific one, in stocking-knitting and paper-bag-making for retailers. The well-known principle in manufacture, of division of labour, is singularly exemplified in every department of the Faichney School, and goes far to explain the marvellous fertility of result. What, *e.g.*, but this, and steam force combined, could produce, in the bobbin department alone, 140 gross per day?

I need not enter into the details of kitchen or dining-room, the latter with its wholesome dietary, and clean walls hung here and there with a conspicuous text. I passed from these to the school-room. Here 70 boys were gathered, where the three R's, at least, are faithfully taught; and I was happy to say a word to them regarding their original Benefactress, their debt of obligation to her, and to those who have so faithfully fulfilled her wishes. They were the younger *cadets* of the Institution; and in the afternoon, when they vacate their places, these are supplied by the older workers I had just visited, who have thus the privilege of carrying on their intellectual along with their manual and industrial training.

The dormitories up and down stairs, with 34 beds in each, are all that could be desired in such a house—spacious, and well ventilated. Nor can I omit the lavatory, with the stringent obligation laid on each boy to take its monster bath. This is no *penance*, however, as the Superintendent assured me that the obligation soon resolves itself into a pleasure.

The Director's room completed the gratifying inspection. An old familiar portrait, in very secondary art, of the husband of the Foundress,

occupies the place of honour; while a board on a side wall contains the names of subsequent benefactors, with the amount of their legacies, and several vacant spaces below with their silent appeal to all who may yet have similar bequests to a deserving cause.

The School was opened in April 1864, and it has to record, ever since, a steady and gratifying advance. Indeed, the tiny home of the original Promoter's early day-dream has developed itself into a veritable hive of busy industry, a recognised and copied model (as I have already said) beyond both Tay and Tweed. It may be well to state that all the boys in the Institution were found in the most destitute circumstances, and some of them transferred within its walls on account of some misdeemeanour. As showing the results, I may quote at random the following, from the Report of 1872. "Of the 106 who have left the School since 1864, 84 are known to be doing remarkably well, six are doing well, four are bad or doubtful, five have died, and seven have gone to sea, or have been lost sight of." Such a result, it is there well remarked, requires no comment; and I may add that subsequent Reports only confirm this earlier statement. As a testimony to the wondrous increase of the establishment, I find that during the second year of the School's existence the profit from labour amounted to £6 : 8 : 1. The year following, the profits of the Industrial Department amounted to £379! There is, in the system adopted, a happy combination of moral, educational, and industrial training—I may add also, a triumphant vindication of the "Home" or "Family" *versus* the day or boarding-out plan. In religion utterly unsectarian, it at the same time retains a wise provision for the higher interests of the youths and their daily Scriptural instruction. What the Foundress would have valued above all, is the unmistakable characteristic of a "happy home," where genuine hard work—the routine of labour—is agreeably relieved by pastime.

The Faichney School has been now to many hundreds *in loco parentis*. The pests of society have been deflected from the downward path; and at the time when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, transformed into well-doing citizens.

I cannot do better than adopt, in a closing sentence, the words of a distinguished living writer, who concludes an interesting paper upon a kindred philanthropic object thus:—A friend remarks—

"I know how little you can by any possibility do in this way. But there is one thing you can do—you can write an Article."

"I will; and then * * I suppose, I have simply to relate facts, as they were brought under notice?"

"That is all. And who knows what good might come of it?" said my friend, smiling, as we reached the door.

"Then I will most certainly write my Article."

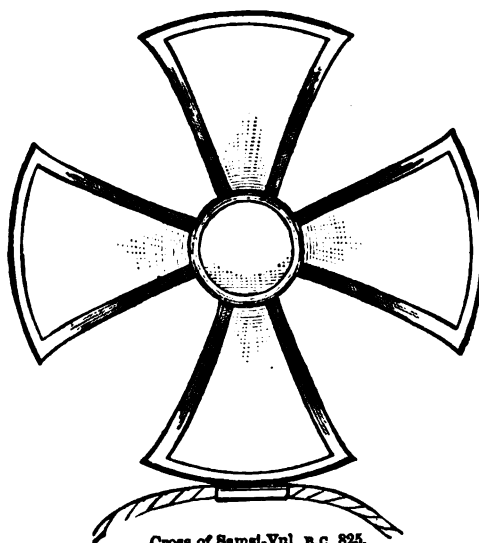
"I have done it."

About Crosses.

By A. MACGEOURGE.

FROM long association the figure of a cross has become to the Christian the symbol of his redemption, and as such it must always suggest a large amount of sympathetic reverence. Yet, in these days, when in many places a sensuous ceremonial is being substituted for simple faith and the faithful preaching of the Word, and signs are ceasing to be subservient to the things signified, it may not be uninteresting to give some historical information about the use of the cross as a symbol. Mr. Brock, lately Vicar of Christ Church, Clifton, has just published a volume containing an able and interesting exposition of the historical facts on this subject.¹ To this work we are largely indebted, and by the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to give some of its valuable illustrations.

Most people think of the cross as having been always and exclusively a Christian emblem, but such is not the case. On the contrary, it was, from the earliest ages, a purely heathen emblem, and it continued to be exclusively such till near the end of the fourth century of the Christian era. It was the sacred sign of our Aryan forefathers. It is found on Greek pottery of a period seven hundred years before Christ. It was extensively used by the Egyptians. The same sign of the cross, which is now seen on Easter buns, is to be found on buns dug up at Herculaneum—cakes which were conse-



Cross of Samai-Vul, B.C. 825.

crated to Bacchus and used in his mysteries. And the cross placed on the breast of Pio Nono, as he recently lay in state in St. Peter's, was but a copy of that which was placed on the breast of Samai-Vul, King of Assyria, and which is yet to be seen,

¹ *The Cross: Heathen and Christian.* By Mourant Brock, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

in the British Museum, on his stone effigy, carved there when that monarch died, nearly nine hundred years before the Christian era.

The figure annexed represents a small gold cross of a still older period. It was discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the supposed tomb of Agamemnon, and is believed to have been worn by one of the heroes engaged against Thebes at that remote period.



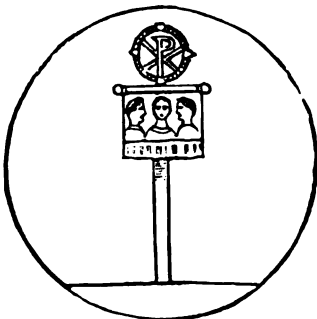
That the cross was a sign used by the heathen in their religious rites, and that it was associated with their worship of the gods, is unquestionable, but of its origin we have no certain information. Maurice, in his *Indian Antiquities*, considers it as "the emblem of universal nature—of that earth, to the four quarters of which its diverging radii pointed."

To the earliest Christians the figure of the cross would present itself as a purely heathen emblem; and they certainly never used it as a sign of Christianity. Till after the time of Constantine it was unknown as a Christian symbol, and it is even questioned by competent scholars whether a cross occurs on any Christian monument of the first four centuries. Indeed, there is no evidence that the cross on which our Lord died bore a transverse beam at all: the word in the original means simply a "stake," and both forms of this terrible instrument of punishment were employed by the Romans.

It is not true, as some assert, that the standard of Constantine bore the sign of the cross. It bore what was then the only recognised Christian emblem, the X, not a saltire or St. Andrew's Cross, but the Greek letter *Chi* (in English CH) the first letter of our Lord's name, coupled with the second letter P, the Greek letter *Rho* (in English R), thus:—

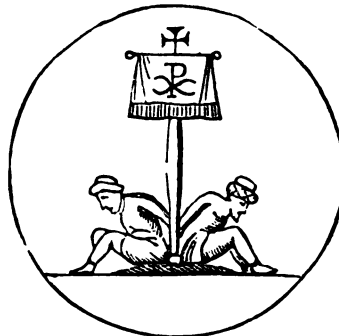


in English CH R, the first letters of the name of Christ. This was what the emperor placed not only on his banners, but also on his own armour and that of his soldiers. The figure below represents



sents the military standard, or Labarum, of Constantine—the heads being those of himself and some of his family.

Jovian, who died in 364, continued the true Christian emblem, the *Chi-Rho*, but he placed above it the cross, thus:—



And on the standard of Valens, who died in 378, the cross is found alone. The monogram of Christ has disappeared.



Thus writes Mr. Brock—"The *Chi-Rho* went out and the cross came in; the monogram of Christ disappeared, and a heathen emblem took its place—the emblem representing the debased Christianity of the time." Besides, it served the purpose of a Church, then becoming unfaithful, to use the cross for a special purpose. Heathen nations were already familiar with it. It had been associated with their worship of the gods. In their temples, in their houses, on their images, the worshippers were accustomed to see the peculiar cross dedicated to each, and many of them had been wearing them on their persons. The other sign—the *Chi-Rho*, suggestive only of the name of our Lord and of the Christian faith, would have been the sign of a new religion; while this, the cross, made easy the change from the old to the new, from the temple dedicated to a heathen god to the same temple now re-dedicated to Christ.

Mr. Pascoe, now a missionary in Mexico, gives a very remarkable illustration of this in the conversion of the Mexicans by Cortes and his handful of adventurers. The Chaldean rites and symbols of the old heathen Mexicans had several very striking features of resemblance to those with which the Church of Rome has made us familiar. By an accommodating use of these, including

crosses, their reception into the Church was made easy. To the same effect Mr. Prescott writes, "Their conversion went no farther than the transfer of their homage from one cross to another; from the cross of their Rain-god to the same cross as the emblem of Christ's salvation." They were asked to venerate the material cross, not instructed in that which it signified to a true follower of Christ.

In the following illustrations Fig. 1 represents the Syrian Venus Astarte, enlarged from an ancient coin of a date long before the time of Christ. Fig. 2 is the Romish Saint Margaret from Westminster Abbey.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

As corruption deepened, the crucifix—a cross with the figure of the crucified Christ on it—came into use. But this was not till two centuries later. Crucifixes were unknown in the Church till the beginning of the sixth century. Zoeckler, a trustworthy authority, says, "As regards the representation of our Saviour on the cross, the earliest art of the Church imposed on itself the severest restraint; for, according to the distinct evidence of the monuments, crucifix figures, whether painted or plastic, in the first two centuries after Constantine, are altogether unknown." They were introduced by the Church in an age of superstition and apostasy. This is surely a suggestive fact. To lean on such outward signs, or to make them objects of worship, is to recede from the spiritual simplicity of the faith.

The work of Mr. Brock contains many other curious facts on the subject, and is very interesting. It forms a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical archaeology.

The Cabul Campaign.

A Letter to the Editor.

By Rev. G. W. MANSON, B.D., Chaplain of the Church of Scotland in India.

THE esteemed Acting Senior Chaplain of our Church in Bengal, Mr. Gillan, on whom devolved the responsibility of arranging for the supply of religious ordinances to the Presbyterian soldiers engaged in the Afghan War, has lately, in a private letter, suggested to me that a short account of a minister's experiences while on "active Field Service," would interest your readers. His suggestion I shall, in the following notes, attempt to carry out.

The newspaper reader, it may be taken for granted, is aware that *two* out of the three European Infantry corps with General Roberts' force, are distinctively Scotch regiments, namely, the 72d "Albany," and the 92d "Gordon" Highlanders. Each of these distinguished corps usually has a Church of Scotland Chaplain attached to it; an absolutely necessary arrangement, but one which has for many years strained to the utmost the resources of our little staff. The 72d Highlanders lately were in Mr. Lillie's charge, previous to his promotion to Allahabad, after which, during the early stage of the campaign, Mr. Jollie took up the appointment for a time.

In our calling, especially in its semi-military branch, one cannot even remotely *guess* what the morrow may bring forth. On a quiet Saturday morning, 13th December 1878, I was seated in the cool shade of my verandah at Sitapur in Oudh, pleasantly occupied in cutting up a parcel of new books from Edinburgh, thinking perhaps least of all things of the likelihood of a "move." I lift my eyes, and see an officer galloping over fence and ditch towards me, who barely draws rein in passing, to exclaim, "We are telegraphed for at once to the Front," ere he shoots off to circulate the order to the others concerned. In a moment our usually quiet "lines" are thrown into a state of bustle and preparation. Fatigue parties gird to work, labouring night and day. Sunday intervening, we have our usual Services and Sunday School. But, in a couple of nights afterwards, by intense effort, the Highlanders are out of barracks under canvas, and before dawn on the morrow are away on the Lucknow road, bag and baggage, and the place that knew them knows them no more. Meanwhile, I had, without delay, telegraphed to Calcutta for my instructions. These came back at once, brief and to the point, in the words, "Accompany the regiment." Then an immediate clearance and disestablishing of house had to be effected, at any sacrifice.

From Lucknow the 92d moved up-country by rail, in two portions, and by separate troop trains, travelling by night and reposing in successive rest-camps by day. This arrangement enabled me to spend Christmas Day with Mr. Henderson, our minister at Meerut, next day at Umballa, the following at Lahore, with a brother of Dr. Masson of the Gaelic Church; and on Saturday, the 28th, in the dark of the very early morning hours, Jelum, the limit of the rail, was reached.

Here commenced the march. It was slightly damping to one's military ardour to begin life in a paltry little tent, seven feet square, pitched amid ankle-deep dust. But dust is the incessant accompaniment of troops on the move, and no amount of experience of it mitigates the nuisance. All the way to Cabul I lived in dust, breathed and swallowed dust, was blinded and choked by dust. Deeply engrained by this time into my system, it may well account for any dryness in these details.

But the march, on the other hand, is not without its novel and romantic features. Roused by the lively pipes while it is still night, there is no time to hesitate about starting up. Already your soldier servant is tugging at and undoing the tent ropes; you must dress sharp and make haste to vacate, to allow him to get it struck and loaded up with the rest of the baggage. Outside it is perfectly dark, and feels cold, raw, and miserable. Presently fires blaze forth, kindled from the dry straw which composed the soldiers' beds overnight, lighting up a weird scene of activity. Columns of smoke and flame ascend to the black sky, and very welcome is the warmth to those who have time to cluster round it. The pipes meantime are sounding the "fall in" for parade, to which officers and men hasten off, and in a few minutes the column is in motion, preceded by stirring music, all nature around being still shrouded in darkness. After an hour's steady marching, a halt for a few minutes is called. Then, perhaps, after one or more hours' farther tramp, at a turn of the road, the half-way "Coffee-shop," which had been sent forward early,

appears in view. Day has now dawned, and we can see to dispose of a cup of hot Mocha. In a quarter of an hour we are moving again, get through the second, and generally shorter half of the march, and by the time the fresh camping-ground is reached the sun has become oppressive. Sooner or later the long train of heavy bullock-carts drags its slow length along in our wake; tents are pitched in perfect dressing, breakfast bugle sounds, and with hearty appetite we fall to. The rest of the day is our own. At six o'clock dinner is served in the Mess Tent; a chat round the camp-fire follows, and then very early to bed, to begin a similar round to-morrow.

So we advance, like the soldiers of Cyrus in the *Anabasis*, doing every day our allotted number of *parasangs*, past villages and forts, past the Buddhist Tope of Manikyala, past Rawul Pindi, past Hassan Abdul with its clear waters and Lalla Rookh's grave, until we reach the earthquake-rent deserted spot where lately stood Lawrencepore. Here we spend some days waiting orders, as the highway, branching off to Peshawur on the right, and Kohat on the left, is handy for our despatch to either place.

At last the word is "To Kohat," and new troubles begin. Our fine bullock-carts have vanished, the surly camel appears on the scene. I have an opportunity of studying the perversity of his character in observing him six times in succession cast off my baggage on the Queen's highway, before he starts from camp. I lose interest in his doings, and leave him; somehow, he turns up all right at the next camp, having effected less damage to my belongings than his efforts threatened. Next day, and in future, he is on his good behaviour, and we are able to make progress through a sparsely inhabited country, over crests of hills, through the cold stream of a broad river, up fresh hills, down again into deep, dusty roads, through winding glens, past Jowaki towers and hamlets, at length emerging on the parade-ground of Kohat, with its pretty church, large native *bazaars*, wooded roads, and snug dwellings of the frontier Sepoy troops. Here we settle in "standing camp" all February and March. We have had church regularly on the way along; at Kohat, parade service is in the open air on Sunday mornings, and in church in the evenings. I find suitable work, also, in the large Base Hospital among the sick, from the Peiwar, some of whom died during our stay.

To be continued.

A' THING LOOKS DOWIE WHEN JAMIE'S NO WHEEL.

By Rev. T. P. JOHNSTON, Carnbee.

SAIR changed is the house sin' my Jamie lay down,
The clock tickin' loud breaks my heart wi' its soun',
Frae sunshine to cloud a's gane round wi' a wheel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no wheel.

O wae fu' 's the glance o' his pitifu' een,
They follow aye wi' me gaun but and gaun ben,
Sae I maun be cheery, nor look as I feel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no wheel.

His staff, and his plaid, and his bannet and a',
Are hangin' these three months and mair on the wa';
"How's father the day!" ask the weans frae the schule:
Oh a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no wheel.

Come here, my bit bairnie, and sit on my knee,
O wae's me, my lammie, gin father should dee!
But we'll make our prayer to the Hand that can heal,
For a' thing looks dowie when father's no wheel.

O gin but my Jamie were stirrin' again,
There's never a wrang word would come 'tween us twain,
And kinder I'd be than I hae been atweel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no wheel.

FOR THE YOUNG.

"A Little Gempleman."

By MONA NOEL PATON.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CHAPTER II.



AFTER this it was wonderful how soon his own people appeared to forget that the "little gempleman" was only a baby after all. His own independent ways and perfect collectedness seemed to deceive them. He could not tolerate restraint, so, in spite of the "daft folk," he was allowed to wander about as he would. Alone the little fellow used to travel the long and lonely road that descended from the house to the shore. Alone he played for hours in his sandy paradise. On wet or dry days, in wind and sunshine, the "scarecrow" roamed happily about alone—or rather, as it proved, not alone; for one day his father discovered that the little fellow had a constant, faithful companion in his wanderings.

It was a bright sunny day, and Basil had been absent from home for several hours, when his father, becoming at last alarmed, set off in search of him. He went quickly along the hill road, as it was called, till he came to a footpath that wound through a little wood. By this way Mr. Waymere proceeded, stopping at times, not exactly knowing where to look for his little boy. By and by he heard the sound of laughter, the well-known baby voice talking eagerly, and now and again the tones of a man's deep speech. The father peered through the trees, and there, upon a sunlit piece of grass, surrounded by dwarf oaks and hazels, he saw the little fellow seated beside the idiot who had so frightened the nurse.

The child was fastening a wreath of flowers around the poor creature's tattered cap, while he sat gazing at the pretty face with his lustreless eyes, happy because the child was happy. Already Basil had stuck a flower into every buttonhole of the idiot's coat, and had placed a collarette of rowan blossoms about his neck. The poor man had no eyes for his own adornments; he seemed unconscious of them; his gaze never left the face of the child. After a little the garland was satisfactorily adjusted round the hat, and Basil, smiling, put it on the shaggy head.

"There now, Joe, you look bootiful," cried he, clapping his hands, and Joe laughed and clapped his hands too, because his little master did so.

"Now, Joe," continued Basil, "my hungriness tells me it's time to go home."

"Yes, very well, Master Basil," answered Joe, in a sepulchral voice; "your donkey is ready for you."

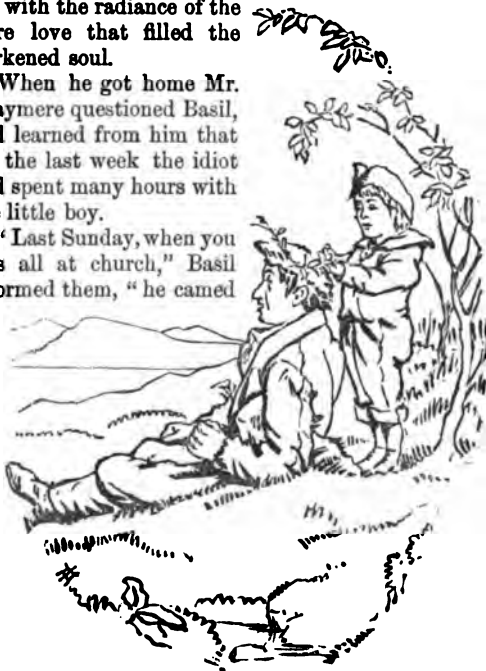
"No, Joe, I will walk to-day, thank you. And you shall tell me about the giants that sleep in the mountains."

And he put his soft hand into the horny paw of his strange Calibanic companion, who allowed himself to be led homeward, as if he were the child and Basil the man.

Mr. Waymere followed; he could not help being a little uneasy at the thought that his darling was so often alone with and completely in the power of this rough-looking man. If in any way the child were to anger him, there was no knowing what he might not do. And yet the two seemed so happy together, it would be hard to take the light of this companionship out of that lonely life. He watched them sadly as they wended their way through the flowery wood, the great figure so full of strength and power, yet so helpless and purposeless, and the little fragile thing leading and bending the strong being by the power of that which he had not—mind. Near the gate of the house Joe stopped, and stooping down to take the kiss Basil's rosy lips offered him, stood watching the little blue figure till it faced round at the house door and waved him away. Then the poor fellow turned, and the father saw that there were tears in the dull eyes, and that the face usually so ugly had become almost beautiful with the radiance of the pure love that filled the darkened soul.

When he got home Mr. Waymere questioned Basil, and learned from him that for the last week the idiot had spent many hours with the little boy.

"Last Sunday, when you was all at church," Basil informed them, "he came



to me when I was eatin' my piece at the garden gate, an' looked at me very greedy like. I looked at him an' nodded at him, an' said 'Fine day,' like papa does to the old wives. But he only said, 'Wullagutabut?' [Will I get a bit?] I couldn't und'tand at first, but he said again 'Wullagutabut?' and looked at my piece; an' I knowed that him were hungry, and so I gived him my piece. He eated it all up; and then I goed and taked his hand, an' were convulsin' with him, when two boys came and froed stones at him. He looked *welly* fwitened, and I scolded the boys, an' scolded them, and they stopped froin' stones an' goed away. An' then the man began to cry. An' I kissed him—he wasn't a pretty man, but he were cryin'. An' he looked so funny, and said, 'Do that again,' an' I putted my alms wound his neck an' kissed him, an' kissed him. An' he said, welly funny, 'Nobody never did that before—an' he's been my donkey ever since.'

It took Basil a very long time to get all this out; and I have had to translate many of his words; but when he at last came to a stand-still he was not a little surprised and alarmed to see tears in his mother's eyes.

"Will," she said, turning to her husband, "unless you learn that there really is danger in the man, I think it would be wrong to take the child away from him. There is no knowing what good the 'little gempleman' may do him."

"Yes," answered Mr. Waymere; "I shall go and make inquiries at the farm and about the neighbourhood, and if I learn nothing against him, I shall leave the child to God's guiding. Perhaps He has given him a work to do here."

From different sources Mr. Waymere learned the poor afflicted creature's melancholy story. He was the son of well-to-do people; but they had been so ashamed of his weakness that he had been brought up without a ray of their love falling upon him. Shut out from every pleasure and from all instruction, cruelly treated, half-starved, neglected, he had at last been brought, some four years ago, to be hidden away in this lonely place, where he might never be recognised to bring disgrace on his parents.

"He's a harmless body," the farmer who had charge of him said; "he's been quite different sin' yer wee boy took till him—more rational like. He'll no dae him ony ill. But if you like I'll shut him up."

Certainly that was the last thing Mr. Waymere would like. He went home and told his wife all he had learned, and after long and careful thought they decided to let the child and the idiot go on in their happy intercourse.

To be continued.

LET us endeavour to be in our homes all that we appear to be in society. Don't let the wife and the children get the dregs of what has been offered to the world. Be at least as courteous and well-mannered to those whom you love as you are to those with whom you are only acquainted.—*Greenside Monthly Messenger.*

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



APRIL 1880.

Sermon.

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., Dundee.

Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.—MATT. xviii. 21, 22.

PETER'S question shows that he misunderstood the nature of forgiveness. He had often forgiven an offence, and he was willing to forgive it again, and to forgive it more than once or twice, but he thought he had the matter in his own hands, that he might forgive or not as he pleased; he thought that there must be a limit somewhere, and he asks where it is to be.

Christ does not answer the question as it was put, for, as the question was put, it was a wrong question, and every direct answer must be wrong too. The right answer can only be given when the question itself is corrected and put right. And when the true nature of forgiveness is seen and understood, the question about the number of times a man ought to forgive is one which will never be raised.

Suppose a man were to put the question, How often must I admire a work of art, or the works of God? how often must I love my child? how often must I be kind or courteous to my neighbour? how often must I sympathise with the suffering and the unhappy? you will see that any direct answer would be misleading, and you could only reply in Christ's words, "Until seventy times seven;" that is, numbers have nothing to do with the matter. Admiration, affection, kindness, and sympathy, you would say, cannot be regulated in this fashion; they are states of mind and heart, and they are produced not by order and calculation, but by something else, and they may arise seven times in a day or seventy times seven, according to circumstances; the number of times on which they may be manifested is not and cannot be taken into account.

Forgiveness is as much a simple state of mind or heart as admiration, or affection, or sympathy. You could not imagine a man calculating whether he should feel pity for a case of distress or not, and you could not imagine a friend debating with himself whether or not he should sympathise with a friend when calamity had overtaken him. Sym-

pathy is spontaneous, natural, and free; it does not come and go at call. Love is only love, and sympathy is only sympathy, when it cannot help itself.

So is it with the spirit of forgiveness; it ceases to be forgiveness if it is a matter of count and reckoning; it is a state of heart which will manifest itself naturally, and as occasion for it arises; and just as the sight of beauty draws forth admiration, and as the presence of suffering awakens compassion, so the sight of penitence, if you believe it to be genuine, calls forth the spirit of forgiveness, and you no more ask, How often must I forgive? than How often must I love, or pity, or admire?

From this we may see that the act of forgiveness does not depend wholly on the man who forgives, but on the man also who needs to be forgiven. Whether we shall forgive or not forgive is a point which is determined as much by the person who has done the wrong as the person who has suffered the wrong. If there is genuine repentance, there will be genuine forgiveness; if there is no repentance, or if the repentance is feigned and unreal, the comfort of being forgiven cannot be felt or enjoyed.

Our Lord's answer, too, gives the question a new turn, and it shows that the old meaning of the question was wrong, and arose out of an erroneous notion of what forgiveness was. Both in what goes before and in what follows, both in direct teaching and in the parable which accompanies it, the true spirit and character of forgiveness are pressed on the disciples. The relation between man and man is founded on the relation between God and man, the earthly is connected with the heavenly, and the spirit of forgiveness towards others is closely bound up in the privilege of receiving forgiveness, so closely, that if we get the privilege for ourselves we get the spirit of forgiveness too.

1. The question, as corrected, and Christ's answer imply that all men have claims on one another. These claims, it is true, are not to be compared with the claims which God has on all, but still they are claims, and must be met somehow. They are called debts, offences, trespasses, and they are constantly rising up in society, and in the experience of men every day. Everybody feels that he has some ground of complaint against some one, probably against many, every day of his life. The evil which he complains of is real, and not always

imaginary. Everybody sustains injury in some way, and perhaps in many ways. So far, all believe that there is such a thing as a moral debt due between man and man, as well as between man and God; and every one, even the man who owes most, and is the greatest transgressor, may have some point in his life and history where he is the offended and the injured, and not the injurer or the offender—the man who owes ten thousand talents may be a creditor, by however small an amount, towards somebody, and the man who has committed most wrongs may be able in his turn to prove that somebody has wronged him. Christ recognises that fact. He does not say, You owe everything and nobody owes anything to you; He speaks what we feel to be true, and takes it for granted that we do not only need to say, “Forgive us our debts,” but that we have it in our power to add “as we forgive our debtors.” Each day we need to forgive as well as to be forgiven. Our Lord acknowledges this—“If thy brother trespass against thee.”

2. Admitting to the full the claims which one man has upon another and the right to have these claims met in some way, there runs through our Lord's teaching the great truth that there is something of more importance still, than the putting right of some wrong act or word. Jesus Christ turns our thoughts to the *repentance and restoration of the individual who has erred and offended*. He does not regard his welfare of more consequence than the welfare of the man who was ill-used and offended, but if respect be had to the amount of injury which has been sustained by each individual, He looks on the spiritual injury which the offender has brought on his own head as the more serious calamity of the two. And the whole purpose of His teaching is to induce the brother who has been wronged to take this view of the matter also. As we listen to this we may well exclaim, “This is an hard saying: who can hear it?” Is it possible when a man is smarting under a bitter wrong to believe that there can be anything worse than the wrong itself? Is it possible for a man who has been injured to accept the doctrine that the wrong-doer has brought on his own character and life a greater injury than he has inflicted? It is a doctrine too high for us, and we cannot attain unto it. But it may be true for all that. Indeed, there are cases where, ourselves being the judges, we admit it to be true. If a man in robbing us of a trifle were to meet with an accident which maimed him for life, we should declare that his punishment far exceeded our loss, and apart from forgiving or not forgiving we should regret the misfortune and commiserate him, though he had only himself to blame. But if the injury which the evil-doer brings on himself is not an injury to life or limb, but one which reaches to the immortal part of the man, and if he destroys his own spiritual nature, shall we not commiserate him still more? And farther, when you consider that Christ is not

speaking of the wrong done by a man already a criminal or sunk in evil, but by a man on terms of brotherhood, every one will feel that in such a case a really greater wrong has been done to himself, if he could only see it. It is to that wrong and to that aspect of the case that our Lord in the first instance turns our attention. That is in His eyes the serious loss. “Tell him his fault,” thus says our Lord, “and if he shall hear thee, thou *hast gained thy brother*.” Our Lord looks to this. It is much to have the wrong righted, and the injury remedied; but it is more to have the wrong-doer put right, and the offender reclaimed. Christ put this first, which we are always ready to put last. But if the same mind be in us which was in Him, we shall regard this victory as the great victory, this end as the grand end to be sought and gained. If we have conquered the prejudices of a man who has perpetrated an unkind or wrong act, if we have succeeded in getting him to listen to the voice of reason and truth, all is done, all is won; a human heart which was going astray has been brought back, a spiritual life which was being darkened has been raised to the light, a member of the kingdom of God who was dropping out of fellowship with that kingdom is restored to his place, and is kept from falling. That is a victory not for us, but for God's cause, a victory for Christianity, a victory worth the name, and that can only be gained if we keep in view the great fact that the brother who has committed a trespass has inflicted an injury on himself as well as on us, and a greater injury by far than any we could sustain.

The forgiveness of others is not an act by itself, which can be separated from the Christian character, or added to it at will. It is part of that character and inherent in it. It comes of God and of the spirit God creates by His forgiving love. “I forgave thee all that debt,” the great Creditor says, “because thou desiredst Me”—that was the relation of God to man; and the relation of man to man is like unto it; the spirit of forgiveness follows the spirit of penitence, rises when it rises, falls when it falls, ceases when it ceases, and returns when it returns, and it can no more brook separation and harshness, than the kindly and charitable nature can bear to look on suffering without a sense of pain. Freely we have received, as freely do we give. We have claims against others, and neither nature nor Christ denies the fact; but if the honour of God is first in our minds, as it was in Christ's, these claims do not take the first place in our hearts; and even when we are wounded and injured, the Christian spirit which comes of God's mercy to ourselves regards the injury and evil which the wrong-doer has wrought upon himself; and for the sake of what God and man will gain, we aim at the right remedy, and cease to regard our conduct as under the influence of numbers and times—or to say, How oft must I forgive?

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CAMERON made no objection to the boating-dress of her unexpected visitor; but she said, "I'm doubting you will not get home to-night—not but what we have a bed for you and a welcome—but they will perhaps be anxious."

"I have nobody to be anxious about me; but I don't mind the storm, and I will not think of giving so much trouble," said young Mansfield.

"Trouble!" cried Mrs. Cameron, and "trouble!" said Marget behind, hearing the conversation, with a laugh of kindly ridicule. There was nobody they would not have taken in, in the kindness of their hearts, to escape the storm which began to rage outside. The little party had just got in in time. Scarcely had they crossed the threshold, when the first big drops began to pour out of the sky, and everything grew dark in the brewing of the storm. There was some time to wait before they sat down to their evening meal, for Mrs. Cameron had a great reverence and awe of the thunder which came on presently. She was not afraid, she said; but she sat with her hands folded and a pale countenance, watching the great flashes of the lightning glancing around, through all the five small windows of the drawing-room, and chequering the darkness, so to speak, with a sudden leaping of intense light which showed everything—the trees unnaturally green, the distant hill in a sudden pale wild glory, standing out against the sky, which was as black as night. The old captain sat and watched it, calculating that now it was so near, and now a little farther off, with his watch in his hand; but his wife was solemnised and subdued by the sight.

"No, I would not say I was afraid," Mrs. Cameron said; "I am not afraid of the good Lord, whatever it may please Him to do; but I cannot be indifferent; I aye mind what was said to me when I was a bairn, that it was the voice of God, and I could not go and sit down at the table with that going on. It would be like eating and drinking, and letting the king's messenger stand all the time at the door." She was not afraid, but she made Isabel sit in a corner as far as possible from the windows and the fireplace. She would not take any such precautions for herself, but sat with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon a window, that none of those wild, sudden leaps of light might escape her. The house altogether was very quiet. Marget downstairs was "not indifferent," any more than her mistress, and she would have been startled had the party come down, and placed themselves at table, while the lightning was flashing and the thunder pealing, and the rain pouring down as if the heavens would empty themselves.

"The Lord preserve onybody belonging to us, that's out in this storm," Marget said, and her mistress's heart was filled with the same thought. Mansfield, for his part, thought it a very strange scene. He got a chair very near that on which Isabel was seated, and ventured to talk to her in a low tone, while the old captain looked at his watch to see how far off the thunder was, and his wife watched every flash that lit up heaven and earth. Mansfield, for his part, was not at all impressed by the storm. He disturbed the mind of Isabel, who was a little nervous, seeing the effect upon her mother, and gave a little suppressed start at every big flash.

"I don't think Morton will like it," he said, with a laugh; "I wonder how far he is on his way by this time. He will bless me for leaving him to walk back by himself."

"But, Mr. Mansfield," said Isabel, still keeping a watchful eye upon the window, "are you not glad that you took papa's advice and left the boat?"

He laughed again. "I am very glad," he said; "for I am perfectly happy here, under shelter and in the best of company, but I daresay Morton would have preferred to run before the wind instead of trudging through the mud, even had there been a little danger. A little danger, you know, fires the blood."

"If it was for any good cause," said Isabel.

"Oh, I don't believe in good causes," he said lightly. "I care for the sensation. Nothing is so pleasant in life as a keen sensation. When you feel your heart jump, and your blood go racing, coursing through your veins, it does not much matter what produces it; that is what I like best."

Isabel gave him a little alarmed look. She did not quite understand what he meant.

"I shouldn't mind living on the edge of a volcano," he said. "There would be a pleasure in being always on the strain, not knowing if to-morrow you might be sent spinning through the air, like gamblers or stockbrokers—"

And he laughed again.

"Oh whisht," said Mrs. Cameron. "We should not laugh nor joke, but think upon the seriousness of our life when all earth and heaven are struggling like that."

"If I were not here," said Mansfield, whispering, though he made a little bow of grave submission to Mrs. Cameron, in which Isabel had an uneasy feeling that there was some exaggeration—"if I were not here, I should like to be out in it, struggling too."

"But stockbroking?" said Isabel, whose mind was full of curiosity over every new idea. "John is in a stockbroker's office. He thinks it is dull—there is nothing there like spinning through the air."

"Ah, he is with a set of respectable old fogeys; wait till he is speculating on his own account and putting everything to the touch. I beg you a thousand pardons, Mrs. Cameron. I am very well off. I never was more happy. How can I help laughing a little? I will do any penance you please to-morrow, but let me be happy to-day. How can I help it?" said the young man. Mrs. Cameron was at that moment half-blinded by an extraordinarily brilliant flash. She did not see the look which the stranger directed towards Isabel—a look which seemed to give Isabel that very keenness of sensation which he had been speaking of. Her heart jumped, and the blood seemed to quicken in all her veins—why? she was too much confused to know—but her eyes sank beneath his look. Why was he so glad to be beside her, so incapable of anything but happiness in the quiet little dull room where John yawned, and where sometimes even Isabel herself felt as if she were taking root in the great stillness? Why was a gentleman, a stranger, so happy here that he could not help laughing for pleasure? Isabel was confused beyond measure, and could not lift her eyes; but somehow it made her happy too.

"We may go down now to our tea in peace and quiet," said the captain, shutting up his large, heavy old watch, "that last one was a grand one; but the storm has gone over our heads. It's travelling the way of Edinburgh, but it's worn itself out here."

"The Lord keep all them that are out in it, travelling by land or by sea," said Mrs. Cameron; and in this devout wish and the thoughts that gave rise to it, she overlooked altogether the visitor and his looks and his words. Mansfield made the evening gay to all the family. He drew out the captain by clever questions, and got him to tell those old stories which always excited the old man still; and he told Mrs. Cameron pleasant anecdotes of John, which made her face bright. Isabel had a sort of uneasy sense that these delightful stories did not chime in well with what she knew of her brother's character and habits, and it seemed to her that once, in the midst of her father's description of one of the battles he had been in during his warlike career, there was a contraction of the muscles about Mr. Mansfield's mouth that looked something like an incipient yawn; but when he turned to herself, the admiration and devotion in

his eyes, his eagerness to please her, his words which seemed to imply so much more than they said, confused her so that all these doubtfulnesses went to the winds. The evening flew as no evening had flown in Wallyford for a long time. He persuaded Isabel to sing to him when they went back to the sitting-room up-stairs; and he sang too in a fine baritone, which seemed to her the most beautiful voice she had ever heard. The rain after a while ceased to patter upon the trees, the clouds rolled away from the sky, the blue appeared again, and by and by the soft whiteness of the moon. And after all his liveliness and brightness Mr. Mansfield was a more delightful companion still when he was subdued by the stillness of the night after all this commotion. He sat down by the corner window, which was open, and gazed out at the soft shadowy landscape, faintly visible for miles around under the shining of the moon, and breathing a refreshed and humid fragrance after the rain.

"How sweet it is!" he said; "one would think the country was grateful for all that pelting and pouring."

"And so it is," said Captain Cameron, "its very heart was dry; it wanted a good pelting to get far enough down."

"And you might say that was a mystery," said Mrs. Cameron, "for the like of us that should know better are sometimes far from grateful when a storm comes, that was just the very best thing for our good."

The room was but poorly lighted with two candles on the table, and Isabel never could be quite sure whether Mansfield did not laugh a little when her mother said this. But if he did, Mrs. Cameron never suspected it. She avowed frankly that she had "never been so much taken with any person" at first sight as with this delightful young Englishman. "The Lord forgive me for doubting my John," she said, with tears of happiness; "to hear all this good lad says of him is a just reproach to me." Isabel was under the spell still more than her mother; but at the bottom of her heart there was a little chilly breath of wonder. She did not know what to think. She was very fond of her brother, but somehow he was not very like the John that figured in Mr. Mansfield's stories. She went to her room with a little vague doubtfulness in her mind. There had been a smile in his eyes when he told these tales; sometimes he had looked as if he could scarcely keep in a burst of laughter. But then, why should he deceive them, why should he laugh at them? Isabel knew no reason why.

And this guest did not want to be up early and off to work, as John did. He had nothing to hurry him. "I have not got any duty to take me away the first thing in the morning, as John has," he said; "more 's the pity. You may smile, but I mean what I say. If I had not been so much my own master, if I had not had—well, enough to get on with, without working, I should have been a happier man—and a better man too," he added, with a serious look that went to Mrs. Cameron's heart. She was so pleased with this that she immediately began to comfort him.

"It matters not so much what the hands are doing, so that the heart is right," she said; "and if you have no need to work, it's a sign from the Lord that you're free to do the more for Him."

Mansfield gave Isabel a comical look, as if asking her to laugh with him, then recovered himself in a moment, and made what seemed to her a very becoming reply. And when breakfast was over he strolled out into the garden with Isabel. "I don't know what I have done," he said, "to meet with such a reward. To find this little heaven of a house, and those noble old people—such people as I never had the honour of speaking to before; and you, Miss Cameron—"

Isabel was half angry, but his looks, the reverential tone in which he spoke, all disarmed her; and yet she was not a silly girl, she could not altogether blind those clear, keen-sighted eyes which Providence had given her. "And yet," she said, with a little heat of half irritation

with herself as well as him, "and yet, sometimes you can scarcely help laughing at us, though you think so much of us."

"How can I help it?" he said, laughing frankly as he turned upon her. "I cannot believe it is true. What have I to do here? I ask myself; a good-for-nothing, not worthy to be your slave, what right have I to be in such a place? Don't you know, Miss Cameron, that one laughs often when one might just as well cry?" And whether it was real feeling, or something less worthy, there certainly was a gleam of moisture in his eyes. After this, what could Isabel say? Her own heart was full. Supposing that he were not perfect; supposing that he was idle, and gay, and had no very serious aim in life; all these things, most likely, were not in the least his fault. It was not his fault that he was rich, and, to tell the truth, Isabel felt that the novelty of the new apparition in her life of this man without work, without bond, free to do what he liked, possessing everything, enjoying everything, neither toiling nor spinning, doing whatever it pleased him to do, was very captivating to her imagination. It might be excellent that most people should work, and have regular hours, and do what they were told; but just to see one now and then who could do what he liked, without consulting any one, or asking anybody's leave, was quite delightful in its newness and unlikeness to all that she was acquainted with. And supposing he had been careless, as he said, what a thing it would be if he became suddenly—not serious—but just serious enough; and gave up all his "carelessness." Isabel did not know what "carelessness" meant. It was a word that stood to her for all that mystery under the surface of life which she regarded with awe and pity, sometimes mingled with indignation. She was indignant at Robbie Baird; but how did she know that Mr. Mansfield ever had been like Robbie Baird? He said he was a good-for-nothing, but then it was only himself that said it. And then, who could tell! coming to Wallyford and seeing papa (Isabel said to herself with a very grave face) might make a change in him, if a change was necessary, so that he should cease to be a good-for-nothing, if a good-for-nothing he was. She was silent, thinking these thoughts, when he spoke again.

"Miss Cameron, your mother, out of her great kindness, has asked me to come with John and stay for the Sunday. I need not say how much I should like to accept her invitation, but I will not come unless you say I may."

"I!" cried Isabel, much startled. She turned and gazed at him with utter surprise before the idea penetrated her mind which made her blush and hastily withdraw her eyes; then she added, shrinking away from him a little, her voice becoming conscious, her breath hurried, "It is not for me to say anything; mamma asks whom she pleases. She never asks anybody unless she wishes them to come, if that is what you mean."

"That is not what I mean," he said, speaking very low; "if you say I may, I will come; I would not come if—I was not to get a welcome from you."

"Oh, Mr. Mansfield, do you think I am such a churl? do you think I am not glad to see—folk?" Isabel cried in her confusion. He had no right to press her so, to ask her such questions, and yet she was not angry. On the contrary, she was half annoyed, though not so much as Mansfield was, when Marget came straight in their way with her basket, walking across their path as if thinking of nothing but her potatoes.

"I'm to get the first new ones the day," Marget said, "the early ones, Miss Esabell, that were put in last year. Ye were aye awfu' fond o' the first dish o' new petawties, the hail family of ye. Ye'll hae them suner in England!" she said, with a look at the stranger. "It'll be nae treat to you!"

"Everything is better at Wallyford than anywhere else," said Mansfield, who was always ready, whatever the occasion might be; "so you are wrong there; and they will be a treat, as everything is here."

"Eh, Miss Esabell!" said Marget. The unexpected compliment took away her breath. She turned upon him eyes full of surprised gratification. "Eh, Miss Esabell! but the gentleman has a winning tongue o' his ain," she said, shaking her head.

"It is because I want to come back and try your excellent cookery again," he said, laughing. "I always flatter the cook. May I come back, Mrs. Marget, with Mr. John?"

Marget had never been addressed by this respectful title before. She looked at the speaker from head to foot with a very close inspection, which, however, did not embarrass him. There was a little anxiety and a little suspicion in her eyes, and the smile that had been on her face faded away as she examined him. Then, "I see nae reason against it, sir—if onybody asks you," she added, with the smile breaking softly over her countenance again.

It was a face at which it was difficult to look with suspicion, a face so bright with good-temper and enjoyment of life, that but few people could resist it. The greatest deceiver in the world, and Mansfield was not an intentional deceiver, may defy suspicion when he has a light heart and a laughing eye. He bore Marget's gaze with a genuine look of amusement, and no displeasure at all. She went away after a while, to Simon, who was digging the potatoes, with a smile somewhat uneasy, yet half satisfied, upon her face.

"I wuss we could hear mair of him first," she said to her husband. "The captain and the mistress, they're sae wrapped up in the lads that they've nae thought for the lass, though she's the light o' their een. Eh, I'm no blaming them! When I think o' the things that has happened in our family it mak's my heart sick. I'm no blaming them; but they canna see, they canna see that there's that darlin' maybe in danger tae. She's just a little bairn to them. They might have minded there was the Minister's laddie, Maister Robbie, a fine fellow, wantin' to get her when she was but sixteen; but it's a' the lads that exerceese their minds. And here's this new aye that we ken naething about—"

"He's a pleasant lad to speak to," said Simon, throwing up the dainty young potatoes in a spadeful of red-brown earth, while his wife stooped and grasped them by the stalk and shook them out. Simon was a man of few words.

"Pleasant is as pleasant does," said Marget, changing the proverb; "I wuss I heard mair about him, before he got the freedom o' coming and ganging here."

The house was very still that evening after young Mansfield was gone, quieter, surely, than ever it had been before; not that Isabel wanted to talk. She was glad when the daylight died away, and she could not read the paper any longer. But instead of talking, or singing, or running about the house, which was her usual way of keeping it cheerful, and herself too, she sat still in the window, looking out upon the soft twilight that made the landscape indistinct, and then upon the soft moonlight that whitened everything, and turned the dim country into a visionary picture—and thought and dreamed and was quiet, quieter than she had ever been before. Usually she wearied of this twilight hour, which the old people loved, when they would sit without candles and say little, having, as Isabel thought, a pleasure in the very dullness. But it was not dull to Isabel now. She sat at the window as quiet as they were, and thought over again all that happened last night. He had sat just there; he had said—she remembered every word he had said. Her heart was giving little faint thuds against her side, so that sometimes she thought they must hear it in the stillness of the room. But nobody heard it; they did not take any notice any more than if she had been a flower growing in a flower-pot. She was safe as the apple of their eye. Between them no sort of harm could come to Isabel, and she was not, they knew, of a kind to take harm. She was as safe as one of the angels. There was nothing

to be anxious about, nothing to be troubled about in her. And there, between her father and mother, in the safe bosom of her home, the girl sat and wove her dreams.

It was a long week till Saturday, till John came, and, as if to make it longer, he was very late, not arriving till after dark, till the supper had been put off, and put off, then eaten without him, with very little appetite, and Captain Cameron was about to go to bed. Isabel understood that evening why her mother went and stood at the window in the staircase to look out for John; at least she understood half of the reason. She, too, would have liked to stand at the staircase window. She did better. She remembered the old garret which had once been the favourite playroom, and where, she recollected, by twisting yourself in a difficult way, you could get a glimpse of the road a quarter of a mile off, and watch the distant figures grow larger as they come along. She stood at this window, stretching and twisting her neck, till she was called down to prayers, and then to the supper, which it was so hateful to sit down to, giving them up, as it were. At last, when the captain had toiled upstairs, and Mrs. Cameron was insisting that Isabel should follow him, the well-known rattle of the gate was heard, the step on the gravel. But there was but one footstep. John came in alone; he was pale, and dusty, and out of temper, "not like himself." This little formula meant a great deal, but Isabel, as yet, had not quite penetrated its full mystery. "I thought you'd all have been in bed," he said; "why don't you go to bed, mother? I was delayed, I couldn't get home any sooner."

"Oh John, my dear, I wish you had been home sooner," his mother said with a little moan; and then she turned upon Isabel, and bade her "Run away, run away, to your bed."

"I'll tell you why I couldn't get away," said John, with a harsh laugh. "I was getting clear of Mansfield, your friend Mansfield, that wanted to come with me. I as good as told him I wouldn't have him. What d'ye want with that sort o' fellow here?" John ran his words into each other, and laughed again in a foolish way. He was "not like himself."

"Run away, Isabel, run away to your bed," cried Mrs. Cameron, with an impatience very rare to her; "do you hear what I say?"

"Is't for Is'bel?" said John. "Daresay you think that would do!—but it won't do. I as good as told him I wouldn't have—. What d'ye want with him here? What does he want, running after my sis—?"

"Will you go, Isabel, will you go when I tell you?" cried the mother who was always so tender, stamping her foot in her impatience. Isabel felt as if it were upon her heart that the stamp sounded. She crept upstairs silently, trembling and sad.

"Has he come?" the captain said, shuffling to the door of his room as she went by. It was all Isabel could do not to answer "No." But they were thinking of nobody but John, John who, after a little while, came also upstairs heavily, stumbling a little, and talking more loudly than usual. No one thought but of him. When Isabel had closed her door, she sank down in a chair by her bedside, and put her hands up to her face. She did not want to cry. Why should she cry? After all, why should he come? what could bring him to this dull, dull, quiet house? It was only her folly that supposed he would do it. Then she got up and opened the window softly, and put out her hot head to the freshness of the night. The night was very still, but she was not still. Her heart was going like the steam-engine she had once seen, in which something went up and down, up and down, with ceaseless clangour. This was like the sound that was in her ears, and her heart was beating and throbbing in sympathy. Of course, she said to herself angrily, she had known all along that he would not come. She had been sure that he never meant to come. Why should he come out of Edinburgh, where there was society and amusement, to such a quiet little place as

Wallyford? She might have known it was nonsense all along. Nobody minded, indoors or out. The garden breathed calmly in the dark, with all its soft fragrance, the scent of the roses and the sweet-brier, and the tall lilies which had all come out since the beginning of the week, and stood glimmering like white ladies here and there along the dim borders; and the father and mother thought of nothing but John. Papa even asked if he had come, not they—even papa, always so sympathetic, did not mind. Then Isabel shut her window almost violently, and threw herself upon her bed; but she did not sleep for two whole hours, which is a very long time for a girl of eighteen. She heard twelve strike, and then one o'clock. And this frightened her. Not to be undressed, not to be asleep at one o'clock in the morning, seemed like guilt to her inexperienced soul.

That morning there was a subdued air of trouble in the house. John was sulky, and his mother was sad, and even the old captain talked less cheerily, and looked at his son with an unfathomable tenderness and pity. The household life was constrained altogether. When they talked, it was with an effort. And it need not be said that this being the case, the quietness of the Sunday weighed doubly upon John, who was eager for self-forgetfulness and amusement, and could not endure being thus thrown back upon himself. He had to go back to Edinburgh, he announced, that evening; he had engagements, but he would not tell them what these engagements were, nor would he make any response to the imploring look in his mother's eyes. As for Captain Cameron, he did not say much. He laid his hand upon John's shoulder and said, "My poor boy!" patting him softly, and looking at him always with that compassionate, tender gaze.

"I don't know why you think me so poor," the young man cried. "Oh yes! I'm poor, poor enough; and it's a little hard to see others with plenty in their pockets, and I never a penny."

"It was not money I was thinking of, my lad," said the old captain. "As for money, you have always had every penny that your mother and I could spare; my dear, if he wants it, and you have it, give him something to keep his pocket."

"William, are you out of your senses!" cried the mother; "will you give money, and eye more money, to throw away!"

"My mother would like me never to have a penny in my pocket," said John indignantly; and then the captain showed a gleam of anger for the first time.

"Hold your peace, sir," he cried; "your mother is better to you, far better to you, than you deserve." But then he added, "We will never make him good by force, my dear. If he wants it, and you have it, do not leave him unprovided, that's my advice;" and then he laid his hand again on John's shoulder with a tender touch of his old fingers, and said again, "My poor lad!"

John stood between sullenness and tears, ready to be turned in a moment to one or the other—the water in his eyes, but the scowl on his brow—and who was to tell what touch would decide him to one or the other? His mother would have given her life for him freely, but she did not know, any more than any other human creature could, what was passing in the young man's mind, nor what to do to determine the wavering balance the right way. She was afraid to say anything, poor soul. But she shook her head, scarcely knowing that she did so, and that was enough. The scowl came over the whole house like a thunder-cloud, and though John carried away with him the money he wanted, and left the house as he wished on Sunday evening, getting his own will in everything, he carried his ill-humour with him. Isabel walked down the road with him, as was her wont, and his mother stood looking after him from the staircase window with an ache of speechless pain in her heart. But he did not turn round even with a smile, with a wave of his hand, as he shut the gate behind him.

"What a bear you are, John," his sister said, when

they were out of hearing; "I wonder if you think it's grand to be sulky and disagreeable, you boys—"

"And I wonder if you think it's fine to be impertinent, and speak of things you don't understand," her brother retorted. Then he added, pleased to find an outlet for his inward wrath—which was chiefly with himself—it must be said, "I've something to say to you, Isabel."

"Say it then," Isabel turned to him after a long minute of silence, "Say it; but if it is only crossness and scolding—"

"I'll tell you what it is—no, I cannot tell you," he cried, "for whatever you may think of me, and however hard my mother may be upon me—"

"My mother is never hard upon you; oh, John, how dare you say that! when you heard what papa himself said, 'better to you, far better than you deserve.'"

"Papa's an old— I've nothing to say against my father, oh, you needn't fire up; but they are old—they are past knowing what the like of us care about; my father's seventy-five, and I'm twenty-five. He's awfully kind, and I know all that about my mother letting herself be cut in pieces for me, and so forth. I don't want her to be cut in pieces for me. I want—"

"Oh, John, how dare you, how dare you! What do you want that you don't get? You are the one that has always been petted," cried Isabel, "more than any of the rest. If you heard what Marget says—"

"I would like to know what right Marget has to interfere—a servant—an old wife like the rest; I want to be understood," said John, "I want to be trusted. Am I always to be ruled like a copybook and kept in a string? That is my mother's way of thinking, and Marget's, and all women's. My father may know a little better," said the young man in a tone of grudging approbation. As for Isabel, she turned upon her brother, with her two small hands clenched in a girlish fury.

"I would like to shake you!" she said.

The joke of this restored him to partial good-humour. Whatever may be the storm of indignation in a girl's heart, the clenching of her small fist, so useless for any purpose of punishment, must always be amusing to a man. He gave a laugh and unbended slightly.

"It's all very well talking," he said, "and I don't want to quarrel; but they should understand a fellow, that is what I want. At my age, you can't sit still at the chimney-corner like them. You want to get your fling."

"Oh!" said Isabel, and then she added after a little pause, "when I am twenty-five, will I have my fling too?"

"You are just as great a fool as any of them," cried her brother angrily, "you! a girl wants nothing I know of but to stay quietly at home—the best place for her: and sew her seam," he added, beginning to laugh again, "and play the piano, and be content."

"I see," said Isabel, "it is only you that are to have your fling; is it a very nice thing, or a very bonny thing, John?"

Here he uttered some exclamation which Isabel was glad not to make out, and then he said hotly, "I'll tell you one thing, Bell. Mansfield is not to have his fling, if I can help it, at my sister's expense."

Then Isabel's look changed. She grew red, not blushing, but with a hot colour of indignation, then pale. "You have mentioned Mr. Mansfield's name two or three times already. What have I to do with Mr. Mansfield? You brought him once, papa asked him again. And," said Isabel, colouring high again, but this time not with anger, "he was not like you, he was not dull at Wallyford."

"No," cried John, "because he was thinking, 'Here is a pretty, silly bit of a country lass, and I'll make a conquest of her.' That is why he didn't find Wallyford dull, and that is why I would not bring him here last night. It was not his doing; he wanted to come, oh! you may be sure he wanted to come; but I gave him to understand," said the young fellow, glad perhaps because of

his self-humiliation about other matters, to dwell upon this, on which he could plume himself a little, "I gave him to understand that, though I liked him well enough in other places, I simply wouldn't have him here."

Isabel had time to go through a great many different feelings, while her brother made this long speech. She was angry first, then a relief that was like a delicious sensation of pleasure stole over her, and she heard no more of what John was saying in the new fact that he made so clear to her, "He wanted to come." She had been humbled in her own eyes because he did not come, because she had expected him and he had not justified her expectation; but now her disappointment, her mortification, all flew away like a mist. He had wanted to come. She forgave John what he said that was offensive, she forgot it even. Her heart, which had been so heavy, rose like a bird. She forgot the cloud that hung over the house. She had not understood it very clearly, and now she forgot it altogether. When she reached the turning of the road where she always left her brother, she stood and looked after him for a moment, but with nothing of the wistful look which had been in her mother's eyes. She watched him going along, young and active, with his light, quick step, swinging his stick in his hands, and now and then cutting down a thistle or a big dock leaf on the roadside—and did not wonder much that he liked to go to Edinburgh, and was just a little dull at home. Home will sometimes be dull, let one do what one will. Isabel's thoughts travelled with him as he went on lightly into the world. She was young too. She thought she would like to see the world too, and learn by her own experience whether it were full of trouble, as her parents sometimes said, or bright and delightful, as her fancy whispered. She sighed a little as she turned back; some of the brightness went out of the sky, the shadows of the trees were sombre, the evening beginning to close in with a chill in the skies. And she wondered a little whether the chill and the grayness must always be for the girls, while the boys go out and see the world. Perhaps, at the bottom of her heart, Isabel felt that she would like to have her "fling" too, though she did not know what it was.

Meanwhile, the old people sitting together were talking of John and thinking of him, not of Isabel at all. Perhaps they loved her best of all their children, but they felt to her as the father in the parable felt to that elder son who thought himself neglected when the prodigal came home. "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." There was no anxiety so far as Isabel was concerned, nothing but consolation, and pleasure, and sweetness; therefore they did not think of her, but gave all their anxious prayers and consideration to their boy who was in danger. Had they been told that their darling, in all her maiden innocence, was wavering perhaps at the corner of the wrong turning too, could they have believed it? Had any one told them so, he would have seemed to them as one that dreamt. She was as safe, they thought, as one of the angels in heaven.

To be continued.

HINT TO VISITORS OF INVALIDS—BY AN INVALID.—Never pay a long visit to invalids, however well they may appear. Ten minutes, or at most a quarter of an hour, is a refreshment; longer than that causes a strain for which they are quite unable, and the visit does a great deal more harm than good.—A. B. B., in *St. Bernard's Parish Magazine*.



AH, his last sight of England! as the ship in full sail
Glides past Dover pier in the moon set so pale:
Dover town is all sleeping, but a long curve of lights
Rounds the bay, 'neath the dark line of castle and heights.

And a dozen miles inland the sailor boy sees
The hop-garden, the cottage, the three hives of bees,
And the rose-covered lattice, behind which asleep—
Ah no! mothers sleep not; she is waking to weep.

"O mother, my mother," the sailor boy sighs,
And 'tis not the salt spray that's blinding his eyes;
"O mother, dear mother, I'll be brave, I'll be true,
I'll never forget the old cottage and you."

Not a bit of a coward is the sailor boy there;
His hand is a strong hand to do and to dare,
He can work like a Briton—fight too, if need be,
Yet his last sight of England is a sad sight to see.

And when he comes back after years four or five,
Finds the cottage still standing—the mother alive—
As the white Dover cliffs gleam afar on his lea,
Oh, the first sight of England is a good sight to see!

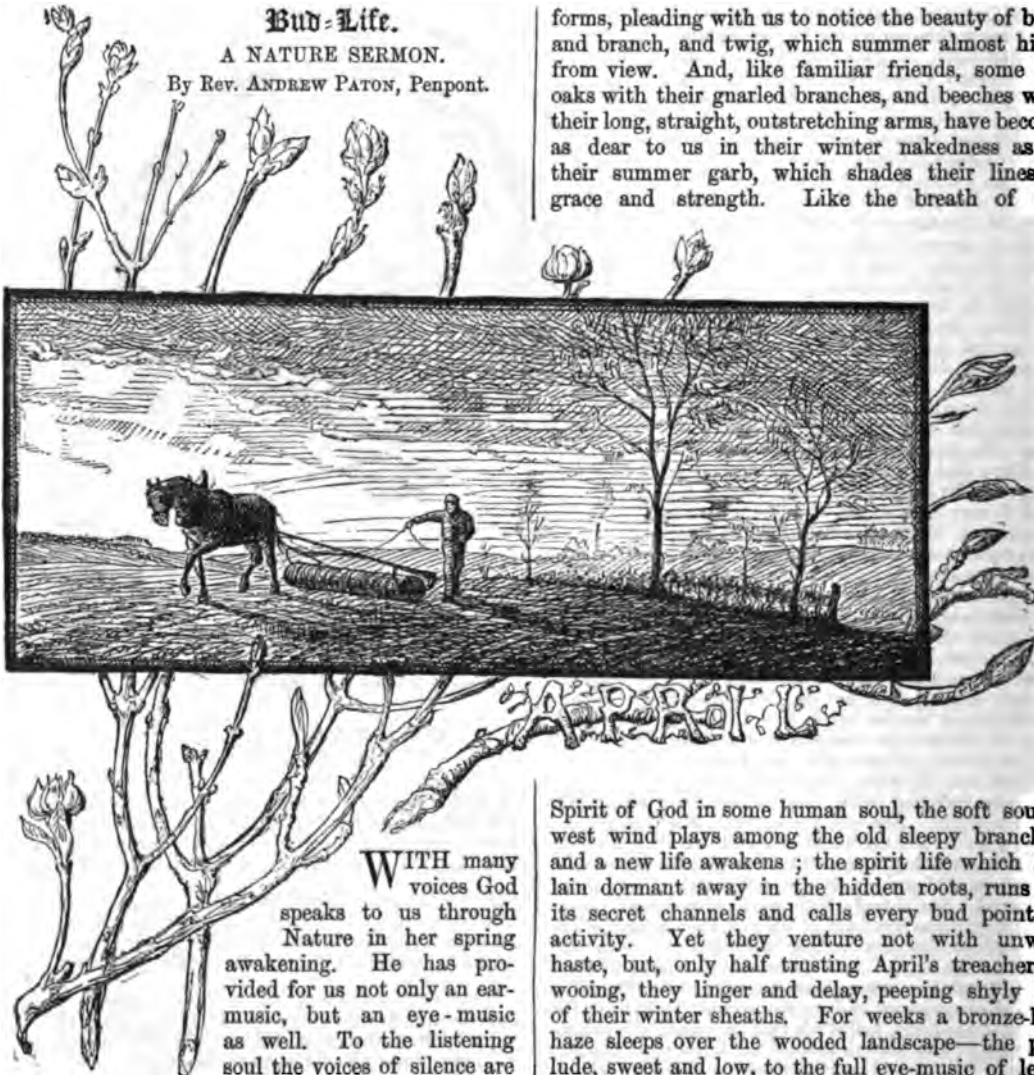
THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."

THE PRAYER-MEETING.—A sympathetic audience is as sunshine to the preacher's heart, opening it out and giving power to his words; an unsympathetic one dulls, chills, freezes. If you want your minister to speak as you need him to speak at your prayer-meetings, give him a full attendance. If you want to lock him up, make his heart shut as the flowers do when the east winds blow, stay away; or, if you attend, look uninterested, or give a yawn! That will answer most effectively. Don't forget that even Moses could not long keep up his hands without the help of Aaron and Hur.—*St. Mark's (Dundee) Parish Magazine*.

Bud-Life.

A NATURE SERMON.

By REV. ANDREW PATON, Penpont.



forms, pleading with us to notice the beauty of bole, and branch, and twig, which summer almost hides from view. And, like familiar friends, some old oaks with their gnarled branches, and beeches with their long, straight, outstretching arms, have become as dear to us in their winter nakedness as in their summer garb, which shades their lines of grace and strength. Like the breath of the

WITH many voices God speaks to us through Nature in her spring awakening. He has provided for us not only an ear-music, but an eye-music as well. To the listening soul the voices of silence are

almost as audible as the voices of song. Through the imagery of the poet we sometimes get glimpses of the Unseen. But no word-poem is more suggestive and semi-revealing than that which is written each spring time on withered hill-side and slumbering woodland.

What a voice of joy there is in even such a common thing as the grass life! The rounded hills, with wan, disconsolate look, have been sharing the semi-sadness of all Nature, and the lowlands have been turning their bleached faces to heaven, mutely beseeching a touch of new life. As if hearing their unuttered cry, God sends the tender green, which first peeps in sheltered nooks and favoured glebes, till, bolder grown, it creeps, like a thing of life, over meadows, and runs up the hill-sides, when, as if by fairy touch, their old faces glow with all the gladness of hopeful youth.

The trees have been lifting up their leafless

Spirit of God in some human soul, the soft south-west wind plays among the old sleepy branches, and a new life awakens; the spirit life which has lain dormant away in the hidden roots, runs up its secret channels and calls every bud point to activity. Yet they venture not with unwise haste, but, only half trusting April's treacherous wooing, they linger and delay, peeping shyly out of their winter sheaths. For weeks a bronze-like haze sleeps over the wooded landscape—the prelude, sweet and low, to the full eye-music of leafy June.

In its bud-life God gives to each tree a distinct and separate character. The hazel, in its rocky glen, hangs out its downy catkins as if no other clothing were needed; while in the sweet-scented birch tree the life of love seems at first to run all over in fragrance. With spikes that almost rejoice to face the April showers, the beech sends forth its sheaths, encircling the marvellously folded leaves; while, with impatience, the great, round, resinous knobs of chestnut and plane tree swell with longing desire to rejoice in the sunshine. To give variety to the scene the larch gaily clothes itself with graceful tassels, and the elm with its purple flowering. With sombre russet the oak guards its bud-life, and, in hesitating caution, is matched only by the timid ash, which, with its great black eyes, looks long up to heaven to see whether behind the smile of noon there may not yet lurk,

amid the folds of night darkness, some belated winter sprite, which would rejoice to breathe a departing blight over its tender leaf charge. These bud eyes seem to have the power of looking into our souls, and inarticulately speaking to us of the wondrous wisdom and goodness of God.

What music is sung to us as day by day we watch the green leafage more and more overflowing the tangled branches, half-revealing, half-concealing, and thus showing all the more plainly their gracefulness, till all is enveloped in a cloud of green. It is only necessary to see the tender green of the beech to feel that the spring tone is finer than even that of ripe and sombre autumn.

As if it were a great Æolian harp, God gently touches this new creation, and calls forth a new ear music. His winds, which with weird moan have been sighing among the winter branches, answering to the boom of distant ocean waves, or the roar of mountain torrent, now murmur among these trembling leaves with a song of gladness, in harmony with the ripple of the dancing brook.

The voice of the love of God can be fully heard only through Jesus Christ; so of its undertones we may hear in this impatient time of bursting bud-life.

Christ in the Tabernacle.

By the Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D.

NO. II. THE HOLY PLACE.

PASSING from the outer court, with its brazen altar and laver, we come to the Tabernacle proper, which was a long wooden building, about 30 cubits long and 10 cubits broad and high. The walls, which were of shittim wood, were covered internally with gold, and so overlaid with it, that no portion of the wood was to be seen. Not far from one end of the building, there was hung from the roof a thick veil, entirely separating the two parts of the tent, the larger of which was called the *Holy Place*, and the smaller, the *Most Holy*, or *Holy of Holies*. The *Holy Place* was that nearest to the entrance. The roof of both parts of the Tabernacle, as seen from within, consisted of a curtain made "of fine twined linen, with blue, and purple, and scarlet," and on this curtain were figures of "Cherubim" cunningly embroidered.

These curtains were stretched, probably on a long ridge pole, which extended from end to end, over which this roof-curtain hung, sloping down to the outer walls. But above this variegated roof there were no fewer than other three coverings. First came curtains of goats' hair, then rams' skins dyed red, and then, over all, on the outside, badgers' skins, probably black.

There have been many guesses at the possible meaning of these various coverings, to which special prominence is given by the language of Moses. But, as no indication is given in Scripture, we refrain from mentioning or discussing the suggestions which

have been made. But why so many coverings? The condition of the people in the wilderness gives a reply. They formed a perfect shelter from the burning sun. No roof could have been better adapted for this purpose. They were the literal fulfilment of the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." "The Lord Himself is thy keeper." "There shall be a Tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." The spiritual teaching, therefore, is, that whoso serveth the Lord is safe—he may trust "under the shadow of His wings."

2. But the *Holy Place* with its thick curtains and coverings has no window. When the door is shut, which is always the case save as a priest enters, there is no method of letting in the light. Is it all, then, in darkness? Is God to be worshipped in midnight gloom? No; there is always a light bright enough to illumine the whole. By day and night there burns the *Golden Candlestick*. One large pillar of gold holds up seven branches, fed by sacred oil, which is carefully watched and tended, so that the light never goes out, and never even burns low. This *Candlestick* is one of the few sacred objects of the Jews, as to the form of which we are certain. When the city of Jerusalem was finally taken by the Romans, the vessels of the Temple were taken to Rome to grace the triumph of the conqueror, and on the famous Arch of Titus, still standing in Rome, these were engraven, so that, though wasted and mutilated, there can be seen to this day the form of the sacred *Candlestick*.

It is a proof of how significant all parts of the Tabernacle were, that in the beginning of the Book of Revelation the apostle sees Jesus Christ in a vision of glory, as "the Son of man walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." A few verses farther on the explanation is given thus:—"The seven candlesticks are the seven churches." There is a difference in the symbol in the two Dispensations—the former having the one candlestick with seven branches, the latter having seven candlesticks, each with a single light.

But without entering into the meaning of this distinction (which is obvious, and far from being unimportant), let us note the fact that the *Candlestick* of the Tabernacle signifies *The Church of Christ*. It alone, with its seven branches (the perfect number), gives light in the place, and for the purpose of worship. Without it there is nothing but thick darkness, in which no man can see. And observe again that these seven branches, which represent the Church, are themselves held up by the golden centre stalk, which is strong enough to sustain them all; and their office is twofold: it is to contain the sacred oil, and to exhibit the sacred light. This is their only office. What meaneth all this? (1.) The light is Christ Himself. "I am the Light of the world." (2.) The golden centre stalk is Christ. As He said in a similar passage, "I am the Vine,

ye are the branches," so He "holdeth the stars in His right hand;" He holdeth up the branch which holdeth up the light. (3.) The oil which is held by the candlestick, and which feedeth the light, is the grace of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the Church, which keepeth its testimony, burneth brightly in the world, thereby "glorifying Christ." (4.) The simple but sacred and all-important office which the Church performs.

3. The third thing in the Holy Place was the Table of Shewbread, on the right side (northward) as we enter. The Bread consisted of twelve loaves, one for each tribe; it was laid out openly, without a covering, on a table, which was of wood covered with gold; it was renewed once every week. This was done on the Sabbath, and that which was replaced was to be eaten by the priests. The table was to be anointed with the holy oil (Exod. xxx. 27).

This is one of the most significant and sacred symbols of all the Tabernacle. It represented the spiritual food of the people of God. "I am the Bread of life." "I am the true Bread." Christ, then, is here set forth. But how? It is *after* He has been offered on the altar, and His blood shed for sinners. It is the body of Christ crucified and risen again on which Christ's people are to feed. The *Shewbread* is the *Resurrection Bread* of the Christian, on which all the members of His Church (that is, all those who are of the "royal priesthood") are to sustain their spiritual life. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, ye have no life in you." It is their food while here on earth. It is a food ever fresh, ever being renewed. The renewing, as with the Shewbread, is every seventh day, as if typically to show how constantly the day of the Lord shall be the means of refreshing and life to His people, to the very end. And the Table of the Shewbread is anointed with the holy oil, because without the Spirit of God the Christian cannot partake of Christ, nor draw any refreshment from Him.

4. The last thing in the Holy Place is the Altar of Incense. It was not brazen like that of burnt-offering, but made of wood overlaid with gold, and the various vessels connected with it were also gold. It stood immediately before the veil that hid the Holy of Holies. Sweet incense (made after the prescribed pattern) was to be burned every morning and every evening; and the time of trimming the gold lamps in the sanctuary was to be the time when this incense was offered.

The altar was at first dedicated with blood, and touched with the anointing oil (Exod. xxx. 27). Thereafter, once every year, on the Day of Atonement, it was to be sprinkled "with the blood of the sin-offering of atonement" (Exod. xxx. 10). A censer of burning coals was on that day taken from the altar, and carried by the High Priest within the veil, where it was offered (Lev. xvi. 12, 13).

The great thought presented to us by the offering of incense, is *prayer*. But prayer is to be offered only after atonement has been made (that is, by

those who have been accepted through the great Atonement), it is to be offered *on the altar*; THE BLOOD must be on the altar ere the prayer can be accepted (the blood is our way of access unto God, as well as our means of pardon); and the anointing oil of the Spirit must be there. *He* must inspire the prayer that is acceptable to God! The sweet incense of the name and the thought of Christ must mix with the offering up of this spiritual sacrifice. These are the "golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints" (Rev. v. 8).

Not only are these things so; but the High Priest's office on the Day of Atonement in offering up the incense within the veil, sets forth the work of Christ, our Intercessor. With reference to these directions of Moses, St. John saw in vision (Rev. viii. 3, 4), "Another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God."

It has been suggested that possibly the angel in this passage does not mean Jesus Christ; and that the offering up of the incense here does not represent the High Priest's action *within* the veil, but at the altar *without* it. And perhaps we should rather read the passage as meaning that the angel "adds to" the prayers of the saints, as it is given in the margin; but it must be remembered that at the great sacrifice on our day of atonement, the veil was rent in twain, never to be replaced, so that *the altar of incense stood thereafter in the very presence of the throne (the mercy-seat) of God!*

To sum up all in a word—we have in the Holy Place, 1. The covering, "the Lord Himself is thy shade;" 2. The Church, the light of the world, yet so only by holding forth Christ; 3. Christ, the spiritual food of His people, on which they feed before God; and 4. The Altar of Incense, or the prayers of God's people, presented through the sacrifice and intercession of Christ.

COURTESY TO STRANGERS IN CHURCH.—A young man enters a church with a timid and hesitating step, and a blush on his countenance. There is plenty of room in the pews, but somehow every pew with a vacant sitting in it has a person planted at the entrance as a kind of notice against trespassers. No one is rude to the stranger; they simply let him alone, and pay no more attention to him than they do to the nearest pillar. If he does not steal quietly out, he feels that he is in no wise wanted there, and he takes care not to trespass into that fold again. How different would it be now, if he found anything like a welcome. Just a pleasant look and the offer of a seat, a Bible or hymn-book handed to him, a kindly nod at the end of the service, as much as to say, "We are really glad you have come," would go a long way to counteract the impression of a dull sermon or an unmusical choir. These little things cost nothing, but they effect much, and for lack of these little things in his congregation, many an earnest minister is made to cry, "Surely I have spent my strength in vain."—*St. George's Parish Magazine*.

Christian Work in an English Village.

[Not long ago I came upon a village in a pretty nook among the English hills, with a singularly handsome newly-erected school chapel at one end; and accident led to my hearing that the village owed its chapel, and indeed its Christianity, to the work of two beloved Christian ladies, a widow and her daughter, who had taken up their abode among the people. Through a common friend I had the good fortune to make their acquaintance, and to hear the simple story of their devoted work of many years—the daughter telling of the Sunday School, the mother of the rest of the work. I asked them to tell it to me for "LIFE AND WORK," in the hope that in some Scottish villages others may do as those ladies have done. Sorrow has come upon them since our meeting, but now they have, through me, forwarded their MS. for this Magazine. I have seen few things that moved me like that cottage—just like all the rest round it, save that loving hands have made honeysuckle, and roses, and clematis, drape it round,—from which, notwithstanding their own poverty and sorrow, two women have diffused Christian light and love on a whole village. No clergyman or minister helped them (the reverse, indeed, has been the case, though no one will ever hear them complain, and I shall not dwell on what is painful); by their own Christian devotedness alone they gained every heart, and so all hearts and hands worked with them. I have not given their names, but I may say that the lady is a clergyman's daughter, and has two brothers clergymen of the Church of England. She first came to the hamlet to seek health for one of her family: reverses of fortune have made it her home: the poor dwelling she occupies is rented by her from one who was once her servant: but she has been enabled to do a work that it is no straining of words to call great. The chief thing that strikes me in the little history is that it disproves the common idea of expenditure of money being what is needed to do good among the poor. Those workers have no money to spend; they are poorer in money than many others in the village; but their social position has nevertheless given them power and influence because without asserting it they used it for Christ's sake. It seems to me that we waste a great deal of money, by giving it instead of the personal sympathetic work which is so much more needed, and so much more rarely given. Would the good Samaritan ever have been heard of if he had only given the two pence?

A. H. CHARTERIS.]

How I began to work for my Neighbours.

FIRST PART.

TO comply with your request, and give you a short account of the villagers among whom my lot has of late been cast, is to me a most delightful task, for it brings fresh to my memory all their kindnesses to me and mine, not only when we first came among them, strangers, in reduced circumstances and in trouble, but during the many years we have made our home in their midst, living in a cottage among the other cottagers. This was, when we first came to it, a singularly lone and out-of-the-way place, dropped down, as it were, among woods and hills of very great and picturesque beauty, but far away from all the comforts of life, still farther from anything in the shape of refinement. Market and post-office were quite beyond reach; no one went to Church. It was a

great deal too far off; but a few—three, I believe—out of the 400 inhabitants attended the tiny Methodist chapel on the hill-side. The rest went "nowhere." This strange community, among whom circumstances (or rather, the hand of Providence) had brought us to make our home, appeared to live apart from the rest of the world, and to be held not in the best possible repute in the district. The title of "No man's land" was applied to the hamlet, which was not recognised by the township to which it actually belonged. The people were almost all related to each other by intermarriage; they had their own pleasures, their own troubles, without any one to share in their sorrows or care for their gladness. Several of the houses in the vicinity were supposed to be infested by "bogies," and therefore, dangerous after dark; of course we went on purpose to see those bogies, but were never fortunate enough to meet with one. Many people in the neighbourhood were, even in the daytime, in the habit of going round a mile or two, rather than pass through the so-called "Village Street," to escape the rudeness of the noisy idlers who were always standing at their doors, or lurking about. But no one ever attempted to annoy us, and we never tried to avoid them; even if a quarrel or a "row" was taking place, deferential silence was sure to be observed as we passed by. The cottage we took for our habitation was the only one in the whole place in which we could possibly have pitched our tent. It was by no means picturesque. It was square and bare, and very ugly; but it was of modern erection, so that the floors looked clean, and the windows were made to open, and this was its distinction in the village. An open drain ran in front of the gate which shut off from the street the morsel of ground called "garden;" but there was a stepping-stone, and a little care only was needed; then the path was curved, not straight up the middle of the garden. And was not the cottage itself within reach of heathery moor? So we said that "it would do," and here we have dwelt ever since, until we have become part and parcel of the place, with a friend in every cottage, and a kind hand held out to help us whenever, or whatsoever, we may need. I was a widow with two children when I came here; but one now lies in the far-away churchyard, and one is with me, a sunbeam to gladden the hearts of the cottagers whenever she crosses their thresholds. We are but two now.

From my childhood, when, as the Parson's little daughter, I ran about in my father's parish, I have known how good and true poor people are; and here, in this "deserted village," have experienced this in its fullest force. While we were yet strangers to them, the people began to help us in various ways, and knowing that we had never been accustomed to "rough it," they tried to make us comfortable in every possible way. They brought us fruit and flowers and vegetables (saying they

knew we had no kitchen-garden !) milk and butter too, and, kindest gift of all to us who have no servant—wood ready cut for the fire. But indeed we had so much willing help, that the want of hired service was hardly felt. They offered to do “any rough job” we might have; unasked they washed our steps from the door to the gate, and to this day they do it.

And not only did they serve, they also guarded us. One dark wintry night as I passed along all by myself through the steep, rough, tortuous path to the Parish Church, some miles off, I found myself followed by a big lad and a smaller one, who informed me that father had told them to look well after me, or they would catch it. They disappeared after seeing me safe within the churchyard gate, but, on my homeward way, I heard their tramp at a respectful distance in the rear; and through that winter, and ever after, if we needed it, our faithful bodyguard, true as military escort, was at hand, to protect us from all dangers, real or imaginary. In after years, our very loneliness was our safeguard, but they seemed to claim us as a sort of property belonging to themselves, whom it was their duty to watch over and take care of. Many a winter's morning, when we awoke to see a white world, have we found the snow swept (or dug out, as the case might be) from our path; and when first the porch was erected over our door—which event took place one day when we were absent—some of the neighbours kept watch, lest, coming home in the dark, we might run our heads against it without knowing it was there.

SECOND PART.

I THINK I told you in my former letter, that in this remote and picturesque village there were no schools at the time we came to reside among its lovely hills and rocky dells. Nor were there any in the neighbourhood, within reach of the younger children, and, as learning was not compulsory in those days, both boys and girls were sent to work by the time they were old enough to trudge off to one of the then existing schools. There had formerly been an attempt at a school here, in the village shop, but the room was so small, that on baking days it was considered dangerous for those children whose place was next the oven—and it was discontinued. The nearest was a dame school, far up among the hills, where the neighbouring children were taught reading and writing; spelling was wholly omitted, and arithmetic only attempted, for the good old dame who kept it said “the carryings” puzzled her, and so at that point she stopped. Children seemed to swarm at every step. Very pretty little specimens of humanity they were, most of them; but they were the wildest of the wild,—perfect little imps for mischief and rudeness. My daughter, little more than a child herself, began a Sunday School

in a cottage, and soon found the children tameable, and not only that, they seemed really to like learning; and before long it was considered a treat among them to come to the little Sunday School, to hear about their Maker and Redeemer, and sing hymns to His praise. She was very firm with them, but kind and gentle, and very cheery withal, so they soon learned to love her, which gave her great influence over them; they cheerfully obeyed her bidding, when they would obey no one else, and a bond of union sprang up between her and them, which I firmly believe will end only with life.

I believe that a great deal is to be done in schools, in Sunday Schools more especially, apart from books and lessons. The temperament of each child has to be studied. The love of each little heart has to be won. Its little joys and troubles must be carefully listened to, and the telling of them must be encouraged, for the insight thus afforded to the teacher into the daily home life of that child will prove a great assistance. In these days, when everything is done by machinery, people are too apt, it seems to me, to treat children as if they were machines. All are served exactly alike. Instruction, cut and dried, all ready for them, is poured indiscriminately down their young throats, whether suitable or not. The child takes his lesson as the machine takes its work, and profits by it about as much; never acts upon it; forgets it the moment he is out of school, if not before; while words pleasantly, cheerfully spoken, not as a lesson, directed to the heart of the child, varied to the taste and capacity of each little listener, are more likely, I think, to be remembered and acted upon. Children, even those old enough to read, will learn a great deal from pictorial illustrations of the Scriptures. And without the advantage of pictures they will learn a great deal, and remember it too, if carefully questioned upon each verse of the Bible that they read, and allowed to put their answers into their own language, the Teacher carefully asking them the meaning of every word that is not of the simplest nature.

But besides the Sunday School, a day school was loudly called for by parents anxious that their children should not grow up in the same state of ignorance in which they themselves had lived. And a day school, accordingly, was opened. Most primitive in all its belongings certainly it was, in one room of a cottage deserted of its owners. And on a bright February morning, with cheerful hearts and prayer we began our school, with one-and-twenty scholars, and a village maiden for our mistress. How in point of funds it was to be carried on we troubled not our heads. A school was wanted; a school we must have; and a school we had. It was in most perfect obscurity that it was opened. No one knew of it, save our own people, who thankfully entrusted their children to our care, and our Father in Heaven, to whom we committed the work. Need

I say He has ever since blessed and prospered it! Of course we had our difficulties; no good work goes on without these. We all need something to spur us to exertion; at least, I fancy so; and on success, to further exertion. We had troubles of various sorts and sizes, and difficulties without end, making us love our little school the better, and cling to it more closely. The education of the "Mistress" was far from complete; neither she nor I was "well up" in school discipline; and our scholars, lads and lasses from 13 or 14 years of age, and downwards, were the wildest little colts that ever kicked up their heels against a rider; not one or two raw recruits drafted into a well-drilled battalion, but the entire squad composed of high-spirited urchins, quite unaccustomed, from their earliest infancy, to the smallest contradiction that was unaccompanied by a heavy blow or a fearful threat. It was clear they must be governed by *love*, there was nothing else for it. That is my rule with children, and I never find it fail. So we turned a deaf ear to many a fault, and were blind to a great many more, and so got on passing well. The great thing was, the children loved us, which gave us unlimited influence over them. By treating the children kindly we won the parents' hearts too, which was a grand thing to achieve, as it gave us an entrance to their homes, and a welcome there. We learned their troubles and their needs, especially in anything relating to their children; they consulted us as a matter of course; and what is more, took our advice. I often wonder they did; but I think the love of the poor is blind. They have unlimited faith in those whom they see earnestly devoted to their welfare, and trust them implicitly; and, because "*they* have said it," treasure up in their minds little words that their children bring home from school. And thus from very small beginnings, and from the mouths of babes and sucklings, does, very often, the first grain of good seed spring up in the fallow ground of a long-uncultured heart.

Our school went on increasing rapidly, the room had to be enlarged to three times its original size. And our young mistress was succeeded by others, matronly, experienced, and better taught. And soon we opened a night school also, for the benefit of older lads who were at work during the day. We began with only two or three, and, by their own proposal, they brought, each in turn, the candles necessary for lighting our evening studies. Their carefulness on this point, however, did not quite answer, for, as they amused themselves by knocking each other over, and against an adjacent stone wall until the time that a light in a certain window of our cottage proclaimed that, "Hur's a coming," the candle, when produced, was usually found reduced to "pulp," as it were, not very serviceable for lighting purposes, and we brought our own. Besides, our members increased from 3 to 16, and we wanted many candles. I used to feel quite like a queen, as I sat at the head of a long table made

of boards laid upon tressels, when I looked down upon two long rows of heads, my liege subjects all! So quiet were they, you might have heard a pin drop; and yet these rough lads, so tame in our hands, were considered the very pests of the village! I generally taught them single handed, but they naturally liked the teaching of "Miss" better than they did mine, and were delighted when she too came to the night school. But so much more to their credit be it spoken, that they were so tractable beneath my rule, for I can safely say I never had the smallest trouble with any one of them, and a word at any time was always sufficient to quell any rising rebellion, or any approach even to chattering, among my *subjects*. I believe, nay I am *sure*, lads will do for a lady what they would not do for any man alive; I have experienced it over and over; and certainly, all the lads in this wild place, be they youngsters, or be they great six foot fellows, have never shown us aught but respect and kindness, in school or out of it. For instance, one evening in the night school, when in crossing the room with an armful of slates, I stumbled over a form, and fell down flat on my face, measuring my length on the floor, and scattering the slates right and left, not a boy laughed! Not so much as a smile on the countenance of one of them; not a titter even. One lad removed the offending form, and gathered up the slates; her fallen majesty resumed her place at the head of the table, and proceeded to add up sums in addition, as if nothing had happened.

I shall not soon forget the delight of some of the lads in learning to *prove* their sums. They laughed, almost clapped their hands, at finding them *come right*. They seemed to think it was a species of magic that produced such wonderful effects, and would have it shown them over and over again, with the same sparkling eyes as they looked on. We did not go deep into the mysteries of anything in our night school. Writing, reading with spelling, and arithmetic (with "carrying" included), were all we attempted. Bible-reading of course, a very short exhortation taking the form of question and answer, chiefly, and prayer to conclude with. And, at my request, they departed quietly for their own homes. The first time they assembled, they broke up with loud, uproarious cheers, to the great annoyance of the neighbours. But "our lads" soon took a pride in owning our rule and doing our bidding (even in being *quiet*). And on a dark night, in passing through a whole crowd of noisy young fellows on my way to night school, I have called out, "Surely these are not my lads making such a noise! Come along to school at once." And the whole troop followed me, quiet as lambs. What gives this influence? It is the influence of the Bible. I teach from no other Book. They know it, and they feel it, and if one grain of that good seed takes root, will it have fallen in vain?

Health.

By General Sir JAMES E. ALEXANDER, K.C.B.

ONE of the most valuable blessings bestowed upon us by the Almighty is health, but it is not usually valued until it is lost, and it is too often parted with through ignorance and carelessness. At few schools is the nature of our bodies taught, and the means of preserving them in health shown. Not knowing the danger of the sun in India, in the heat of the day, I got sunstroke, and had a narrow escape, when attending a Hindoo festival. In the harvest field in this country sunstrokes are not uncommon, and death from imprudently drinking cold water when over-heated.

PURE AIR.—I believe that half the cases of consumption are caused by close and badly ventilated bedrooms. Two people (or more) may occupy one bedroom for seven or eight hours, door and window closed, and even the vent stopped up, and in the morning the air is poisoned; thus the lungs become diseased, or a cold is caught on going into the passage. Four inches of the door left open, and intrusion prevented by a small chain, the vent left free, or a small portion of the upper sash of the window put down, would keep the air of the room sweet and wholesome; or a piece of board, two inches broad, to fit under the lower sash, would occasion a safe current of air to pass between the sashes and overhead.

BATHING.—Keeping the skin pure by bathing is most important. The Romans had baths everywhere; and strange to say, many of our towns are without public baths, and the means of washing the body, and saving life by learning to swim. Men and boys are drowned every year for want of proper arrangements for bathing. This is a great hardship, and should be corrected without loss of time. A good private bath may be got at all times by means of a basin or bucket of water, and a mitten made of coarse towelling; and a bath-glove at the chemist's, such as is used in Turkey, costs sixpence.

THE TEETH.—most important for good health—may be kept in excellent order to old age by using, at bedtime, a little fine salt on a wet tooth-brush. This keeps the gums red and attached to the roots of the teeth, and excludes the air. Fishermen's daughters have fine teeth by the use of sea water—a valuable receipt.

FOOD.—The plainer we live, the better health we shall have; rich food causes disease; simplicity of living should be the rule, not pampering the appetite. One-third of the human race is said to live on rice, another third on Indian corn or maize. Animal food should be used sparingly, once a day. A Scotch merchant said, "In Manchester I had a number of friends. The English ones did not get beyond the age of 70, because they ate a meat lunch, besides a dinner in the evening. My Scotch friends ate less, and lived longer."

DRINK.—Strong drink brings many thousands to the grave before the time; the desire for it grows on one, and should be checked firmly. Temperance in liquors should be always practised; but if one is a slave to the bottle, then total abstinence is necessary. If wine or spirits are used, water should accompany them; if beer, it should be of moderate strength. The least reflection must show the evil results of raw spirits on the stomach and general health. In cold weather the hands and feet feel colder after a dram, and in hot weather a fever heat ensues. Grog is supposed to have caused scurvy in the Arctic regions.

TOBACCO.—Indulgence in this is termed "the vice of the age." Boys under ten years of age—aping men—are seen with pipes, checking their growth and spoiling their health and looks. Some men use tobacco from morning to night. A gentleman at Sheffield lately told me, "I used to smoke 2 lbs. weight of tobacco as my monthly allowance. I began to get paralysed, and took alarm, and left it off entirely, afraid of the temptation of even a moderate indulgence in it." Some gentlemen I knew spent £50 and £60 a year in cigars; and some workmen consume in smoke what might go a good way to support their families. If tobacco is used, it should be in great moderation, and not on an empty stomach.

EXERCISE.—Some trades require the relaxation of walking, as tailors and shoemakers, whilst other workmen have too much of it; but a certain amount of exercise daily is necessary for good health. Finally, the maxim for correct living should be a Scriptural one, "Temperate in all things."

"I stretch forth my hands unto Thee."

PSALM cxliii. 6.

THE path is steep and dreary, Lord, and oftentimes I stray,
O tender Shepherd, be my guide along this thorny way;
I trust Thy gracious promise, Lord, that they who seek
shall find;

I know that nothing but Thy love can satisfy the mind,
That in the life apart from God an aching void must be,
And so I stretch my hands in faith beseechingly to Thee.

Sometimes the darkness is so great, I stumble as I go;
Sometimes I do not feel Thy hand, and in my bitter woe,
Ev'n when the mists disperse again before the sun's bright
rays,

I cannot join the little birds in gladsome songs of praise:
Though words of thanks be on my lips for all Thy love
to me,

I can but stretch my weary hands in mute appeal to Thee.

And oftentimes in troubled seas of darkness and despair,
When heart and soul are sick with fear, on Thee I cast
my care;

I know that Thou art mighty, Lord, I bow beneath Thy
will,

And clear above the raging storm I hear Thy "Peace,
be still;"

And so in joy or sorrow, Lord, wherever I may be,
I stretch my hands in perfect trust to Thee, my God, to
Thee.
I M. W.

"A Little Gempleman." By MONA NOEL PATON.CHAPTER II. *Continued.*

EXT day Basil went for a long walk with his "donkey." They went far up by the burn-side, and as they walked along Basil told Joe how nearly they had been separated from one another.

"What?" gasped Joe, in his thick voice, "did they think I would harm you—you that kissed me? I never harmed anything in my life. You know, little gentleman, how the birds and beasts never run away from me. I let the midges bite me, and the clegs and wasps sting me, and I never hurt them. Do they think I'd hurt you that kissed me? No, no; I'd die sooner nor hurt one of these little curls." And as he spoke he wound one round his thick finger.

"I never thinkd you'd hurt me," said Basil, raising his clear eyes to the poor idiot's tear-stained face. "Nobody ever hurts me."

"Everybody hurts me but you," was the sad rejoinder. Oh, what a world of difference lay in these two short sentences!

"Where are you goin' to take me to-day, Joe?" asked the child. "Somewhere *welley* bootiful, please, 'cause you know we're so happy to-day."

"I'll take you to the old wife that lives up the glen."

They walked on for a long time, and when Basil's little bare feet (for this privilege, too, was tacitly allowed him) began to get sore, Joe lifted him tenderly in his strong arms and carried him lovingly on.

"You're a wee body, but you're far cleverer nor me. I'm an idiot," he said, sadly. "They always tell me so."

"Poor Joe!" whispered the child, as he stroked the sunburned cheek; "I love you all the same."

"Since the day you kissed me," continued Joe, "I haven't felt quite so dark. Do you think maybe loving makes people clear?"

"Yes, Joe, I think so. I'll love you *welley*, *welley* hard, an' I'll kiss you awfully often, and p'rhaps some day you'll be all right."

"Ay, perhaps," sighed he; "I don't feel quite sure, though. If you had come sooner, it ud have been likelier."

"Well, you know, Joe," said Basil, looking up with much seriousness, "I couldn't have come *much*

sooner. I was only a baby till a *welley* little while ago. I'm big now, but I didn't used to be."

At last Joe and his charge found themselves near a little thatched cottage, out of the shapeless chimney of which came a thin curl of blue-gray smoke. They crossed a merry tinkling burn, and came, after some minutes, to the front of the cottage. The door was open, and a sweet humming sound, such as Basil had never before heard, came out to them. Basil stepped to the door and looked in. By the low peat fire sat an old, old woman in a white mutch bound round with a broad black ribbon. Her foot was working a spinning-wheel, and she drew out the threads with her wrinkled yellow hands. Several hens strutted about the floor, and, laying their heads on one side, looked with curious eyes at Basil peeping in at them. A three-footed pot was on the fire, and a great clock ticked in a corner. The cottage was not very clean, and there was a very smoky smell about it. Basil heard a cow lowing somewhere not very far off, and the *wee-wee* of a pig in the near neighbourhood. He was just wondering what he should say to the old woman, when she turned round, and seeing him, started up from her "creepy" with a cry of surprise.

"Wha's this?" she exclaimed, hobbling towards him.

Some children would have been frightened at her, she was so old and so crumpled up. But why should Basil be frightened? No one had ever hurt him in his short, happy life, so he feared no one.

"It's Basil, a little gempleman," answered the boy, holding up his face to be kissed. "Joe bringed me to see you."

"Come in, come in, my dearie. It's a long time sin' a wean has crossed my threshold. Ye're like a blink o' the sun to my auld een."

She led him in as she spoke, and seated him on a stool beside the fire.

"Ye maun hae a piece an' a drink o' mulk," continued the kind old woman, bustling about to get all she wanted.

Basil was hungry after his long walk, and quite willing to accept her hospitality.

"But, please," he ventured to say—"please let Joe come in and have some too."

So Joe came in, and the three sat down together.

But first she took Basil round to the byre to see her milk the cow, and then she brought out some home-made scones and some beautiful yellow fresh butter. Basil was a little astonished, and not altogether pleased, to see her spread the butter with her thumb. For a moment he felt inclined to refuse the "pieca." But then he thought "that might hurt the old woman's feelings," and being a true "little gempleman," he took the scone, and found it very good, in spite of having been "thumbed," as this primitive operation is called. Very happily they talked, and Basil told her all about "his papa and mamma and everybody."

At last Joe began to get restless, and to glance out at the sinking sun; and after a little time they rose to go.

"You'll come again, my dearie," pleaded the old woman as she kissed him and put a basket of new-laid eggs into his little hand. "Ye mak me young again wi' yer bricht sunny face. Ye'll come again?" And so he did. Often and often Basil with his "donkey" travelled up the glen to spend an hour or two with the old woman, to brighten her lonely life and to warm her old heart with his innocence, and honest, loving prattle.

It was strange how much happiness this little

boy managed to diffuse around him. Everybody loved him; many of the "daft folk" besides Joe grew brighter in the sunshine of his smile. The old fishermen who lived on the shore watched for him every day with longing eyes. Every day some present was sent to the "little gempleman" from one or another of his many friends about the place. Basil was certainly the very happiest little boy I ever saw. And no wonder. People who are loved are always happy. But then they must, like

Basil, be true and loving little gentlemen and ladies, or they will not be loved. Basil had the very greatest belief in loving, and as he watched the improvement in Joe, his belief in it increased a hundredfold. The dull look had gone out of the eyes of the poor fellow; they were now lit up, if not with intelligence, at least with joy and affection. He never now quarrelled with his shadow or shrank away from human beings; the gates of heaven had been opened to him, the world was no longer empty; he knew what it was to love and to be loved, to have soft arms round his



neck, a trusting little hand in his, clear unshrinking eyes looking into his without fear or repugnance, and he became *human* in the warmth of this new experience.

To be continued.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.¹

As the door opened we heard all the little voices cease, a dozen pairs of eyes were fixed upon us, and a sudden silence fell upon the sunny room. There were cots with small white faces peeping up, and suffering little souls too tired to look up at all; wise-faced little men with crutches, making short, experimental journeys across the floor; motherly maidens dressing dolls; and a nurse, bright-eyed

and pleasant, standing by the fire. For a moment we did not speak, and I think at first we saw the children through eyes that were dimmed with pity and regret. Poor little child-martyrs, how patient they looked! When we saw those wee, wistful faces, it seemed as if we could never do enough to make amends for being ourselves so strong and well and happy.

¹ From "WEE JOHNNY: A Hospital Sketch from Life. By Miss M. M. ESDAILE. Paisley: J. & R. PARLANE.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



MAY 1880.

Sermon.

LITTLE STRENGTH.

By the Rev. HENRY WALLIS SMITH, Kirknewton.

"I know thy works : behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it : for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My name."—REVELATION iii. 8.

RATHER, thou hast *little strength*. This epistle was sent to a minister who was conscious of much personal infirmity, and who presided over a church which was weak probably in number, wealth, and influence. Yet it is peculiarly full of praise, and comfort, and promise. This surely is a fact worth noting. "Little strength" is often an excuse for negligence or despondency. We see here how much it had done and had yet to do in a faithful church.

Our subject is *the duties and opportunities of those Christians who have little strength*.

I. *Their Duties*. First comes *obedience*. "Thou hast kept My word." If the weak cannot do much, they can at least keep Christ's word. Every one of His commandments implies a promise that He will enable His people to do what He enjoins, and the weak and the strong are alike in their insufficiency of themselves, in their power to do all things through Christ who strengtheneth them.

Moreover, Christ's commands are specially suited for the weak in the *protection* which they give them. They are so many marks set up to point out the way we should take, and to warn us of its dangers. If you complain of your ignorance, here is light for you. If you are afraid of falls, here is help for you. If you can do little, here is all that Christ asks from you, and that put in the form most suitable for you. Do it in His name, and out of weakness you will be made strong.

A second service to be offered by weakness is *faithfulness*. "Thou hast not denied My name." There is an indication here of a successful struggle made by the Church of Philadelphia. To deny Christ's name, to be ashamed of Him, is indeed the peculiar temptation of the weak. They are pressed down by men of greater influence, and they have very little power of self-defence. But the strength of weakness lies in its leading a man to say, "I cannot forsake my Lord. Whatever others may do, I am too weak to stand alone. I owe everything to Him. I cannot do without Him. I must confess Him before men." If you will not

lose hold of Him who alone can keep you from falling, that is the resolution which all of you—even the weakest—must carry out. In your own position, however humble it may be—in your homes, with your neighbours, your fellow-workmen—you are bound to see that you do not, from fear of man, follow the world's way and do what is wrong because wrong-doing is so common. Remember that the secret of steadfastness in danger is not to be sure of yourself like Peter, not to trust in some safe compromise, some refuge of lies, but to know your weakness and cleave to the Saviour. He will give you grace to be faithful.

A third service offered by weakness is *patience*. "Thou hast kept the word of My patience," that is the patience enjoined by Christ in His word, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." This is always the Church's duty, enforced always by the Church's weakness. We cannot hope at once to bring the conflict with evil to an end. We must stand fast, and bear, and wait. So the weak disciples, with the great work of converting the world laid on them, waited for the gift of the Spirit. So the missionaries of the cross have, in every age and clime, had to wait, repeating the same truth over and over again to unwilling ears, believing that in the end it must prevail. And the story of the conversion of the world illustrates the experience of every Christian. Just as by patience man slowly penetrates into the mysteries of nature, and learns how to master those tremendous forces before which he seems utterly powerless, so by patience also, the weakest can, in daily life, extract good out of evil—finding the peace of God which passeth all understanding in the midst of distractions and disappointments, and becoming strong in the Lord from the very pressure of infirmity and suffering borne for His sake and in dependence on His grace. See, my friends, that you learn the lessons which your "little strength" should teach you. You complain of your weakness in some particular point, your hasty temper, your sharp tongue, your over-sensitiveness to the opinion of others, your proneness to be over much disturbed by the daily cares and worries of life, your lack of ability to fix your mind on spiritual things, the power which some bodily infirmity has over you in exciting irritation or weakening your active usefulness. Then here is a call to greater perseverance in watching over your thoughts, and words, and deeds. The deep-rooted evil will not disappear at once. But patient perseverance in

well-doing will give you the victory at last, through Jesus Christ.

II. But while "little strength" gives no exemption from daily duties, *it actually provides special opportunities of Christian usefulness.* Hear our Lord's assurance to the weak at Philadelphia—the weak everywhere—"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The expression is one which we find repeated more than once in the writings of St. Paul with reference to the openings which he found for advancing the cause of Christ; and that it has the same meaning here seems plain from what is said in the next verse of the honour to be rendered to the Christians of Philadelphia even by their enemies. In the storm of persecution, which was so soon to burst on the Church, their position would be so strong, their influence over the heathen so great, that the Jews, their former persecutors, would actually flee to them for protection.

Wonderful indeed is often the usefulness of those who think themselves weak. How large a part of the work of the Church must be done by them, if it is to be done at all.

Take the case, for example, of mothers of families among the poor. Of all members of the Christian congregation, they seem to have the least influence. Occupied from day to day with a round of household toils, they live and die unnoticed and unknown—seldom seen far from their own door—having little or no time to read or think—and often prevented for months from going to the House of God. Yet how truly has God set before them an open door! How much does the highest welfare of their households and families depend on what they do to maintain and nourish the spiritual life of their husbands, to give a truly Christian training to the children who are so much by their side, and whose characters are so largely moulded by them! How mighty is the strength of those weak ones for good and evil, and that to generations yet unborn!

The same thing is true of you, working men. Though your individual influence is small, your combined influence is enormous. You form the large majority of the community. You have the largest share in the membership of the Christian Church, and therefore the life of the Church ought, in great measure, to be expressed by you. Are you doing all in your power for the general good? Are you not looking too much to others for the cure of the evils which beset you? Does not the very greatness of the temptations to which you are exposed lead you too much to "keep yourselves to yourselves," as you say, so that your example and influence are to a great extent lost? Yet all the while there is set before you an open door, which no man can shut. Let your light shine. Unite to brand with the censure of a healthy, public opinion, the intemperance, the profanity, the vile and filthy language, the questionable habits, which are so miserably common. Stand by each other in the

common effort to raise the standard of duty and tone of conversation, to discourage idleness, to foster in labour and recreation whatever is good and true; and you who now think yourselves so weak will find yourselves possessed of an irresistible power for good.

So, again, with regard to the work of our Church, is it not true that a great number, I fear I may say the majority, of her members make their inability to do much an excuse for doing next to nothing for the spread of the gospel? But before you weak ones an open door is set. You have little strength, but you can interest yourselves in your church's work, you can offer up prayer for it, you can give something, however little, for it. And, believe me, that it would be like the passage from death to life in most of our congregations, if the many who have little strength would only unite to work for their Lord.

There are, indeed, some who seem utterly powerless—the very poor, the sorely afflicted, those who feel themselves only a burden to others. But still to them I would say, Christ has set before you an open door, which no man can shut. He is giving you an opportunity of setting before others an example such as those who are in health and prosperity cannot give, of faith, of patience, of resignation, of Christian cheerfulness under pain and sorrow. He is making you the occasion for teaching others kindness, and sympathy, and self-sacrifice. How many are the families who know the blessing brought by a sick child, a confirmed invalid, an aged Christian!

Even the children can do something for Christ. By your cheerful obedience, your care for the young, you can brighten your parents' homes, and lighten their burdens. By setting a good example to your companions, by checking what is evil in them, and helping them in what is good, you may teach them wholesome lessons which will never be forgotten.

And all of us, without exception, have a door open to a throne of grace, where we can lay our weakness before our God and ask Him to give us the help we need, to pour down blessings on kindred, and friends, and neighbours, and the whole world.

These are some of the opportunities of "little strength." Rightly used, they will bring a glorious reward. Those who have been faithful in few things will be made rulers over many things. The weak on earth will be made the strong and stately columns of the heavenly sanctuary. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from My God: and I will write upon him My new name." Such is Christ's promise here. Thus will He always fulfil His word, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN CAMERON was like a great many young men of his time. He was tolerably well educated, good-looking, well dressed, and acquainted with all that interested his generation. To look at him, to talk to him, there was nothing in him which was much different from those who were his social superiors, and who possessed that advantage of wealth which tells for so much at all times. He was only a clerk in an office, and yet he might have been a young duke, or the son of a Prime Minister. His father a poor navy captain, his home not much more than a cottage, he yet felt himself to belong to the grade of those who were the highest and the most honourable in the land. And so he was, so far as all that is best in that grade is concerned. If he had not the ease of high society, at least he had perfectly good manners, without vulgarity, and quite without pretensions. He was a gentleman, than which there is no higher title: a king himself can be no more. But if it may be said that what is good in itself is ever unfortunate for its possessors, it was unfortunate for John, as it is for many another youth, that there was no outward difference between him and the wealthiest or most highly placed. We can never nowadays establish over again the external marks of differing rank which once existed among us. Equality, in appearance at least, has become the rule. And John saw very little reason why he should not have everything that the others had, who were no better than he, and yet had unbounded leisure to do what they pleased, and money to pay for all their whims and pleasures. He had no money for anything beyond what was necessary—or at least the very smallest margin, “something in his pocket,” and no more. He was a great deal worse off in this particular than his contemporaries in the rank of Robbie Baird. They were like each other, much the same in their means, one no richer, no more at ease than the other; and wherever they went they were each other's equals, a young fisher, a young working-man, being very much the same all the world over. The drawback in John's case was that he was exactly like everybody else who is called a gentleman, and gentlemen, as we have said, is the highest rank that exists anywhere. He looked as well, and he talked as well, as any young duke. But it is not necessary to go so far, for dukes are not plenty anywhere, though there is a very good supply of them in Scotland; and it is easier to say that he looked just as well, and possessed the same kind of manners, and the same kind of education as the officers, for instance, or any of the young landed gentry about Edinburgh: and the dreadful drawback was, that while this was the case, it was also the case that John was only a poor clerk, who had no money, and whose duty it was to be in the office all day long. He liked the same amusements that they liked; though there was this great difference between them—which he could not help thinking a hard case—that while they could indulge in their pleasures as much as they liked, he was bound to his desk, and had to be copying letters, and adding up dull accounts, while they were enjoying themselves. This was bad enough even when he only knew at a distance of their pleasures, but when this good-looking, well-mannered youth made the acquaintance of some members of the idle class of his contemporaries, and not only was conscious of their pleasures at a distance, but saw them close at hand, and saw the others trooping off to them, and was urged and entreated to join them, and laughed at for a humbug when he pleaded his duty, John felt his case harder still. He thought it was very hard—not that he blamed anybody, or believed that any one was to blame; but only it was hard to work while others were amusing themselves, hard to be poor while so many were rich. It was not the fault of his parents, for they,

too, had been poor all their lives, and had taken very little amusement; and unless John had gone so far as to regret that he had ever been born, he could not grumble at them; but he was far from regretting that he had been born. He felt within him the greatest possible power of enjoying life, and a thirst for more and more enjoyment. When the sun shone in those bright summer mornings, it was hard work for him to keep still at his desk. He wanted to be away, to be in movement, to be walking through the fresh morning air like the others, enjoying the brightness, and his own strength and youth. And thousands more must have felt like John, save that some master themselves, and work all the harder, shutting their ears to the voice of the charmer; and some play with the temptation, and pause in their work, and let the pen hang idly in their fingers, or the book flutter its unclosed leaves while that voice steals into their hearts. A century ago or more, writers were fond of an allegory which was called the Choice of Hercules, and also by many other names. They were for ever telling the story of a young man who stood at the point where two roads joined, and was invited to follow them by two fair women, one of whom was Duty, and the other Pleasure. It is a formal, old-fashioned tale, which we have all read dozens of times in old books; but it is always happening over again, though we no longer make it into an allegory. He who chooses Duty has the best of it in the long run, and the other one, the foolish youth who takes Pleasure by the hand, knows well enough that he does it at his peril, and to his own harm. There is scarcely one who is so foolish as not to know this, that he does it to his own harm. We all deceive ourselves, but self-deception seldom goes so far as to ignore this. When a young man is foolish, when he goes away after his own follies, and leaves his work behind him, he knows that he will suffer for it. But the pleasure is at hand, and the suffering is a little farther off, and he takes the pleasure. This process has repeated itself ever since the world began.

And John Cameron knew it as well as any one; he was quite aware that, if he would do well, he should keep to his work early and late, and endeavour to take pleasure in it, and qualify himself for it more and more, and please his employers, and get a good name for himself. He knew that in no other way than this could he ever make any progress, or be better off, or a more considerable person than he was now. And he wanted very much to be a more considerable person; it never occurred to him as possible that he could remain just as he was all his life; of course, it was a necessity that he should “get on.” But he knew very well that, living as he did now, he could never “get on;” and yet he wanted the one, and did the other. Could anything more foolish, more mad, be imagined? Yet there are hundreds, thousands—no man can count how many—who are doing exactly the same. I suppose he tried never to think of it at all, and when he was obliged to think of it, he called himself a fool and decided that to-morrow would make a difference. To-morrow is always such a resource! but people constantly forget that by the time it comes it has turned into to-day. When John walked into Edinburgh that Sunday evening with his mother's few pound notes in his pocket, he made a great many good resolutions. He had been very gloomy and ill-tempered at home, making things much worse, and giving his parents to suppose that, instead of being ashamed of himself, as he really was, he was angry with their interference and determined to take his own way. But in his heart he felt very differently. He thought that to-morrow would see him a new man, that he would certainly be at the office in good time, that he would listen to no temptations, that he would set his face like a flint, and turn a deaf ear to everything that could beguile him. These pound notes in his pocket made him more light of heart, and yet stung him with compunctions. He knew well enough that the money could be ill spared—the old folks' money, the little store that was set apart for some purpose—how could he tell

what purpose? Certainly it ought not to be used by him in any way that he would be ashamed to report to them. Of that John felt confident, shaking back his hair from his forehead with a half-indignant movement of his head, as he walked on and on towards the Edinburgh lights.

But next morning!—it was to-day then, no longer to-morrow—and, though he had still a lingering sense that the Sabbath evening should be otherwise occupied, he had spent a merry hour or two with some of his friends after he came back. Merry, John supposed when he got up with a little headache in the morning—noisy at all events; and some of the fellows certainly made fools of themselves, and he was not so early as he ought to have been. But still he was in time for the office and to keep his word. And, though it was a lovely morning, he turned his back upon it, and went steadily to his business. He cast a wistful glance at the big windows of the club, where several of his friends were wont to be visible as he passed, but it was too early for them; they, John reflected with a touch of bitterness, had no need to get up as he did by skreigh of day. Skreigh of day meant a little before nine o'clock; it was not so very early; but still it was with a wonderful sense of superiority that he sat down at his desk, the very first who had arrived. Mr. Scrimgeour himself was early that morning, and he gave a humph! of audible astonishment when he saw John. This early appearance gave him one or two unusual things to do. He had to take out the books from the safe, an office generally fulfilled by one of the elders.

"What's come of Johnston?" Mr. Scrimgeour said in his sharp voice; "the man must be ill, or something's the matter. Who ever saw him out of this office at five minutes to ten, or you in it?"

John was tempted to make some hasty reply, but he restrained himself. The French say that nothing succeeds like success, which may be roughly translated that nothing is so steady in well-doing as the superior virtue which has got up (for once in a way) before nine o'clock, and is the first at the office. And there was another thing he did that morning, which had a still greater effect upon him. Johnston, the cashier, being absent, John received a payment of money due to the firm, with, for the moment, a most gleeful consciousness of the unusual nature of the circumstance. He had to take Mr. Scrimgeour's letters the next moment, which the postman brought just then, bringing himself also sundry communications, which took down—the mere outside appearance of them—a great deal of John's glee. He thrust them into his desk, and the money with them, while he carried the letters to Mr. Scrimgeour's room. And just then the others, some detained by one circumstance, some by another, began to appear one by one, and John, as the early bird, was made the subject of much joking. It was his first appearance in that character, everybody said. He thought it went a little too far. He was not fond of being laughed at, even in an innocent way, and this kind of pleasantry is an edge tool. The jest was a reproach, and cut both ways. And the recollection of those blue envelopes, which he had thrust into his desk, haunted him, and made his temper less patient. He seemed to see them, and read them through the wood of the desk, and through the tough envelopes. He knew what would be in them—figures which he knew by heart, which he tried to forget, but could not, accompanied by threats which made him sick, yet which he pushed off from him, and would not think of. Generally he made no reply at all to these missives. What could he say? It would be as easy to him to put himself on a throne, to make himself the Prince of Wales, as to pay them; and what excuse had he to give that anybody would take? He could not say, In six months, in a year, I will pay you. He was not like those happier people who know they have something to "come in to," and who have some reason to ask a creditor to wait. John knew that he had nothing to come in to; he knew he had been

mad to run up such bills, and he did not know where to turn, how to get the money, or half, or quarter part of the money. What did he think would come of it? He tried not to think at all. He did not open those terrible blue envelopes. What good could it do? One time or other the catastrophe would come, he could not prevent it, he could not even postpone it that he knew of; he was helpless. He felt his mother's pound notes in his pocket, and he was almost glad that they could be of no use to satisfy the harpies, as he called them, who were putting out their horrible claws to devour him. John had got, by degrees, to think himself an unfortunate victim of these harpies. He had not even taken the trouble to ask the price of many things which stood against him in these bills, but he felt sure they had charged him two or three times too much, and that they were harpies to be held off as long as possible. He pushed these communications away into his desk, and would not open them; but they took away all the pleasure of the morning, and that little glow of virtue which had made the day begin so pleasantly. Though he had not opened them, he knew they were there; there was no possibility of any mistake so far as they were concerned, and they spoiled his morning for him. When harpies of this kind have any hold on you, they fix their clutches in your flesh always at the least suitable moment, at the time when it will do you the most harm. Monday morning, the beginning of a new week, the turning over of a new leaf, when he was in such excellent time, and with such excellent dispositions! John felt that they spoiled his morning for him, and his work, and everything. He did not feel that there was any fault of his in it. He felt disposed to fling the book he was posting up out of the window, and throw the letters he had to copy in the face of the chief clerk who gave them to him. What would it matter? Sooner or later "a smash" must come. He knew very well it must come; and there is a despair which is of kin to folly, as well as that sombre despair which is woe. He had half a mind to put on his hat and go out into the delightful air and sunshine which was so bright, and see what those fellows were about. Most likely "a smash" would come in their case too, one time or other; but, in the meantime, they were not shut up in an office; they were enjoying themselves, they were taking their fling and getting the good of their life. As John went on writing languidly, making mistakes, and losing his time, not thinking what he was writing, he said to himself, that he had neither one thing nor another, neither the gaiety and enjoyment which were worth having, even at the cost of a smash, nor yet the self-denial which might do him some good at the end. He was only half and half, falling between two stools, getting the good of neither way. What if he were to dash off, and throw it all up, and take his fling, as he had said to Isabel, so that the smash might come and be got over, and everything come to an end? But, alas! his fling, John felt, could not go much farther than his poor mother's one-pound notes. So he went on languidly copying his letters, wishing they were at—Jericho, wherever that may be: and now and then looking longingly out, and listening to the pleasant hum of voices and noises from outside. All this time he had forgotten about the money which he had received the first thing in the morning, and which he had flung into his desk, along with those blue envelopes, in impatience and despite. It had gone out of his head altogether. If he had remembered, he would have given it over to Johnston, the cashier, as a matter of course, without a thought.

And unwilling as he was, and out of heart as he was, John kept at his desk all the morning. It would have been a great deal better for him if he had taken more interest in his work. It would have been more amusing for one thing, and he would have got on faster, instead of going wrong in his additions more than once, not from any failure of arithmetic, but because he could not fix

his mind to it. He felt this himself, and once more lamented vaguely over himself that he was falling between two stools. Why couldn't he be like Johnston, whose pride was in his books, and who would rather see them all in order, agreeing to a fraction, and with every entry looking like copperplate, than look on at the most exciting race, or contemplate the most beautiful landscape in the world! or like Mansfield, on the other hand, who had nothing to think of but his own pleasure, who went where he pleased, and spent as much money as he pleased, and did exactly what he thought proper? Ah, Mansfield! John resolved that he would not have him at Wallyford, but among men he was a nice fellow enough; and what a thing to be like that, to be able to do anything you pleased! That, or to be like Johnston, who took such pleasure in what he had to do. John sighed, and thought himself an ill-used man, ill-used by Providence, who had not given him the right dispositions for his fate, and as he sighed, he closed his book and got his hat, and went out to have his luncheon. In the most rigid of offices, to be sure, the young men must get hungry like other people, and must go out to lunch.

And how sweet the day was outside! and as he went out whistling softly with pleasure to be freed, he could not help feeling in his pocket his mother's poor little notes. They had been put into his hands with the very generosity of trust, far above common calculations. He had felt to the very bottom of his heart the words his father had said, "We will never make him good by force;" it is true that he had gone out of the house after that, keeping up an air of resentment; but in his heart he had felt them profoundly, and the tears had been in his eyes as he walked into Edinburgh, blurring the cheerful lights as he approached the town. But then that was last night, and this was to-day. And he did not mean to put them to any bad use; but since they were too few to pay anybody, to do any good with, what harm was there in getting a little pleasure out of them? No one wanted him to deny himself now and then an innocent pleasure. As he thus came out of the office, open to every temptation, and, in short, looking out for something or somebody to tempt him, a dogcart suddenly drew up with a great clang and tumult precisely in front of him. "Here's Cameron," cried some one, and he was hailed at once by two other voices. There was just one corner where another could perch, and they were all going somewhere, half a dozen miles off, where something was going on—something, what did it matter what!—one excuse was as good as another. "Jump up quick, we lunch there," his comrades cried. If John hesitated just long enough to have a second appeal made to him, and an adjuration to "Look sharp, or we shall miss the fun!" was that not enough to satisfy conscience? "I really oughtn't, you know; I ought to get back to the office in the afternoon," he said, as he jumped up behind. "Never mind, we'll be back in good time," the driver, who was no other than Mansfield, said consolingly. And perhaps he meant it; and perhaps John meant it too, and believed what his friend said. When one wishes to believe anything, it is astonishing how easily one can do it; and off the party went with a great deal of chatter and laughter; the horse went admirably, and it was a delicious day. And what harm was there in it? not even expense—to speak of: to be sure Johnston, the cashier, who had been very lenient, and looked over a great many similar absences, was compelled to speak to Mr. Scrimgeour on the subject; but nobody except John himself knew of those blue envelopes, and the money belonging to the firm, which was lying in the desk. The desk was not locked, and it was lying there quite openly and carelessly, so that anybody might see no harmful thought had as yet entered the poor young fellow's head.

Poor young fellow! Ah, how one's heart bleeds for him, though he was so much to blame! If there had been a deadly serpent coiled up in that desk, waiting to sting

the poor boy when he next opened the lid, would it have been much more fatal? His young life seemed lying there along with the papers, a life already smirched and soiled, indeed, but hopeful still. There were the debts and ruin involved in them—ruin: but not such ruin as was in the fatal expedient which might stave it off a little, only to bring it home eventually with far more terrible, shameful force. There were the debts, the fruit of folly, and there was the money lying by which might pay them, but which was not John's. If only fire or earthquake, or any convulsion had come in the meantime, in the night, to burn up the place or throw it into ruin, where the elements of that moral destruction lay smouldering! You would have thought the old captain and his wife praying night and day, out of doors and in doors, waking and sleeping, would have moved the very elements to sweep away that temptation and save their boy. But if God were thus to act miraculously to save the sinning soul by force, there would be no longer any moral order, any justice, in the world. In the old heathen poets a god or a goddess steps in when a hero is in danger, and steals him away, and nobody calls coward; but in the Christian earth a man must be saved even by his weakness, by his follies, by the dreadful lesson, sometimes, of being left to himself. If God could be unhappy—and we know that love and pity can make Him grieve even in His blessedness, that is above the ken of man—I think it would be because of all those prayers that must not be answered, that cannot be answered, because no man can be made good by force, as the old Captain said. Could it be otherwise than a pain to the tender Father who loves us, to see these old people praying, and to refuse them? He sent no earthquake, no fire in the night. The evil lay there all unnoticed, all unsuspected by John or any one. And the poor foolish boy who had deserted his duty, and had forgotten all that had been said to him, and all that he had said to himself, got up next morning, feverish and wretched, scarcely fit to go to the office at all, wishing himself a hundred miles away, or at the bottom of the sea. Those notes which had given a warmth and ease to his bosom, though he could not pay his debts with them, were almost all gone, and in his mind was another bitter recollection of failure. He saw now that if Mansfield's dogcart had not passed just at that moment it would have been better for him, and cursed Mansfield and his dogcart in his heart. Why was he such an ass as to go? He thought it was all the fault of the others who had tempted him. He did not think that he had himself come out all agog for temptation, looking out for it, inviting it. He thought that but for that unfortunate accident, but for Mansfield and his friends passing at that moment, all would have been well, that he would have returned to the office and done his work, and spent a sober and a dutiful day. For some time he hesitated whether he would not send a note to the office to say that he was not well. It would have been true enough; his head was aching, a little from disorder of the body, and yet more from disorder of mind. But he did not do this: he went, late and irritable, and self-conscious, ready to take umbrage at a word. And Johnston spoke to him, telling that he had been obliged to speak to Mr. Scrimgeour about his irregularities, but was pacified, having a great kindness for the young fellow, by the sight of his wretched looks. "If you had sent word you were ill," said the kind man, "I would have understood. Why did you not send word you were ill? You are looking very bad, very bad. I don't like to see a young lad so pale. Go home and lie down on your bed, or keep quiet at least. I'll make it all right with Mr. Scrimgeour; but how was I to know you were ill, if you did not say? Go home and take a rest, and keep yourself very quiet, and you will be better to-morrow. That's my advice, Cameron. You are not looking like yourself to-day."

This was what Mrs. Cameron always said, "Not looking like yourself." It irritated John.

"I am all right," he said impatiently, "a little seedy, that's all. You need not put yourself to any trouble about me."

"Seedy," said good Mr. Johnston, shaking his head. "I never know what you lads mean when you say you're seedy. You should go home to your lodgings and lie down upon your bed. That would be my advice."

"Oh, confound your advice!" said John, under his breath, but he had so far possession of his senses that he did not allow this to be audible. He went back to his desk, and settled down to his work with an aching head and an aching heart. Before he left his lodgings something even worse than those blue envelopes which lay unopened in his desk had come to him: and his affairs were growing urgent. He leant his throbbing forehead in his hands, when he had opened the book with which he made so poor progress yesterday. What was he to do! It would not serve him now to push the envelopes out of sight or not to open them. He knew a "smash" must come, but the approach of it took away his breath. And if he could not find some way of providing for this necessity, surely all would now be over and the smash would come.

Good Johnston, the cashier, went straight into Mr. Scrimgeour's office. He said, "I find I've made a mistake and done an injustice to that poor laddie, John Cameron. I hope you'll pay no attention to what I said anent him yesterday. He's been ill, poor lad. He's come back this morning looking like a ghost. I'm very sorry to have given you a false impression; he's rather a delicate young man."

This, I fear, was said on the spur of the moment, as the first excuse that occurred to the good man; for John Cameron was not delicate. Mr. Scrimgeour was made of much tougher stuff than his cashier. He cast a glance half of contempt at that kind soul. "No more delicate than I am, Johnston. You let yourself be wheedled and humbugged on all sides. He! Far more likely he has been dissipating last night."

"No, no, not that," said the merciful man; "I never saw any signs of that. When they do that, you can always see at a glance. But he's a ruddy, fresh-complexioned lad, and always spruce and well-put-on."

"I thought you said he was delicate."

This made the excellent cashier blush a little. "It is well known," he said, with great seriousness, "that some kinds of complaints go with a fine complexion. So that a good colour is not always a sign of good health; but he's not ruddy to-day. I think we should send him home to take care of himself. I have a great respect for his father and mother."

"And so have I, or that silly fellow would not be here to-day," said the head of the office. "Well, well, since you insist, I'll say nothing about it this time; but give him a warning, Johnston; it must not happen again."

With this, Johnston stepped back again into the office. "It's all right, it's all right, John, my man; nothing will be said; but Mr. Scrimgeour was very particular I should tell you, when you are feeling poorly, always to send me a line. Just a line, that it will take you no trouble to write, and then there can be no mistake. But I hope you mean to take my advice. Leave that to me, I'll manage it for you; and go you home to your lodgings, and lie down on your bed, and keep yourself quiet. If you do that, you'll soon be well."

"I want nothing but to be let alone," said John; "I'm all right. I can do my work as well as usual, if you'll make them let me alone."

Thus John shut upon himself the little door of escape which Providence had offered. Had the boon of a day's holiday been in his power on almost any other occasion, he would have jumped at it; but partly because he was so irritable, partly because, in his excitement and despair, he could not keep quiet, but was glad of the hum of voices in his ears, and something mechanical to do, he rejected the freedom thus pressed upon him. He would

not go away. He got to his work furiously, and with not much more aptitude for figures, it may be supposed, than he had shown on the previous day; and then he stopped and resumed his still more favourite thinking. What was he to do? He was ill, he was wretched, all his faculties were confused. When the others went out for their luncheon, he, who had no appetite, stayed behind, still pondering, thinking, asking himself what he was to do. What was he to do? There was a singing in his ears, his heart beat in his throat. Mechanically he lifted the lid of his desk to look for something, he scarcely knew what. And there—lying by the unopened letters, all in one heap, what was it!—salvation, damnation, he could not tell which. He retreated from the first thought as if it had been the Evil one in person whom he saw, and shut down the desk, and got up and walked to the farthest end of the office quickly, as if to get away from it. He was as pale as death, and a heavy perspiration covered his forehead. But then, after a little interval, John went back and opened the desk once more.

To be continued.

Wavering.

OFt have I marked, with wondering eye,
The swift-winged swallows as they fly
Skimming the dark lake o'er,
Flutter midway as drooping quite,
Like spirits brooding o'er the night,
Then rise, and wing a nobler flight,
Far o'er the waters, to alight
Safe on the sheltering shore.

OfT have I seen the morning sun,
Ere yet his journey is begun,
And daybreak hovers nigh,
Lazily o'er yon sea line peep,
Half conscious, as new raised from sleep,
Then rouse himself, and, vigorous, leap,
Sheer from the bosom of the deep,
Into the glowing sky.

So may you find, in life's brief day,
The Christian, weary of the way,—
He droops, and almost dies!—
'Tis but a moment: ere the foe,
Exulting, strikes him drooping low,
Sudden new vigour's healthful glow
Mantles his cheek; and now, behold!
With strength renewed, nervous and bold,
With courage firmer than of old,
He presses towards the prize.

O God! when comes that lonely hour,
When I must feel the tempter's power,
Steal o'er my senses, as the snow
Steals through the dark, till earth below
Is bound in chains of white;—
Help me with Thine all-powerful arm,
Let me resist the enticing charm;
O grant me courage then to flee,
In panting strength, unfettered, free,
To Thee alone, and thus to be
Victorious in the fight.

W. D. L.

GIVING TO GOD.—True giving, which God promises to return with interest here and hereafter, is not so much giving what one can spare, as making some sacrifice to be able to give. David says (1 Kings xxiv. 24), "I will not offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."—*St. Paul's (Perth) Parish Magazine.*

The Vaudois.

By the Rev. WM. ROBERTSON, D.D., New Greyfriars.

Continued from March.

FRRIENDS and foes alike concluded that the final page of Vaudois history was closed, and that the lamp of divine truth, which, from the earliest days of Christianity, had by Divine providence been kept brightly burning in the Valleys of Piedmont, was now for ever extinguished.¹ But friends and foes were alike mistaken. The poor shattered remnant of the ancient Waldensian Church never abandoned the hope of returning to their beloved Italian valleys, and, incredible as it must have appeared, after three years of banishment, they formed the wildly romantic project of reconquering their homes. Even now, when success appears to have justified the attempt, the conception of such an enterprise almost looks like divine inspiration. Consider for a moment the difficulties of their position. Their Swiss friends, among whom they were located, and the neighbouring Germans, had engaged by treaties to oppose their escape. A broad lake lay in front without means of transport; beyond, the loftiest range of mountains in Europe covered with eternal snow opposed their progress, while all the passes and roads were guarded by hostile troops; even suppose all these obstacles overcome, they would have the disciplined armies of France and Piedmont to encounter in their own valleys. Notwithstanding all this, they undertook and accomplished this marvellous enterprise: 900 men composed the whole force destined to achieve it. Henri Arnaud was the hero, who, like a second Joshua, was to lead God's people back to the land of their fathers. I conceive this man to have been actually one of the grandest characters in history, and had his exploits been performed on some better known field, and not merely for the restoration of a handful of peasants to their obscure and hardly known valleys, few would have shone with a brighter lustre. He was at once their pastor, their general, and their historian. He preached to them the gospel of Christ; this was his original vocation. He conducted them in their perilous march. He led them from victory to victory against fearful odds, and he recorded their gallant deeds. *La glorieuse Rentrée*, the glorious return of the 900 Vaudois, written by Henri Arnaud, is one of the most spirit-stirring histories extant. Well, boats and rafts were secretly collected at various parts of the lake. These were suddenly concentrated, and at midnight on the 16th August 1689 they embarked. Landing on the opposite shore, they traversed the valleys well known to modern tourists as far as Salenches. Thence, in order to escape their enemies, who guarded the passes, they crossed the highest ranges by the Col du Bon-

¹ The symbol of the Vaudois Church, like the burning bush of the Church of Scotland, is a candle shining in the midst of surrounding darkness, with the motto, "*Lux lucet in tenebris.*"

homme, a pass well known to myself, where some summer tourists have perished amid snows and precipices; and after spending eight days in these lofty and inclement regions, worn with cold and hunger and fatigue, they descended the gigantic flanks of the Mont Cenis, near the spot where the present tunnel enters the valley; and there, in their exhausted condition, they were confronted by a French and Piedmontese force of 2500 trained soldiers guarding the banks of the rapid river Doua. There, at the bridge of Salebertrahd, with which many of our readers must be acquainted, as it is, I think, the first or second station on the railroad after issuing from the tunnel, there took place a most singular conflict. They were summoned contemptuously to unconditional surrender. The only reply on the part of the wearied and exhausted Vaudois was the battle shout and the charge. The bridge was stormed. "For two hours the battle raged," says Henri Arnaud's History, "which ended in the complete defeat of the enemy; the field was covered with their slain, all the baggage and ammunition fell into our hands, and when the moon rose not an enemy was to be seen." The victorious Vaudois paused on the bloody field only to return thanks to God, singing with one heart, "Thanks be to the Eternal Lord God of Hosts, who hath given us the victory!" By the light of the moon and the blazing camp of their enemies, they pressed forward to ascend the lofty chain of mountains which still separated them from their beloved valleys. The next day was the Sabbath, and on the towering summit of Mont Sei, in full view of their native mountains, they, for the first time since they left the peaceful shores of Lake Lemman, kept the holy day and worshipped God in safety. But short breathing space had they. On the day following, the little band, now reduced to 800 men, rushed down into their valleys like one of their own mountain torrents. A panic swept their enemies before them as they advanced. The priest forsook the altar, and the soldier the fort, and fled before a shot had been fired. It was on the 25th August that they reached the Val Pragela. On the 28th, at Prali, they had the joy of worshipping God once more in one of their own churches, which they had stripped of the trappings of idolatry. Arnaud ascended the pulpit. The 74th Psalm was sung, and we may well conceive with what deep emotion the sacred words, so sadly applicable to their own history, poured from the lips of these 800 peasant warriors.

"They fired have Thy sanctuary,
And have defiled the same,
By casting down unto the ground
The place where dwelt Thy name.

Thus said they in their hearts, Let us
Destroy them out of hand;
They burnt up all the synagogues
Of God within the land."

But to the sounds of lamentation succeeded the

voice of thanksgiving and triumph, and the 76th Psalm awoke the echoes of the mountains.

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name in Isr'el great;
In Salem is His tabernacle,
In Zion is His seat.

There arrows of the bow He brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious Thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

And what a sermon must that have been, and with what feelings listened to, which their gallant general and devoted pastor preached to his little band from the 129th Psalm—"Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say." Alas! the days of their affliction were not yet ended.

Thus far had the romantic enterprise of the 900 Vaudois been accomplished. In defiance of hostile forces and natural obstacles they had returned to their native valleys. The story of their twelve days' march more resembles the fictions of romance than the facts of history, and though, to classic ears, it may appear *magna componere parvis*, it will bear no unfavourable comparison with the march of the 10,000 Greeks under Xenophon. But they had now to face new dangers of a still more formidable kind. Their valleys were in the hands of their enemies, and occupied by the disciplined troops of France and Piedmont in overwhelming numbers, and a war was now to commence not less extraordinary than any part of their history. The numbers of the enemy prevented the Vaudois holding any position in the valleys, so that they were compelled to remain in the fastnesses of the lofty mountains, exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, and often destitute both of food and of ammunition, save what they wrested from their persecutors. Broken into little bands, they scoured the mountains night and day, keeping their enemies in continual alarm; suddenly sweeping down from the mountains, they would storm their fortified places, or without reckoning numbers carry destruction into their disciplined ranks. Rivers of blood were shed, for, driven to desperation, the Vaudois became merciless, and, unable to secure their prisoners, they were forced to the cruel necessity of giving no quarter. In almost every encounter, and in spite of all odds, they were victorious, until at last, says Gilly, "the enemy were so intimidated that a whole company would fly at the sound of a single Waldensian fusil." The siege of Balsille was one of the most remarkable events in this extraordinary war. This natural stronghold—for it owed its strength to its natural position—stands at the head of the ravine of Macel, a branch of the valley of San Martino. It is a lofty precipice projecting into the valley, and divided into three terraces at intervals of some hundred feet. A torrent sweeps round its base, and its bare precipitous rocks offer an insecure footing to the assailant. This position, strengthened by the engineering skill of

Henri Arnaud, was held by 367 Vaudois for eight months in face of 22,000 French and Piedmontese. Sleeping on the bare ground, or in extemporised barracks hollowed out of the earth, subsisting on the spoils of their enemies, and defending themselves with the ammunition brought for their destruction, so obstinate was their resistance that the French general at last offered them peace and a large sum of money if they would surrender. But, taught by cruel experience what faith should be placed in Popish promises, the Vaudois rejected all negotiations. At length, however, artillery being brought to bear on their rocky stronghold, and finding the place no longer tenable, they abandoned it in the darkness of night, which was rendered more impenetrable by a thick mist entirely concealing their movements from their enemies. Not a man was lost in this extraordinary march, which they themselves attributed to the miraculous interposition of God; and let the most practised mountaineer attempt to scale the precipices of Gingnevert with all the advantages of broad daylight, and after the summer's sun has melted the winter's snow, and he will hardly come to any other conclusion. At this crisis Providence turned the tide of events in favour of the persecuted Vaudois. Their enemies quarrelled among themselves, and the French drove the Duke of Savoy from his capital. And where did the defeated prince seek for safety in this his evil day? Surely this is a rare example of the romance of history. He fled for refuge to the valleys which he had desolated, to the people whom he had persecuted, to Henri Arnaud whom he had hunted like a wild beast! And they protected their sovereign, and kept him in safety in their mountain fastnesses until the storm blew over and peace was restored. And how did he repay his brave and generous protector? Of all the cruel deeds he perpetrated this seems the foulest. He compelled Henri Arnaud to fly from his beloved valleys, and actually set a price on his head! One feels unwilling to believe such utter baseness, but we fear it is impossible either to discredit the fact or to extenuate the atrocity. And the noble Vaudois chief this time made no resistance. Unwilling to embroil his flock in fresh wars, when there was at least the prospect of a measure of toleration, he left for ever the valleys he had loved and served so well. Every effort was made to induce him to adopt a military life, for which he had proved himself so remarkably qualified. The two greatest generals of the age, Prince Eugene and our own Marlborough, competed for his services, and offered him high command in their armies. But he rejected every temptation. He had been a soldier only under the compulsion of extraordinary circumstances. His vocation was the ministry of God's Word. He withdrew to Schönberg, on the banks of the Rhine, and there he spent the remaining twelve years of his life, preaching the gospel of salvation. He departed to receive his reward in heaven in the year 1721.

To be concluded.

MINING MEMORIES.

BY AN OLD COLLIER.

No. II.—The Brake-tramp Melody.

MY readers will not expect that, in the order of their occurrence, these "Memories" will be consecutive. They are not meant to be biographical, and therefore, what appears to-day may be many years separated in the roll of my experiences from that which appeared last month and that which may follow next month. No one can imagine what simple occurrence will awaken memories

that have long slumbered; no one can tell what will happen to-morrow, and therefore to-morrow may recall events that have long been dead to me, and which may seem well worth setting down in writing. A chance word; an accidental meeting of an old friend; a passing glance of a foe of the olden time; a sudden finding of something that has long lain hid; an old letter; an old song even—every one knows that any or either of these things may have a reminiscence, sad or pleasant, enwrapping it. To-day, then, I am not gazing at the village where my youth was spent, but on a spot much less sunny, where it was my lot to linger a little on my journey onward and deathward. Whether the incidents recorded were recalled exactly in the manner here set down need not be particularly inquired into. Let it suffice that they are *memories*, so little elaborated that many readers will, I feel sure, be able to say, "I knew the man, and as it is here, so it really was."

"George," said my wife to me one evening some months ago, "I wish there was no more occasion for you to go underground."

"Why?" I said, not evincing a great deal of interest in the wish; for it was one which I had heard her express very frequently.

"George, I do wish it, and you say 'Why?' as lightly as if an accident to you underground would be a small matter to me."

"Or to me," I said, meaning to laugh the matter

over, for I saw she was very much in earnest this time.

"I suppose," she said, dreamily, "none of those poor fellows who were killed the other day would miss their wives very much?"

I went and sat down near her. "That is the common notion, Agnes," I said; "and if correct, as very likely it is, then an accident that took me from you would be very much more to you than to me. The moment's suffering would be mine and the long sorrow yours. But no such accident is going to happen," I added, and then, with gentle remonstrance, I said, "What makes you trouble

yourself and me about that, Agnes? It is not fair."

"Not fair?" said she questioning, with surprise in her eyes.

"Very unfair," I said, "because, you see, it is my handicraft—my business. Of course I might give it up and try something else."

"Do, George," she said, laying her hand on my shoulder.

"Agnes, we will look forward to that," I replied. "At present I must remain as I am. Besides the thing called 'Accident' seems to be omnipresent. We may fly to avoid it, and yet, in the first hour of our flight, it might meet us."

"No doubt people die everywhere, but to be killed underground seems so terrible."

"A matter of taste," I said lightly; and then, as she looked at me reproachfully, "Agnes," I said, "I knew a man who made a mistake such as you would advise, by flying from what he thought was a dangerous situation."

"Ay," she said; "how was that?"

Gruesome stories had a strange power over her—a power that seemed to be growing lately. She had suffered a morbid dread—amounting to an assurance, almost—of something terrible happening to me, unless I gave up my mining charge; and she had got into a habit of feeding her dread by scanning the papers eagerly for all notices of underground accidents. Earnestly she listened to any one who had a story to tell of disasters in the depths of the earth, and if I were near, she never



failed to look at me with a triumphant "Now, George!" in her eyes. I had no hope of curing her, and I knew that nothing but a long lack of underground accidents would remove the love-prompted annoyance which her "dread" caused to me. However, the incident which had just come back to my memory seemed a step in the right direction, as showing how little we know of what is before us. And so:—"It was a man," I said, "whom I had under my charge, a good, sober, miner—unmarried. It was about the time that the great Hartley accident took place. It made everybody sad. A feeling of insecurity hung about every one who had to go from the surface of the earth, and this man—Moore was his name—had his full share of the sense of ever-present danger. He was employed as a sinker at the time, and whether he had taken a fear that some of the shaft-fittings were not secure enough, I cannot tell, but, suddenly, at the end of a shift, he said he was not going down again, and asked for a 'line' to enable him to get the wages that were due to him.

"What's the matter, Moore?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Are you going to get more wages?"

"No, I don't expect so."

"Where are you going?"

"To Kilsyth; to a pit that's sinking there."

"Oh!" I said, "in that case we'll soon have you back." This occurred on a Friday afternoon, and I paid no more attention to the affair till, on Sabbath evening, I met the oversman of the pit where Moore wrought, and, during a few minutes' talk, he told me that the man Moore had changed his mind, and was not going to Kilsyth after all.

"What then does he mean to do?" I asked.

"Oh! he'll be out to his shift as usual to-morrow morning."

"I suppose it's the old trick," I said, "pretending to leave in order to get up all his wages."

"The oversman said he did not think so. Indeed, he was sure he had meant to go away at the time, but that he had been persuaded to stay by some of his fellow-workmen. I said it did not matter much, and as Moore was a good man, he might resume work again. Well, when I went to the pit on Monday morning, I was told that the shift was a man short."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Oh! it's Moore," was the reply. "He was here, and after being ready to step on to the 'kettle,' he changed his mind and would not go down."

"Well," I said, after some needless petulance, aroused by the man's indecision, "what's he after now?"

"Away to Kilsyth."

"I'll wager he will not stay away a week," I said. "Don't let him start when he comes back until I see him." Well, remaining firm to his in-

tention, the man appeared at the sinking shaft near Kilsyth, and on Monday evening at ten o'clock was ready to go down. He was in a strange place, but not quite among strangers. He had secured a lodging with people whom he knew, and was going down to work with men who knew him. Yet he seemed to linger a little (this we learned afterwards). Finally saying, "I wish I had this shift in," he went down along with the others.

"Did something happen to the poor man?" my wife now asked, as if she felt my words were leading up to that.

"Yes, something happened to him, Agnes—listen a moment."

"Oh, poor fellow! What was it?" she asked earnestly.

"During the shift, about midnight, the sinking operations required that a shot should be fired. The usual preparatory work had been done. The powder was rammed and the fuse ready to be lighted. The customary signal to the pit-head was made, and the return signal signifying 'ready,' was distinctly heard by all. Moore and one of the three men who composed the shift took their places on the kettle, standing, as the custom is, on the edge of it. The third, after having lighted the fuse, gave the signal 'go on,' and took his place beside the others immediately. There was the expected pause of a second or so, but then the engine did not, as was expected, move on, and so the men remained swinging above the lighted fuse. Muttering 'What's wrang wi' him?' the foreman of the shift pulled the bell-rope once more. Still there was no upward movement. A second or two passed. The situation was fast becoming perilous, and still there was not the anxiously-expected upward movement. A second or two more, and then Moore, who in their critical position seemed the coolest of the party, leaped from the kettle, saying as he did so, 'The strum's not burned to the hole yet.' Hardly had he got to the pit-bottom when the kettle began to move quickly away. His companions saw him hurrying to the burning fuse and, looking down, they saw him trying, with the iron heel of his boot, to sever it close to the shot hole. They saw him, after a second or two, rush to the bell-rope. Doubtless, although they did not hear it, the signal 'set back,' had been made, for the engine stopped and the 'kettle' swayed about, suspended in 'mid-shaft.' Alarmed, stunned, confused, the two men in it could do nothing but wait and stare at each other in silence. To those above-ground the signalling seemed incomprehensible. The man at the engine wondered if he had heard aright, and waited till he should hear more, and so some seconds passed. Then the pit-head man looked down, and seeing lights in the shaft, shouted, speaking at a venture, 'Up to the top,' and while that was being done the shot was heard to go off."

"And the man in the bottom of the pit!" my wife exclaimed.

"And the fated man in the bottom of the pit, Agnes."

There was a little pause, and then I resumed. "No sooner were the men on the pit-head, than the engineman hurried out to speak. He looked round, and thinking the men all safe, said, smiling, 'Did ye get a fright?'"

"'A fright?' said the foreman of the shift. 'Ye've done't this time. What was wrang that ye couldna bring us awa?'"

"'It was the brake-tramp that held some way. I'll hae a look at it'"

"'Let us doon first. Haste ye wi' thae lamps, Bob,' said the foreman, running to hurry on the retrimming of the lamps."

"'Whare's the new man?' the engineman asked, evincing concern for the first time since the men had been brought up."

"'In the bottom yet. Awa to your engine and let us doon,' was the low reply. 'Gang smart doon, and hang us just over the bottom.'"

"Although there was extreme alarm in the minds of all present, yet there was but little appearance of it. The men stepped on the 'kettle' resolutely, fearing, but not expressing their fears. Rapidly they were run down to the bottom, and soon thereafter the signal 'men on' was given, and the poor man Moore was brought to the pit-head not much mangled but—dead."

"Dead!" my wife exclaimed. "Oh, George, why will you persist in going down such places?"

The leap of her sympathies from the dead to the living was quick—startlingly so. No doubt her question was in direct sequence of her exclamation, and both the result of what she had been hearing. But I had hoped to convince her that in flying from a supposed, or even a real danger, it is never certain that we are running towards safety.

"But Agnes," I said, "don't you see that this man might have been safe had he remained at his post?"

To my surprise this was met by the query, "What post?"

"Under my charge," I said.

"It seems to me," she said, musingly, "that where he was last at work was his post, and he was killed at it."

"True," I said, "quite true. He was at his appointed place, and he died there. But does it not seem as if the man could not help himself? That was what we all thought at the time. He seemed to be trying to fly from a fate which he feared awaited him, and he only fled to where it was waiting for him. Seems it not so, Agnes?"

"Yes, it seems so, and I know the lesson you want me to learn. But oh! George, you cannot imagine what a horror I have of your being obliged to go down pits. If you are to be taken from me, I think—I think it would be less terrible above ground."

There was no answering that, and so the matter for the moment dropped.

Christian Work in an English Village.

[WHAT follows is by the younger of the two ladies mentioned in the note prefixed to the former article, in the April Magazine. A. H. CHARTERIS.]

How I began my Sunday School.

MANY years ago, when I was little more than a schoolgirl, I was struck with the intelligent faces of some of the rough lads who made a play-place of the road that runs by the side of our little garden. Sunday being a free day, they had all the more leisure for their noisy sport, which was not altogether exempt from the quarrelsome element. I knew two of these boys by name, and at last summoned up courage to ask them if they would like me to read to them on Sunday afternoon. They looked doubtful, and said they "shouldn't mind," which I afterwards learned is intended to convey the idea of their being delighted. I was new to the county then, and did not know that "I suppose" means positive knowledge, and "I don't mind," glad and thankful acceptance.

Not altogether disheartened, I told my little plan to an old widow who lived in a little cottage close to our own. She entered eagerly into the subject, and said at once that her room was quite at my service, and that she would sit upstairs or go in to her daughter's house close by, whilst I held my class. Encouraged by this, I told the boys I should expect them.

For the first Sunday I provided myself with an amusing story with a well-pointed moral, and was much pleased with the attention paid; they were too shy to be anything but quiet. However, a very short acquaintance sufficed to show the different characters I had to deal with.

I felt so thankful to think I had found a way of knowing them personally. It had seemed so hopeless before, when, seeing them quarrelling, I had stopped to protest gently. It is so very difficult to judge who is in fault, unless one knows a little of the disposition of the disputants. For instance, one of my boys is an immense help to me in taking a class of little ones; he is gentle, patient, and most painstaking, but put him among boys of his own age, and he is at once in trouble. At first I used to think the others put upon him, but a little careful watching showed that his natural disposition was a determination to be master and have his own way in everything. So now at school-treats and any such opportunities which may occur, I try to make him a leader among the tiny ones. They need a masterful spirit amongst them to keep the games from falling flat, and the result is peace.

The second Sunday I found, to my delight, that they wished to sing, so I taught them the words of the well-known hymn, "There is a happy land." Three of the lads had sweet true voices and a good ear for music, and quickly caught the tune; the others groaned away much to their own satisfaction.

I found it quite impossible to drive any idea of tune into them, but they seemed to enjoy it quite as much as the more musical ones, so I gave up trying, and let them groan on.

Two or three more Sundays I continued the reading and singing. Fresh boys kept dropping in until I had fourteen, three of whom could read a little, and they begged to be allowed to read "in Testament," which book I found was looked upon as a high standard of education. One boy would say with scorn of another, perhaps older boy, "He is only in his a, b,—ab, I'm in Testament." Of course I was glad they should wish to read for themselves, but it was great pain to me to hear the Holy Book stumbled through. And one day my best scholars had been reading our Blessed Lord's beautiful charge to St. Peter, "Feed my sheep," when, in the middle of a verse, my most troublesome boy began to bleat like a sheep. Of course they all thought this a good joke, and wild confusion ensued. I tried reasoning and scolding, but that was no use, they were much too excited to listen, so I turned the offender out, and shut the door. But Bill was in too bad a frame of mind to be subdued by such gentle treatment, and continued bleating through the keyhole. At length I convinced my boys that there was no real fun in such irreverence to God's word, and they ceased laughing. Suddenly two of them disappeared and Bill was quiet. We went on then quite steadily. I had not once to complain of inattention; they seemed anxious to make up for Bill's badness by behaving extra well. In about ten minutes the two truants returned breathless, having, as they told me with beaming faces, "kicked him all the way home," and a good punishment it proved, as I never had such trouble with him again.

But that is one out of many instances of my troubles; sometimes I used to come home quite disheartened, but I was sure to be comforted during the week by some little anecdote told by a mother of how her child had learnt something or remembered something I had told him. Then I knew the day had not been all lost, and I gathered fresh courage for the next Sunday. I may here add that, if possible, those engaged in teaching would do well to know the home-life of each child. A word of praise to the parents does more towards sending Jimmy regularly and in time, than any amount of scolding to the child himself. But really a most important point to be gained is to be able to keep a grave countenance through the many and ludicrous mistakes that children invariably make. Once let them see you are amused, and you lose your influence. Some are easily hurt and become nervous, others are delighted and proceed to make mistakes on purpose. At least, this is my experience.

Of my first pupils there are only four left in the village; two are the steadiest young men we have, and two, I am sorry to say, the worst; but on the whole, I am not disappointed.

I hear of those who are gone away through their relations. One is now a soldier in the Afghan war, another at the Cape, and so they are scattered abroad.

Three are dead: one of the two who helped to chase Bill died of rheumatic fever, and all through his illness he kept on trying to sing the hymn, "I want to be an angel," which he had learned with me.

In course of time a day school was started in the village, and then a regular Sunday School. My class was increased, and then divided, so that now it is an established thing, not depending on myself, for which I am very thankful.

But there are still days (and I know there always must be) when everything goes wrong, and the children pay no attention. I can only hope and pray that the seed has not *all* fallen on shallow ground.

Work for Christian Ladies.

A PLEA FOR FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

THE grand significance of India's destiny as a British possession, acquired to fulfil a divine purpose, has recently received a marvellous testimony from one of her own sons. Keshub Chunder Sen, the well-known leader of the Brahmo Somaj (a form of deism), thus answers the question, *Who rules India?*—"It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart; nor is it the glittering bayonet and fiery cannon. Christ rules India, and not the British Government. England has sent us a tremendous moral force in the life and character of that mighty Prophet to conquer and hold this vast empire. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem—India; and Christ shall have it. . . . If unto any army appertains the honour of holding India for England, that army is the army of Christian missionaries headed by their invincible captain, Jesus Christ."

From one who, though no longer an idolater, is not a professed Christian, these are surely words to make us weigh the responsibilities of our Indian Empire as a sacred trust to educate and evangelise the millions we seek to govern. The ministry of woman, always the handmaid of Christian progress in the history of civilisation, has a great part in this work. The Scottish Ladies' Association puts it directly in the power of every female member of the Church of Scotland to promote the advancement of female education in India. And yet many of them know nothing of its organisation, and do nothing for it at home, and *none of them are in its service abroad*, where more willing messengers than Scotswomen of the National Church have to take their place in the mission-field. The advertising sheet of Life and Work has already brought under the notice of its readers the following appeal for missionary aid:—

"Wanted, a Lady, not under 28 years of age, to act as Superintendent of the Mission at Madras,

in connection with the Church of Scotland. Apply to the Secretary, Miss Sanders, 119 George Street, Edinburgh."

With woman's work a watchword of the age, and intellectual Scotland the busy arena of her asserted energies, how can it be that a vocation so noble, a life so satisfying to every highest aspiration, is neglected? Are there no daughters to do the bidding of the Master as simply and joyously as Mary Magdalene, the first missionary of His resurrection? Do none recognise the call of Christ in His Word, the call of His Voice in their hearts, and the call of His Providence in their lives, as the threefold cord to draw them to this service?

In addition to the medical certificate as to ability to stand the test of climate, an aptitude for the study and acquirement of languages is required to fill the post for which we plead, along with considerable administrative faculty and power of organisation of work, and above all, that deep and fervent personal piety which is the education of mind and heart most necessary for the education of others.

The work of the Scottish Ladies' Mission in India is twofold, viz. teaching in the schools, and teaching in the homes, where the pupils at a very early age are shut up, and not allowed to come out to school. The Zenana consists of the private apartments where the ladies of the family reside, to which access is difficult for any stranger, and impossible to male visitors. Of the dark, miserable lives these poor women lead we can hardly form any idea. They have nothing to do, nothing to learn, nothing to think about, shut up in their ignorance and isolation from all social contact. The word "son" in Bengali, which means saviour or deliverer, expresses their only claim to respect that is ever acknowledged. Motherhood is honoured when a son is born; to have a daughter is almost increase of degradation. Naturally, this maternal influence is a religious influence, and the mothers in India guard and cherish the superstitions of the children from generation to generation. To enlighten their minds in the knowledge of Christ is to establish a radiant centre in every home, from which the gospel will spread its glorious beams. This is the work of the Zenana visitor and school teacher, as carried out by the Scottish Ladies' Mission at its six stations, Calcutta, Madras, Poona, Sealkote, Chumba, and Ceylon. The schools, even of high caste, are eagerly filled as soon as opened, and the Baboos or gentlemen, themselves influenced by European civilisation, are so desirous of education for their wives and daughters, that they will allow them to be taught the truths of the Bible by Christian teachers rather than remain ignorant.

There ought to be an Auxiliary Association in every parish in connection with the Mission to the Women of India. The help can be given in one or other of three ways—by contributions in money, by work sold on behalf of the funds, or

by work prepared to send out to India as presents and prizes for the Zenana ladies and school children. These gifts are described by Miss Pigot, our Lady Superintendent at Calcutta, as of great service in "oiling the machinery" of her work, and their preparation by working-parties in this country associates the female members of congregations together for a pleasant purpose in connection with the Church. May Christ prepare the hearts of the women of India to know Him, and of the women of Scotland to teach that knowledge, even now sending willing labourers into His vineyard who will say, "Lo! we have seen His Star in the East, and are come to serve Him there!"

H. C. R.

The Cabul Campaign.

A Letter to the Editor.

By Rev. G. W. MANSON, B.D., Chaplain of the Church of Scotland in India.

Continued from March.

LIFE in this frontier station (Kohat) had one drawback to its amenity. The air, everywhere, was heavy with the pestilential odour of dead camel and bullock, whose carcasses rotted on the roads and in the fields around. The bullock-drivers of the Punjab goad or beat their poor weary animals, until they simply break their hearts and die. The camel, again, is a much-enduring creature up to a certain point; that point reached, without warning, he collapses and expires. The cruelty to animals daily witnessed was infinitely distressing, and yet, I fear, to a great extent unavoidable. Speedy transport of stores to the front was a matter of such prime necessity, that carriage had to be pressed forward at any cost. Dead camel became henceforth the greatest nuisance of our onward march.

Anxious to advance, and impatient of further delay, all hailed with welcome the order to proceed to the Kurram Valley. Six daily stages were traversed to Thull, over the watershed of a somewhat hilly region, along a road which, in its latter aspects, presented only a track of deep ruts. The Afghan boundary we crossed on 2d April. Thence a good military road led northwards up the left bank of the Kurram River for five marches intersected by more than one unbridged stream. At Budeah Kheyl, where we left one fresh grave behind us, the valley trends sharp round to the west, and still keeping the same bank of the river, three more stages conducted to Kurram Fort, then General Roberts' head-quarters. Without halting here, we made next day a longer march than usual to Habib Kila, a mere collection of huts at the farthest extremity of the valley, where still greater reduction of baggage was effected, the mess broken up, and officers rendered henceforth dependent on the skill of their one Mussulman servant for the cooking and serving of their daily ration, which was the same as that issued to the men. For carriage one mule was now allowed to each, necessitating the compression of clothing, bedding, cooking-pots, and dishes, to the modest weight of 80 pounds. Thus reduced in life we started to cross the Peiwar Kotal, up whose steep zigzag ascent it was a fine sight to see the Highland column winding. After a double march along the right bank of the warbling Hurriab River, which held its course down the valley of the same name, the path crossing many unbridged tributaries in its course, we arrived on the 15th April at Ali Kheyl, and encamped on a stony plateau about a mile beyond the native village, overlooking the bed of the Kheria River, as a component part of the 2d Brigade of the Kurram Field Force; the 1st Brigade, including the

72d, occupying a similar natural plateau about half a mile distant.

Every one soon had enough of Ali Kheyl. The excitement at first caused by tribesmen firing nightly into the camps quickly subsided, and the reign of monotony began. The amenities of the place were a fine dry climate, the endurable summer temperature of an altitude of 7000 feet, fair general health, and comparatively empty hospitals. Its disadvantages, on the other hand, were privation of one's accustomed resources of reading or recreation, a life of enforced inaction, and compulsory confinement to camp, unless one went about armed at personal risk. The meat too, issued as rations to the troops, though no doubt the best procurable, was miserably thin and poor, and many grew weakly in consequence. I must say the various regiments bore their little trials in an admirably patient and soldierly manner. I never heard a murmur; on the contrary, general cheerfulness prevailed. Many an anxious glance used to be cast up the gorge leading to the Shutrgardan, but it soon became evident our road was not yet to lie that way. Church work progressed on the whole most favourably, no wet Sunday ever intervening to interrupt the out-door services. For meetings and voluntary church, some active earnest men purchased material, and constructed by their own labour, when off duty, a commodious booth in a nook on the precipitous face of the cliff overhanging the river. We had many a pleasant little meeting in this quiet and retired spot, which was approached by a zigzag path from the top of the cliff, and was quite invisible until you stood almost on its roof. The 72d had a similar erection near their own lines. Mr. Jollie and myself dispensed the Sacrament, in a tent of the Divisional Field Hospital, to a large number of united communicants of both Presbyterian congregations. We both found a measure of comfort and satisfaction in being able to accomplish so much as we did, under unusual circumstances, but we felt the want of our accustomed reading and study, having no books at hand except our Bibles and the great volume of nature around, of which a pleasing page was always spread open before us in the contour of the snow-clad Safed Koh.

So the summer months passed. Peace had been proclaimed. We had seen Cavagnari pass through with his embassy and escort, and almost longed to have accompanied him to Cabul. The war over, all were complacently looking forward to a speedy return to the comforts of Hindustan. But all at once, rudely, were we awakened from our monotonous routine of thought, by one of those startling surprises to which I referred at the outset of this narrative as peculiar to Indian life. It was in the early days of September. For a day or two an uneasy feeling had been prevalent in camp, and the sight of orderlies galloping to and fro gave rise to vague suspicion that something was wrong. One idea seemed to leap into every mind; it began to be whispered that surely Cavagnari must have been assassinated at Cabul. Little did we imagine the full extent of that dastardly outrage, the particulars of which, on the night of Saturday the 6th, became known to at least some in camp. I was turning in for the night, when the officer in command of the 92d came to my tent, and in a voice awed with emotion, informed me of the pitiful details he had himself just ascertained. The tidings were sufficiently appalling to banish sleep. One felt stunned by them. A reference in the public prayers at Church next morning was, I think, the first intimation of the disaster to the greater part of our men, whose proper feeling did them credit. At last our advance to Cabul was imminent! But we contemplated it no longer with the same eager and heightened anticipation as before. It had come to be regarded as a stern and solemn duty, a call of dire and inevitable necessity.

Looking at the distance between us and our goal, as represented on the map, some readers may have wondered why an instant general advance was not made at all

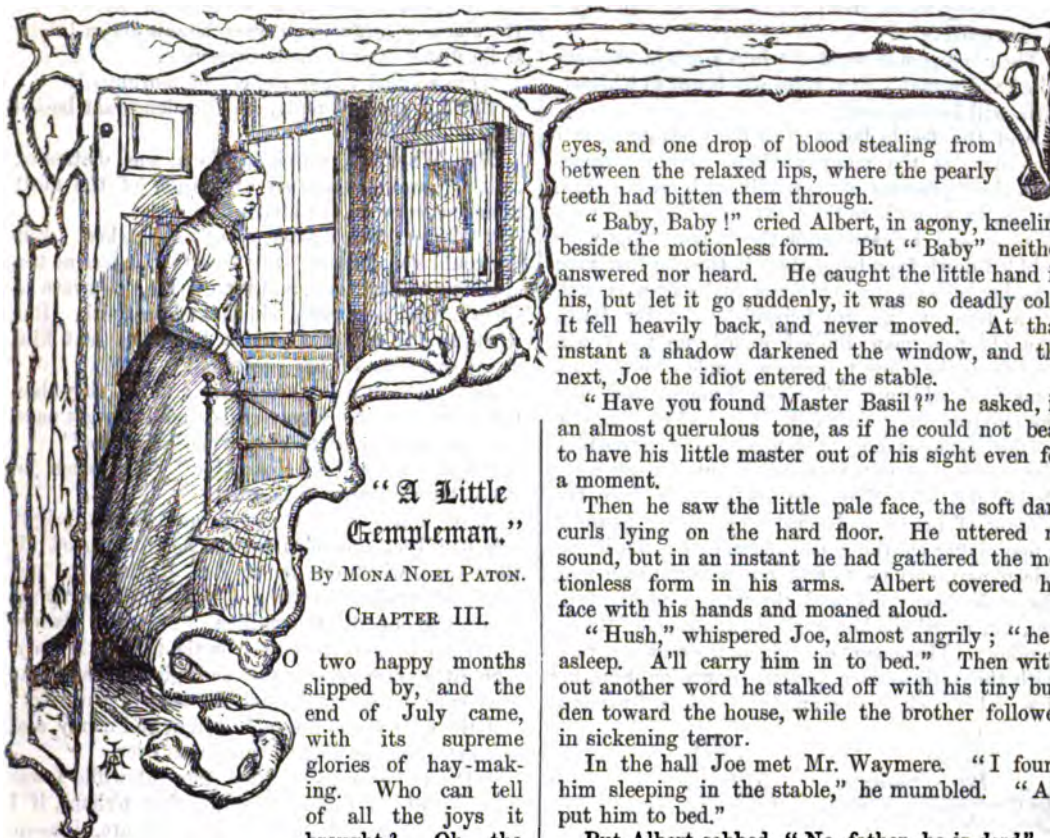
hazards. Certainly the men could have gone on at a moment's warning; the carriage required to move them is a mere trifle. But what about ammunition and food, for which the bulk of the transport was needed? Would it have been wise to go without these? I am quite sure that to have penetrated into a barren, dangerous, and hostile country, *without proper supplies of ammunition and food*, would have been simply to court disaster, if not extermination. The event proved the wisdom of what was, after all, but a short delay. Not a moment possible was lost. All worked their very hardest. Already a force had been pushed up sharp to occupy the crest of the Shutrgardan. The rest of the army quickly followed. It was indeed a work of intense effort to get the force, with all its supplies, started off, but once in motion, it kept moving. We got on with hardships and a great struggle, but still we got on. Under a Commander like Sir F. Roberts, with a wise head on his shoulders, in whose thorough capacity for his post the troops had implicit and intelligent confidence, difficulties existed only to be vanquished. Seeing and knowing what I did, I can only look back on the conduct of this advance with astonishment and admiration.

The first march from Ali Kheyl was the most fatiguing I have ever yet undergone. The track—for it could seldom be called a road—lay up the rocky bed of a stream, which twisted about in the most eccentric links, and had to be forded times innumerable; while, from the beetling crags on either side of the defile, the reflected heat was intolerable. The distance, put down as eighteen miles, appeared to the pedestrian to be much longer. I walked into Karatiga thoroughly done up; having left Ali Kheyl at daybreak. It was a trial of patience too, to wait without shelter until such of the baggage as reached at all that night came in. The long convoy of laden animals being compelled to proceed in single file, the last of it did not leave the starting-point until after mid-day. The difficult march was exhausting for the transport, and delay frequently caused by mules and bullocks lying down with their loads. Fortunately my tent turned up, though not till after dark, and was pitched by moonlight; fortunately, I say, because the men's bedding did not come in at all, so that the troops bivouacked in kilt and greatcoat, without much food. Too tired to eat, I spread my bedding on the ground, went to sleep, and slept well. There was no village at Karatiga, and no supplies; it was a mere angle in the hills, barely wide enough to yield sufficient camping-ground.

Next morning, 28th September, without waiting for the belated baggage, but leaving a company to look to its safety, the column crossed the stiffish Surkai Kotai, traversed the curve of a long plateau, and finally breasted the ascent of the Shutrgardan. The climb was a most toilsome one, not on account of the severity of the gradient, but because the rarefaction of the air at that great altitude of 10,000 feet, made us easily get out of breath. "We'll gar they Afghans pay for this," a veteran would mutter to himself, as he panted along. But at length we stood on the "camel's neck," and could look down the other side into the Logar Valley. The view was disappointing, as a perpetual haze lay over the prospect.

Here on the windy summit of the pass we halted till the baggage overtook us, which it ultimately did. The only considerable loss it sustained was a quantity of kits and bedding, whose unfortunate owners, for the rest of the campaign, were reduced to what they stood in. While Captain Gordon and his company retraced their steps to clear the road of marauders, a sharp brush had meantime been going on between Captain M'Callum's guard at Karatiga and a large body of mountaineers, whom our handful of men routed with loss. Before we left the crest of the Shutrgardan, where the snow is now lying deep over his grave, I buried one of the 72d who had succumbed to illness on the march.

To be concluded.



"A Little Gempleman."

By MONA NOEL PATON.

CHAPTER III.

O two happy months slipped by, and the end of July came, with its supreme glories of hay-making. Who can tell of all the joys it brought? Oh, the games of hide-and-seek that went on round the hay-quires! Oh, the houses that were hollowed out in the ricks, and the splendid rides on the carts, or on the broad backs of the "real living" horses! Basil sat on the top of the piles of hay cheering on the horses and the men, and waving his "ummalgaily," as he called his cap, regardless of the constant danger of falling off.

At last every store was crammed with the noble crop of hay, and the loft in the stable was also filled. And then a grand idea presented itself to the minds of the young Waymeres. They would play hide-and-seek "about everywhere," and, oh, joy unspeakable! hiding would be allowed in the hay-loft. So a splendid game ensued, and great was the fun and laughter. At last there was a tremendous hunt for Basil. The little pickle had insisted on hiding alone, and nowhere could he be found. His big brother climbed to the hay-loft, and there rummaged vainly for the "scarecrow." He was looking in a dark corner, when suddenly something clad in blue shot past him. He sprang up just in time to see Basil stumble at the hatch leading down to the stable, and next moment he heard a heavy fall on the stable floor. Trembling in every limb, the big brother flew down the ladder. There on the brick floor lay Basil, his little white face upturned, the long lashes shut over the blue

eyes, and one drop of blood stealing from between the relaxed lips, where the pearly teeth had bitten them through.

"Baby, Baby!" cried Albert, in agony, kneeling beside the motionless form. But "Baby" neither answered nor heard. He caught the little hand in his, but let it go suddenly, it was so deadly cold. It fell heavily back, and never moved. At that instant a shadow darkened the window, and the next, Joe the idiot entered the stable.

"Have you found Master Basil?" he asked, in an almost querulous tone, as if he could not bear to have his little master out of his sight even for a moment.

Then he saw the little pale face, the soft dark curls lying on the hard floor. He uttered no sound, but in an instant he had gathered the motionless form in his arms. Albert covered his face with his hands and moaned aloud.

"Hush," whispered Joe, almost angrily; "he's asleep. A'll carry him in to bed." Then without another word he stalked off with his tiny burden toward the house, while the brother followed in sickening terror.

In the hall Joe met Mr. Waymere. "I found him sleeping in the stable," he mumbled. "A'll put him to bed."

But Albert sobbed, "No, father, he is dead."

In silence the father lifted the little body out of Joe's arms, and the idiot sank crouching to the ground, with a wail that was heart-breaking to hear.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he moaned.

But no one could think of him just then. The only creature in the world who had ever loved him lay upstairs on his little crib, white and motionless. He heeded not nor heard his wail. But who shall say that it was not heard by one of those angels who do ever behold the face of the Lord in heaven?

A great silence fell on all the house. Could it really be that those blue eyes were shut for ever? Would that dear voice *never* be heard on earth again? Had the sunshine of so many lives gone out in that short minute?

No. God would yet spare their darling to them. One little spark of life remained. A very little spark indeed, but still life was there.

All night the mother and father watched by the bedside of their unconscious child, not knowing if he would go away from them or stay.

But slowly the spark flickered into a little flame, and in the bright morning Mr. Waymere appeared at the door to tell the crowd of anxious people gathered there that their "little gempleman" was still alive, and that the kind old doctor, who had

driven many miles overnight to see him, had hopes of his recovery.

Then the people burst out into a sob of choking relief, and a man's deep voice was heard to whisper, "He will love me still."

And the feeble flame grew daily stronger, and each day, as the many anxious inquirers came, with their presents of new milk, rich cream, eggs, or fish, to know how the "little gentleman" was, brighter and brighter grew the hopes. The wife hobbled down from her cottage in the glen, carrying a basket of eggs, two chickens, and scones enough for a dozen, to inquire herself for Master Basil. The old fisherman climbed wearily up the rough road from the shore to bring a couple of crabs and some fresh whitinga. The boys brought trout, and the children and "daft folk," who had nothing else to offer, gathered daily fresh flowers for their darling. Very early one wet morning, about a week after Basil's fall, Mrs. Waymere, on peeping from the window of his room, fancied she saw the figure of a man lying on the grass underneath. Basil was asleep, and, curious to find out who the man was, she stole downstairs, and, throwing a plaid about her, ran round the house till she came under Basil's window. There, sure enough, on the soaking grass, with the pitiless rain pouring down on him, lay Joe on his back, gazing up at the darkened window.



"Joe!" cried Mrs. Waymere in astonishment, "what on earth are you doing there?"

He slowly turned his dull eyes upon her, and then stumbled to his feet.

"Oh, ma'am," he whispered, "I didn't mean any ill. I'll be quite quiet. I'll no make a whist. Only let me bide near till him."

"But, Joe, I cannot let you stay out here in the pouring rain," persisted Mrs. Waymere, gently. "It will do you harm."

"No, no, ma'am, it'll no do me ony ill. I've slupt here every night since they took him away from me. Oh, ma'am, let me bide, let me bide."

The mother was silent for a moment. Then, brushing the tears from her eyes, she put her hand on his arm.

"Joe," said she, "if I let you sit by Baby's bedside, will you promise not to say a word to him?"

"Will you—will you let me sit beside him?" whispered Joe, in suppressed excitement.

"Yes, Joe, if you will be quiet."

"Trust me for that!" was all his answer.

After drying and feeding him, Mrs. Waymere

led the poor fellow up into the little boy's room. He was now awake, and when he saw Joe, a bright smile flitted over the pale little face.

"I'm so glad you've come," he murmured.

But Joe gave no reply, and in silence sat beside him.

Mrs. Waymere, watching them, was distressed and perplexed to see an expression of the most intense sorrow on the idiot's face.

"What is the matter, Joe?" she asked. But he would not answer. She saw that it was no use speaking to him there and then. He was sworn to silence, and no power could make him speak. But when, at the end of about an hour, she sent him away, she repeated her question.

Joe's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, they hae taken away all his bonny curls, and I hae got nane—no one little curl to keep when he's gane!"

"But you shall have one, Joe." And when he got it he went away contented.

And so a fortnight passed, and Basil's bright face had been missing from the neighbourhood all that time, when one sunny day Joe had the unspeakable pride of carrying a little bundle wrapped in a plaid out into the garden. The blue flannel suit looked bigger than ever on the thin little body. The little face was white and pinched, and the once curly head now looked like that of a convict; but the eyes were once more bright and merry, and the little tongue wagged rapidly as ever.

"Do you know, Joe, papa thought while I was so welly ill, an' talked nonsense, that p'rhaps, if I ever grew better, I might be like you are, Joe—a' innocent."

The words were gaily spoken, but a shudder went through every nerve of the strong man who heard them, and two great tears welled up into his eyes.

"Like me!" he sobbed. "Oh, Master Basil, never, never, NEVER say that again!"

So Basil promised, and stroked the tanned cheek with his thin white hands. *[To be concluded.]*

"LIFE AND WORK" FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for the preparation, monthly, of a special Supplement, by means of which "Life and Work" may form a Magazine for Her Majesty's Services, in the same way as it is now localised by a Supplement for very many parishes. The Rev. John Paton, of St. Michael's, Dumfries, formerly Army Chaplain and Minister of the Church of Scotland in India, has kindly undertaken to edit the Supplement, with the assistance of a Sub-committee. The Supplement will contain articles, intelligence, etc., suitable for our soldiers and sailors; and it is hoped the first will be ready in June. Will friends of the Services help this new enterprise? The best way of doing so is to send a money contribution to the Secretary of the Christian Life and Work Committee, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh, towards the expense of the Supplement; or copies may be ordered from the Publishers for gratuitous distribution in any Regiment or Station, or in any of H.M. ships. Without liberal aid the work cannot be done.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



JUNE 1880.

Sermon.

By REV. JAMES GERARD YOUNG, D.D., Monisth.

THE KINGDOM AND THE KING.

"We came to Rome."—ACTS xxviii. 11, 16, 31.

IT was the early summer of the year 61, and the quay and the sea-beach of Puteoli were thronged with fashionable visitors from Rome, who came there to enjoy the sunny and wide expanse of the sheltered bay, and to drink of the mineral springs which added to the attractions of the place. The sky was cloudless, and the sea rippled under the soft south wind, and before the favouring breeze came a stately ship; her canvas was still all abroad, and so it was known that this was a vessel from Alexandria, laden with corn, for all others, when they entered these waters, had to lower topsails. Onward came the great ship, and as she neared the quay it was seen that she bore the sign of *Castor and Pollux*, the guardian divinities of seafaring men.

"Safe comes the ship to haven, through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren sit shining on the sails."

All was anxiety to see the new arrival, to hear the last news from Egypt and from Judea, and to learn the state of the markets in the east, and whether prices were likely to rise or fall. No one that day took much notice of a little group that stood on the deck, watched over by the soldiers of Rome; they were only prisoners, on their way to Cæsar's judgment-seat—too common an occurrence to have any interest for the fashionable visitors from Rome. Ah, they little knew what kind of a corn ship this was, that she had sailed under a brighter star than ever shone in the sky of the old world, and that, besides her other cargo, she carried the good seed of the kingdom of heaven, and the greatest sower of that seed that the Lord of the harvest had ever sent forth to sow. And thus it was that St. Paul stepped unnoticed upon the quay, and took the rest of his journey by land, not uncheered by the sight and greeting of kind friends, till with his companions he came to Rome. This is an event of so much interest, it awakens so many thoughts, that we cannot pass away from it without dwelling for a little on two points which seem specially to invite meditation;—first, Paul's presence, and next, his preaching at Rome.

First, Paul's presence at Rome. It is an old and familiar saying, "When you are at Rome you must do as Rome does," for so great, so commanding, is the influence of the place, such is the force of its associations, of its grand ruins, its splendid churches, its magnificent ritual, its priestly rule, that travellers entering there forget what manner of men they were; for the most part the spell of the place falls on them, and masters them, and makes them its own—they become for the time Rome's citizens and children. If it is so now, in the decline and fall of Rome, when it is but the shadow of its former self, what must it have been when Paul first entered the imperial city—then in the zenith of its splendour, its magnitude, and its power? No words can do justice to its architectural grandeur and beauty, to which all regions of the earth had contributed; the inhabitants were numbered by millions, and as for the power of Rome, it so dominated the earth, that the words "I am a Roman citizen" were a protection and a passport from the wilds of Scythia to the shores of Britain. Never was the commanding influence which Rome exercised more universally felt than in the first century of the Christian era; it moulded the most independent and individual minds, and men of all nations, as they entered her gates, took their shoes, as it were, from off their feet, and did her willing homage. How was it, then, that the Apostle Paul did not fall under this potent spell, nor drink of the cup of enchantments? Do not suppose that the Apostle was incapable of estimating the grandeur and power of the place, or that he was insensible to any of its claims or attractions, for he was himself one of the most cultivated and many-sided of men; everything that was great, and beautiful, and strong, had a charm for him; as a man he was proud of being himself a Roman citizen, but he knew another and more glorious kingdom, he had seen a King who was "fairer than the sons of men," and he had come to Rome to preach that kingdom, and to speak of that King.

And this brings us to the second point to be considered, Paul's preaching at Rome. The 31st verse tells us plainly what that preaching was. "The apostle preached the kingdom of God, and those things which concern the Lord Jesus." "He preached the kingdom of God." Strange to speak in Rome of any other kingdom than Rome itself. It was so great, there seemed room for no other; its legions filled

the earth, its fleets were on every sea, its governors in every province, its magistrates sat on all tribunals, it levied tribute on every man, each in his own city. It was, however, not of this imperious dominion that Paul spoke, but of another kingdom wholly, not earthly but heavenly, not visible but invisible, not outward and palpable, but inward and spiritual; its weapons were not fleets, not armies, not banners advanced and trumpets blown, not chariots and horses and mail-clad men with sword and spear, but the truth, truth preached with the might of gentleness, and commended by the power of love. Observe too that this kingdom was the kingdom of God, its King and Head was *one*. That also was a strange and noble thing to preach in Rome. God is one! There is One supreme, whose are the heavens and the earth, and the sea, and all living creatures, and the unseen realms that lie beyond death and the grave. The motto of the old Romans, it has been said, was, "Nil admirari," to be astonished at nothing; but this teaching might have roused them from their proud apathy, if not for its truth at least for its novelty, for their belief was in another direction wholly; their divinities, both good and evil, were legion; everything was deified, not only the sun and moon and stars, the earth and sea and sky, there was not a grove or stream or fountain, or green hill, or lofty mountain, that had not its guardian deities; there was not a threshold unguarded by superior powers, nor a hearth by which the Lares did not sit. If the Roman citizens, like the men of Athens, were "ever desirous to tell or to hear of some new thing," then the preaching of the Apostle might well have gathered the multitude together, and gained him audience and attention while he discoursed to them of one kingdom and one God.

Is it in our power to gain more precise ideas of this kingdom of God as preached at Rome? I think it is, if we will call to remembrance the apostle's description of it. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."¹ The words have grown familiar to us, we accept them now as words of truth and soberness; but when they were first written, in what tremendous contrast did they stand to the whole course and structure of the old world! Righteousness with Nero on the throne, peace with the gates of the Temple of War for ever open, joy in the Holy Ghost, when society was given over to the sins described in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans! Something of this contrast we can see now, when the roll of ages has reduced the once dim and distorted images of the past to their true proportions; but it is not so easy to see that the same contrast between the kingdom of God and the kingdoms of this world continues to this day, disguised and softened it may be, but still it fronts us on every side. We are told some-

¹ Romans xiv. 17.

times of the three ages of this strange mysterious earth on which we are living out our little day; there is the age of stone, and the age of bronze, and the age of iron, and each has marked a departure from barbarism, and an advance in the scale of civilisation; but there is another age, another kingdom, older and more lasting still, which can raise all who will use its weapons and submit to its authority to the dignity of sons of God—it is the age, the kingdom, of *righteousness*. O how slowly it wins its way, how this age of iron fights against the true golden age and keeps it back; for who can look around to-day, and not feel that this is an unrighteous world? "How long, O Lord, holy and true!" "O righteous Father, Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Once more, it is right and necessary for us to view the Apostle's preaching of the kingdom of God at Rome by the light of the words which immediately follow—"teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus." He told the story of the cross, he spoke of Him who had left the glory which He had with His Father before the worlds were, to die for sinful men; who was so full of love, and gentleness, and patience, and invincible pity, who was so great and yet so lowly, so rich and yet so poor, whose sovereignty was submission and whose glory the sacrifice of Himself. Let us accept this teaching; if we would know the kingdom we must consider the King. To look unto Jesus, to consider Him who for our sakes endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, is the true way to come within the sphere of His influence; it is thus that He draws us to Himself and makes us partakers of all the blessedness of the kingdom of God. How little does the world know its rulers! It was only a poor wayworn prisoner that seemed to land that day from the *Castor and Pollux*, and that passed on through the gates of Rome, but the kingdom of God and its King entered with him. True, the Apostle was chained night and day to the soldier who was responsible for his custody, "but the word of God was not bound;" it went forth throughout all the city in silent, unsuspected strength; it came to many, "not in word only, but also in power;" it beckoned them out of the throng; it filled them with a strange solemn joy; it knit them together in holy brotherhood, and made them true subjects of the kingdom. How joyful to this prisoner of Christ Jesus thus to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in his hands. The white banner of the cross already floated over all the Seven Hills, nay, it was unfurled even in Cæsar's palace, for the Apostle could write such words as these to his friends at Philippi—"All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." Verily, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Amen.

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE the family at home knew nothing and suspected nothing of what was happening; and the summer went on full of incidents to Isabel. Though John had given him fairly to understand that he did not want him at Wallyford, Mansfield found many means of making himself agreeable there. He let them know, good-humouredly, that he was aware his visits were not agreeable to their son and brother. "And I don't wonder," he said, laughing; "if I had a Garden of Eden all to myself, I should like to keep it to myself. I should warn other fellows off, and think nobody was worthy—especially fellows such as I am. I am not worthy, Mrs. Cameron. I have always confessed it: but if you will open the door to me, I may come, may not I, in spite of John?"

"You must have mistaken him, Mr. Mansfield; hoot! you must have mistaken him," Mrs. Cameron said, blushing for her son. She could not endure that such a stain upon the hospitality of the house should be; and the stranger's candour vindicated him completely in her eyes. She thought she knew the world. "And lads that have much on their consciences are not so ready to take blame to themselves," she said, nodding her head with a confident consciousness that to deceive her in such matters would not be an easy task. She did not understand how easy it is to take a vague and general blame upon one's self, and to acknowledge a general unworthiness. And neither was the Captain more clear-sighted. He consented over and over again to be taken on the water in Mansfield's little pleasure-boat. Even one glorious day in early August he and Isabel went as far as Inchkeith in this cockleshell, and lunched there with the delighted young man. And after these expeditions the three would walk back to Wallyford together, and there would be the merriest meal, and a night of talk such as "loosed the tongue," Marget said, "in the auld captain's head." There are some young men who, when they are in love, make themselves disagreeable to everybody except the one person who is the object of their love-making—but there is another kind of man who sees all the surroundings of his love in the rosiest colours, and woos the very dogs and the gruffest old servant for her sweet sake. Mansfield was of this kind. He made love to them all, and won their hearts. Marget, though she still now and then lamented that she did not "ken mair aboot him," expanded into smiles when she heard his voice. The Captain would take off his spectacles, and clear his throat with a brightening up of his old countenance as he said, "There's that lad again!" and Mrs. Cameron, though she had begun to think of him with quickened attention and much curiosity, and lost no opportunity of sounding him as to his antecedents and his "friends"—meaning his relations and family—smiled too, and had a look of welcome, which was quite individual, for him, and no one else. At the pier it was the same. There was nothing old Sandy would not have done for the cheery, friendly young man. He took care of the boat as if it had been a child of his own; and when he had nothing else to do, would polish and scrub her till the little vessel shone. "Hoot, sir, it's no money I'm wanting," he said, when that never unacceptable transfer was made from one pocket to the other. "I'm no wanting his money," the old man said to his cronies, "but it's aye pleasant to see a lad like that with a free hand, and thinking upon other people's pleasure as well as his own." Thus everybody was in his favour, both great and small.

July, August. What months they were! Most persons are aware, by personal experience, sooner or later, how some little bit of time, a month or two, a week or two, will suddenly come to bloom out like a great and

perfect blossom upon their lives. Out of the flat routine of ordinary existence—the days that run on exactly like each other, of which common existence is made—all at once this crown of living will come, full of pleasure, full of happiness, usually full of some one individual whose presence gives everything a charm. Then those who had sighed for wealth, or elevation, or something out of their reach, will suddenly become content with the homeliest life. They will find out that externals do not make happiness, that the walk which they have taken, without thinking of it, all their lives, has somehow become a delight, and the fireside conversation, which they have felt to be humdrum, has suddenly gained something which is more than eloquence. Sometimes this wonderful flooding of all the veins of life stops all at once as it began, and existence halts off again, unchanged, into the monotonous thing it was before: sometimes life itself is permanently changed, and diverted into a new channel; but anyhow, that bright moment ends, and the common strain takes up again one way or other. Isabel had come to this moment now. Except those little expeditions on the water now and then—not a dozen of them altogether—spread over the two months, no new gratification had been added to her; and yet everything was changed. She lived a very quiet life for a girl of her age; and it was not any amusement added, any excitement, going into society, going to parties, anything which she had once looked forward to, which brought about this wonderful change. The modest little plant had been coming up, putting out its leaflets all this long, sweet spring, and showing its buds of promise—and now, all at once, it burst into flower. And this transformation affected all around her; the household, which was never sure any evening that the stranger who had established his right to a place among them so securely, might not come in to share their evening meal, and fill the dim rooms with the sweetness of youthful talk and the mirthfulness of youthful laughter, enjoyed, as well as Isabel, this general flooding of new life. The half of the time at least had passed before any one began to think what it meant. As was natural, the mother was the first to be awakened. She had treated John's jealousy of Mansfield's reception at Wallyford as a little exhibition of ill-humour, an evidence of that dislike to have their home invaded which is not uncommon among young men. Among all her anxieties for John this was so very small a matter; and the accidental character of his friend's visits had kept her mind quite calm and quiescent for a time. But, after a while, Mrs. Cameron could not shut her eyes any longer. She said nothing, as yet, to her husband, but she began to watch with a quickened attention, which was, in itself, a kind of relief from her profound anxiety about John, the words and the ways and the looks of young Mansfield. And he bore the inspection, she thought. He was always gay, genial, and kind, yet ready to respond to a more serious touch, and to any call of charity, to any tenderer sympathy. She thought he divined her anxiety about her son, and took the trouble to interest himself in her feelings as well as in her daughter's. With a faint, unusual touch of humour, she said to herself, "The lad is in love with me, too," and laughed within herself with a sweet, tender laughter, which brought the tears to her eyes. When a mother thinks thus, you may be sure she has little alarm as to the candidate for her child's favour. He had touched her heart, he had established between his youth and her age that sympathy which age is flattered and made happy to be called upon to give to youth. She turned a deaf ear to the insinuations of Marget, who was more and more anxious, as affairs progressed, "to ken mair of" the constant visitor. In ordinary cases Mrs. Cameron was the one in the house most slow to extend her approval to a new-comer, but, in this case, she was the least doubting, the most certain. "What more could ye wish to know?" she said, with almost stern reproof, to her faithful servant. "We

know him." Marget, though she was, as she said, "real partial" to Mr. Mansfield, went back to her kitchen on this occasion with a bewildered sense that the mistress was "jist bewitched."

"Do we ken him? that's just what I want some assurance o'," she said to her husband.

"He's a pleasant lad," said Simon, who took everything quietly; and this was all the satisfaction she got. And so the weeks ran on, making him more and more familiar in the house, and more and more the source of all the increased brightness of its life.

And there seemed a lull, too, in those anxieties that had been so keenly awakened about John. He was sometimes so serious as to give them a momentary thrill of alarm about his health or his happiness; but his mother thought she could trace in his more regular visits and his demeanour, so much more "like himself," the influence of the friend who had become a friend of the family, and understood them, she felt sure, better than John himself did. Very rarely did the two appear together at Wallyford, but all hostility on John's part seemed to have dropped, and in all Mansfield's allusions to her son, John bore an aspect so irreproachable that it was impossible not to be consoled and encouraged by it. And thus everything went well. It was so easy to content these good people. If John was but "like himself," if he bore without impatience the ordeal of the Sunday visit, they were satisfied. An anxious word of counsel now and then, an anxious look, not obtrusive, given rather by stealth, when his attention was not directed to them, was all the evidence they gave of the state of alarm in which their minds were. They watched, but silently, not anxious to find out, anxious rather not to find out, praying perpetually, but saying little even to each other. They did as Job did. If it might be now that we could offer burnt sacrifices for our children, one for each, like that patriarch, to atone for the harm they might be doing, how many altars would smoke! Captain Cameron and his wife tried to help their boy in this way, with the difference which Christianity makes; they could not offer lamb or bullock for John, but they prayed for him perpetually. There are some orders of religious people in Roman Catholic countries whose rule it is to maintain what they call the Perpetual Adoration. In their houses there is always one at least in the little chapel praying, and when she (I think they are all women) is worn out, her place is taken by another, so that day and night there is always some one worshipping, pleading with God through all the weary, lingering hours, through cold and heat, through light and darkness. They do it, they say, to keep up continual prayer for those who do not pray for themselves, of whom there are so many in this world. The old father and mother at Wallyford were like this. I think they prayed in their sleep, and woke up often with that petition on their lips, and were never silent, night nor day.

And so the summer went on, all so quiet, so bright. The countryside, and the parish, and the Fisherstown began to take a great interest in Mansfield, and there were various people who inquired of Mrs. Cameron concerning him, more than she was able to answer. "You'll ken his folk?" one questioner said; while another would congratulate Isabel's mother "that there could be no want of means," yet doubt whether it was good for a young man to live for nothing but pleasure. The minister himself, perhaps moved by a little absurd jealousy on his son's account (though he himself had sent his son away in order to separate him from Isabel), made a remark upon this point. "He seems a fine lad," said Mr. Bruce, "but an occupation is good for every man."

"He is a fine lad," said Mrs. Cameron, "but I know nothing about his worldly affairs; he is just a friend of our John's." And at this the minister raised his eyebrows as if in surprise. These suggestions at last began to alarm her a little—suggestions that she ought to know

a great deal more about her visitor. The neighbours with their questions made her see the importance of the matter. She began to look at Isabel with anxious curiosity, and to watch the ways and looks of the young man. It had never occurred to her that any kind of harm could happen to her girl. Harm! it was not possible, for the young stranger was true and honest. Who could look into his eyes and doubt that? But yet she began to give a somewhat anxious attention to all that was said and done. And so the summer went on.

Robbie Baird had been away at the fishing. All this time of Isabel's climax and happiness he had been absent, struggling with the herrings, earning something to make up for the days in winter when there would be little to earn. There had been no fresh encounter between him and Isabel after that momentous time when her indignation had carried her beyond bounds, and she had "spoken to" Robbie. Isabel never quite knew how she had found courage to do it, and, for some time, she was shy of meeting Jeanie Young, who was the only dressmaker who ever came to Wallyford. But when Jeanie came to work, and Isabel, after the usual custom of the house, sat down to help in the making of her own gown, under Jeanie's direction, it was not possible to avoid the subject. The little sitting-room downstairs, close to the door, for which there was no particular use, and which had very little furniture, was the workroom when dress-making was in hand. Its single window looked out into the white rose-bush, which overshadowed it like a miniature forest, and the light was always cool and green in this subdued place, even in the very blaze of summer. It was a day in August, as hot as it ever is in Scotland, a brilliant sun shining outside, and a soft little breeze keeping up a rustling among the tree-tops, and bowing the nodding heads of the ripening corn, which on one side surrounded Wallyford, just outside its little shrubbery, with a sea of russet gold. The window was open, and sometimes the sportive wind would make a raid upon the large table where Jeanie was cutting out, and scatter bits of muslin and thread about the room. Jeanie had spoken very little that morning, which was all the more wonderful that she had by nature a sweet little low-toned voice, with a faint sing-song cadence, as so many voices have in Scotland, and loved to use it, singing softly to herself when she was not talking. Isabel had made two or three efforts to break the unusual ice, when it suddenly dawned upon her that Jeanie, no doubt, was displeased by her intervention in the matter of Robbie, and meant thus to punish her for meddling. This made a still longer and more complete silence between them. Jeanie, with a little languor in her pretty figure, stood at the big table arranging her patterns, and contriving how to spare her material, smoothing it out, patting and humouring it with an experienced hand, yet drooping her head over it with a want of elasticity and spirit which went to the heart of the other girl, who sat sewing at the window, and casting furtive glances at her companion. At length, "Are you not well, Jeanie?" Isabel said.

"Oh yes, Miss Eesabell. I'm much obliged to ye."

"You have been sitting up working, and you are tired, Jeanie!"

"Oh no, Miss Eesabell." Isabel's heart was very soft towards the girl, who was only a little older than herself, and in whom, somehow, she could scarcely tell how, she felt so much more sympathy than she had ever done before. She was not to be repelled by all those non-syllables.

"Jeanie," she said, "there is something wrong. What have I done? Is it all because of Robbie Baird that you will not speak to me?"

"Oh no, Miss Eesabell," Jeanie said, her breast fluttering with a heavy sigh. "Should I be angry at that?" she said, "oh no—it was a' for his good and mine. You're awfu' young to put in your hand and speak to a muckle man that laughs at the very minister;

but he wasna angry, he said you had a fine spirit. He's no' a lad to tak' offence, Miss Eesabell."

"But you have taken offence for him, Jeanie?"

"No me," said the girl drearily, "no me. Oh ay, many's the time I've stucken up for him and took his pairt: and they a' tell me I'm just a fool for my pains. It's no offence, Miss Eesabell, it's just that he's coming back the morn, and I canna tell what to do."

Isabel was very curious, very anxious. She let her work drop in her lap, and turned her face full of sympathetic interest towards the other. "Is it all about—the same thing, Jeanie?" she said.

"That and waur," Jeanie replied, with another long sigh, and stooping over her work, began to run her scissors through the cloth, glad to escape from this investigation; but after a while her own trouble broke through her self-restraint,—"that and waur," she repeated with a melancholy cadence. "I shouldna breathe it to the like of you. It's that ill woman Jess Morrison in the Fisherstown that says—oh I shouldna name the like o' that to you!"

And then there was a pause of dismay and horror. Isabel had been carefully guarded from all the scandalous stories that are too common in Scotch villages, but, little as she knew, she could not help knowing that to associate the name of Jeanie's betrothed husband with that of Jess Morrison could mean nothing but grievous harm. She stopped and held her breath with a pang of pity, and then of hot, youthful resentment. "Jeanie," she cried, with a sudden impulse, "that Sunday, you mind that Sunday! you said all was over between him and you."

"I've said it mair times than that, Miss Eesabell."

"But you don't keep to it, Jeanie. Oh, why don't you keep to it? He is not good enough for you."

"It's awfu' easy speaking," said poor Jeanie, shaking her head; "it's easy, easy speaking; but when it's your laud that you've thought about maist a' your life, when it's him that's first thought upon you, and learned you what it was to leave your father and your mother, and think a' the world of a wee house o' your ain; when it's him, Miss Eesabell, that was the first in a' the airth, better than a king, that was to be by your side at kirk and market, and hand your hand if it was for life, if it was for death; when it's him," cried the poor girl, clasping her hands, "the one, the only one, that was your ain; the one that aye kent what you meant, every word ye said!"

Isabel looked at her humble friend with glistening eyes, and a great ache of fellow-feeling in her heart; her soft countenance crimsoned over, her heart began to beat. What was it that stole from her all power of protest, all the fervour of indignation with which she had once encouraged Jeanie to detach herself from her lover? Isabel felt her tongue tied. She could cry with her companion, but she could not say a word.

"And if you gang to the Bible itself," said Jeanie, drying her eyes, "it's written there that you're aye to forgive."

Isabel could not but shake her head. "Is that the same thing?" she said.

"Are there twa ways of forgiving, Miss Eesabell? I canna think there are twa ways. Man or woman, when they've gane wrang, if they say they're sorry for it, ye have to forgive them. That was the way I was learned at the school. There could not be twa ways of that." Jeanie cried, lifting her head in return with indignant certainty. She had been full of painful doubt when she began to speak. She was hot with determination now.

"But that did not mean to be married to them," Isabel said; and then something of her old sentiment returned to her. "He was not at the kirk at all that day, nor fit to go. You would have to go alone, Jeanie, and what would you get in the market if your man threw all his money away? and how could you think him the first on the earth if you saw him often like you? There are plenty in the Fisherstown to show you how it would be. I saw Jamie Little's wife yesterday, crying, with all

her bairns round her. He was away, and she did not know where he was gone—and David Begbie—"

"Miss Eesabell!" said Jeanie, starting up with a blaze of resentment, "you're speaking o' twa sots that have broken women's hearts, and made their hoooses miserable; and me, I'm speaking o' my Robbie, that whiles takes a glass, poor laud, as they a' do, but that wouldna hairm a worm—no, he wouldna pit his fit on a worm—and do you think he would break my heart? That's just like a' the rest of you good folk. Because a laud's no just perfect, you think he's waur than words can say."

"O Jeanie, do not be angry," said Isabel, with eager compunction; "often, often, he has been here when the boys were at home; and it makes my heart sore, for I liked Robbie too."

"A'body likes him," cried poor Jeanie; "no a creature but wishes him weel. The bairns a' rin after him wherever he goes, and the puir folk, and the dumb beasts. Is a laud an ill laud when he's like that? Na, na, you'll never make me think it, you'll never make me believe it," the poor girl cried. And then she added, wringing her hands, "Miss Eesabell, Miss Eesabell, if you were in my place, what would you do?"

What could Isabel say? Her young soul quailed before such a question. If she were in Jeanie's place, what would she do? Give up her love and her life, and turn her back upon him and all her hopes and happiness because he was going a little, just a little, astray? She was confounded by the question. Would not that be like the Pharisee condemning his neighbour, or like the priest and the Levite passing by upon the other side? She gazed at Jeanie, with her soft eyes opening wide, her lips apart, her heart melting and bleeding for the sufferer, whom, for the first time, she could understand. "It's easy, easy speaking," poor Jeanie said: and the other girl could but look at her appalled, and could make no answer. The difficulty was one beyond her powers.

"If it was you," said Jeanie—she saw the effect she had produced, and she followed it up, anxious, poor girl, not to be advised for her good, which so many people were ready to do, but to pursue another into the same strait in which she herself was, and get support for her soul from a weakness like her own. "If you were me, Miss Eesabell, and you grand young gentleman, wi' his winning ways, was like poor Robbie,—a' the parish at him, and a' your freends, and naeboddy for him but yourself!—would you be the lass to say, 'He would maybe make me an ill man!—he would maybe even be ill to me when he wasna himself'. He wouldna be steady enough, nor work hard enough to keep me aye comfortable!' You'll no tell me that you would say that, Miss Eesabell!"

"There is no question about me, Jeanie," said Isabel with trembling lips; "there is no gentleman—I think it would break my heart."

"And so it will mine," said Jeanie, returning to her work with a heavy sigh.

When Mrs. Cameron came in to join them some time later, the girls were working together very quietly. They were not talking as they usually did. The work was getting on with great rapidity, Jeanie's needle flying through the long seams. She had finished her cutting out, and the excitement in her mind was finding a kind of outlet in that rapid work. As for Isabel, she, on the contrary, was making very slow progress, stumbling with tremulous fingers over the piece of work in her hand. Her mind was in a great commotion of sympathy, and pain, and pity. She had not thought before of the difficulties of the problem which now seemed to look her in the face. She had thought there could be no question as to what a girl should do. Jeanie was far too good for her fisherman lover, and for such a girl to tie herself to a man who spent the Saturday night in riot and the Sunday in sleep, and of whom there was other scandalous gossip about, had seemed impossible. Even her maidenly pride,

if nothing else, would separate her from such a man. Isabel had spoken out of the fulness of her heart, when she had warned Robbie that he would disgust as well as grieve the girl who loved him. But here was another side of the case, which had not entered into her thoughts—"a' the parish at him, and a' your freends, and naeboddy for him but yoursel." Isabel's heart stood still as the words repeated themselves in her ears. Supposing there was one who had everybody against him, and nobody but herself on his side, would she turn away from him? Would she abandon him, and leave him to his enemies? There stole before her, involuntarily, against her will, a vision of another, who was not Robbie. If all the world turned against him, what would Isabel do? Her heart swelled within her, her young bosom heaved, her eyes filled with great tears. What were those other words that seemed to rise within her, penetrating her whole being? They were words that were not spoken to a man, guilty of all he could be charged with, but to One who was above all the faults of man, yet tried by more than mortal anguish. The emotion with which they filled her innocent mind was confused by a sense of irreverence in the use of a pledge so sacred, "If all men forsake thee, yet will not I." This was the thought that went through and through her as she sat, her eyes blinded with two great oceans of dew in them, her fingers stumbling over her work. She did not dare to lift her eyes when her mother came in, lest these tears should fall. And how calm Mrs. Cameron looked in her age and her tranquillity to the girls on each side of her, one of them fighting with the worst difficulties of a woman's lot, torn in two between the clinging of faithful love and the dictates of her better judgment; between her mind, which condemned, and her heart, which could not relinquish; and the other in a strange agitation and tumult of feeling, conscious that she would not hesitate in such a case, yet trembling with a sweet and secret joy in the thought that no such choice could ever be put before her; that he was far too kind, too true, too spotless, to want such support! And when, after a moment, both the girls looked up at the old lady as she came in in her quietness, it was with a feeling that was half envy and half pity. Ah! that was all over, long over, for her. She knew nothing about it, perhaps she never had known anything about it, for the good old Captain never could have been anything but good. How easy life must be, Jeanie thought, to those who have nothing belonging to them but good folk, wise folk, steady, and sober, and faithful! It was true that some of the sons had been wild, but the young creatures could not feel that such a trouble as that equalled their own.

"I see you're getting on, Jeanie," said Mrs. Cameron; "you have a quick hand, my dear, and I hope Isabel is a help. So that is the new fashion. Oh yes, the new fashion is always liked, as you say; but I'm old, and I think the old ones were better. In my time we had bonnets that covered our heads, well tied down over the ears to keep you from getting cold. You may laugh, Isabel, but they were very comfortable, more comfortable than these bit fly-away things now."

"If the fashions didna change, the like of us would get little work, mem," said Jeanie; "nae fashion lasts, they say, above a month or two. It must be awfu' expensive when you follow them close."

"A pure waste of money," cried Mrs. Cameron, with energy. "I hope no bairn of mine would ever do that. Eh, but there are some things that do not change. I cannot tell what makes me think upon your mother, Jeanie."

Jeanie raised her head with a look of anxious eagerness. "She was aye," she said, "that hadna much good o' her life."

"What makes you think that, my woman? She died young. Them that die young are not aye to be lamented. She was taken away from the evil to come. I mind her a bonnie young thing, not unlike yourself; and your poor

father, my dear, if he was maybe careless, it was not in her time—no, never in her time," said Mrs. Cameron, shaking her head; "as long as he had her by his side all was well."

"Eh, mem," cried Jeanie again, a gleam of light coming into her eyes, "do you think that's true?"

"I am sure it's true," said the kind mother with a smile. "She was soon, soon taken away, but, poor thing, while she lived all was well. Many a man," said Mrs. Cameron, shaking her head again, "is driven distracted when he loses his wife. It's a terrible misfortune for a working man. We must not judge our neighbours, far less you your father, Jeanie. As long as he had her by his side all was well. When there's no home to come in to, and no cheerful face at the fireside, and nobody to care for his bits of wants—oh, my good lassie, there are great excuses for a man."

Jeanie listened with a rapt attention which Mrs. Cameron did not understand, while Isabel, behind her mother, gazed too, with her heart in her wistful eyes. When Mrs. Cameron stopped speaking, there was a little breathless pause. The girls both put an interpretation upon her words which they scarcely bore. Jeanie broke the silence with something like a sob bursting from her anxious heart. "Eh!" she said, "a woman would have an awfu' burden upon her that wouldna put out a hand, if that's true, to them that's waverin' and like to fa'."

Mrs. Cameron's thoughts were directed in a very different channel. "My woman," she said, in her soft, motherly voice, with a tone in it that told of many a pang, "aye pr' out your hand to them that are like to fall. You never know when you may save a soul."

"I will, I will!" cried poor Jeanie; "and oh, mem, the Lord bless you for what you've said to me this day."

"It's but little to be thankful for," Mrs. Cameron said, with gentle surprise. She did not understand the agitation in the young dressmaker's face, but her heart was touched by the girl's troubled looks, and by the thrill of excited feeling that seemed to be in the air, though she did not understand what it was. She stood by the table for a few minutes longer, and talked about more ordinary matters, laying her hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder, and patting it as she spoke. That what she had just said should have been accepted as a guidance from heaven by either of the young creatures who were looking up to her would have surprised her beyond measure. What had she said that was not the merest duty of every Christian? And, after a while, she went out of the room again, quite unconscious of any crisis that had been gone through, or anxious decision made.

For some time after they both sat silent; the little rustle of their work, the snip of the scissors, the movement of their arms as they plied their needles, being the only sounds audible. Now and then Jeanie put up her hand furtively, to get rid of the tear that still lingered about her eyelashes; her high excitement and agitation had been soothed, and a soft sensation of mingled exhaustion and consolation was in her. When grief or anxiety comes to an outburst, the exhaustion after has a sweetness in it of relief. The worst of her trouble seemed to have been thrown off in her narration of it to Isabel, and the gleam of unintentional light which Mrs. Cameron had flashed upon her path, as from a lantern, showing, alas! in her ignorance, what was really the wrong turning, gave Jeanie a strange elation, as if she had gained something. She felt like one of those who, in ancient heathen times, consulted an oracle, and got back a doubtful, mystic answer, which they were fain to interpret to their own purposes. It seemed to Jeanie that nothing could be more clear. If she had asked advice, probably she would have got nothing but injunctions to be careful, but here, she thought, was something like the voice of a prophet, almost a revelation of heaven, telling her what to do: and, as it was what Jeanie wanted to do, you may suppose that she satisfied herself all the more easily. And Isabel's mind was greatly moved too. It

seemed to her at first that her mother had been inspired, that this was one of the same kind of unconscious utterances which the prophets made without knowing what was the meaning of what they said. But afterwards a little chill doubt crept over Isabel. She wondered what, if the question had been put to her mother in so many words, she would have said, and a secret ache of alarm awoke in her. After a long interval she spoke timidly, with a deprecating tone. "Oh, Jeanie," she said, "I think my mother did not mean *that*. I think she did not understand." Jeanie looked at her with a smile. The cloud had rolled away from her face, but her eyes were tearful, and her lips had still a quiver of past weeping in them.

"Miss Esabell," she said, "it was the Lord that put it into the mistress's head; whatever you may think that are not in trouble, to me it was a voice from heaven."

To be continued.

Recent Oriental Explorations.

By Rev. R. JAMIESON, D.D., Glasgow.

No. I.

NO intelligent Christian, we think, can fail to recognise the hand of a presiding Providence in directing the lines of research which in our day have been opened up, and so perseveringly pursued, through all the lands of the Bible. In an age when a host of Rationalists have laboured by their wild fancies to impugn the Scripture History as a collection of legendary tales and popular traditions; and when a settled scepticism, generated by the influence of a materialistic philosophy, has rejected the idea of a revelation as the mere offspring of ignorance and weak superstition, it is marvellous to find to what a large extent the wisdom and goodness of God have furnished materials to overthrow the Babel of "the Higher Criticism," and to cover infidelity with silence and shame. The quarter whence these materials have been chiefly derived are the countries in which the successive parts of the sacred story were enacted. It is not now, as in former times, when some casual travellers, fired with the desire of visiting the birthplace of our holy faith, made a cursory tour through Palestine and Egypt, and, recording their impressions as they went along, supplied us with the only means of information we possessed of those lands in the East. Those travellers were, in many instances, unprepared by previous study to make reliable observations on the condition and manners of people so very different from the nations of Western Europe; and though increased and increasing numbers of educated tourists are every season going thither, who are fully able to reap all the advantages of such a journey, their different powers of observation, their varying tastes and opportunities of intercourse with the natives, always leave some things unnoticed and undescribed. Happily, in recent times, associations have been organised under the highest patronage, and supported by a sufficient amount of influence and resources to obtain a *firman* from the Turkish authorities for exploring Palestine and other Bible lands in a systematic manner. Definite plans of operations

have been determined upon; lists of objects to be sought for, and of localities to be specially examined, have been drawn up; and persons competently skilled in Oriental languages, as well as in natural science, have been employed as leaders of exploring parties, who, furnished with all the requisite appliances of art for accurate measurement, have gone out for months, or it may be years, to make minute investigation into everything relating to the geography, climate, productions, and natural history of those countries. The exploration was designed to be thorough and exhaustive. Some of these undertakings have been already completed, and although others are as yet only in progress, we rejoice to be able to say that they have been, and will be still more, productive of the most valuable results, in attesting the truthful character and contents of the Sacred History. There is scarcely a single portion of the Scriptures which has not been most strikingly illustrated and confirmed by the researches of modern travellers. The history of the patriarchs is illustrated by the now well-known fact that in their personal and domestic habits, their tent-life, and their rites of hospitality, even their prejudices and notions of honour, in fact, in everything but religion, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have living representatives in the great nomad Sheikhs who still roam the desert. The history of Joseph, the sojourn of the Israelites, and the memorable events that preceded the Exodus, are illustrated by the numerous remains of Ancient Egypt that still exist; for the whole monumental wonders and antiquities of that land seem to have been preserved as if for the express purpose of evincing the authenticity of these Bible narratives. As to the route of the Israelites from Egypt to Sinai, the "Ordnance Survey" has traced their course from well to well, and from station to station, so minutely and carefully as to produce in every candid mind a rational conviction that the narratives in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers contain a history of events drawn up by a contemporary witness, and that the opinion of their being the production of a later writer, after the Babylonish captivity, is a baseless theory, which can no longer be held by any. The exploration of Palestine has been equally thorough. Then as to Assyria—the narratives of events in the reigns of the later kings of Israel and Judah—of the invasion and conquest of Palestine by the northern despots, and the long captivity of the Jews, have had a flood of the most interesting light shed upon them by the wonderful discoveries in Nineveh and Babylon. The hand of God has brought out these ancient cities from their burying-places to vindicate the truth of His own Word—to reprove the historical scepticism of the present age, and to read an impressive lesson to the nations of the earth. A voice has spoken from the very walls of the disintegrated palaces, on which the campaigns of Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, and

others, were inscribed by their own order, and under their own superintendence. This is a general and very succinct review of what has been accomplished by the researches of enlightened and enterprising scholars, eager for the advancement of historical, especially of Biblical knowledge. Previous to these researches being entered upon, many difficulties lay in the way of an intelligent student of the Bible. But the course of these investigations has led to the removal of many obscurities, to the solution of many historic problems, as well as to the reflection of new and valuable lights on many portions of the sacred history. Much yet remains to be done, but it may be confidently expected that as the trained surveyors advance in their work, further accessions to our knowledge will be obtained, and the veracity of the sacred historians more fully and extensively confirmed.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

Assyrian discoveries were made first in 1842 by M. Botta, French Consul, at Mosul, and afterwards at Khorsabad; also in 1845 by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Layard, at Kouyunjik, and then at Nineveh. Both of them were successful in disinterring the long-buried treasures of those ancient places, and by the extraordinary number and variety of the objects they recovered, startled the men of that time as by a resurrection of the old world.

From that time, no attempts at further excavations were made for more than twenty years; for the attention of learned men at home, who were interested in these matters, was directed to the study of the cuneiform or arrow-headed alphabet of Assyria and Babylon, as well as to the decipherment and interpretation of the inscriptions and tablets which were in vast numbers dug out of the ruins. With such ardour and zeal was this new branch of knowledge pursued, that many soon acquired the power of reading those literary treasures with ease and correctness. And the conviction increased more and more that the old traditions of Babylonia would shed much invaluable light on the early books of the Bible.

Amongst those who distinguished themselves in this branch of study, was the late Mr. George Smith of the British Museum, who made many interesting discoveries of the coincidence between the Chaldean history of the Creation and the Fall, and the account given in the Bible of these transactions. But he was frequently interrupted in his researches, and had to contend against the greatest difficulties in making his translations, from the extremely mutilated and defective state in which the tablets were found. Large portions were entirely wanting, and others were so broken into fragments as to be illegible. Happily, it was at last resolved that Mr. Smith should be sent out, under influential patronage, to make renewed excavations in Assyria, where it was generally believed that immense treasures of

inscriptions and tablets still lay buried amongst the ruins of the palaces and temples. He made two expeditions, and was successful in recovering, and despatching to the British Museum, upwards of 20,000 fragments. "The reason," says Mr. Smith, "why these legends are in so many fragments, and the different parts so scattered, may be explained from the nature of the material of which the tablets are composed, and the changes undergone by them since they were written. These tablets were composed of fine clay, and were inscribed with cuneiform characters while in a soft state; they were then baked in a furnace until hard, and afterwards transferred to the library. These texts appear to have been broken up when Nineveh was destroyed, and many of them were cracked and scorched by the heat at the burning of the palace. Subsequently the ruins were turned over in search of treasure, and the tablets still further broken; and then, to complete their ruin, the rain every spring soaking through the ground saturates them with water containing chemicals, and these chemicals form crystals in every available crack. The clay records of the Assyrians are by these means so broken up, that they are in some cases divided into over 100 fragments, and it is only by collecting and joining together the various fragments that these ancient texts can be restored."

Passing by, for the present, Mr. Smith's translation of the Chaldean traditions respecting the Creation and the Fall, we advert only to the interesting fact, attested by a remarkable tablet, that the commandment respecting the sanctification of the Sabbath was known to the early Babylonians. He says (*Assyrian Discoveries*, page 12), "In the year 1869 I discovered, among other things, a curious religious calendar of the Assyrians, in which every month is divided into four weeks, and the seventh days, or 'Sabbaths,' are marked out as days on which no work should be undertaken."

H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S., an Assyrian scholar, thus translates two lines of the same tablet:—"On the seventh day He appointed a holy day, and to cease from all business He commanded." This writer goes on to say, "This fifth tablet is very important, because it affirms clearly, in my opinion, that the origin of the Sabbath was coeval with creation. It has been known for some time that the Babylonians observed the Sabbath with considerable strictness. On that day the king was not allowed to take a drive in his chariot; various meats were forbidden to be eaten, and there were a number of other minute restrictions. But it was not known that they believed the Sabbath to have been ordained—at the creation." (*Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, vol. v. pp. 427-8.)

The Rev. Mr. Sayce, another Assyrian scholar, who has translated a larger portion of this calendar, says (in vol. vii. of the same work):—

"The seventh day. A feast of Merodach (and) Zir-Panitu. A festival.

"A Sabbath. The prince of many nations, the flesh of *birds* (and) cooked fruits eats not. The garments of his body he changes not. White robes he puts not on. Sacrifice he offers not. The king (in) his chariot rides not.

"In royal fashion he legislates not. A place of garrison the general (by word of) mouth appoints not. Medicine for his sickness of body he applies not.

"To make a sacred spot *it is suitable*. In the night, in the presence of Merodach and Istar, the king his offering makes. Sacrifice he offers. Raising his hand, the high place of the God he worships."

Mr. Sayce thus concludes:—"The chief interest attaching to this calendar is due to the fact that it bears evidence to the existence of a seventh-day Sabbath, on which certain works were forbidden to be done, among the Babylonians and Assyrians. It will be observed that several of the regulations laid down are closely analogous to the Sabbatical injunctions of the Levitical law and the practice of the Rabbinical Jews. What I have rendered 'Sabbath' is expressed by two Accadian words, which literally signify . . . 'day of completion

(of labours), or a day unlawful (to work upon).' The word Sabbath itself was not unknown to the Assyrians, and occurs under the form of *Sabattu*, meaning 'a day of rest for the heart.' The calendar is written in Assyrian. But from the occurrence of numerous Accadian expressions in it, the original must have been inscribed at some period anterior to the seventeenth century B.C., when the Accadian language seems to have become extinct."

How does this remarkable fact at once overthrow the theory of Paley and others, who maintain that the Sabbath was a Jewish institution, unknown till it was proclaimed on the descent of the manna in the wilderness, and that it was mentioned by the inspired historian at the beginning of Genesis only by way of anticipation! The discovery of this Babylonian Calendar clearly proves that the seventh day was known and observed as a Sabbath at least two centuries before the Sinaitic legislation, and being recorded in the Sacred History, along with the other incidents connected with the history of creation, gives a most significant confirmation to the words of our Lord, "The Sabbath was made for man."

The Sigh of the Emigrant.

'TIS a Sabbath of light and joy,
The hills around are gay,
In fresh wild beauty glowing, flushed
With hues of new-born day.
The vale far-spreading glistens
With foliage strange and rare;
Father, I thank Thee, my lot is cast
In a land so good and fair.

But I miss the gowan'd sward,
The broom upon the brae,
And the heath-cock's cry at early morn,
Up on the moorland gray.
I miss the dear auld kirk,
Its green graves clustering round,
And the path my mother knew so well
To yonder nameless mound.

I see it! my father's grave—
I see her tear-drops flow
For the dear goodman and bonnie bairn
Of fifty years ago:—
Tears that but led her the more
To the widow's, orphan's Stay:
Richly hast Thou her trust repaid,
Guide of my unknown way!

God of my mother! help me,
Before Thy face I see,
To raise for Thy name an altar here,
Where my sons may worship Thee,
Like the dear old church at home,
With graves on every hand,
Drawing their hearts to their father's God,
In this, their fatherland.

R. W. M.



Henry Martyn.

BORN AT TRURO, FEBRUARY 18, 1781; DIED AT
TOCAT, OCTOBER 16, 1812.

A MEMOIR.

BETWEEN these dates stretches a period of scarcely thirty-two years, and yet that these years were sufficient for the accomplishment of a great and noble work, the story of Henry Martyn's life abundantly proves. His life has a twofold interest, for, in addition to that which attaches to his missionary labours in India, the remarkable journal which he has left behind him, and which, begun in early manhood, was continued almost to the day of his death, enables us to trace the development of his spiritual nature, and to know him individually as we could never have known him from the testimony of others.

The son of the head-clerk in a merchant's office in Truro, his childhood and youth were spent at the Grammar School of that town, and though his abilities were early recognised by his teachers, his delicate frame, and shrinking, sensitive spirit, rendered his school-days far from happy. They were brightened, however, by the kindness of an older schoolfellow, who took him under his protection, and thus laid the foundation of a life-long friendship.

Before Martyn had completed his seventeenth year he passed to the University of Cambridge, where he soon gave proof of remarkable talents. He himself, in later years, looked back on his early college life as a time spent in utter forgetfulness of God; but his moral conduct is declared to have been blameless, and his diligence in his studies must have been great. When he first went to Cambridge he tried to master Euclid by learning the propositions by heart, and yet, before he was twenty, he had attained the proud position of Senior Wrangler, or the first man of his year in the whole University. His spiritual welfare was at this time a subject of deep concern to his sister at home, and though her exhortations at first met with nothing but discouragement, success was granted to them at last. His father's death, in the beginning of 1800, made a profound impression on him, and he himself tells that from that time he was led to make a serious study of religion. His efforts after a higher life were aided by the preaching and personal friendship of the Rev. Charles Simeon, and it was his influence that led Henry Martyn to resolve to devote himself to the work of the ministry. His religious struggles and difficulties are recorded in his college journal, and it was probably a great relief to a man of his reserved nature to give expression to his inmost thoughts in this way. On the same pages we find his University successes recorded, but rather as a source of self-abasement than of complacency, while his consciousness of his own sinfulness appears to have guarded him from any dangerous sense of his superiority over his

contemporaries. In March 1802 he was made a Fellow of his College (St. John's), and it was soon after this that he turned his thoughts towards missionary work. The idea was first suggested to him by some remarks of Mr. Simeon's on the benefits resulting from Dr. Carey's work in India, and his resolution became fixed after reading the life of David Brainerd, the Apostle of the North American Indians. He was not a man to contemplate without shrinking, the sundering of his dearest earthly ties, but once persuaded that it was his duty, he did not shrink, and at once offered himself in the capacity of a missionary to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, now the Church Missionary Society. His grief at leaving his country was increased by the fact of his engagement to Miss Lydia Grenfell, a Cornish young lady to whom he was most deeply attached. He fully realised, when his resolution to go to the East was made, that he must give up all thoughts of marriage, but even this did not make him falter in his purpose.

In October 1803 he was ordained a deacon at Ely, and began his ministerial career as Mr. Simeon's curate at Cambridge, to which he added the duties of tutor and occasional classical examiner to his college. He regarded this work as a preparation for his missionary life, and his journal is filled with lamentations over his own unworthiness, and aspirations after holiness.

"I longed to draw very near to God," he wrote shortly after his ordination, "to pray Him that He would give me the spirit of wisdom and revelation. I thought of David Brainerd, and ardently desired his devotedness to God and holy breathings of soul. . . . I look forward often to the time of my hoped-for mission with joy. I hope my expectation of comfort in it arises from a desire to do something for Christ, though my great unconcern for souls here may well make me doubt it."

In the beginning of 1804 his hopes of becoming a missionary were damped by the loss of his slender patrimony, and that of his unmarried sister. It was impossible for him to leave her in destitution, but fortunately this difficulty was obviated by his obtaining the appointment of chaplain to the East India Company, which enabled him to make a provision for her. In the autumn of 1804 Martyn paid a farewell visit to his friends in Cornwall, and records his parting with Lydia as one likely to be "for ever in this world." The rest of his time in England was spent chiefly in London, where he was occupied with preparations for his departure. He was admitted to priest's orders in March 1805, and the fact of his preaching in several London churches is mentioned in his journal. So eager was he to fit himself in every way for his new life, that not only did he apply himself to the study of Hindostanee, but, aware that his manner of speaking was defective, he attended lectures on pronunciation in hopes of improving it. His passage to Calcutta was to be on board the "Union," an East Indiaman, and on the 17th of July Martyn commenced his voyage.

A fortunate detention at Falmouth enabled the young missionary to go on shore and spend three weeks with his friends. He saw Lydia again, and was allowed to carry away with him some hope that she would join him in India. On the 10th of August he rejoined the ship, and on Sunday, the 11th, he looked for the last time on the shores of England.

A voyage to India in those days was no light undertaking, as it lasted many months. The journal kept by Martyn on board ship gives a sad picture of the misery and discomfort caused to a refined and sensitive nature by the roughness and recklessness of the soldiers and sailors who filled the "Indiaman." He was unwearied in his endeavours to do them good, but his success was not great—his manner was not such as to attract them—and the profanity and levity around him probably increased his melancholy reserve. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that his sermons were not popular, for they were chiefly on the awful subject of eternal punishment, and when asked to desist from such a theme, and to preach a sermon "like one of Blair's," his reply was an uncompromising discourse on the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." The virtual idolatry of the Roman Catholic towns of Funchal and San Salvador, which he visited in the course of his voyage, saddened him intensely, yet his intercourse with Romanist priests, both in those places and in India, was characterised by courtesy and moderation, and he was always ready to give their arguments a fair hearing.

On the 3d of January 1806 the troops were landed in Table Bay, and Mr. Martyn spent a happy month among the Dutch clergy in Cape Town. During the subsequent part of the voyage he suffered much from sickness and the relaxing influences of a tropical climate, while his patience was sorely tried by the ridicule and opposition with which the passengers received his ministerial efforts. It was in a state of extreme physical and mental depression that, in the month of May, Henry Martyn landed on the shores of India. For the time being all hope of success in his work had gone from him, and yet so strong were his faith and love, so little was he actuated by the spirit of self-glorification, that he could write in his journal at this time—

"Even if I should never see a native converted, God may design, by my patience and continuance in the work, to encourage future missionaries."

Mr. Martyn's arrival was warmly welcomed by the little band of missionaries already labouring in India; and with these, whether members of his own communion or not, he always worked in perfect harmony. The kindness and hospitality of the Rev. David Brown cheered his first few months in a strange country, and in his house at Aldeen, near Calcutta, he remained until he had fully recovered from the disastrous effects of the voyage. His missionary zeal was fired by the sight of heathen

idolatry, and while at Calcutta he pursued his study of the Eastern languages in order to fit himself better for work among the natives. His earnest desire to engage in this work in a right spirit is shown by the following extracts from his journal:—

"I would consider every day as a time of contradiction to the flesh, and I would expect no pleasure, but a life of hardship, labour, and humiliation. If outward things are made comfortable through goodness and mercy, let God be praised; but I would not think of those things, but see them ebb or flow with equal indifference. . . . The setting-up of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men is my delightful business upon earth; but, oh, let me labour in that with a mind simply directed to Jesus! so shall I walk steadily with God."

"Walked through the native part of Calcutta, amidst crowds of Orientals of all nations. How would the spirit of St. Paul have been moved! The thought of summoning the attention of such multitudes appeared very formidable, and during the course of the evening was occasion of many solemn thoughts and prayer that God would deliver me from all softness of mind, fear, and self-indulgence, and make me ready to suffer shame and death for the name of the Lord Jesus."

In the September after his arrival he was appointed chaplain at Dinapoor, a military station on the Ganges, and on the 15th of October he took leave of his friends at Calcutta, and after a voyage of nearly six weeks arrived at his destination. He beguiled the weary hours on the river by working at his Hindostanee translation of the New Testament, and this work he continued during his residence at Dinapoor, where he remained for two years and a half. His official work lay among the English soldiers, and the commencement of his ministry was not encouraging. It is sad to think how much harm the lives led by Englishmen at that time must have done to the cause of Christianity in India, and Henry Martyn felt this deeply. His own earnestness and consistency could not fail to impress the more serious among the soldiers, and perhaps more good was effected than he himself was aware of. His first year at Dinapoor was brightened by the hope that Lydia would soon be with him. Two months after his arrival in India he wrote to her, with the advice of Mr. Brown, and asked her to join him. Communication with England was then so slow that sixteen months elapsed before her answer came, and it came only to cause most bitter disappointment. She wrote that it was impossible for her to come to India; and from the tone of Mr. Martyn's answer it is evident that her mother had refused her consent. How far Lydia was justified in her decision it is impossible for us to say—her lover certainly never blamed her—but it is difficult not to feel that had her attachment been equal to his, she could hardly have resisted his urgent appeals. Meanwhile, in hope and in disappointment alike, Henry Martyn never relaxed in his labours. In March 1807 he completed his translation of the Prayer-book into Hindostanee, and this was almost immediately

followed by a Commentary on the Parables in the same language. Having applied for native assistance in his great work of translating the Scriptures, two men were sent to him—Mirza of Benares, an eminent Hindostanee scholar, and Nathaniel Sabat, an Arabian, a man destined to play an important part in Henry Martyn's life. With the assistance of these men he completed, in the spring of 1808, the Hindostanee version of the New Testament. The labour entailed on him by this work, and the difficulties under which it was accomplished, are shown in a letter to Mr. Corrie, written at this time.

"It is a real refreshment to my spirit," writes Mr. Martyn, "to take up my pen to write to you. Such a week of labour I never before passed. . . . I have read and corrected the MS. copies of my Hindostanee Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at 98°; the nights insupportable."

Mr. Martyn now applied himself to the study of Arabic, that he might superintend a version of the Testament into that tongue, while the Persian translation was confided to Sabat. This extraordinary man was supposed to be a converted Mahometan, and Mr. Martyn hoped to send him forth fitted to be a native missionary, but, meanwhile, the misery caused by the Arab's undisciplined temper was extreme. Entries in Mr. Martyn's journal give us some idea of what he was called upon to endure, but his patience and long-suffering never failed. Sabat, with some pretensions to scholarship, worked most fitfully and irregularly, which, in itself, was a great trial to the laborious missionary; and yet the man's vanity was so extreme, that a difference of opinion as to the translation of a word, expressed by Mr. Martyn, was sufficient to offend him. The unbearableness of his temper is shown by the story that his Mahometan wife refused to be converted on the ground that hell without Sabat would be better than heaven with him to share it. Mr. Martyn's behaviour to this "wild child of the desert" is a beautiful illustration of the charity that "hopeth all things" and "believeth all things," but it is painful to know that so much care and affection was lavished on one so utterly unworthy of it.

Mr. Martyn's journal for the year 1808 concludes with the following passage, which we quote as expressive of the earnestness and humility of his character:—

"December 31, 1808.

"On the review of the last year I give praise to God, who hath graciously preserved my life, notwithstanding the attacks which threatened its destruction, and hath prolonged it to another year. Every day He gives me I account gain, as it enables me to advance a little way farther in the work which I have so much at heart. Oh! if it be His will that I should live to finish it, how happy should I be! But He knows best, to Him I leave all; present mercies demand my praise; my mercies multiply as my moments. Oh that my praises could as constantly ascend! My progress in divine things has not been sensible, but I am more than ever convinced of the happiness of wisdom's ways."

H. N.

To be continued.

In the Desert.

By MARY JANET M'ISAAC, Hutton Manse.

IN clear far shining of the Eastern morn,
Or when the evening breeze blows cool and sweet,
O traveller, turn not then thy weary feet
To yonder palms for shadow; or in scorn
Of such poor shelter, and in anger, born
Of disappointed hope, thou wilt entreat,
"Give me some tree to shield from tropic heat,
Not stately palms to mock me, travel-worn."

But, when the day is at its highest noon—
Hot, breathless noontide, luminous like flame—
Beneath the fronded palms then shalt thou rest

In deepest, densest shadow. Blessed boon!
Like steadfast love that waits, without a name,
But, in our sorest need, is manifest.

The Cabul Campaign.

A Letter to the Editor.

By Rev. G. W. MANSON, B.D.,
Chaplain of the Church of Scotland in India.

Concluded from May.

OUR forces being assembled, no time was lost in pushing on, down the precipitous descent of the "Camel's Neck," which seemed almost like the windings of a spiral staircase, and formed a crucial test for our artillery. Our route followed the craggy, confined bed of a mountain torrent, leaving which after some miles, and ascending the Sinkhai Kotal, it bore round the shoulder of the hill, and then held its course to the north-west, over a wilderness entirely devoid of vegetation, until the tents of the advanced brigade came in view, alongside which our camp was in due time dressed. Our level camping ground overlooked a deep dell embosoming a large and prosperous Afghan village. The pretty little wooded valley seemed like a jewel set in the surrounding grey and burnt-up desert, while the multitude of trim, regular field-patches, divided from each other by tiny water-courses, suggested a sheet of a large Ordnance Survey map unrolled beneath the spectator's feet. The names of Afghan localities, like those of Scripture, are descriptive in their signification; thus, this spot, so charming to the eye, bears the appropriate name Khuahi or "pleasantness." We found the Amir had come into camp here, and at a Durbar held in front of General Roberts' tent, had an opportunity of scanning Yakoob's features. We would have given much to know the real thoughts that lay concealed beneath the impassive expression of that melancholy face.

It was only after a tiresome wait of some hours under a broiling sun,—tents having been struck early, according to order,—that carriage returned to take us on the next march to Zerghun Shahr; a shorter distance than usual, over a gravelly desolate plain, without vestige of growth, saving here and there a few spikes of wild lavender. The Afghans call this plain the Dasht-i-surkai, or "red desert." The Brigades, leaving the road free for the baggage, advanced in echelon of companies by ranks over the open country, a most inspiring spectacle. Zerghun Shahr ("the green city") is said to merit its name, but the exigencies of war-time afford no leisurely opportunity for the contemplation of scenery, so that of this spot, as of most places on the way, we only had a peep through breaks in the clouds of dust. Dry, scorched-up fields, reaped of their harvest, composed our camp-ground. The foliage on the banks of the Logar to our left was of that dusty pale-green tint, so characteristic of this arid climate; and cultivation appeared for the most part confined to the immediate margin of the river.

The Brigades again took the open on the severe march of the 3d October, surmounting several difficult ridges, and converging finally on the Logar River, at a point where the turbid stream, loaded with alluvial deposit, is spanned by a wooden pile bridge, similar to those met with in Cashmere. This river is about as broad and deep as the Union Canal, but the current ran like a mill-race. The broken state of the narrow, unparapeted bridge-way rendered the passage difficult, if not dangerous. The approach rapidly became jammed with troops and baggage animals, presenting a scene of inconceivable bustle. Resting a short time under a clump of trees, I became interested in the rescue of a mule laden with ammunition, which had fallen over into the stream, and admired the undaunted style in which our artillery took the ford. My own belongings unluckily got a thorough dipping, and emerged in a geological condition, streaked with *strata* of Logar clay, which the halt next day near Zahidabad barely gave time to dry and remove. Here cholera first appeared among us, the 92d losing one man. The only wonder, however, is that more cases did not occur. Parched with thirst, we eagerly partook of the grapes offered for sale by the roadside, and many were tempted to devour them immoderately.

The following march on the 5th, a less fatiguing one, brought the invading army to Charasia ("four springs"), a large village with high-walled orchards, distant seven miles only from Cabul, which lay directly in front to the north, hidden behind great rocky heights, and approached by a narrow defile on our right. We encamped in a natural basin, entirely surrounded by mountains, forming a splendid trap, in which, however, our General had no intention of letting his army be caught. On the morning of the 6th, the rebel troops, strongly posted, and in preponderating numbers, stood ready to dispute the passage of the defile. We could see them through the fitful dust-storms that swept the ground, lining the crests of the hills immediately in front, and plainly make out here and there their artillery. Soon the battle commenced in earnest. Seven hours long the din of fight echoed among the mountains. Report of cannon and crack of rifle incessantly assailed the ear. With intense interest we watched the Highlanders clear the heights one by one in gallant style. But why should I fight the battle over again? The rebels, despite their tough resistance, were thoroughly routed, and both Scottish regiments covered themselves with glory. Those of our number killed in the action died nobly, with their wounds in front. Death must have been instantaneous, the expression of their cold faces being perfectly quiet and peaceful. To me, personally, it was a most eventful and harassing day, for, besides the wounded being brought in, there were other critical cases in the hospitals. While I was there, speaking with a 72d sergeant, a whirlwind charged with dense brown dust tore through the tent, nearly suffocating us both: the sick man a few minutes afterwards expired.

To be ready for instant movement, all tents were now ordered to be struck. Mine might perhaps have stood unchallenged, but it was right to follow the general rule. Only, to add to other difficulties, I found that my assistant, who was neither to "hand nor bind" when the fray was scented from afar, had volunteered for the combat, and was off. I heard casually of my friend, apostrophising his captain on the heights of Charasia, "Sir! isna this glorious!" Hardly were the tents down, ere I was sent for to bury the slain. From the dead-tent we groped our way in the now dark night, with the band for escort, to the spot where the sergeant had already been interred, and by the feeble light of a solitary lantern paid the last rites to our late comrades. Then, after a scratch meal, for most of us were too excited to eat, we spread bedding in the dust, and lay down as we were in our clothes. The moon, rising presently, made night less formidable. But for her light, I should probably have been run over by artillery and cavalry returning to their ground; as it

was, a smothering of dust mattered little. Lulled by the dropping fire of tribesmen around, I slept, and that fairly well, though towards morning the air became bitterly cold.

Through the rocky defile of the Sang-i-Nawiahta ("written stone") our victorious progress next lay. Highland instead of rebel soldiers now crowned the heights, so that the passage was safe. Stray shots, notwithstanding, were occasionally fired by mountaineers from the opposite cliffs of the pass. While halting to speak with Captain Oxley, whose company kept that part of the road clear, a bullet struck perilously near us. It may have been my black coat that drew the fire, or it may not, still I thought it just as prudent to move on. In the pass itself, the narrowness of the pathway overhanging the river bank, obstructed as it was by broken-down Afghan guns and limbers, rendered progress difficult and slow. At some points the baggage got jammed every few yards. At last, however, with a sense of relief, we emerged into the Cabul Valley, though the city itself still lay out of sight, covered by an outlying promontory of rock.

At Bani Hissar we bivouacked for two days, without shelter from sun or cold. The Highlanders, with the exception of twenty men, were hurried off in pursuit of the rebel forces. I remained behind for urgent work in the hospitals, to which all the sufferers had been brought, and where at this place two more of my men died from the effects of their wounds. Our small guard set to work, and before nightfall had formed ammunition and baggage into a square, defensible barricade, inside which we slept in our clothes as before. During the night we were aroused by firing close at hand, quickly answered by our own sentries, and in a moment our improvised defences were manned. Finding us on the alert, the enemy withdrew, and the remainder of the night passed undisturbed.

On the memorable 9th of October we made our *last* march, a short one, past the walls of the Bala Hissar, to Siah Sung, a gravelly plateau overlooking the whole city and plain of Cabul. The panorama was truly magnificent. Away to the extreme left, the defile by which we entered the valley, with the rear of the heights stormed on the 6th; next, the prominent hill with castellated fortifications, at whose base lay the far-famed Bala Hissar; separated from it by a gap, which disclosed a lovely vista, the Deh-i-Afghan slopes; farther off, the frowning Pughman range, with the snows of the Hindu Koosh on the distant right,—all rising from the flat Cabul plain like mountains from the sea. At our feet, and now quite at our mercy, was the fanatical city itself, wedged close up into the gap referred to, gray, unwallled, and of large extent. As the sinking sun cast a softened glow over the scene, the mountains, assuming a delicate tint of beautiful blue, stood out with sharply defined outlines against the clear evening sky. The same evening our wearied troops marched in, having dispersed the foe, not sorry to exchange their bivouacs on the cold hill-tops for the comforts of camp, and appease their long hunger with the fat of the land. Right glad, indeed, were we all to get under the shelter of our tents once more.

Here these notes might end; a few words, however, will bring them up to date. Our first Cabul Sunday I may let a private soldier describe in simple language, extracting from a letter which has found its way into an Indian paper. "On Sunday the whole division paraded to line the roads to the city, which General Roberts was to take possession of, in the name of the Queen. But, before we went, the whole of the troops were paraded for Divine Service at 7 o'clock. It was a solemn service. I felt we were in the presence of God, who had done so much for us. We were standing to hear the Word of God in view of the place where our countrymen had been murdered. The Minister mentioned in his prayer that some of our comrades who were with us at our last Service were now in their silent graves. His text was, 'Christ made perfect through sufferings.'" The ensuing occupa-

tion of the Bala Hissar must be passed over. The following day (Monday) I marched with the troops through the long streets and busy *bazars* of Cabul, on our formal occupation of the place, but cannot even hint here at the novel spectacles witnessed. It was amusing to observe how the Cabuli crowds, indifferent to our fine brass bands, woke to life, with eyes and mouth open in delighted astonishment, when Pipe-Major M'Lean and his powerful corps of pipers struck up their inspiring strains. I omit mention of the interesting course of life at Siah Sung, where history was daily being enacted before our eyes. The blowing up of the Bala Hissar Magazine was of itself a sight never to be forgotten; the ruined Residency and palaces of the Amirs will soon be seen no more; but to speak of these would require a separate Article.

What between cholera, wounds, and sickness, the remainder of October was a sufficiently trying time. I lost ten of my men in a fortnight. Morning and evening, most of these days, the funeral march might be heard. At length our removal to the large enclosed barracks some distance north, known as "Shere Ali's folly," brought back general good health. Here we now remain, hoping, by hard work, to get under cover of a roof before the snow falls. All are kept busy to distraction. Guards are heavy; the nights cruelly cold; many cases in hospital of pneumonia, which threatens to be our worst winter foe. I may mention that I could distribute in hospital any number of current parts of "Life and Work"; the men like it. With regard to Church, we hope by and by to get a building adapted or constructed for our voluntary services and meetings. Till the pressure for purely military requirements is lightened, we must wait a little. Meantime, we do the best we can.

In conclusion, I would remind licentiates of our Church, that an Indian chaplaincy is not all luxury and riding in carriages. There is plenty of good, honest, useful work to be done. Come and try it. And to my young countrymen in many a humble home where this Magazine penetrates, I would say:—Do not be led away by the silly, popular idea that to be connected with the army is a misfortune and a disgrace. Whether trade be brisk or dull, whether work be plentiful or scarce, there are many of you who would do well to enlist. The discipline, the education, the experience and knowledge gained in foreign service, will make better men of you. Nay more, the road to a high career is open. Witness two instances in this campaign alone, the first that of Lieut. Greer, 72d, who received his Commission last spring, the second that of Col.-Sergt. Hector M'Donald, 92d, twice mentioned in Despatches, for whom I am confident a similar reward is in store.

OBJECTIONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The work is hopeless by reason of its very vastness. For shame! Think how weak that objection now is, compared with the force it had when the little band assembled in the Upper Room and girded their loins for the conquest of the world, providing the first-fruits of that crop of martyrs and confessors who, by very death, have shaken the nations. They believed in their Master; they knew that the result was to be "not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit;" and they threw themselves upon the ramparts of the impossible—and stormed it!—*St. Mark's (Dundee) Parish Magazine.*

"**MINE OWN VINEYARD HAVE I NOT KEPT.**"—Not a few of us are so engaged in religious work, that we have no leisure to care for our own souls. The bustle of modern life has invaded even our religion. We are cumbered with so many things—works of charity, services of church and prayer meetings—that we cannot sit at Jesus' feet. Always occupied with others, never alone with Christ. We can only take heed to the flock of God by first taking proper heed to ourselves.—*Green-side Monthly Messenger.*

Summoned.

WE are like to servants
In our Master's hall,
Busy at our daily work,
Waiting for His call.

On the roof above us,
Rows of bells are hung,
One by one they summon each,
With their clamorous tongue.

Then the servant bidden,
Saith, "That rings for me;"
Leaveth off his present toil,
Whatsoever it be;

Smootheth his apparel,
Looks a farewell round,
Passeth from his fellows,
While the bell doth sound;

Mounteth up the staircase,
To his Lord doth go;
Tarryeth in the upper rooms,
Comes no more below.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Feed my Lambs.

ONE who has long loved little ones of all ages wants to say something short about Sunday School teaching.

Yes, and about every-day Scripture teaching too.

There are teachers who can give more than the hour on Sunday mornings and the hour on Sunday afternoons; but whether Sunday teaching or week-day teaching, it is about Bible teaching I have to speak, about the way in which the lessons should be given from those Holy Scriptures which Timothy knew from a child, and which alone made him wise, and alone can make all men wise, unto salvation.

"Feed my lambs." The lambs of Christ which He bought with His own blood. How should they be fed? If you would draw children to you, if you desire that they should come to your hand with an appetite for food, be sure that you *taste the food yourself first.*

There are different gifts, the same Spirit divides to every man severally as He will; but this I feel sure of, that many of the failures in teaching, many of the complaints as to the dulness of the children, and the want of interest they show, is not the fault of the children so much as the fault of the teacher, who being himself, we will heartily concede, thoroughly instructed in things new and old, well furnished with information, much in earnest, and most anxious that the children he has undertaken to teach should get on, yet does not feel the necessity of tasting the food afresh himself beforehand.

Bend your mind again to the very first principles, all by heart as you already know them; count not the many times you may have already explained or unfolded that very incident, be it Old Testament

story, or that New Testament miracle or parable; prepare afresh the food by feeding on it anew yourself, and oh, how inexhaustible you will find it! and as you feel yourself filled with sweetness and comfort, enriched with flashes of light thrown in upon points that had escaped you before, you will pass to your work in your own emptiness and weakness, it is true, yet strong with the strength of the *living bread*, and ready, as God shall guide you, to instruct and divide that Word which shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in that whereto He sends it.

Let the old story be always new to you, so shall it be *new* to those who hear you. Tell it as something you feel yourself, rather than something you have done with, but wish others to experience by themselves. Be *freshly* impressed yourself, so shall others catch your earnestness, and come with you under the power of that once dying and now ever-living love, the love of Christ, which has constrained you to give yourself first unto Him, and then led you, for His sake, to feed these, His lambs.

A. M. B.

"A Little Gempleman."

By MONA NOEL PATON.

CHAPTER IV.



HE "Little Gempleman" grew very quickly better now, and by and by Joe and he resumed their long rambles. They went first to the old woman in the glen to thank her for all her kindness. Her joy at seeing him again, and her sorrow for the loss of his curls, were most

pathetic. The old fisherman, too, had his visit, the children, farmers, and "daft folk"—not one was forgotten. It was nearly evening when Joe and Basil started to pay their visit to the farm of the "daft folk;" and here, for the first time in his life, Basil learned what fear was—not fear for the poor silly people, but fear for the creature who looked after them—the creature calling herself a woman. When Basil and his companion entered the kitchen of the farm-house, the mistress came forward to meet them.

"I've come to see the 'daft folk,' and to thank them for coming to ask for me," said Basil.

"Och! never mind *them*: they don't understand," answered the woman, in a hard, discordant voice.

"Oh yes, they do. Don't they, Joe?" insisted the child, turning to his faithful follower.

"Yes," answered the man; but he looked frightened, and shrank behind the little boy.

"Hold *your* tongue, idiot," cried the woman. "What do *you* know about it?"

There was a cruel look in her eyes that terrified even Basil; but he answered bravely nevertheless: "Of course he knows. He's one of them, an' who should know better than him?"

"Bless you!" cried she, "*they* don't feel, *they* don't know; they're no better than beasts."

Basil slipped his trembling hand into Joe's, and holding him tight, said with quivering lip, "They *do* feel. Joe feels more than you can. Beasts feel." Then, as if alarmed at the possible results of his boldness, he went up to her, and looking gently in her face, said, "*Please* let me see them—just to see them and to kiss them."

No one had ever before withstood his appeals; no one had ever answered him roughly. But now the woman looked with glittering eyes at him, and answered in a mocking voice, "You can go and find them yourself. You'll be kissing the dogs and cows next."

"I often do," answered Basil. Then, with perfect sincerity, he added, "I'd rather kiss them than you."

With that he turned and asked Joe to take him to where the "daft people" were kept.¹

Joe led the way to a low thatched out-house, and lifting the latch, let Basil into a long narrow byre. There were only three people in it, so far as he could by the imperfect light see—three women, who sat upon the hard floor, their hands clasped and their heads hanging listlessly down. They did not look up as the door opened—not till the little boy touched the first on the shoulder, and said, softly, "I have come to see you and to kiss you."

Then they all started up, and for about five minutes their faces beamed with unwonted joy. But only for five minutes, for then the *woman*, their keeper, entered, and every one of the poor silly creatures sank, cowering, upon the floor again.

"Well, how do you find your charming friends?" sneered she.

"Not welly happy, I'm afraid," answered the innocent little boy.

"Not very happy! Come here, and I will let you see a happy specimen."

With that she led the child to the far end of the byre.

There, upon the ground, *chained* down upon a heap of rags, lay a creature, of what sex one could scarcely tell at first. The long matted hair fell all

¹ Happily the state of matters here described with only too literal fidelity has now ceased to exist.

about the face, the glassy eyes stared at him from under the tangled mass, and a low moaning sound was heard.

"Will you kiss that?" asked the woman, laughing.

The little boy shuddered all over. "Joe," he whispered, "should I do it? Would it like it?"

And Joe answered, "Yes."

Then the child stooped down and kissed the woman; for woman it was. For a moment she gazed at him in blank astonishment, then the fixed eyes filled with tears, and she turned sobbing away.

Basil threw himself into Joe's arms. "Take me home," he wept; "O Joe, take me home!"

He was very ill that night, and cried for hours as if his heart would break, and was only quieted when his father promised faithfully that Joe should be removed from "that place" and sent to live with the old woman in the glen. Then at last he went to sleep.

It took a great deal of trouble to arrange this change. But at length it was successfully accomplished, and Joe's happiness knew no bounds.

But, alas! holidays will not go on for ever. It was now the last days of September, and the Waymeres must leave their happy summer home. Together Basil and Joe paid their farewell visits to all the dear old places. For the last time they sat together in the "sandy hole."

"Joe, dear Joe, you must not cry," whispered Basil, kissing the tears off the poor wet face; "I shall come again."

"O Basil, Basil, I cannot—I cannot live without you. No one will kiss me any more; no one will love me. I will never have your little arms round my neck; I will have to live alone—alone."

"No, no, Joe, you are going to live with dear old Granny in the glen, you know."

"Yes, but granny is not you," sobbed he. "This is all I shall have of you." As he spoke he put his hand into the breast of his tattered shirt, and brought out a soft curl which lay against his heart. "This is all I shall have when you are far away."

"But I shall love you all the same when I am far away," persisted the little boy. "Truly, truly, Joe, I shall. And I will come back again."

"But I shall be dead," whispered Joe, so low that Basil could not hear.

Next day a man stood on a rocky point gaz-

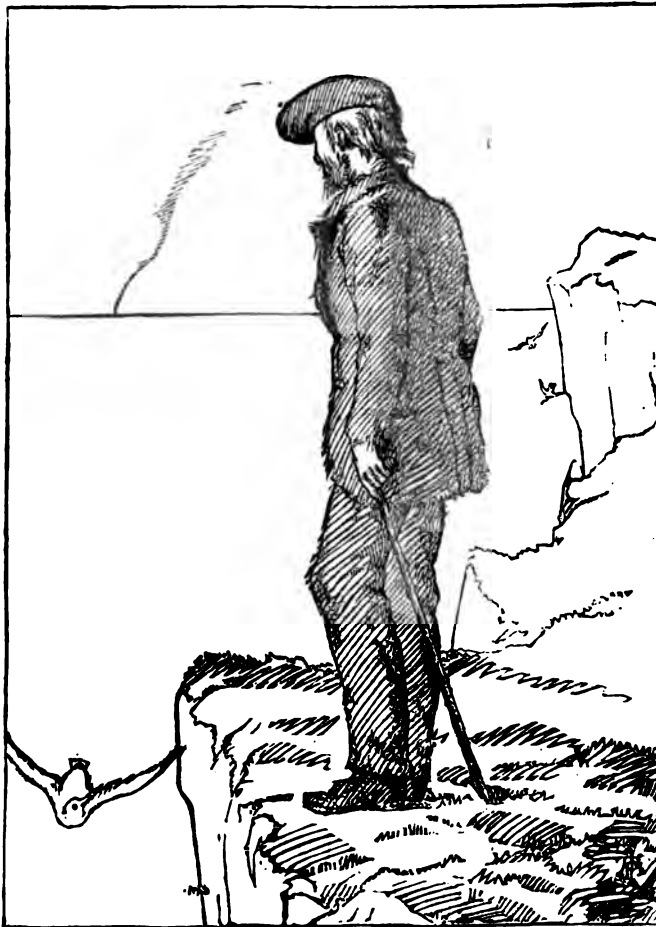
ing with straining eyes at a lessening speck on the horizon. "He is gone," he moaned, presently—"he is gone;" and, with a wild cry, he threw himself down upon the rocks, and wept as he had never wept before, and would never weep again.

With the summer the "little gempleman" came back to his old home. But his faithful follower wandered with him no more.

Separated from the life-giving love of the child, the poor creature had faded slowly away. Lovingly tended, for Basil's sake, by Granny, on a snowy day in winter the darkened soul passed from its narrow earthly prison into the wonderful light of God. Bless-

ing with his last failing breath him who had taught him that there was such a thing as love even on earth, and pressing with all his feeble strength the soft dark ringlet to his lips, the poor fellow begged that the little curl—all that remained to him of what had been so dear—might be buried with him in his lonely grave among the mountains, "where the giants sleep."

And every year the "little gempleman," now growing into a big gentleman, plants flowers upon his grave, and thanks God that he was made the means of bringing so much light and joy into this dark and lonely life.





JULY 1880.

Sermon.

By Rev. J. STEWART WILSON, M.A., Newabbey.

After them repaired Zadok the son of Immer over against his house.—NEHEMIAH iii. 29.

I NEED hardly say that I am not going to enter upon the question of the rebuilding of Jerusalem. It is not for *what* Zadok did that I have selected these words, but for the *way* in which he did it. There seems to me to be a principle set forth here that is well worthy of attention and general application.

Observe how the man went about his work. He had building to do, and he begins over against his house. He had to do his part in the grand but arduous task, and he starts with what lies at his very door—nearest his own hand. There are unsightly ruins blocking up the way that leads to his home, and before he does anything else he sets himself with a will to clear that rubbish away. Every time he looks out a scene of desolation meets his eyes, and so he determines that first of all that wild disorder shall be changed into order. That was the principle which Zadok followed, and I venture to suggest that it is a principle we should all do well to follow. Begin the work of improvement with yourselves, with your own families, with your own circle. In whatever direction or to whatever distance your efforts may extend, see that you start with that which lies nearest at hand. In a word, do as Zadok did. In building up the waste places of this world, begin over against your own house. Such is the general principle. Let me now illustrate and enforce it in a very few remarks.

I. And first of all I would remark that it is by no means a principle that is generally acceptable or universally adopted. Indeed, I may say that it is very frequently ignored and very openly violated. Most people invert this order. You will find hosts of people who busy themselves with reforming everybody but themselves. You will find men and women by the thousand who are hard at work putting everybody's affairs to rights except their own. They are never weary deploring some other person's defects and vices. They see his faults denounced in every page of Scripture, and hear his practices exposed in every sermon. But they are so much taken up looking at other fields that they quite overlook their own.

They are so wrapt up in the conviction and reformation of some fellow-sinner, that they forget to convict and reform themselves. You may exhort, and warn, and denounce, but you might just as well hold your tongue. All your words fail to reach them. All your arrows miss their mark. They acknowledge the justice of your reproofs. They appreciate the force of your reasoning. They admire the power of your appeal. But then it is of some other person they are thinking all the while—thinking how truly the description applies to him—thinking how sorely he needs the warning—wondering how it can fail to work conviction. It never once enters into their heads that they themselves may be meant. And so the sharpest darts either fly harmlessly past, or rebound from their coat of mail.

Most men are but little disposed to follow Zadok's example. When they build, they will build anywhere save over against their own houses.

II. I would remark that however unpopular and unwelcome this principle may be, it is yet after all the only *safe* and *right* one. And that for a great many reasons, so many, indeed, that I can mention only one or two.

(a.) First of all, it is plainly the *natural* order. It is really beginning at the beginning. All other methods are a beginning in the middle or at the end. First one's self, one's own heart and life and home; then one step farther out into the circle of our more intimate friends and neighbours; then from that point to others lying still farther beyond. That, I say, is the *natural* order, the order which God has made our affections and interests to follow. For after all, every man is an object of greater interest to himself, and *ought to be* an object of more solemn interest to himself, than any other. And so, too, God has made us such that our interest in our relatives and friends is greater than in those farther removed, just as our welfare and happiness are more closely bound up with theirs. And if this is the order of nature and of God, it must be folly, if not worse, to desert and invert this order and begin at the outside instead of at the centre of the circle.

(b.) Another reason following upon this is that it is the *simplest* and *easiest* order. God has put us in a position for following this order, and so long as we follow it we shall find everything favourable to us. First of all, the field of duty is near at hand, and so is easily and constantly accessible. We can reach ourselves or our family when we cannot reach

the next parish or even the next house. For working in this home-field no time need be lost, no journey has to be taken, no effort has to be made. And besides this, all the relations and ties of nature are in our favour, and aid us in the work. Not only are we there already, but everything fights on our side. We may try to exert our power in vain beyond the limits of our home and friendship, but we are sure to speak and work with some weight when we speak and act as a parent or relative, as an acquaintance or friend. We can do comparatively little either for good or harm, at least directly, to the great world, or even Scotland, but we *can* deeply affect, either for good or ill, our various households and our little parish world. We cannot reach the extremities of the crowd, but we *can* reach those nearest us, and through those communicate with the more remote. We cannot touch the end of the chain, but pull away at the link nearest you, and eventually you will get even the farthest into your grasp.

(c.) Again, you should begin at home and with yourself, for it is the only *effective* and *successful* way. It is only after having first cast the beam out of your own eye that you will see clearly to take the mote out of your brother's eye. No matter what the truth be that you wish to diffuse, no matter what the reform be that you wish others to adopt, how can you advocate it with any force or likelihood of success if you have not shown your own appreciation of it by adopting it yourself, and seeking to introduce it in your own immediate circle? A man who advocates temperance whilst he himself is intemperate, and does nothing to discourage intemperance in his family and neighbourhood, is not likely to be a very successful advocate. First illustrate and enforce your principle by your practice; first show its power and excellence in your own lives, and then men will listen with respect and be ready to be convinced.

Besides, unless the spring is full, how can the streams be full? Unless the heart be on fire, how can it set fire to others? You must begin with yourselves if you wish to affect others. First purify your own hearts, and then all your influence will be pure. First make your own lives and circles Christian, and then you will win others to Christ; but not before. Let the fire of Christian life be lit on the altar of your own hearts, and let it burn brightly there. It will not be long before it reach the members of your family and household. From them it will spread over a still larger circle of friends and acquaintances, and thus in ever-widening circles and over an ever-increasing space the fire will extend, until even the most distant parts are wafted in the flame. That is the course which all great and successful movements have followed, and necessarily must follow.

III. The last, but by far the most important part of my task is to urge the *adoption* of this principle. If the world is to be reformed at all, if society is to

be Christianised, it must certainly be by each man beginning with himself, his own family and household, and so forming numerous centres of Christian influence and Christian life. After all, religion is a personal thing—a thing between each man's conscience and his God. And that man's religion must be vain indeed, which does not exercise an influence over his life, which does not purify his heart, which does not hallow his family circle, and make itself felt in his immediate neighbourhood.

I do not say that though a man should begin with himself and his own household he should end there. I learn indeed from Scripture that there should be no limit to our Christian sympathies and efforts, or, at least, no limit save that of our knowledge and powers. Wherever we know of a human creature needing help, there our sympathy, at least, is due. And wherever there is a fellow-being we can help, there we are bound to help.

But still in all this a certain order should be observed. We should not neglect what is near for what is far away. We must not regard religion as an admirable thing for our neighbour and the world in general, and forget that it has reference to ourselves, and that, after all, the first, the all-important question is, What has it to tell us, what duties and responsibilities have we in connection with it?

And so, while it is well that Christianity is in our land, what we have specially to attend to is that Christianity be in our hearts and homes. We cannot long too eagerly and labour too earnestly that the power of sin may be destroyed in the world; but let us see to it, above all, that sin has no dominion over ourselves or our households. It is well that others should read their Bibles and know the will of God; but let us take heed, above all, that we and ours know it, and are trying to make it the rule of our lives.

You sometimes wonder what you have got to do. Well, I can tell you. You have to accept of Christ as your own Lord and Master. You have got to frame your lives in accordance with the Spirit of Christ. You have got to win your family and household to Christ, and make your home a centre of Christian influences—a training-ground for Christian men and women. You have to set your face against every form of evil that lays waste your neighbourhood, and foster and encourage every form of good. In short, you have to build up by earnest prayer and patient effort, in the strength of God's Spirit, the ruins which sin and Satan have made wherever you go and wherever you come; but, like Zadok, you must begin your rebuilding over against your own house.

There is work enough—ay, and more than enough—lying ready at our hand, in ourselves, in our families, in our homes, in our neighbourhood—work that must be done—work which none but we can do. If we have hitherto neglected it, let us neglect it no longer, but go and begin it now.

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE first thing that disturbed the tranquillity of the family at Wallyford was an unexpected visit paid them about the middle of August by Mr. Scrimgeour himself. He was an old acquaintance, and had taken John into his office chiefly out of friendship to the old couple, whom everybody respected, and a visit from him was not extraordinary, though the mere sight of any one from "the office" made Mrs. Cameron's heart beat, since it might always mean some harm to John. Mr. Scrimgeour gave very elaborate reasons for calling. His family had taken a house at Musselburgh, not very far off, for the sea-bathing season, and he had just come down to join them: he could not think of being in the neighbourhood without coming to see his old friends; and a great deal more like this. He spoke at great length, awakening their suspicions, after a while, by the very pains he took to soothe them. And his face was very serious. He did not look like a man who had come with no other motive than that of paying a call of civility. When he had made all these polite speeches, and complimented the Captain on looking so well, and Mrs. Cameron upon her daughter, there ensued a pause. Such pauses are not unusual even in the most ordinary conversations, but here it seemed significant, and almost terrible, as the stillness before a storm is often more impressive, more alarming, than the storm itself. Mr. Scrimgeour looked at the old people before him with a look that was very serious, and yet half-frightened too, while they watched him with an intensity of observation, trying from the very traits of his nervousness to read what was in his mind; for why should he be nervous? why should he turn his snuff-box round and round in his fingers, and clear his throat so often, if his visit were all for nothing? Isabel sat in the west window, a little apart, with her work. The visit of course was not to her. She was a spectator, looking on as from a distance; and she in her security wondered too, and looked at them, not knowing what it could mean.

This pause had not perhaps lasted a minute—but to Mrs. Cameron it seemed like an hour. The Captain sat a little in the shade, so that the expression of his face was not apparent; but she was sitting by the table with all the clouded daylight illuminating her and the workings of her countenance. It was a cloudy day, the skies all in a tumult of heavy vapours, mass upon mass of cloud, save where over Arthur's Seat, in the distance, a clear shrill gleam of pale light shone like some heavenly combatant keeping all the clouds at bay. Mrs. Cameron's face, and the little white shawl she wore, were like this clear point in the room, where all beside seemed in the shade. As that slow terrible minute lingered on, it was more than she could bear. She turned to the visitor suddenly, putting her hands together in her lap.

"Mr. Scrimgeour, you have something to tell us; something about our laddie; some ill of John!"

The Captain pushed his chair round towards the light, and Isabel turned too, a shadow against the window, startled by this sudden outcry. Mr. Scrimgeour turned his snuff-box more and more quickly round in his hand, and cleared his throat again and again, before he could summon courage to speak.

"Well, Mrs. Cameron," he said, "perhaps it is not just so bad as that. I will allow that I thought it *only* friendly to give you a word; but there is nothing gone wrong—nothing serious gone wrong—not that I know."

All at once a kind of majesty seemed to come to the father and mother; the old Captain raised himself in his chair, and Mrs. Cameron sat like a queen, with her face suddenly paled and stricken as with the solemnity of death, turned towards the messenger of evil. The

anguish that overshadowed her was so great, that she looked worn and awful in the pale light.

"Do not beat about the bush," she said, with a gasp, as if her breath had been taken away; "but tell us—oh tell us the worst—tell us the worst!"

"My dear, compose yourself," the old Captain said; "do not be in such haste to be unhappy; Mr. Scrimgeour means nothing but kindness, or he would not be here."

"Let him speak, then; let him speak!" she cried out. Had she not feared it and seen it coming? But this verification of all her terrors seemed more than she could bear.

Mr. Scrimgeour trembled, though he was not a man who was easily overawed. "You must not take it so dreadfully to heart," he said. "I am not coming with any complaint. It may all be the lad's silliness and youthful folly. No, no; I have no worse to say to you. Nothing but that: he's careless of his business; he is very irregular. I see him about the town with gay friends, silly lads that are just a pest about the place, leading others away. It's always dangerous, Mrs. Cameron, for a young man to get friends that are not of his own kind. A lad that is in business should keep to business ways, and not consort with wild young lads about the clubhouse and the barracks, and so forth, that have plenty of money and not a hand's turn to do—"

Mrs. Cameron's face relaxed; the paleness warmed a little back into life; her solemnity melted away. Poor woman! in her anguish and anxiety she had her silliness too. A rapid calculation passed through her mind; if it was only that John was consorting with idle *gentlemen*, richer than himself—was that all?—not that he was being led into wild riot, into those grosser evils which were what she had feared: a great balm came to her burning, aching heart. A sigh of relief came from her burdened breast. He would be spending money, getting into debt, perhaps. Well, well, that was wrong, that was far wrong; but it was not like drinking, that curse of Scotland—or worse—or worse. No, no; God be thanked, it was not like *that*.

"You have taken a weight off my heart," she said, with a troubled smile. "Oh, it's foolish, foolish, very foolish—when he knows we are not rich; but still—if it's no worse than that."

Mr. Scrimgeour gave her an astonished look; her sudden relief startled him altogether, and brought back a little of the resentment against John which the sight of his parents had turned into pity and distress. "No worse!" he said, hastily; "I don't know what you would have worse! dissipation that makes him unfit for his work in the morning, that takes him away half the time he ought to be in my office. From my point of view I cannot tell what you would have worse—besides spending his money before it is earned, and more than his money. What he gets in my employment can never keep up these expenses. No, I don't know what you would have worse, for my part."

Before this was half said he was sorry, and then again he was glad, for he felt it ought to be said, notwithstanding that it was very terrible to throw, as it were, a bombshell between the father and mother—two peaceful good people who deserved, if ever anybody did, to have peace and comfort at the end of their life.

"This is very serious, Mr. Scrimgeour," the Captain said.

"It is very serious—if it had not been so, Captain Cameron, can you suppose I would have come to vex you? I don't want to be hard upon John. He is young, and no doubt it's a great temptation—and these idle young devils—I am sure I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cameron."

She had no words to speak; her face had frozen up again into the severity of anguish. She waved her hand to him to go on; what did a word matter—devils! oh, they might well be called devils if they had led her boy astray.

"These idle young blackguards," cried Mr. Scrimgeour, mending his word, but adding a little more warmth

to the sentiment, "that have nothing to do, and don't care what they spend, probably because it's not their own that they spend, I believe they take a pleasure, that's my opinion, in leading away silly lads that are much better than themselves."

"You said you had nothing to complain of—nothing special to complain of," Captain Cameron said. He rose up from his chair, and stood leaning upon the mantelpiece, the stoop of his weakness altogether mastered by the strength of excitement and pain. Unconsciously a tone of severity had come into his voice too. When a man appears as the accuser of your child, it is hard to recognise his benevolent motive, hard not to address him as an enemy. In the first shock even the old Captain had scarcely sufficient command of himself to abstain from this; and Mr. Scrimgeour was conscious of a little irritation in return.

"I don't know what you mean by nothing to complain of," he said angrily. "I don't take lads into my office and pay them salaries that they may just please themselves. There's my work that must be done, whoever does it, and if your son never looks near the place till twelve o'clock in the day, and slips away at one, as is quite a common thing, what good is he to me?"

Then there was another pause. Mrs. Cameron, who had been stunned, who had no voice to say anything, looked pitifully at her husband, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap. She had escaped from the first shock only to feel the second with more crushing force. Generally it was she who spoke for both. She looked at the Captain now, appealing to him to defend her boy. Something rose in her throat and silenced her. In her misery she found not a word to say.

"That's bad, that's very bad," Captain Cameron said. His throat was dry, and the words refused to come. "I don't know what to say to you, Mr. Scrimgeour," he said in a low tone; "you would like perhaps that we should take him away."

"And as for the salary—the salary," said John's mother, speaking with difficulty, "it would ill become us to take another penny, if that's so."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Scrimgeour, unbending a little; "now you're going too far; the lad is maybe no worse than hundreds more; they are young, and they will have their fling; I don't want to be hard upon the lad. As for his salary, I'll pay him his salary as long as I get any work out of him. And if he would be punctual, he's not bad at his work, when he likes. No, no, I did not come for that; I came because I have a sincere respect for you, Captain, and for you Mrs. Cameron, as old family friends—just to advise you, you know, to keep a tight hand upon him, to give him a word of advice."

"We are very grateful to you, Mr. Scrimgeour," Captain Cameron said.

"And keep him, if you can, from his fast friends; there are two or three of them, and one in particular that is the most dangerous of all, a young lad by the name of Mansfield—"

A slight faint cry was audible in the still room. Mr. Scrimgeour looked up hastily. Did it come from the window where the girl was sitting, the girl who had taken no part in it all? But Mrs. Cameron caught his glance as it went past her, and seemed somehow to arrest and defy it to go farther. "It was nothing, it was only me. Oh! I beg your pardon. Go on, go on, and let us hear everything," she said.

Mr. Scrimgeour was puzzled, and did not know what to make of this: but he went on more deliberately. "A young English lad of the name of Mansfield; you have heard of him, perhaps? So far as I can judge, he is the worst of all."

"Yes, we have heard of him, we have seen him even; but he is no great friend of my John's. No, no, rather the other way. What is there against Mr. Mansfield, if I may ask you, Mr. Scrimgeour? but he is not a friend of my John's."

"I don't know that there is much against him," said Mr. Scrimgeour with some impatience, "except that he is fast, very fast. Perhaps he's no worse than the rest. I don't say he's any worse than the rest. A lot of idle fellows, up to all the mischief that's going, races and every devilry. But this one I happen to know by name, that is my reason for mentioning him. He had some business arranged by my office. Well, Mrs. Cameron," he said, rising, "I'm afraid I've brought you a sore heart; but things are not so bad but that they may mend. If you were to talk to him very seriously, Captain, and point out that the end of these things is destruction. I have spoken to him myself, and I have not minced my words; but there's an authority in a father: and then Mrs. Cameron will come in. A young fellow will do many a thing for his mother. Sooner or later you will thank me, and John will thank me for giving you a word of warning. It's not pleasant either to you or me, but it's well meant, it's well meant," Mr. Scrimgeour said.

"And we are grateful to you, very grateful," said Captain Cameron. They all shook hands with him, one after another, and tried to smile as he went away. The old Captain himself, slowly shuffling, even though his wounded leg had been bad that morning, went with him to the door, and exchanged another silent pressure of the hand with him as he went away. And then slowly, slowly he mounted the stairs again; his wife was standing just where she had been when Mr. Scrimgeour took his leave. They were anxious to talk it over, to be alone to think of it; and yet he came slowly, and she stood still, making not a step to meet him; they were afraid to look into each other's eyes and read the misery that was there. He came up to her with that slow solemn step, as if he had a weight dragging at either foot, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear!" he said, lingering upon the tender pronoun. "My dear!" She could not answer him a word. They did not notice even that Isabel had stolen away out of the room, and that they were alone to bear their great trouble together, as they had been so often before.

Isabel had not felt herself capable of saying anything to her mother. She had not known, indeed, what was passing, what she was doing. She stole mechanically out, following her father and Mr. Scrimgeour, conscious only of a longing to be in her room by herself, to see nobody, to have no questions addressed to her. She went and hid herself, not knowing what else to do in the great and crushing blow which seemed to have descended upon her so unnecessarily, so cruelly, she could not tell why. It was cruel, cruel! that was all she was sure of. If John had gone wrong, then John had gone wrong, and oh, was not that bad enough? It was what her mother had been looking for; it was what they had seemed to expect. Isabel herself was cruel in her preoccupation, but she was not conscious of it. She felt a sudden anger rise up in her heart against her mother. Why had she expected John to go wrong! and why, if he went wrong, should anybody but himself be to blame? When she got to the silence of her room she buried her hot head in her hands, and tried to steady herself and think what it was. John had gone wrong—but why, why should any one else be to blame? The face of the other seemed to shine before her, though her eyes were shut and covered with her trembling hands, a face full of brightness and sweetness, and candour and honour. "The most dangerous of all." She did not seem to understand what she had heard, yet scraps of words floated about in the air, and across her mental eyes. Who was it that was the most dangerous of all? It was cruel, it was a lie, it could not, could not be true. And then Isabel's mind was suddenly swept away, as by a whirlwind, to another side of the question. Mingling with the interview of Mr. Scrimgeour and her parents, floating across it, another half-distinguishable picture, came the talk with Jeanie which had taken place so short a time before. She seemed to see through her shut eyelids, from which a hot

tear or two began to make its way, the two somehow alternating, Mr. Scrimgeour seated against the wall, square and solemn, and Jeanie stooping over her work, running her scissors through the stuff. Would it be hers to ask herself the same question as that which rent poor Jeanie's tender heart in two—"a' the parish against him, and a' your friends, and naeboddy but you to stand up for him." Was it she, she, and not Jeanie, who would have to solve that question? Was it upon her the dreadful lot had fallen? She withdrew far away from the sorrow of her parents. She refused, half consciously, half voluntarily, to think of what they were thinking or saying, so near her, yet so far away from her. Most likely she would be in opposition to them too. She felt herself separated, turned away from them by the fate which seemed to have got her helpless into its hand. How could she think of John?—they would think of John. And they would turn from him, and consider him an enemy. But she would never consider him an enemy. It would be for her to do him justice, to stand by him whatever they might say. Thus, in a moment, that separation had come about which is so terrible to think of. The girl's heart, so young, and soft, and inexperienced, had given up father and mother, to cling to—whom? With a blush that scorched even her hidden face, Isabel shrank from the word that came across her memory—husband! She had been a child yesterday, what had she to do with a husband? and yet her heart was relinquishing father and mother, and everything that had been most precious to her, that she might cleave to—one who would be alone if she did not stand by him, one who would be undefended, nobody taking his part. Isabel was heartless, unnatural, undutiful, devoted, and tender, and faithful, all in a breath. She would stand by him if nobody else did, she would believe no harm of him, she would take his part, she would make up to him by her absolute faith for all the doubts he might meet, the accusations that might be made against him. She forgot she was John's sister, and that he was in trouble, in this sudden wild outburst of consciousness that she was an individual, independent being, and had also a life of her own. It is a harsh discovery to make at any time. In the case of a creature so young it was terrible, it was cruel.

Meantime the two old people had sat down together, both of them weak with years and sorrows: they held each other's hands like two children, to support each other. "My dear," the old Captain was saying, "you must not be so downhearted. It is not as if all was over, as if the lad had lifted up his heel against us, and refused to listen to his father and his mother. No, no, my dear, John will not do that. He has been silly, very silly, but he's young, and there's no harm done that cannot be mended. He will listen to you and me."

"William," said Mrs. Cameron, "you know well what we've always asked for our youngest laddie, after all we've gone through. No prosperity, nor a fortune, nor honours in this world—no, nor even health, more than pleased his Maker—but to be a good lad. You and me, that is all we have asked for him, William, that he might be good. And oh, man, to think the Lord will no grant us that!—no even that, when we ask no more!"

"And what is that, O my woman?" said the Captain. "Is that not the greatest and the chiefest of all? Is there any gift in God's hand equal to it? and is not everything else in it? honour, and credit, and health,—ay, and wealth too? And what is there more hard to grant? You speak as if it was a small thing to make a lad good. My dear! to make a prince would be more easy. The Lord must buckle to that work Himself. He cannot trust it even to angels or such like. What was it our Redeemer had to give up the ghost for, ye hasty woman? just that our lad and many another, poor men's and poor women's sons, might be good; it's the foundation of all, and the crown of all; it's just everything; and you say He will not grant you that—na, na, I am using wrong

words—has not yet granted you that!—as if it was a nothing, a trifle out of His hand."

"It's the one thing He has promised, William," she cried, slow tears—the tears of age that are few and bitter—following one other at intervals down her cheeks, "the one thing without any condition; that He'll give us new hearts, new hearts if we ask them—without any condition; for other things you say, 'if it's Thy will,' but no for this, for it is His will. If we ken anything in the world, we ken that, that it's His will we should do well. And this is why I say—even that, even that! will He no grant us that? Let him be poor, let him be humble, let him be weakly and misfortunate, if it be Thy will—but here I will make no condition as the Lord has made none, William! Let him be good, Lord, let him be good!"

"Amen," said the old man, with the broad, soft, Scotch vowel giving solemnity to the word. And then he took a closer clasp of her hand and said, with a smile that shone through the water in his eyes, "Then why will ye not be satisfied, when you own yourself that you have Him on your side!"

It was not till some time after this that Mrs. Cameron perceived the absence of Isabel. It struck her with another pang, a sharp and keen sting of additional pain; but she would not add to the burden which her husband bore, this additional weight which was upon her own bosom. By and by she left him and went softly to the door of Isabel's room. Perhaps there was some self-reproach in Mrs. Cameron's mind. She did not go in, as she would have done on any other occasion, but called her daughter at the door. "Are you there, my darlin'?" She would not spy upon the first confusion of pain, which she divined. And what was she to say to Isabel? In any circumstances she would have been shy, as so many a delicate-minded woman is, to enter upon the subject of love with her child. She had thought of questioning Isabel on this point before, but her own old cheek had coloured like a girl's at the thought, and she had never found courage to break this tender reserve, which was not inconsistent with the perfect confidence between them. But now—what was to be said or done now? She stood trembling outside the door which at any other moment she would have opened. And Isabel came out almost as soon as she heard her mother's voice, her hair smoothed, her eyes bathed from all traces of tears; and indeed she had not shed many, for indignation and resolution had dried them before they could fall. Her mother looked at her with anxious eyes, doubly anxious not to show her anxiety. "My darlin', you must come and comfort your poor father," she said. "He has been giving me all the comfort he has, and he wants his bonnie Bell to make it up to him—for little comfort, little comfort, will anybody get this day from me."

"Mamma," cried Isabel, glowing out of her paleness with a sudden flame of affection, "you will not give him up at the first word!"

"Give up!—my lad, my bonnie lad! when I give up my life, Isabel—no before."

Isabel threw her arms about her mother. "And that is what I feel too," she cried.

What could the mother say? There was no name mentioned between them, and it was of John, who else? that she spoke; but she was not without a thought of the other, the other whom Isabel loved. Alas! there could be but little doubt of that now; the child had begun her individual existence with this shock and terror—if not before.

Next day was Saturday, and the anxiety with which the household waited for John's return is not to be described. He came in very good time, earlier than usual. He was very grave, even gloomy, in his seriousness, with lines upon his forehead that looked like care, but no trace of the levity or reckless excitement which had often carried such terror and sickening alarm to the hearts of the anxious watchers. He was so serious himself, that John did not even observe the intense seriousness of the

household, the heaviness and troubled hush of the house. There had been great consultations and much thought between the old people as to when they were to "speak to" John, and it had been decided at last that after the Saturday supper would be the best time, for "I cannot go a Sabbath day with that on my mind," his mother had said. And if John had been in a condition to observe, he would have seen that something of a very solemn character was impending. But he was wrapt in his own thoughts, as they were in theirs, and noticed nothing. When the meal was over, Mrs. Cameron stopped him as he was going out into the garden with his sister. "Your father and I would like to speak to you upstairs, John," she said, with a quiver in her voice. There shot from his eyes a look of passionate terror which scared Isabel, who alone could see it, and then he said, "Very well, mother," and turned and followed her upstairs. Isabel went out alone, and hid herself among the bushes at the farther end of the garden. How the world had changed to her since yesterday began! Then it was little different from Eden. There was more vicissitude, more excitement, than in that ancient paradise, but life was as sweet and hope as flattering, and there was no forbidden tree that Isabel knew of: now it had changed into a desert, barren and terrible, where yet the sufferers could stand by each other, but nothing more.

"John, my man," the Captain said, making his son sit at his right hand. His voice was husky and trembling, his large old frame in a quiver of suppressed excitement. "We have something very serious to say to you, your mother and me—"

Once more a gleam of sudden alarm stole out of John's eyes. His face flushed crimson, then grew deadly pale, but this was only for a moment. "What is it, father?" was all he said.

"We have been hearing about you from one—from one," said the Captain, hesitating, for it had been agreed between them not to speak of the interposition of Mr. Scrimgeour—"that knows about your present way of life. John, my man, it has given us a stab to our hearts, both your mother and me."

"My way of life! I thought you knew that as well as any one; and what did this mysterious person say?" said John, with dry lips.

The old Captain put his large and tremulous hand upon his son's. "You know what you are to your mother and me," he said, "our last son; and some have gone astray. Your brother Willie, we know nothing about him, if he is living or if he is dead. It was he that first broke our spirit and made us old folk; and now you are the last, John, and your mother is bound up in ye. My lad, how will you answer to yourself, I am no saying to your Maker, if ye take the little good that is out of our auld lives, and bring down our grey hairs with sorrow—You must hear me out, my lad—they tell me you're living a wild life, John. John, I'm not good at scolding. All that I have to say to you is, that will never do, that will never do, my man. You've nothing but your own work to look to, and you must work; and more than that, and far more important, you're the servant of the Lord, and not of Mammon—receiving Mammon as meaning not money, but rather as the world and the flesh and everything that's evil. John, my dear lad, my bonnie lad, this must not last, it must not last."

And his mother got up in the restlessness of her pain, and came and stood behind his chair and put her hand upon his shoulder with a touch which was infinitely tender, yet almost timid. "My dear," she said, "my dear! O my bonnie man! here are two of us that would give our lives for you, but our auld worn-out lives will never redeem your young one. Your father says I would have the Lord make you good by force, and that cannot be. O my son, my son, will ye no listen to us, and be guided by them that know better than young things like you? The end of these things is death; they may be pleasant at the time, but it's written in Scripture,

and oh, it's been proved over and over again in many a sore heart, the end of these things is death."

John sprang up impatiently from his chair, throwing off his mother's arm on his shoulder, his father's hand on his arm. "I wish I knew what you meant," he cried; "I wish I knew what you wanted. There's nobody has a right to attack a man like this behind his back, neither telling him what he's accused of, or who accuses him. What have I done? tell me that, and then I'll know what to say."

He stood up facing them, backing away from their tender environment; his eyes were red and his face pale, with sudden flushes of hot colour. He looked at them firmly, yet his eyes could not meet theirs. Fear, and yet a lurking hope, was in the bravado of his countenance, but misery under all.

And then they told him—one supplementing another—what they had heard. He listened with a miserable relief, he laughed with a levity which meant utter wretchedness and despair, but which, to them, looked like defiance. "Is that all?" he said.

"All! what would you have more? It is enough to ruin you, to take away your character, to spoil all your life," said his father with indignant composure. He had rejected their tenderness and driven back their emotion into their own hearts. Even Mrs. Cameron had dried her tears with a hasty hand.

John laughed again. "I thought, when they were at it, they might have made it a little darker," he said; "it would have been more effective. You can tell whoever told you that all this is an old story. I have not been out of the office for half an hour for at least a fortnight back. You can ask who you like, and they will tell you—that's an old story. I have been foolish, I don't deny it; but any man that has seen me out of the office for the last fortnight, I would like to hear him say it, that's all. I've done with that—if you believe me, that's to say. Perhaps you will take your anonymous friend's word rather than mine."

"You have little right to speak to your mother or me in that tone; but I take no man's word against yours," said the old Captain. "If you will tell us that you are making a change, that you see you have been wrong, I, for my part, ask no more."

"If that's all," John said, with a curl of his dry lip—never was there more mirthless, tremulous laughter—"oh yes, I've seen that I've been wrong, wrong enough, wrong enough, Heaven knows; but I'm turning over a new leaf—oh yes, I'm a changed man."

And again he laughed: then suddenly grew deadly gray and pale, and looked at them once more with furtive, anxious eyes, as if to demand again and yet again was this all? did they know nothing more?

The Sunday passed quietly enough, after this agitating yet unsatisfying explanation. They had tried to take comfort from the acknowledgment and denial mingled, which he had given them. It had been true, but was so no longer. What could be more satisfactory! and yet it would have been impossible to be less satisfied than they were. Before John went back, Mrs. Cameron, who kept the purse of the household, took him aside once more.

"My dear," she said, "you have been reckless according to your own showing, though, God be thanked, it's past; and you'll have debts; a young lad must have debts that lives in that way. Whatever they are they shall be paid, John. I know what it is to begin your life with a millstone round your neck, and aye have something you dare not to speak about. My own laddie, be frank with your father and me. Since you've seen the harm of it, and changed your ways, we're no such stern folk that we cannot understand; take my advice, John, and gather in all your bills, and make a clean breast to your father and me."

He gazed at her for a moment with a wild light in his eyes; he opened his lips to speak, then stopped, gave her another look, and broke out into the same strange

unmirthful laughter. "It would be no use, no use, no use," he cried.

"Oh, but it would be of use; listen to me, my dearest boy; if it was to the half of all we have in the world, your father would not grudge it, and neither would I—if that were to be the end of it, and you to live henceforward a steady life, a steady Christian life—"

"Ah, you would buy me off, would you, mother! It is not such a bad way—to make John Cameron forsake his evil ways, so much—to learning him to do well, so much more."

"There is little to laugh at that I can see," Mrs. Cameron said.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," he cried with sudden gravity; "nothing to laugh at; if there was time to undo some things that I have done—and you could buy me the power to do it, mother!—"

"You can never get that, my dear. What things! what things?" she asked anxiously.

"You would have made a grand inquisitor, mother," said John. And he added faintly, "A little money is always acceptable." The upshot was, that he went away with a few more of those not too plentiful one-pound notes. But there was nothing, nothing possible, so far as he could see, in earth or heaven, to make one thing right which was wrong, one thing which he could never forget nor alter, he thought, were he to live henceforward like a saint through all the coming years.

Christ in the Tabernacle.

By the Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D.

NO. III. THE MOST HOLY PLACE.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"—that is the sentiment with which we approach the subject of the present paper.

A word of description, to begin with, of the "Most Holy Place"—the "Holy of Holies"—(for by both phrases is it designated, the one in the Old Testament and the other in the New).

It was the inner portion of the Tabernacle, screened off by the veil from the Holy Place, and was ten cubits long, broad, and high—a perfect cube. It had no floor save the bare earth; on three sides it had boards of shittim wood overlaid with gold; and overhead were the four coverings, of which the lowest (that which alone was visible from within) was of fine twined linen, with blue, purple, and scarlet. The Veil, which was of the same material and pattern, occupied the fourth side, being that next to the Holy Place.

Within this sacred room there was a closed Ark made of wood of the acacia-tree, and covered with pure gold, both within and without. It was $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubits long, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubit broad and high. Over the top of it was a plate of pure gold, called the *Mercy Seat* (in Hebrew *Kapporeth*, the lid or covering). Within this Ark were placed (1) the two Tables of Stone which Moses brought down from Mount Sinai, containing the Ten Commandments; (2) Aaron's Rod which miraculously budded; and (3) a golden pot containing some of the Manna which had been gathered in the desert. Above the Ark, resting on the ends of the golden Mercy Seat, were the figures called Cherubim; their faces were

turned towards each other and towards the Mercy Seat, and their wings stretched out so as to touch the sides of the Most Holy Place. From a verse in the Epistle to the Hebrews it appears that the golden censer which held the incense was kept in the Most Holy Place, resting probably on the floor just within the veil.

There was no aperture whatever to admit light, and all the light which at any time was present was from the *Shekinah* or *Sacred Cloud*. After the rebuilding of the Temple by Zerubbabel, this Sacred Cloud never appeared; and we are left to infer that the Most Holy Place continued in perpetual darkness, save when the high priest lifted up a corner of the veil to enter once a year. ("The Lord said that He would dwell in the thick darkness," 1 Kings viii. 12.)

Having thus shortly described the Most Holy Place, I go on to open up its sacred symbolic teaching, as this is laid down in Scripture. The Holy Place meant the standing-ground of the Church on earth, in which the priest ministered; what doth the Most Holy Place mean? It means, as we are taught by Hebrews ix. 24, "HEAVEN ITSELF." Yet not *all* heaven, for there are many things wanting; it is only such part of heaven as is concerned with the worship which is offered up from earth, and even of that part we have only the picture of

THE GLORIFIED PERSON OF CHRIST.

We shall find that fact after fact, as it is explained in Scripture, brings us to this.

1. Let us consider first THE VEIL. The Veil separated the Most Holy Place from the Holy. What did the Veil mean?—"Through the Veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. x. 20). The body of humiliation which our Lord wore, which hid His glory, and which was "rent" at the crucifixion.

Christ entered through this rent Veil into the Most Holy Place (Heb. x. 20) as High Priest; and *He remained in that place*; He never came out (His appearances during the forty days of the resurrection were not a dwelling in the flesh—He then wore a "glorified body"—He was within the Veil). The Veil is still rent; through it we can see into the Most Holy Place (through His death); and by means of prayer we thus, even now, "enter into the Holiest, . . . by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us" (Heb. x. 19). Remark also that now, because of this rent remaining in the Veil, the Altar of Incense, "the golden Altar," is represented in the Book of Revelation as "before the throne" (Rev. viii. 3; ix. 13). The Altar stood before the Veil, but when the Veil was rent, it stood facing the Mercy Seat. Christ entered through this rent Veil into heaven; but how, and for what purpose?

He entered there *with blood*. "Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, . . . by His own blood, He entered in once into the

(Most) Holy Place." When the high priest entered once a year, he took the blood of the sin-offering, which was offered for the whole congregation; and he sprinkled it "upon the Mercy Seat eastward," and also on the floor "before the Mercy Seat" he sprinkled it "seven times" (Lev. xvi. 13, 15): when Christ entered the Most Holy Place once for all, it was "with His own blood."

He entered for the purpose of intercession "into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24). The high priest entered once a year with a censer full of incense from the golden altar, and laid it down before the Mercy Seat—the golden vial "full of odours, which are the prayers of saints." Christ carried there His own prayers, with the perfume of His own name. And He makes our prayers part of His own.

He entered there as representing His people. "For us" (Heb. ix. 24). The high priest went to make an atonement both "for himself" and "for all the congregation of Israel" (Lev. xvi. 17).

2. Let us consider next what is within the Holy of Holies.

If Christ entered in once for all, and has remained within, is there anything to represent Him there? In the picture given us in the Tabernacle, is Christ within? He is. The Ark of the Covenant represents THE GLORIFIED PERSON OF CHRIST. It is "overlaid with gold, within and without," to express His glory; nothing is too costly or precious to signify what He is. The covenant has its seat there, in Christ.

Within the Ark we find, first—The Tables of Stone which Moses brought down from Sinai, the law of God. WITHIN the Ark! "Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart" (Ps. xl. 7, 8). In Heb. x. 7 this 7th verse is quoted as *spoken by Jesus Christ*. We have inspired authority for this being a Messianic psalm.

And then how much is involved in the law being now for us in Christ! It is *within the covenant*. It is dealt with by the covenant, arranged for in it; our relation to the law is by the covenant made right and good.

Then the law is in Christ. Satisfied in Him. "Magnified" by Him. All its holiness is there. All its punishment exhausted. None of its "condemnation" left. All that is meant by the law being in the Ark. Think of the difference! The hard, stern, awful law, that had nothing to say of forgiveness, having now its ONLY place (for the Christian) in the heart of Christ. All to be obeyed, more than ever; but in what a new way! We are free from the law, except as the law is in covenant and in Christ.

The next thing within the Ark was "Aaron's Rod that budded." This was the Rod which Aaron carried as head of the tribe of Levi (*the tribe of God*): and it here conveys the thought of

government as put into the hand of Christ for His people. Borne by the high priest of Israel, it is borne now by the High Priest over the house of God. It was the Rod of Correction, by which God's enemies and God's people were subjected to trouble; and Christ still bears it for this end, but it is laid up in the Ark, and so is carried by Christ in His heart. It is the Rod of Miracle. Before it was laid up in the Ark it smote the waters, and turned them into blood. After it was laid up it was taken out to smite the rock in Rephidim, whence the living water flowed. And once again, it was the subject of the miracle described as "the blossoming of Aaron's Rod," which suggests to us how often the Rod of Correction in Christ's hand "yields fruit" unto His glory. It is the Rod which was wielded as the sceptre of God's kingdom, "a strong rod for a sceptre;" and is the "Rod of Iron" with which Christ shall rule all nations. It is the Rod of Comfort, "Thy rod and staff, they comfort me!" It was the Shepherd's Rod, the old Rod of Moses with which God "did wondrously" at Horeb (see Exod. vii. 9, 10), and it is now carried by the Good Shepherd.

"The Golden Pot that had Manna" is the next thing that is within the Ark of the Covenant.

This was the food of God's people; and the daily measure of their food ("an omer full of manna to be laid up before the Lord," Exod. xvi. 33). And is it not so, that "he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me" (John vi. 57). But why the daily measure? "Give us *this day* our daily bread," (Matt. vi. 11).

Why is the food represented by *Manna* and not by *Bread*? Because the Manna came direct from heaven, and it is to be had there still! The food was not grown nor made, but given. It is not the teaching of man that feeds the Christian's soul; but grace—Christ! And not the human nature of Christ, but the whole God-man!

The next thing in the Most Holy Place is the Mercy Seat. In the Old Testament the Hebrew word means *the Covering of Atonement*; the Greek word of the New Testament means *the place where peace is made*: these are both very significant names. As to the Hebrew word, "it is only used in the figurative sense of covering up sin or guilt, i.e. Atonement" (Kurtz on Exod. xxv. 17). So important was the Mercy Seat, that the whole Most Holy Place is called in Scripture "the Place of the Mercy Seat" (1 Chron. xxviii. 11). It was "above the Mercy Seat" that God promised to "meet with Moses," and to "commune with him of all things which I will give thee in commandment" (Exod. xxv. 22). It was therefore the Seat of Divine Legislation; the Place of Divine Manifestation; the Throne of Divine Glory. The Ark which was below it was "the Footstool of our God" (1 Chron. xxviii. 2). But the Mercy Seat itself was *the atoning covering of sin*. Not only so, but if I read it aright, it was *the atoning covering of*

the whole covenant! It was over the Ark, over the Law, over the Rod, over the Manna. In virtue of its covering the covenant, it covered sin, which was atoned for. The whole story of sin is there; in the law, which was broken; in the sprinkled blood; in the rod of training; in the spiritual food. Atoning mercy, then! The atoning mercy of Christ! But it is a Mercy Seat sprinkled with His blood; mercy which He can now exercise because of the blood; the highest place given to it over all! The very "seat" of this blood-bought mercy is the heart of the risen Saviour!

Two other things—perhaps the most mysterious of all—the Cherubim and the Glory, must be kept for a separate paper. Meantime, we may ask all our readers to tread with care and thankfulness this Holiest Place, opened to us by God's Spirit, that we, in thought, may visit it now, and see in it the glorious testimony to the finished and all-sufficient work of Christ our Lord. Yes! it is in that very place that our feet, O Christian, shall yet stand. Hallelujah!

Wayside Meditations.

By Mrs. STANLEY LEATHES.

IN THE WORLD, AND YET NOT OF THE WORLD.

IT is a hard lesson to learn to be in the world, and yet not of the world. Far harder than to put ourselves out of the world altogether. To be in the world and yet to stand often at a disadvantage, to be often misunderstood, often despised, and often alone, requires a strength that we have not of ourselves, and that we can only find in God. To be supposed to be competing for worldly advantages, to be supposed to be actuated by worldly motives, to be supposed to be elbowing ourselves upwards to some ideal elevation in this life, and yet to be failing to attain to it, is humiliating, even though these were not our objects, and *though our goal lay far beyond.*

Just where we are, God has put us; and just round about us lies our work. Just where we are, if we wait and are patient, there will be abundant room for us to work in, and just round about us unexpected openings will occur if we look out for them. Once I asked a little child, "What is faith?" and her quick, eager, untaught answer was "Waiting." It were well if we all could realise that true faith is quietly waiting God's good time.

HUMILITY.

Humility is supposed to be above all a Christian virtue. Truly so it is, yet in our journey through life, Humility is a flower we rarely gather. Men are humbled by God, when His judgments overtake them, as thereby they lie in the dust. Men, too, humble themselves, to avert further disaster, affliction, or deeper humiliation; but to walk (habitually) humbly before God, is a lesson learnt slowly, and even learnt at all but by few. I remember hearing one say, who had perhaps so walked more con-

sistently than most, "Humility is the last lesson we learn, and when we have learnt humility, unbounded joys awoken to our hitherto deafened souls."

It is quite true; for pride, which shuts the gate against humility, spoils our lives, and we find out when it is too late, that it is not the amount we had, or the greatness, or the pre-eminence, or the success even, that made us happy, but the measure of contentedness we possessed, and the blessed sense of God's presence with us.



What the Water-Lily says.

OH I have a robe all glistening white,
And I have a crown of gold;
More fair am I decked in my Maker's sight
Than Israel's king of old.
Yet deep in the earth of the river's bed
My being first had I,
And only through waters dark and deep
Have I climbed to see the sky.

So half am I child of the heaven's sweet light,
And half of the darksome clay;
While swiftly the river flows on in its flight
Impatient to bear me away.
Now ye who are wise to look within,
And hidden things to try,
Come, tell me how it is that we
Are kindred—you and I!

AGNES.

A Successful Experiment :

BEING THE HISTORY OF THE BATH STREET CLASS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By Rev. JAMES MITCHELL, M.A., South Leith.

I HAVE been so often asked both by visitors and by letters from strangers to give some account of our class for working girls, that, partly with the view of answering all inquiries once for all, and partly with the hope that the narrative here given may induce others to adopt similar plans with equal or greater success, I have consented to give the account contained in the following pages. I have declined doing so hitherto, not merely because we wished to avoid publicity, but also because I wished to subject the experiment to the test of time before recommending it to the adoption of others. Thirteen years, however, furnish ample means of judging whether it has done good or not, and at the close of that period I think I may, without presumption, claim for it the title of A Successful Experiment.

I shall therefore, in this and following papers, endeavour to tell the story of the Origin, Progress, and Results, of the Bath Street Class for Working Girls.

I.—ITS ORIGIN.

I had not been long settled in Leith, upwards of sixteen years ago, when I was struck with the large numbers of young women from fifteen to twenty-five years of age whom I met at two o'clock, flocking up the streets, literally flaxen-haired, and with their clothes covered with dust of the same material, walking in groups of three and four, taking the full benefit of the pavement, and compelling the foot-passengers whom they met, in self-defence to take the middle of the street, unless they wished their clothes to be similarly adorned. The songs they sang, so far as I could gather from the snatches which I occasionally caught as they passed, were not of the choicest kind, and altogether, there was a boisterousness of manner and a loudness in their voice, which could not fail to make them conspicuous. After a time I discovered, on tracing the stream to its source, that they came from a manufactory of sailcloth called The Edinburgh Roperie Company. I could not but think how unfit many of them must be, from the sort of work in which they were necessarily employed there, for afterwards taking the management of a house, and I was distressed to think of the influence for evil which they might exercise over each other, hearing such songs as I had heard them singing in public, while I reflected by contrast on the many ways in which they might help each other for good, if they were wisely directed.

I was anxious to help them if I could, but having long before acted on the principle of never undertaking any work unless there was a probability that I could go on with it, and unless I had a reasonable hope of bringing it to a sort of successful conclusion, I was for months little more outwardly than a passive spectator of their habits. At the same time I made various inquiries as to whether any influence had been brought to bear upon them for good as a body, and if so, with what success. I found that from time to time, during several years, attempts had been made to gather them together in the evenings, but that these had not been heartily seconded by the girls, and that the duration of most of them could be measured by weeks, or months at the most. The failure of these different schemes was variously attributed to over-strictness in one case, to an attempt to connect them with a particular church in another, and to its being merely religious instruction which was given in a third, while in a fourth, the evenings were said to have proved so very dreary, that the girls soon tired of the meetings and went away. I thought it was possible to devise such a means of spending the evening with them, as might make it both pleasant and profitable, and so to give them religious instruction, that even those who cared but little for it at first, might be led to accept it thankfully for the

sake of other benefits and advantages which they might more appreciate, and which they would receive along with it. I certainly did not wish that my effort should merely be numbered among the already recorded failures of a similar kind, and after frequent visits to many of them at their homes, thus acquiring a knowledge of their habits and ways of life, I fancied I could enlist their interest, and secure their attendance, if I could only get a fair commencement.

The next step was to secure, if possible, the influence of the proprietors of the work in the scheme which I had in view. Having arranged for being comparatively free for this purpose for two evenings in the week, I called upon the leading proprietor of the Company, and mentioned to him that I was anxious, as minister of the Parish, to try and do something for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the workers. He received me very cordially, and asked me what I intended to do. I explained to him, so far as I understood myself, what my plans were; adding that as they were not thoroughly matured, I hoped to be able to perfect them after the work was actually begun, and when I knew better the precise sort of material with which I had to deal. He manifested the most hearty interest in my scheme (with which I was very much pleased), but I was not a little discouraged when he added that he was afraid it would be utterly useless, as the girls could not be got to attend. On talking the matter over further, he informed me that he had seen so many attempts made, and speedily end in failure, that he thought it right to warn me that the present proposal, although much more feasible than the others which had already come under his notice, would certainly end in failure also. I assured him that I was quite prepared to run the risk of this; that I was confident of success, and all I wished at present was his permission to make the experiment, and his sanction for carrying it out among his workers as a body. This was readily granted; and my next duty was to secure the services of several ladies to assist me in carrying on the work of the class, if it ever assumed sufficiently large proportions to require their aid. These services were very readily proffered for one night in the week; it being thought by most that that was all the time which could be spared from home duties for the purpose. I therefore provided a relay to take the second night of each week, if necessary. The ladies who volunteered their services were, I believe, the most efficient staff that ever rallied round any one for the purpose of carrying on any good work. The success of the Class was almost entirely owing to them; and if I have to speak often in the first person as originating plans, it is always to be understood that these were formed in concert with them, and frequently at their suggestion. Some of them had large households of their own to conduct, and their example in finding time for this extra work, without neglecting a single household or family duty, was of invaluable service in after years in enabling me to secure the co-operation of others, who, but for this, might have pleaded successfully the pressure of home cares. I have never experienced the difficulty which others have lamented, of getting ladies to make a sacrifice of their own convenience in order to further such works as these.

The next point was to secure, if possible, a meeting of the young women, that I might explain my plans and see whether I could not enlist their sympathies. On mentioning this to the proprietor, he at once entered into the proposal, and offered to give the large cloth-room for the gathering, if I would let him know on what evening I wished to address the workers. On writing to him afterwards I mentioned the time, and requested him to cause information to be sent through the works that on that evening at six o'clock, immediately when the work ceased, I would be happy to meet with as many of the girls as could make it convenient in the cloth-room. In reply he mentioned that that evening would be perfectly suitable, but if I were disengaged at half-past five

o'clock, he thought that would be a more suitable time, as then the girls were still in his employment, and he would give instructions to stop the work at that time, so that none could have an excuse for being absent by pleading that they were obliged to go home. I was inexpressibly cheered by this manifestation of hearty goodwill in the cause, and was only too ready to agree to his proposal. When the appointed evening came, I waited in the cloth-room for a considerable time without seeing anything more of my future audience than occasional faces peeping in at the far-off door at the end of the long, narrow hall, and I communicated my fears to the manager of the works, who was with me (and who has stood by me in the best sense ever since, as he literally stood by me then), that I should not even get a beginning made. He assured me that they were only waiting for some one to break the ice, and that if one came in, others would speedily follow, and he had scarcely said so when one came in, followed quickly by another, and these two by ten, and these by twenty, and in they rushed pell-mell, helter-skelter, a most miscellaneous, motley, and uproarious company. There must have been above a hundred present, but they crowded so closely together, and kept at such a distance from us that they were scarcely within speaking range, although the Babel of their tongues rose clear and loud throughout the building. They finally became quite quiet, and the silence was so oppressive after the previous noise, that I was almost afraid to hear the sound of my own voice, and I therefore asked the manager if he would just kindly say one single sentence, although it was only to tell them who I was, that I might hear some other voice besides my own. This he at once did, and I then began to tell them how glad I was to see so many of them there, and that I had asked them to meet me because I hoped and thought that I might be able to help them in various ways. There was no special appearance of interest for a time, and I knew that I had not caught hold of them. But gradually some of them drew nearer, when, after speaking of the lives which most of them would probably lead in their own homes in after years, and the necessity for doing what they could to fit themselves for that home life, as I did not suppose that they intended to be mill-workers all their days, I told them the following anecdote, which I had reason to believe was a narrative of a real occurrence in a manufacturing county in England. A young woman of excellent character, who had for several years been employed in one of the mills, was married to a decent, steady young workman, giving the best reason to hope that the marriage would be in all respects a happy one. Soon after their marriage, the husband expressed a desire to have half a dozen shirts made for Sunday use, and having told his wife so, he seemed to imagine that the order was as good as executed. On the Saturday night following he said he would like to put on one of the shirts next day; when his wife regretfully informed him that not one of them was made, as she had no pattern and didn't know his shape. Whether he had never possessed a shirt before, or whether he was the owner of only the one he spoke in, I did not know, but certain it was that the difficulty was solved by his lying down upon the floor, and by his wife chalking out his shape as her lord and master lay before her, prostrate at her feet. She lined out his comely proportions, and marked the wrist and neck with due fidelity, but when, a week afterwards, she intimated that the garment was now complete, and when on the Sunday morning he essayed to put it on, although he found an entrance, he could find no exit. A protuberance at the neck revealed a head frantically struggling to make its way through, and similar spasmodic efforts at the wrists revealed the hands of a man in earnest, and it was only when he had burst into the light of day in sundry places which had never been contemplated, that the melancholy truth came out that, copying the chalk lines

too slavishly, she had sewed up both neck and wrist-bands, leaving him to work his way out as best he could, and with serious detriment to the garment which she had so lovingly and so patiently constructed. When the anecdote was finished, I told them that I was sure none of them would wish to cause their husbands so much disappointment, and that I was sure it was their desire that they should be able, in their married life, efficiently to discharge all home duties. I then found them crowding so closely round us, that with difficulty we could get a circle large enough to let my voice be heard by those who were farther off. The result of the meeting was a vague general promise on the part of those assembled that they would endeavour to attend on Friday evening, when the work of the class would fairly begin. The proprietors of the work had very readily put at our disposal a small schoolroom in Fox Lane capable of accommodating comfortably about fifty girls, and had offered to supply us with fire and light. Such was the origin of the experiment: a want was felt—an endeavour was made to supply it—the girls had promised to come—ladies had cheerfully undertaken and even volunteered to take part in the work, and a tolerably comfortable place was at our command within which to meet.

II.—ITS PROGRESS.

When we met on Friday evening, the 14th December 1866, the attendance was most encouraging, the room was almost full, and after having explained briefly the sort of evenings we intended to spend, and assigning eight girls or thereby to each lady to take charge of, and taking down the names and addresses of the girls who were present, I read a short story and intimated that those who wished to give orders for clothing etc., which they wished to be purchased for them, would have these orders taken down by the lady superintendent, who would procure the goods for them, and these they would find in the room next Wednesday evening when we met again. After a short Bible lesson and the singing of a hymn, the first meeting was at an end. The quietness was not perfect—there was not merely a good deal of speaking, but of very loud speaking—both owing to the fact that the nature of their work and the noise of their looms throughout the day had given them but few opportunities of speaking to each other during their work-hours, and that when they had the opportunity of exchanging a few words, they had to shout like a captain in a gale of wind, so as to be heard above the noise of the machinery. It was not to be wondered at then, when they met within the class-room in the evening, that they had a good deal to say to each other, and that when they did speak, their voices were neither gentle nor low. Notwithstanding this the ladies were so delighted with the first evening's experiment that when I said I hoped I should see them all on the following Friday, and that I would secure, as they had wished, a relay to take their places on the Wednesday evenings, they unanimously said that they would prefer very much, in the meantime, and until the class was fairly established, to take both the evenings, as they thought it would cause confusion at first to have an alternation of ladies. I was only too thankful to find that this was the light in which they regarded the class, and I may mention here, as a proof of the enjoyment which the class gave to teachers and taught, that what was suggested as an arrangement "in the meantime" became the permanent order of its management. The same ladies came twice a week, and every week, and not for months only, but for years, and although, during the period that the class has been in existence, there have been several changes, by removal, by marriage, by death, and by altered family circumstances, there are still two or three, after nine years have passed away, who are as regular and as zealous as they were at first, and even more successful.

To be continued.

The Midnight Visit.

By the DOWAGER LADY LISTON FOULIE.

"The night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."—ACTS xxiii. 11.

IN the Castle of Antonia, which overlooked the Temple Courts, Saint Paul lay imprisoned. He had just passed through two days of terrible danger and uproar. Twice he had been rescued by Roman promptitude from the fanatical rage of his own countrymen. And now as he lay, on some hard mat perchance, on the floor of his cell, bruised, and weary, and sad, where would his thoughts be? Did they go back to the Council Chamber, and form themselves into such words as these?—"Ah, I did not act as my dear Master did when they smote Him on the face; I spoke unadvisedly with my lips;" though, methinks, at the very moment of their utterance, a cry for pardon would ascend, followed by the petition, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

But suddenly, he finds the soldier to whom he is chained is not his only companion in the cell. A glorious, radiant Form is at his side. How shall we describe the Visitor? By what name shall we call Him? The King of Glory! The Man of Sorrows! The Prince of Peace! The Crucified One! The Altogether Lovely! The Risen and Ascended Saviour!

In the stillness and darkness of the night He comes, with words of cheer and comfort. Just in the time of need He comes. Not in the "whirlwind" or in the "earthquake" of these days of terror. But after the fiery trial is over, His "still, small voice" is heard.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

The very words might tell the Speaker! They had floated on the stormy Lake of Galilee, and calmed the troubled hearts of His disciples. They had come with forgiveness of sins to the palsied one. And many a time in St. Paul's own experience had the counterpart of these loving words, "Fear not," brought comfort and peace. Surely they must have sounded like sweetest music in his ear now, and been engraven on his heart for ever. We find him proving this on his voyage to Rome; for he used the same words in comforting his companions in danger. "Be of good cheer," he says twice over.

"Paul." He is named, you see; very touching this. The first time the Lord addressed him it was, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" No words of "cheer" then. How different now!

"Paul, as thou hast testified of Me," etc. As if He had said, "I have seen all thou hast done and suffered for Me; I was with thee in the Temple, I was with thee on the stairs; in the Council I was by thee, and now I have come to comfort, and cheer, and strengthen thee. Be of good cheer."

How the pain of bruises and the beating would vanish at the presence of his Lord! One can fancy when the brethren came to see him at daybreak, and

asked how his poor body was, he would say, "Oh, my bruises and pains! I had forgotten all about them; I have seen the Lord! His presence lighted up the prison, and made my hard bed feel like down. Oh, if I could only have gone back with Him to heaven; but He says I am to witness for Him at Rome, and what would I not suffer for Him who loved me and gave Himself for me!"

There are most cheering, comforting lessons for us in this midnight visit. It also suggests very solemn questions wherewith to test ourselves.

1. At the right time and place—the time of need—the Lord manifests Himself to His children. Not now in visible form, but in special fellowship and sense of His presence. How many of His afflicted ones can bear witness to this!

2. The Lord would not have His children sad. He likes us to be happy Christians. "Joyful" even "in tribulation."

3. Let us ask ourselves the question:—Suppose the Lord Jesus appeared at my bed to-night, what would His greeting be? Would the visit be to me one of unutterable joy and comfort? or should I be afraid to meet His eye? Could He say to me, "Be of good cheer: as thou hast testified of Me in the sphere where I have placed thee, so must thou witness for Me elsewhere"? Will my testifying of Christ bear repeating?

4. The Lord can only bring such words of "cheer" to those to whom He has already said, "Be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." We must have begun the Christian "life" before we can do "work" for Christ.

Have we asked Him for this forgiveness? If not, ask it now, and we cannot ask in vain; for Jesus is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever"—the same loving Saviour, ready to pardon, and cheer, and bless.

"Dear Saviour, let me hear, as if from heaven,
'Be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven:'
Then will I hail Thy visit in the night;
Then will Thy presence cheer, and all be light."

A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.—In visiting the hospital I found a little fellow who was very ill of an incurable disease. *Everything* almost in the boy's home life had been against his either knowing good or loving it; but he had been an attender at the Sunday School. Without that attendance I believe he would have remained almost ignorant of the name of God, unless it were to take it in vain; and apart from the texts and hymns of the Sunday School I fear he would have had no knowledge of His love. But from off his bed of sore suffering the boy was able to speak to me with a hope and a confidence which many an older person might well desire and envy. His memory, which might well have been choked with the weeds of sinful words, was quick to reproduce some of the sweetest songs that Sunday School teachers love to impart to the children, and his heart, set as it was upon an early seeing of God, quailed not for a moment in prospect of all that might occur between. It pleased God to call the little fellow home within a few days after I had spoken with him; but I thought to myself I would write a line or two in our Magazine about him, that teachers once more might learn from such a deathbed the one lesson—Persevere.—*Wallacetown (Ayr) Parish Magazine.*

The Vaudois.

By the Rev. WM. ROBERTSON, D.D., New Greyfriars.

Concluded from May.

FROM this period Vaudois history declines in interest. Though oppressed by many vexations, laws, and regulations, they were no longer exposed to open and bloody persecution. The conduct of the Government, however, still continued to be marked with the utmost contempt for the faith of treaties. In 1718 the valley of Pragela was ceded to the Duke of Savoy on the express stipulation that the rights of his Protestant subjects should be respected. But instead of fulfilling this obligation, the whole Protestant inhabitants were immediately expelled, and the Vaudois Church extirpated in the valley. In 1729 a horrible gunpowder plot to blow up the Church of Villaro, when the people were assembled for worship, by means of a train from a neighbouring monastery, was providentially frustrated. In 1796 a second massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned for the destruction of the inhabitants of San Giovanni and La Torre, while the greater portion of the men were absent with the army on the frontier. But fortunately intimation of this fiendish conspiracy reached the Vaudois soldiers, who, immediately abandoning their military duties, hurried home, and, after a march of breathless haste, such as flesh and blood could hardly have accomplished, except under the spur of agonised apprehension, they arrived at the very moment when the slaughter was to have commenced. Evidence of this plot, with the names of the conspirators, was laid before the Government, but, to their infinite disgrace, no notice was taken of it, while Colonel Godin, through whose promptitude the conspiracy had been foiled, was tried for leaving his post, and though acquitted, was superseded in his command. When Piedmont became an appendage of the vast empire of Napoleon, the Vaudois were treated with marked liberality and kindness by their new sovereign. The determined gallantry of this brave people in defence of their mountains, though displayed against his own troops, seems to have won the favour of the great warrior. By his directions they were placed on a footing of entire equality with their Romish fellow-subjects, their pastors were enrolled with the clergy of the French dominions, and lands were allotted for their maintenance. This bright season of liberality was of short duration, for when, at the conclusion of peace, Piedmont was restored to the House of Savoy, the reign of bigotry was again felt in the valleys. Their privileges were abridged, their disabilities renewed, the provision for their clergy withdrawn, and fresh regulations of a most cruel and degrading character were imposed. Taking advantage of this, priest and magistrate united in heaping insult and wrong on pastors and people whenever opportunity occurred. I was myself cognisant of cases of this description, sufficient to make one's blood boil.

The revival of an ancient edict was also contemplated, the result of which, if carried into execution, would have been to expel from the valleys every one who should refuse to adopt the Romish religion. The people were struck with consternation, but the danger was averted, it is said, by the direct interposition of the King of Prussia, whose ambassador adopted a lofty tone, reminding one of the indignant language of Sir Samuel Morland. Oppressive measures were nevertheless still pursued of a kind to create amazement as being possible in the nineteenth century, and in the midst of European light and civilisation. A letter which I received at that time from General Beckwith, their illustrious and never-failing friend, contained the following passage—"There is a most alarming scheme on hand with regard to our poor people. Those who have lands outside the valleys are warned to be off, but nothing is given them in writing. But the edict which I dread most is that which enables the Roman clergy to get hold of the children of the ages of ten or twelve. Poor children, half-starved, are inveigled into the Hospice at Pignerol, and when they are produced, after a hundred subterfuges, they are made to say that they wish to remain there. Of all the edicts this is the most iniquitous. I am surprised that our people are so little terrified. There is a disposition to firmness and principle which is delightful. Even the women look calmly on, preparing for the worst." It was at this period of their history that I first became personally acquainted with them, viz. in 1842. At the instigation of General Beckwith, I traversed their mountains on foot, visiting their churches and schools, and accepting the cordial hospitality of the Vaudois Manse (presbytère). "You have no idea," said the General, "how much our poor people will be encouraged by hearing that a Scotch minister is visiting them." Though at that time Scotland had not begun to take an interest in their affairs, the Vaudois had been taught to regard us as their friends. They knew that we held the same religious creed, and that our form of worship and Presbyterian Church Government were in many respects similar, and while they longed for a closer intimacy and intercourse, they never imagined that we could be indifferent to their sufferings if only we were made acquainted with them. Hence the warmth of my reception wherever I announced myself as a "pasteur écossais" and a friend of Colonel Beckwith. I found them sadly crushed down and disheartened. One aged pastor whom I visited told me with a bleeding heart of the cruel and brutal insults to which he and his family had just been subjected. But their ancestral courage and firmness did not desert them, and they clung to the faith of their fathers with a determination which neither insult nor injury, threats nor oppressions, could shake. In this they were greatly strengthened by the presence among them of an English gentleman, one of the noblest Christian characters it was ever my privilege to know—I mean the late General, then

Colonel Beckwith. As a British officer he had gained great distinction in the Peninsular War. If I do not mistake, he commanded a regiment of cavalry at Waterloo, where he lost a limb. Guided by Divine Providence, he visited Italy for the recovery of his health, and happening by accident, as it is called, to fall in with Dr. Gilly's Waldensian Researches, he was induced to turn aside into the valleys, and there, with brief intervals, he spent the remaining thirty-five years of a singularly useful and honoured life. He was truly a man raised up by Divine Providence in the time of need. His life and fortune were devoted to the Vaudois. The deep-seated enthusiasm with which he espoused their cause, always under the control of powerful self-restraint and of a calm practical mind largely endowed with common sense, rendered him admirably fitted to influence and guide the people of his adoption at this period of danger. But his influence was so quiet and unobtrusive that the hostile Government of Piedmont, ever on the watch, could find no excuse for compelling him to leave the country. He was prudently desirous to keep himself ever in the background. Concluding from my letters that I proposed originating some public movement on their behalf, he wrote me on one occasion, "Whatever you do, remember that my name must on no account be publicly mentioned or even alluded to." He built them schools, churches, dwellings for their professors and teachers. He encouraged them, counselled them, and above all gave them the example of a noble, self-denying, Christian life. Oh how his memory is cherished among them! How they love the very name of Beckwith! With what respect and affection they hedged round his young widow—herself a native of the valleys—and his infant daughter Charlotte! He died at La Tour on the 16th July 1862. On the 18th May 1865 I was present in the cemetery of La Tour, when the monument erected to his memory was uncovered in the presence of a great multitude of both Vaudois and foreigners. It was a scene never to be forgotten. He sleeps in the midst of the people he loved and served so well. His estimable widow and only child have resided there ever since, with the exception of short visits to his relations in England. I may be permitted to mention one incident showing how affectionately he is remembered. Shortly after his death I was present at their annual Synod or General Assembly. As usual, I was invited to address them. I could not but allude to my friendship and love for him who had been lately removed from them. When I sat down, a tall old man rose from the middle of the congregation, and coming up to me, took me by the hand, which he held for a few moments in silence, and then said, "I beg your pardon, dear sir, but I wished to tell my wife and children that I had held by the hand a friend of General Beckwith."

Such, then, was the situation of the Vaudois Church up to the year 1848. "Until now," said a

leading article in one of the most popular of our daily papers, "Until now, this gallant garrison of pure Christianity continued to be harassed and assaulted, insulted and oppressed, until Italy won her liberty. The battles of Magenta and Solferino raised the siege of sixteen centuries. Poor, few, hardly known, but noble with the long history of national martyrdom, the Waldenses have kept the faith to the end—a Protestant Church older than Rome, and perhaps destined to teach her the doctrines of a pure Christianity." A singular retribution it will be, and in beautiful harmony with God's method of working, if this little Church, so long and so cruelly persecuted by Rome, should become the engine of overturning the Papal power in Italy, and should repay to Italy all the horrors which Italy inflicted on her by conveying to the Italian people the pure word of the living God. Is it not a marvellous thing that this little Christian community, with a gross population of 22,000 souls, presided over by 17 pastors, in the midst of utter weakness and absolute penury so great that she has all along depended on foreign aid for the support of her own ministers and schoolmasters, should already, in so short a space of time, have actually over-spread Italy and Sicily with a network of active missions? In 1848 the Vaudois Church "comprised only 18 ordained ministers, 15 churches, and few schools worth mentioning. But having resumed the missionary work, it now (1878) offers the following: 54 churches, 24 missionary stations, 62 places periodically visited, 14,660 communicants, a Theological Hall with 3 professors and 15 students, a College with 7 professors and 75 scholars, a Normal School with 2 professors and 72 scholars, a Grammar School with 2 professors and 32 scholars, 3 hospitals, an Orphan Asylum, an Industrial School, 253 primary day schools with 6462 scholars, 163 Sunday Schools with 4369 scholars, 7 emeritus pastors, 50 ordained ministers in active service, 15 evangelists, 30 masters and mistresses of schools, 7 colporteurs, and several religious journals."¹

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance to our common Christianity of the progress of the work of evangelisation, which it appears the great Head of the Church has laid upon this little Christian community in the Valleys of Piedmont. Almost miraculously preserved from destruction for hundreds of years, and now at length called by a wonderful providence to enter on and carry forward the gigantic work of evangelising a great nation, while her own absolute poverty seemed utterly to disqualify her for such an undertaking, the Waldensian Church, by her very existence and present position, virtually presents what we trust will prove an irresistible appeal for aid to all the churches of Christ. Scotland has come nobly to the front. The Italian Evangelisation Society—the foundation of which was laid at La Tour by the late Dr. Guthrie, the late Dr. M'Ewan of Glasgow, Dr. Thomson of Edinburgh,

¹ Professor Comba—"Who are the Waldenses?"

Mr. Guthrie of Liberton, and myself, in 1865—has borne golden fruit. But in our zeal for the Mission work it is to be feared that we have overlooked what is of pressing importance—the circumstances of the native pastors themselves. For the purpose of ascertaining their real condition I visited La Tour at the time of the annual Synod in September 1877, and I was not a little alarmed by the result of my inquiries. It appears that the income from all sources received by these devoted men does not amount to £60 a year each. Even when the price of provisions was low, this barely raised them above want, but now that the cost of living has there, as everywhere else, been immensely increased, their position has become a singularly painful one, so much so as almost to place the very existence of the Church in danger. It can hardly be expected that young men of talent and education will readily devote themselves to a ministry which promises only hard work and starvation; so that, unless sister churches come to their aid, there is reason to apprehend that this noble old fortress, which for hundreds of years has hurled back the fierce assaults of Rome, aided by all the military power of France and Piedmont, may ultimately be sapped and mined and crushed by poverty. On my return, I appealed to the Foreign Correspondence Committee of the General Presbyterian Council, who most loyally and heartily undertook to raise a sum which, when invested, would increase the salaries of pastors and professors by £20 a year each. The Committee have issued an appeal to the churches, and the sympathy they have everywhere received leaves no ground to doubt of ultimate success; and not only so, but the movement in Scotland has been followed by a corresponding movement in the Valleys themselves, which has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectation, and there is every reason to hope that the Church of England is about again to take up the cause which she formerly so nobly supported, and we look for the speedy resuscitation of Dr. Gilly's Waldensian Committee. We confidently anticipate that the time-honoured motto of the Waldensian Church, *Lux lucet in tenebris*, shall continue to describe both her character and her work, until through her Missions the darkness of Popish ignorance and superstition in Italy has altogether disappeared. God grant it for the glory of His own great name, and of Jesus Christ our Lord and theirs.



The Voices of the Children.

TIS the voices of the children! I may not see them now,
Nor feel their little tender touch smoothing this weary brow;
Yet wave on wave of happy sound breaks o'er this listening heart,
And lifts it from its loneliness to take with them a part.

Dear voices of the children, how true and sweet they ring!
Sweeter than burst of early song that greets the genial spring,
When birds amongst the budding trees feel its soft breezes blow,
And see the flush of flowers that spread in gladdening bloom below.

No, nothing on this earth of ours is like that joyous sound;
'Tis like what seems to fancy's dream sometimes to circle round—
The sweep of angels in their flight, leaving upon the ear
The music of that holy home, far off, yet ever near.

For heaven is near us when we hear pure children as they play;
Was not our Lord Himself a Child upon this earthly way?
And bent He not His brows benign upon the babes that sought
A blessing from those bounteous Hands by which all worlds were wrought?

Thank God for happy children! and for the tuneful voice
Of guileless childhood in its mirth bidding the heart rejoice.
Christ, call these little ones to Thee to catch Thy likeness fair,
Then grow and brighten till they shine in star-like splendour there,

Where children, and all childlike souls, who fight the faithful fight
For Thee against the Evil One, shall walk with Thee in white
For ever, and for evermore, in that bright land above,
Singing at last a sweeter song, and dwelling in God's love!

A. M. B.

The Little Hunchbacked Maiden.

FROM THE GERMAN.



ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had but one child, a little daughter. She was a very little thing, and very pale, and not, indeed, quite like other children; for when she went

out with her mother the people would often stop and stare after her, and mutter something to themselves. But when the little maiden asked her mother why the people looked at her so strangely, her mother always replied, "It is because thou hast such a charming little dress on;" and the child was satisfied. But when they reached the house again, the mother would take her little one to her bosom and kiss her over and over again, and cry, "Thou dear, sweet little heart's angel! What will become of thee once I am dead? Nobody knows what a dear little angel thou art; no, not even thy father!"

Now after a time the mother fell suddenly ill, and on the ninth day she died. Then the father of the little maiden threw himself distracted upon the bier and wished that he was dead and gone. But his friends spoke to him, and cheered him, and a year afterwards he took another wife, prettier, younger, and richer than the first; ah! but not half so good.

And all the time since her mother died, from morning till night, every day, the little maiden sat at the window-sill; for she could get no one to go out with her. She was even paler than before, and in the whole year's time she had not grown an inch.

But when the new mother came to the house the little maiden whispered to herself, "Soon wilt thou again be walking through the town and along the pleasant roads in the merry sunshine, where the beautiful trees and flowers grow, and where the crowds of gaily dressed people are." For she lived in a narrow little alley, into which the sunlight seldom shone, and where, if one sat at the window-sill, one could see only a patch of blue sky no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief. The new mother went out, indeed, every day, forenoon and afternoon, and she wore always a beautifully coloured shawl, much

finer than any that the old mother ever had; but the little maiden she never took out with her.

At last, one day, the little maiden took courage, and begged and prayed that she might be taken out for a walk; but the new mother refused her bluntly, and said, "Thou art not quite right in thy mind! What would the people think were I to be seen with thee? Thou art quite hunchbacked. Hunchbacked children never go out for a walk, they always stay at home."

On hearing this the little maiden became quite still, but as soon as the new mother went out of the house she climbed upon a stool and looked at herself in the glass; and, truly, she was hunchbacked, sadly hunchbacked! Then she sat herself down once more on her seat at the window-sill, and gazed on the street below, and thought of her good old mother, who had taken her out every day. Then she thought again of her hunch.

"What can there be in it, I wonder!" said she to herself; "there must surely be something in such a hunch."

And the summer passed, and when the winter was come, the little maiden was paler than ever, and so feeble grown that she could no longer sit up by the window-sill, but had to lie all day in bed. And when the first green blades of the snowdrops began to peer through the earth her good old mother came to her one night and told her how bright and glorious it was in heaven.

Next morning the little maiden was dead.

"Don't cry, husband!" said the new mother; "it is best for the poor child to be so." And the husband answered never a word, but bowed his head in silence.

Now, when they had buried the little maiden, there came an angel from heaven on great white wings like a swan's, and stood at the grave and knocked as if it had been a door; and the little maiden immediately came forth from the grave, and the angel told her that he had come to take her back with him to her mother in heaven. Then the little maiden trembling asked if hunchbacked children went to heaven too. She could not imagine it at all, because in heaven it was all so beautiful and fair.

But the angel answered, "Thou dear, good, little child, thou art no longer hunchbacked!" and he touched her on the back with his shining hand. As he did so, the old, ugly hunch tumbled off like a huge, empty shell. And what do you think was inside?

Two lovely white angel-wings! These the little maiden spread out as if she had always known how to fly, and with the angel she passed away through the bright sunshine into the blue sky above. And there, on one of the highest places in heaven, with her arms stretched out towards her, sat her good old mother. And the little maiden flew straight into her bosom.

FRÈRE O' JACQUES.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



AUGUST 1880.

Sermon.

THE FIRST GOSPEL LESSON.

By the late Rev. ARCHIBALD STEWART, D.D., Glasserton.

"From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—MATTHEW iv. 17.

A MOURNFUL interest attaches to the following sermon. It was received from the author only a week before his death, which took place very suddenly at St. Outhbert's Church, Edinburgh, on 4th July.

WE are informed in the 12th verse of this chapter, that when Jesus heard of the Baptist's imprisonment, He departed into Galilee, and there commenced His public ministry. Then, the Evangelist tells us, the prophet's words were fulfilled—"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." The Evangelist informs us further, what was the great theme of our Lord's discourse when He began to preach in this benighted region: "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And we may be assured that it was not a matter of indifference at what point in the system of divine truth Jesus began to preach. It would not have answered any good end to discourse to the yet unconverted Galileans on some point of Christian experience, or on the progress of religion in the soul. Our Lord began to preach at the point at which His hearers, sinners still unconverted, behoved to begin to learn; and that was at the great practical duty of repentance. Until they understood what it is to *repent*, and until they had complied with the exhortation setting this before them as their *first great duty*, there was nothing else in religion which, to any good purpose, they could either understand or do.

It is of highest importance then to understand what is implied in this repentance which our Lord has taught us to regard as the *very first lesson* in the religion of a sinner. *Repentance consists in a sinner's heartily turning from his sins unto God, with a sincere purpose to serve Him.* It is obvious, then, that repentance must always imply and presuppose faith in the character of God as Lawgiver and Judge. Without some knowledge of the divine

law, got through the conscience or through the revealed will of God, there could be no knowledge of sin; and without faith in this law's sacred obligation and its righteous sanctions of reward or punishment, there could be no such sense or feeling of sin upon the conscience as would lead a man to turn from it. A repentance of *any kind* must needs imply a conviction of sin; and a conviction of sin presupposes faith in the holy law and righteous government of God. But it is evident that a *true* repentance must imply and presuppose more than this. The view of God's character as a righteous Lawgiver who will punish the guilty, though it might constrain a man to forsake sin in its outward forms through fear of punishment, could never lead him to turn to God with the feelings of a true penitent, and with a sincere purpose to serve Him. To effect this another influence must be brought to bear upon a man. It is only when, along with that faith in God's *righteous* character which is fitted to produce a true conviction of sin, he has also that faith in God's *gracious* character which leads him to hope in God's mercy, that his repentance will be really a "repentance toward God."

It must be seen then that a right understanding of the Scripture doctrine of repentance implies some knowledge of God's method of reconciling sinners to Himself. If repentance be a turning from sin unto God in such a way as to obtain His forgiveness and acceptance, it clearly must be a turning to Him by that one and only way of access by which sinners are invited and warranted to come to Him, viz by the way of His Son's mediation. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," says Christ: "no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." A repentance toward God, which has no respect or reference to the mediation of the incarnate Son of God, cannot be the repentance set forth and enjoined in the gospel.

There is thus evidently a close connection between gospel repentance and gospel faith: they may be distinguished, but they cannot be disjoined. True faith always issues in a true repentance; and a true repentance always implies and presupposes true faith. Faith, in short, supplies the views and the motives which lead to that great Godward movement of the soul which the term repentance denotes.

So we see in the passage before us that our

Lord urges the duty of repentance, *because the kingdom of heaven is at hand*. He sets it forth as the great motive to repentance, that God is now, in fulfilment of His promises to men, about to set up His kingdom of grace under His Messiah, into which all men are invited to enter. If they be only willing to forsake their sins and to turn to the service of God, here is a safe and sure way of return—*God's own way*—now opened to them. They are not called on to return to God upon a mere peradventure that He may receive them, but upon the sure ground of an arrangement expressly contrived to ensure their acceptance. From the first, Jesus claimed men's faith in Himself as God's Messiah. But He taught men just as they were able to receive His doctrine; so we have not in His personal teaching a full discovery of the doctrine of redemption. The doctrine of His cross was taught by Him in obscure terms in the first days of His ministry, but more clearly as His time to be offered up drew near. Still it was not till after His death and resurrection that the full revelation of the doctrine of redemption through faith in His blood was given by the ministry of the apostles, to whom the Holy Spirit was imparted to lead them into all the truth, and to reveal to them those things which they had not been able to receive while the Lord was with them. When we see that God has provided for us this great propitiation, and invited us on the ground of it to return to Him as our Father ready to receive us, the call to repentance is the most urgent and persuasive that could be addressed to us. For how clearly are set before us the guilt and misery of our sinful state of separation from God, in the great sacrifice which we see was needed to open a way for our returning to Him. And how strong the assurance of God's readiness to receive us which we have in the fact that He Himself provided this sacrifice, designed to secure the acceptance of every true penitent.

It may be asked, How is a man to set about this work of repentance? How can he break the strong fetters of sin, and turn himself with heart and soul to the holy service of God? The work of repentance, it must be admitted, is what no man can do in his own unaided strength. He needs, throughout the whole process of repentance, the help of the Spirit of God. But this aid is promised and will be given to all who attempt the work, trusting in the Lord for His help and strengthening. Let a man, then, so soon as he hears the gospel call to repentance, put forth all his natural power to turn from sin to God, looking at the same time to God, and trusting in Him for His promised grace and help. It is surely not his part to go on in an unresisted course of sin, expecting that a gracious influence will arrest him and constrain him to turn. But it should be his desire and endeavour at once to *cease to do evil* as the first step towards *learning to do well*. Let him begin *at once* to strive against whatever he knows to be sin, and at the same

time stir himself up to perform, as he best can, every known duty. Let him, in short, begin at once to act up to the measure of the light and power which he may have, however little these may be; for it is only when he is doing so that he can ask *in sincerity* that God would perfect strength in his weakness: and while he thus, with all his power and might, strives and prays that he may be turned from the evil of his ways and brought into the paths of righteousness, let him seek, by the study of the holy law and righteous character of God, to obtain clearer views of the evil of sin; and let him endeavour, by contemplating God's gracious character, as seen in the face of Jesus Christ, and by hearkening to His urgent invitations addressed to sinners, to encourage his heart and to strengthen his resolution to seek and to serve the Lord. He who sets himself thus in good earnest to the work of repentance will assuredly, in due time, be brought out of the state of enmity into the state of reconciliation, and out of the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Keep, then, in remembrance the fact which this passage of the gospel clearly points out, that our Lord began His ministry by preaching repentance. His doing so teaches us to regard this as the *first Christian lesson*—the first thing that sinful men need to be taught, the first thing that sinful men must be urged to do. For in religion, as in everything else, there is a *natural order* which must be observed; and in religion, as in everything else which we set ourselves to study and practise, we ought to *begin at the beginning*. Knowing what it is to repent, you must strive to do it. Knowing what it is to turn from your sins unto God by His appointed way of turning to Him, you must seek so to turn. What your own conscience and the Word of God tell you is *sin*, that you must strive against and endeavour to forsake. What your own conscience and the Word of God tell you is *duty*, that you must diligently and earnestly strive to fulfil.

Even when striving against sin with your best resolutions, and following the path of duty with your best aims, you may have to lament frequent relapses and great shortcomings. Such discoveries of your weakness should ever lead you to more earnest supplications for mercy to pardon, and for grace to help you; and you should look steadily to the motives and encouragements to repentance which God's Word sets before you—to the terrors of the law on the one hand, and to the attractions of the gospel on the other, ever warning you to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life.

Thus striving against sin, thus following after holiness, looking always unto God for pardon and grace through the sacrifice and intercession of your ever-living Saviour, you will be delivered both from the guilt and the power of sin, and obtain entrance into the kingdom of God.

The General Assembly's Committee on Christian Life and Work.

THE Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, moved the deliverance of the General Assembly on the Report of this Committee, on the 22d of May last. From his speech we are permitted to give the following extracts:—

1. THE WORK OF THE COMMITTEE IN THE PAST.

I think time has proved that those fears and apprehensions with which the Committee was regarded by some at the outset were altogether groundless. We all can remember when its operations were looked upon by respected fathers and brethren with some suspicion, as a sort of encroachment on the constitutional rights of Presbyteries. Others dreaded the undue development in the Church of certain forms of evangelism which have not always been found of a satisfactory character. Well, twelve years have passed, and instead of the powers of Presbyteries being diminished, I believe they have been greatly strengthened. If, during the last few years, we have witnessed in the Church of Scotland, as I think we have, some revival of what has been called the episcopal function of the Presbytery—if our Church Courts are not so entirely occupied with mere details of business—if there is a higher conception both among the clergy and the laity of Church organisation and pastoral responsibility—then I humbly think that not a little of this improvement may be traced to the action of this Committee. With many shortcomings and defects, I would submit that upon the whole its influence has been beneficial. No one can say that its zeal has not been tempered with a fair amount of judgment and sobriety. After all, the strength, nay the stability of the Church of Scotland in these times of peril depends mainly upon the way in which the ministers and Kirk-Sessions fulfil the duties entrusted to them in their several parishes. It may be a truism, and yet it needs to be reiterated, that just in the same measure as the Church is a living power for good in every parish in the land—a living witness to the Christian faith in all its breadth and vitality, will the Church as a whole be strong and enduring—venerated not merely for the sake of her rich historic memories and immortal services in the past, but also for the good work she is doing in the present. And it is because I believe that this Committee has done something at all events to stimulate to pastoral activity, as well as to develop the best methods of pastoral work, and so to quicken the spiritual life of the whole body of the people; it is because it has helped us in some small degree to realise more than we did before that if a National Church has its privileges it has also its responsibilities and its duties—that I would claim for it the continued approval and support of the General Assembly.

2. THE MAGAZINE "LIFE AND WORK"

The Committee has now passed beyond the stage of mere inquiry, and has entered on the higher stage of practical helpfulness. To mention only one point, I think the Church may be congratulated upon the remarkable success which has attended the Magazine which bears the name of this Committee. I am not here to say that that Magazine, from a literary or from any point of view, is all it might be, or I trust will be; but I do say that it is an honest attempt to realise the idea with which it was started, and already it has undoubtedly provided a new and important link between the Church and the people of Scotland. A circulation of 82,000 a month, extending over nearly 700 parishes in all parts of Scotland, in many cases with local supplements, is a most gratifying result, for which we cannot be too thankful; and I trust that every member of this General Assembly, realising how vast is the power which is thus entrusted to us for the moral and spiritual elevation of the whole population, will do what in him lies not only to maintain but to strengthen and to increase in the future the general usefulness and acceptance of the periodical.

3. ENCOURAGEMENT OF YOUNG MEN TO UNDERTAKE THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Speaking for myself, I desire to say that I think the policy of recruiting the ranks of the Christian ministry by means of bursaries given to mere boys during their attendance at school is one which should be followed by the Church with the greatest possible caution, and under all circumstances only to a very limited extent. I am disposed to think that in some quarters there is a tendency somewhat to exaggerate the paucity of probationers and divinity students, although I admit that the facts which have been brought under the notice of the House more than once are somewhat startling. So far as one district of the country is concerned—I refer to the Highlands—there is an undoubted scarcity, and I am bound to say that that scarcity is in the way of being met in a manner highly satisfactory by means of what are called secondary school bursaries. Apart from the Highlands, however, I hope there is no ground for serious apprehension in regard to this matter, although I admit that it is of such a nature as demands the earnest consideration of the General Assembly. We must face this fact, which is not peculiar to the Church of Scotland—it exists more or less in all the Churches—that looking back over a series of years, there has been a gradual falling-off in the attendance at the Divinity Halls. We are very seriously called upon to consider the cause of this; and, further, how it may be possible in any way to devise a remedy. The cause, I rather think, is more complex than is generally supposed. One thing I feel

assured of is, that it lies deeper than the want of what are called "attractions" of a pecuniary kind. Make the livings better, say some, and you will soon increase the supply. I am not quite sure of that, at least to the extent expected. Think of the number of young men of high character and education who spend years and years, in many cases their whole life, as lawyers and doctors, and in other capacities, on an annual income far less and much more precarious than that of a parish minister, and without one-half the social advantages and privileges which he enjoys! Make the livings of the ministers better by all means. But no man will convince me that the increase in the number of young men studying for the Church is a matter merely of pounds, shillings, and pence. Probably the length of the curriculum has something to do with it in these days of hurry, when men are able to accomplish so much in seven or eight years. Perhaps too, it may have its root in the religious perplexities and confusions of the age, in the decay of faith, in the spread of secularism, or in the tone of large sections of the public press towards the Church and towards religion. I have myself a strong conviction that there is much in certain forbidding aspects of our Scottish ecclesiasticism, much in the proceedings of Church Courts, much in our endless and wearisome disputes about trifles, much in our sectarian rivalry, much in the low tone of our Church life generally, which hinders young men from entering the Church. And if that be so, then, fathers and brethren, the true cure for the evil of which I speak is the quickened spiritual life of the Church herself—the infusion into all her proceedings of a sweeter and gentler spirit; the growth of tolerance and of charity, of earnestness and of piety. This, more than anything else, would bring home to the minds of a generous youth the conviction that the Church which thus reflects the image of her Divine Lord, and proves the reality of the union which binds her to Him as her incarnate Head, is worth serving. This would prompt them as nothing else could do, giving up the prospects of worldly gain and temporal advancement, to dedicate themselves with a noble self-sacrifice and chivalry to the work of the Christian ministry. But while I say this, I should be sorry to discourage such efforts of a pecuniary kind as may be deemed requisite. Among the forty or fifty young men whose cases have been brought before this House, there are unquestionably many who would be a gain to the Church, only we must always bear in mind that quality is not less important than quantity. What is chiefly needed is a larger number of young men from the upper classes of society, and this one may say without the slightest disparagement of those, of whom there are so many among us, who have fought their way manfully—I had almost said heroically—to the position of honour and of usefulness which they now occupy.

4. PROPOSED SCOTTISH YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

I do not know that the Church has a more serious or difficult problem to deal with at the present time than the best method of retaining her hold on the intelligence and interest and Christian sympathy of the youth of the country between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. I am profoundly impressed with the importance of this subject, as I think every minister must be, especially if his lot is cast in a town or city parish. If it is important, as we all admit, to imbue the mind with moral and religious truth between the ages of five and fifteen, I submit that it is more important still between the ages I have mentioned, for then the mind becomes reflective, and is more capable of receiving a right impress, while, of course, the young are surrounded at that period of their lives with the hottest fires of temptation. Well, what are we doing as a Church for this class? Much, no doubt, by means of Bible Classes, Fellowship Meetings, Young Men's Associations, and the like. But is that enough? Think of the small proportion of the population—of the working class population in particular—between the ages of twelve and twenty, who are ever seen in a church from June to January! Think of the thousands of young men living in lodgings in our large towns and cities! How many of these are communicants? What proportion ever darkens a church door? I am afraid in many places it is very small. Then think of the migratory character of the adult population in country parishes—farm lads and the like. Here to-day, away to-morrow, and away, perhaps, at the very time when they are just beginning to come under some good influence. Surely it is at least worth while to consider whether it might not be practicable to devise an organisation, a Church of Scotland organisation, which might become a great centre of physical and mental improvement, as well as of Christian culture, to thousands of the youth of our country—an organisation resting on some broader basis than any of those societies to which I have adverted, though embracing them and starting from them as a sort of nucleus, having ramifications extending to every parish in the land. This seems a grand idea, and I see no reason why it should not be realised, especially if you could have what I think would be a great advantage in connection with many of the agencies of our Church—a *paid organising agent*.

A youths' society formed to some extent on the lines of the Scottish Girls' Friendly Society would not merely be the means of leading young men to combine for purposes of self-improvement in larger numbers than at present, but would afford a ready means by which their self-improvement might be continued, as members could very easily be passed from one branch to another. No subject of more vital and practical interest could, in my opinion, be brought before us than that which is

raised by this suggestion, namely the Christian culture of the youth of the country. We all know very well how much there is to alienate them not from the Church of Scotland merely, but from religion; and I can conceive no higher office for any Church than to throw around them the shield of her protecting care.

5. CONCLUSION.

I have heard it said that the ends for which this Committee on Christian Life and Work was appointed have been accomplished—that there is no more need for its services. My impression is quite the opposite. I believe that in the same measure as the Church of Scotland becomes—as God grant she may become—more and more a living Church, full of the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind, the work of this Committee will go on increasing. The promotion of Christian life and work, in the best sense of these words, is the policy of the Church of Scotland. She needs no other policy, and I trust will never have any other. Let us seek to embody it faithfully in our labours and in our sacrifices. Let our aim be the spiritual good of the whole nation; let us stand aloof from the narrowness and the bigotry of sectarian rivalry; not spending the strength which should be given to the work of God in the attempt to win proselytes from other Churches; not stooping to the paltry intrigues of a political ecclesiasticism; but striving, in a spirit truly national and catholic, to promote God's glory, and to advance the best interests of the Redeemer's kingdom; and then, whatever may await us in the future, we shall surround ourselves with the most invulnerable of all defences, and merit in ever-growing measure the approval of every true patriot and Christian.

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN an incident like that related in the last chapter occurs in a house, it is as if the end of the world had come. For the first moment everything stands still—the whole economy of the family seems going to pieces—and even to sit down at the common table, and eat and drink as if nothing had happened, seems a kind of profanation, a coarse and brutal indifference: but by and by, when hour follows hour as before, and day follows day, the first impression wears off. There is some sort of explanation which contents or does not content the mind, as in John's case; or there is a silence in which the cause of the absent is still more effectually pleaded by those whom he has injured, those to whom he has been accused. This is what happened in Wallyford. The father and mother talked of John, going over and over every word he had said, every evidence for and against him, until they had worn out the incident, and, weary in mind and discouraged in heart, but no longer excited or despairing, had gone back almost to the same condition in which Mr. Scrimgeour's visit had found them. Isabel, who had felt as if she were called upon instantly to come to a heroic resolve, either to stand by or abandon her undeclared lover, and who had made up her mind, in wild girlish exaltation and desperation,

to take his part whatever might happen, was far more perplexed, more confounded, by the sense that after all nothing had happened. She expected the storm to burst upon her, the whirlwind to carry her away. But nothing occurred out of the ordinary course. Mansfield was not referred to even in the family: he did not come: and an utter blank of silence fell upon the excitement. For a day or two she seemed to live in a dream, expecting every moment that some trumpet of doom would sound, and the catastrophe arrive. But nothing followed; until by and by she began to feel that the visit of the accuser, and all the pain and terror of that moment, had been but a dream, and that all was as before. When Mansfield made his appearance after that interval, the girl looked at him with eyes that seemed to herself half blinded with films of unreality. Was it he, always the same? or was it—? She did not know what she expected or thought. When he came in she gave him one bewildered glance, then looked at her mother. Mrs. Cameron had not spoken a word on the subject all the time, though she had been more than ordinarily tender and caressing to her child—but she understood the look, and it made her tremulous and uncertain in her welcome.

"It is long since we have seen you," she said, scarcely aware of what she was saying. Mansfield looked at her, opening his eyes wide with a flash of pleasure.

"Long!" he said. "Then you have missed me a little; you could not have said anything more delightful: for my part, it is always long to me."

Mrs. Cameron looked at him again with a doubtful, questioning gaze, and then was silent. This was the man who was accused of "leading" her son "away"—John's enemy, and her enemy in being John's, and perhaps doing more harm to her dearest daughter than to either. But when she looked up into his open face, and met the bright confident eyes which seemed to have nothing to be ashamed of, she was silenced, and could not say a word. As for the old Captain, he received his visitor with cordial pleasure. There was no change in his satisfaction at sight of him. Either he had not, in the preoccupation of his mind about John, paid any attention to what Mr. Scrimgeour said of Mansfield, or he had not thought it worth his while to take any notice. His eyes had not been opened, like his wife's, to note the growing attraction between the young stranger and Isabel. Isabel was his most beloved child, but she was a child to the old man; he had not even begun to think of any further development of life for her: and he received the young man with all his usual cordiality. It was he who chiefly maintained the conversation that evening. The Captain was glad to escape out of the oppression of the cloud that hung over the house. He was of an easier mind than his anxious wife. She felt it almost a wrong to her anxiety that it should be interrupted, that she should be beguiled out of her constant brooding over it: but he was glad to escape to freer air, to the larger world outside of his own cares. Mansfield's arrival was an unspeakable relief to the old man; it gave a new impulse to his thoughts. Mansfield had come, he said, to propose a last expedition in the little yacht for next day, if it should be fine; and the Captain accepted with ready pleasure, not inquiring into why it should be the last.

"That I will," he said; "it is the only taste of the sea I have had this many a long day; and a sniff of the salt water aye does me good, since you're content to be troubled with an old man."

"And Miss Cameron too?" Mansfield said.

"Oh ay, Miss Cameron too," said the Captain. "Isabel, my pet, go and get your hat; it's a fine night, and we'll have a fine day to-morrow; we'll convoy Mr. Mansfield as far as the coach." The coach passed the corner of the road that led to the Fisherstown, the spot at which Isabel had first seen her brother's friend. It was a walk of nearly a mile, such a walk as the Captain had always loved to find an excuse for, in the darkening; but it was

a proof of the pleasant new impulse given to his mind, that he should have proposed it to-night. Isabel, who had been wrapt in a half-painful, half-delightful abstraction all the evening, and who had scarcely spoken all the time, was roused by this unlooked-for summons. She looked at her mother wistfully, asking counsel, asking permission to go. Mrs. Cameron shook her head in answer to this appeal. But she said, "Go with your father, my darling. The air will do him good, and you too." She sighed as she spoke, and shook her head with a faint wonder. She had not the buoyancy of her husband's mind, and she did not understand it; nothing did her good, neither air nor diversion. It is hard for those more rigid souls who cling thus to their one idea, to refrain from blaming or despising those who can now and then throw off the burden. Mrs. Cameron did her best not to do so, but to rejoice—with some admixture perhaps of a stern pleasure, in being the only one who was wholly devoted to her boy—in the possibility which the others seemed to manifest of now and then forgetting John. But when she saw the ready and tremulous haste with which Isabel ran to fetch her hat, the other anxiety awoke warmly in her. She would not refuse her permission, but she followed the little party to the door with wistful looks. "You'll not leave her for a moment; you'll take care of her," she said to her husband. And to Isabel she whispered hurriedly a similar charge. She could not say more, but she followed them to the gate, and stood looking after them in the soft twilight, as they disappeared under the arch of the ash-trees. What could happen to Isabel in her father's care—never out of his sight! But in her trouble the mother could not go into the still house, so quiet and deserted. The air soothed her too, and the great width and softness of the summer sky. She paced up and down, from the door to the gate, till the dark so gained upon the light, that nothing was visible of her except the white speck of her cap moving up and down in that little measured space. And her whole being was so full of her son, that almost before her ear lost the sound of the footsteps on the road, her mind had lost recollection of them, and had returned to this one subject of thought. She walked slowly up and down in the soft darkness, thinking of John—thinking, no: she was not thinking, praying for him, pleading for him, as she did continually night and day.

Meanwhile the other three walked slowly along in the gloaming, which grew darker minute by minute. The conversation was entirely between the Captain and his visitor. Isabel walked on between them, saying nothing, wrapt in a soft haze of mingled happiness and pain. Their very talk did not penetrate this veil, which seemed to divide her from them in the very intensity of her consciousness of the presence of one of them by her side. Their voices sounded vaguely in her ears; their forms were like the unsubstantial figures in a dream. She was soothed and lulled into a delicious, passive quiet, in which she wished for nothing but to move on softly as she was doing, through the soft dusk, scarcely seeing the path she trod, feeling as if she trod on air. The cloud of alarm and trouble that had been in her mind departed wholly, and the pain that mingled with her happiness consisted chiefly of regret that the cloud was gone, and that she would no longer need to suffer for him, to stand by him against the world. When they reached the cottages which lay in a little cluster, just before you come to the Fisherstown road, one of the men lingering at the doors, enjoying the evening air, came out from the shadow of the houses to speak to the Captain. It was about some country business, to which Captain Cameron, always kind, could not refuse to listen. "Go on," he said, waving his hand to the others, "I will make up to you in a moment."

At what kind of snail's pace they must have continued their course, that the Captain might make up to them in a moment, he did not think: but Mansfield seized the

unlooked-for opportunity, and Isabel did not feel herself strong enough to relinquish it. She woke up out of her dream when she found herself going on alone with him—they two alone in all the world, in the gentle dusk, which hid even their faces from each other. As soon as they were out of hearing he spoke suddenly and quickly, as if (she could not help feeling) the words had been on his very lips all the evening through. "Did you," he said, "think I was long of coming, too?"

"Oh," said Isabel, almost under her breath, "there was a reason; it was not just wearying."

"But a little 'wearying,' too! Don't deny me that; think, this may be the last night. And what was the reason?" he said, bending over her. It was safer to say something, to try to divert the conversation into another channel, than to be silent. So Isabel faltered and spoke—

"It was one—that spoke ill—that made us afraid of you. About John," she added hurriedly, shrinking a little away from him, for he had put out his hand as if to take hers, with an exclamation, "Afraid!"

"Afraid—of me," he repeated with a laugh, which jarred upon her in spite of herself; "of me!—you could not think I would harm you. Alas! it is all the other way—"

"It was about John," she said, confused. "They said you led him into harm—"

"John," said Mansfield, with a tone of disappointment. Then he added with some earnestness, "Never, never! it is not true—since I saw his home and knew—his family: since I found out— No, no, it is not true."

"I never believed it," said Isabel, simply. The assurance was enough, more than enough for her. She drew a long breath, as if her bosom was relieved of a weight.

"You could not believe it," said Mansfield, "for you know how differently I must feel to John. John, your brother! you knew he would be sacred to me. I have always said," he went on more lightly "that I was not good enough to be admitted at Wallyford; not worthy to touch the hem of your garment."

"Oh, no, no; we are not such grand folk!" Isabel scarcely knew what she was saying, in the confusion and excitement of the moment. How good that it was dark; but even though it was dark, she could not lift her eyes, and stumbled as she walked, not seeing even the path, though her eyes were fixed upon it.

"You are far higher, far better than I—far better than I. You are so good, so sweet, that I should go away; I should not dare to lift my eyes to you; but I love you, I love you, Isabel!"

"Oh, Mr. Mansfield, I must go back to my father!" Isabel cried.

He did not prevent her. He even turned with her to meet the old Captain shuffling after them through the summer dust; but as he did so, repeated more fervently still, "I love you, I love you, Isabel!"

The girl could not say a word. They stood close together, hidden by the gentle dusk, while the old man came slowly towards them. The Captain did not hurry his pace, he came on tranquilly, thinking of nothing that could involve danger in that peaceful darkling road, every step of which he knew. He saw the two figures waiting for him, but he did not see the interlaced hands, the momentary stoop of one head over the other, the close clasp that did not last an instant. It was an instant in which a whole world was concentrated. When Isabel found herself half an hour after passing that spot with her father, going home, it seemed to her that it was all a dream. A dream! but such a dream as could come but once in a life, enough to have made worth while to live, though it were a hundred years. He had whispered "To-morrow!" to her, aside, "To-morrow!" as they parted at the cross roads. And then all was blank, with a mechanical progress back again, and the hum of her father's voice saying things she did not understand, in her ears.

Mrs. Cameron was still pacing up and down between the door and the gate when they returned, and the

Captain lingered, though he was tired, speaking of the sweetness of the night, and the scent of the flowers, and the few scattered roses that still remained on the white rose-bush, while Isabel passed them like a ghost, and flew upstairs to her own room, where she threw herself down on the old sofa, and hid her face in her hands, and gave herself up to the sweetness that had invaded her soul. Then Mrs. Cameron took her old man gently to task. "Was it just wise, William, my man, to say you would go on the water with him after what Mr. Scrimgeour said?"

"What was it Mr. Scrimgeour said, my dear?" said the Captain. "He has a right to speak where John is concerned; but who is he to judge another young man whose duty is not like John's? This lad is independent; he is well off; he is enjoying himself, but doing no harm that I can see. A lad that can navigate a boat against wind and tide, and take a delight in it, cannot be doing much harm, my dear."

"Oh, my man, you're aye a sailor; that is the way to get the better of you."

"Maybe, my dear. It would be wrong in John (though no doubt I would find many excuses for him), because it would be idleness, and his time is not his own; but Mr. Scrimgeour should hold his tongue where others are concerned. In this young Mansfield I can see no harm."

"I am feared, I am very much feared, that our Isabel is getting to think more upon him than is good for her," the mother said.

"Getting to think upon— Our Isabel! Lord bless us all," the old Captain said, with a start of consternation: then he added, with an unsteady laugh, "My dear, you are seeing mountains in every bit brae. She is but a bairn—our Isabel!"

"She is such a bairn as I was when I married you," Mrs. Cameron said.

"Then, my word, we must see into the lad," cried the Captain, with an energy which was touched with wrath.

Isabel did not appear till Margot and Simon, with their steady tramp, came upstairs for evening worship. Then she stole in with dewy eyes dazzled by the little lights of the candles, and an agitated brightness in her face that went to her mother's heart. Her voice trembled in the evening psalm, and Mrs. Cameron thought she heard a soft sob of emotion from her child's full heart in the middle of the prayer. She went with her to her room when the night was over, and looked anxiously into her face.

"There's something happened to my Isabel," she said, drawing the girl into her arms. Isabel did not know what it was that was whispered from her own heart to her mother's as she lay against the tender old bosom which had nursed her. Was it in words at all? She never knew. But Mrs. Cameron left her, a little happy, a great deal uneasy, yet relieved more or less, as she had almost despised her husband for being relieved by the new thing. "One nail knocks out another," the Italians say. In this agitation about Isabel, which was not altogether disquieting, her mind grew a little less unhappy about John. "No doubt he will speak to her father to-morrow," Mrs. Cameron said to herself. But she did not disturb the Captain's mind further by any revelations to-night.

Next day was as lovely a summer day as ever shone out of northern skies; not languid with intolerable heat, like August in the south, but with a little floating cloud to enhance the deepness of the blue above, and a little haze to give poetry to the distance. The Firth lay like a great mirror under the infinite heavens, almost as infinite in depth and colour, its islands shining in it, the white walls on Inchkeith doubled, and glowing with intensest whiteness, one on the rocks, one in the water. But a softening distance was on the blue low hills of Fife, and Arthur's Seat on the other side lay half in shadow, vast and still, like a Highland mountain, though so familiar. Isabel was very silent, her father thought

her sad. "Would you rather stay at home, my darling?" the old man said.

"Oh no, oh no!" she cried, and then blushed to think how eager her tone had been. "It is such a bonnie day."

"Ay, it's a bonnie day," said Captain Cameron, looking with a shade of pain in his face at the child who had been all his for eighteen years, but now was all his no longer. He sighed, but said nothing more all the way that could recall this thought, to which he was not accustomed, and which wounded him. The pier was unusually crowded that day. The last of the boats which had been out for the herring "drave" had come back, and by this time the herring curing was in full activity, and the whole population more or less engaged in it. Robbie Baird, who had come home a week or two before, stood on the pier watching the return of the last of his comrades, when the Captain took his seat on his usual place to wait for the arrival of the little yacht, the sail of which Isabel had already identified within a short distance of the pier. Her mind was in a tumult of tender agitation. She could not rest beside her father, but went to the edge of the pier to watch the little craft making its way to the landing steps. The little waves seemed throbbing like Isabel's own heart, coming up with irregular rush and patter upon the beach, as her blood seemed to be doing in her veins. She had watched for the boat many times before with a soft excitement and pleasure, but not as now, when, for the first time, she was looking for her lover; he, she thought, who was to be nearest to her and dearest to her for all the rest of her life. When they met to-day it would be in a new relationship; it was the first day of a new life. She could not but wonder how he would look at her, what he would say, under her father's eyes, who as yet knew nothing; and how she could lift her eyes to him, and bear the shining of his, Isabel could not tell. She was afraid of him, yet her heart and her eyes leapt out to meet him. When she heard a voice by her side addressing her, an impulse of impatience almost irrestrainable was her first sensation. She smiled vaguely and gave Robbie a little nod of her head, quickly, yet only half turning to see who addressed her. At other times she had been interested in Robbie; she was impatient of any interruption to-day.

"Miss Eesabell—I was waiting to speak to you—if you have the time."

"What is it?" Isabel was too much preoccupied to be gracious in her tone.

"I'll wait till another time if you're owre busy; or Jeanie will tell ye hersel'. But you've gi'en me your attention before, and I thought I would like to tell you—"

"Oh, what is it, Robbie? Tell me quick—for we are going out in that boat that is just at the steps, and to help papa down takes a great deal of care."

"If that is a'!" He went on talking, talking; his voice seemed a long way off to Isabel, and so slow and long drawn out. "You'll have to come to the wedding, Miss Eesabell, for you've had the most to do with it. We're to be married before the term. Jeanie's no sure about me, nae mair than you were, but she means to trust me all the same."

"Are you going to be married?" This roused her but faintly: the white sail, like a joyous bird skimming the surface of the water, came nearer and nearer. Old Sandy stood on the steps, ready to assist in the landing. Even Sandy took an interest; and why should this intrusive voice demand to be heard at such a moment? But it went on complacent. Robbie, like everybody else, thought his own affairs most interesting of everything in heaven and earth. Isabel was impatient even of the cheerful roll of good-temper and easy self-confidence in his voice.

"She's far frae sure about me—I'm no safe to venture upon. Ye think sae too, Miss Eesabell. But it's a bit faithfu' heart when a's said, and a brave aye," said Robbie ("Is yon the boat? I ken that boat"); a brave

ane—that it is! She deserves a better man than me. If you had your will, you wouldna have her lippen to me, Miss Esabell!”

She made him no answer. She could scarcely breathe as the boat touched the steps and some one leaped lightly out. But Robbie was as self-absorbed as she was. “We’re to be cried on Sunday,” he said, with a light laugh of pleasure and triumph, bold, yet not without a tone of shy consciousness and feeling. The sound of it came back to Isabel after with an acute recollection, though she scarcely noticed it now—just as Rob, absorbed in his own triumph, was not conscious, till after, that she gave him no attention. “We’re to be cried on— Ah! I thought it was him!”

But by this time Isabel knew nothing about Robbie, or who was looking at her. He had sprung up the steps, three at a time, and stood beside her, glowing with exercise, with happiness, with tender delight in the sight of her. He took her hand, though only in the common greeting to all appearance, as any one might have done—yet as no man yet had ever touched the hand of Isabel, enfolding it in his as if he had taken herself into his arms. He did not speak, and neither could she. They looked at each other, he with all the fulness of tender admiration, she with one shy glance, drooping before the fervour in his. And then they turned together to her father, who had shuffled forward at the sight of Mansfield.

“You see we’re here before you,” the old Captain said. He was ready to be irritated in his paternal jealousy, and he separated the two figures which had been standing close together. It was he who had to be helped first into the boat; Isabel was glad of the little breathing time. She followed, her heart calming down into a gentler composure of happiness, already more real and less agitated than before the meeting. She began to feel already that it was natural, quite natural, that they should belong to each other. She did not hear Robbie’s low appeal to her in a different tone from that in which he had at first addressed her. She was deaf to all sounds but one for the moment, as she went forward to the steps, following her father, in a sweet rapture and absorption, isolated from all the world. It was a little tug at her sleeve that roused her at last, and looking up, she saw Robbie, his good-humoured face distorted with a grave look of anxiety.

“Who is that gentleman? Is that the gentleman?” in her own soft ecstasy she heard him say.

But Isabel made no reply. She heard him well enough—afterwards when it became clear to her, but not then. She went past him carrying her shawl on her arm, and followed down the sea-worn stair, where Mansfield turned to meet her, having placed her father in the boat. He seemed to lift her in, overshadowing her, taking possession of her, yet betraying nothing to the others. And Sandy threw the rope into the little vessel as she bounded away like a bird. Sandy’s countenance, worn and weather-beaten as it was, glowed with amusement and sympathy. He heard Robbie’s question, though Isabel paid no attention to it.

“Who’s the gentleman?” he said, rolling back upon the pier with his legs wide apart. “Ay, *thon’s* the gentleman! as onybody might have seen that had an eye in their heads. And what may your business be with that? Ye have enough to do to mind your ain concerns, Robbie Baird.”

“I hae enough to do—and so I hae, enough to do,” Robbie said. He stood gazing after them with his ruddy countenance blanched, and his mouth open in his astonishment. “But yet I’ll make it my business,” he added to himself.

What did it matter to Isabel? He placed her among the cushions which he had arranged for her, throning her like a queen. Whenever the little party were afloat it was the old Captain who talked the most; it was always who felt himself master of the occasion; though he had not a selfish fibre in him, yet it was impossible to

Captain Cameron not to feel that on these expeditions it was he who was the principal. They had all arisen, he thought, out of a generous, beautiful desire on the part of a fine young fellow to please the old sailor, who issued his orders and handled the little ship (as he thought) as if he had been the commander of a frigate. It had been Mansfield’s joke to touch his hat, to say, “Ay, ay, sir,” like one of an attentive crew, with something that was half amusement, and half a wish to gratify the old man; and even now, after his wife’s hint, the Captain could not divest himself of the idea that he was the chief person concerned. This made it all the easier for the others to carry on that delicate tender intercourse of look and tone which was invisible, imperceptible, except to each other. Even to that, Isabel contributed little. She received, she gave almost nothing in her shy modesty. An upward glance now and then, when she would catch his eye and drop hers again, with floods of soft blushes which were more eloquent than words; a trembling of her soft voice when now and then, at long intervals, she spoke; this was all her share. She was entirely subdued, penetrated, possessed by the subtle unspoken worship that surrounded her. Every word he said had a second meaning in it, a meaning that was for her. And his eyes seemed to say a thousand things to her, even when she did not meet their looks, but only felt them. They went up the Firth to Inchcolm in the heavenly morning, threading their path of light among other white sails of passing vessels and those reflected clouds that seemed almost as tangible, the blue water gurgling against the side of the boat, the light breeze lifting the sail, the sunshine caressing everything. And there they landed and spread their meal, and lingered about the rocks till it was time to return. There were a few minutes during this interval in which the two young people were alone, but only a few; and all that there was time to say was scarcely more than had been said before.

“Say that you are happy, Isabel. Tell me that you love me too,” he whispered in her ear. If Isabel made any answer in mere words, she did not know what they were. Happy! it seemed too alight a word.

“We have kept the most exquisite for the last,” he said as they were returning; “that is as it should be. We have never had such a matchless day, never such a perfection of everything, weather, and—feeling, and—”

“There is a melancholy in that,” said the Captain: “whenever you speak of perfection, we’re touching upon decay. I am afraid myself of the crown of anything: I do not like the longest day, for then they begin to creep in; nor the height of summer, for then we begin to go downhill without a moment’s pause.”

“For that matter,” said Mansfield, “you can always think, if you like, of another summer, and another longest day, and another perfection to come. But I like the sensation, for my part. I like to press all the sweetness and delight into one, and drink it deep in a single draught. The climax should be the best: and then no weak falling away bit by bit, but all over at a stroke.”

“My lad, that’s materialism; that’s your heathen, Greek way,” the Captain said, shaking his head.

“So it may be, sir,” said the young man; “that’s my way. The summer should die after this. We have got the best, the sweetest of it. For my part, I don’t want ever to sail upon the Firth again. Like this there never could be another day.”

“That’s your wild youth, my lad,” said the Captain, shaking his head again. “You’ll have to be content with less than perfection, when you’re an older man.”

This conversation filled Isabel with a curious mixture of feelings. She took no part in it, but she followed it with a strange sympathy, yet dismay, for which she could not account. It had indeed been the climax of the summer, the climax of her life. Nothing so sweet, so full of tender rapture, had ever been hers before. But she felt a chill come over her at the thought that for this very reason it was to be the last. Was it not the first rather,

the beginning of a dearer and more expanded life, a thing which could never end? This protest woke dumbly in her soul, but she was not in a mood to speak: words seemed to profane the blessedness of this crowning day. It *was* the crowning day. Never anything like it had shone upon her before. Her heart was afloat upon a sea of happiness, as the boat was upon those shining waters. But as they neared the shore, the influence of that other sentiment came over her, stronger and stronger, against her will. In all ages and all places, human nature has a superstitious dread of being too happy. Isabel felt a thrill of this fear go through her; perhaps it was this that inspired also what Mansfield had said. The last—why should it be the last? He had given no explanation, no reason for calling it the last. But there was all the long sweet evening to look forward to, and then, no doubt, he would make all clear.

Thus they landed again on the pier, a little exhausted and languid with so much enjoyment. Even the Captain had become silent as they drew close to the harbour. "If it is the last time," he said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Mansfield. I suppose you are going north for the shooting; but you have given me many a bonny sail, and many a pleasant day."

"You have liked it!" the young man said with a little eagerness.

"Liked it! that have I, and more than liked it," the old man said, as they helped him out of the boat. The sun was low, making the whole broad Firth like a sea of gold, and turning into crimson and purple the dark hills in the distance, and the lower bands of headlands that shelter St. Margaret's Hope. Mansfield paused a moment by Isabel's side upon the pier.

"Look back upon it, look back," he said; he had her hand in his under the cover of her shawl, and once more he said in her ear the words he had said in the gloaming in the lane. She looked up to him almost for the first time with a full look of confidence and faith.

Then the little party went along the rough stones of the pier together, the Captain recovering his spirits, which had been momentarily subdued. When they came to the end of the pier, Mansfield paused and held out his hand to say good-night.

"Good-night! no, no, we cannot part like this," said Captain Cameron; "you will be expected at the house as much as Isabel or I. Come, come, it has never been like this before. You are coming home to your supper with Isabel and me."

He shook his head. "I cannot to-night. I have so many things to do before I—I must get back to make my arrangements for to-morrow. Besides this has been like no other day. It is distinct, it is itself, the sweetest, and the last."

"The lad is gyte, with his last and his last," said the Captain, startled, yet good-humoured still. "Come, Isabel, he will not say no to you; you must tell him your mother will expect him, and that he is bound to stay."

But Isabel did not say a word. A great cloud seemed to have fallen over her. She stood speechless, and looked at him with a wistful struggle to understand him. He was standing with his hand held out, a resolute figure, not to be led a step beyond the limits which he had set for himself.

"You see she will not ask me, even when you bid her, Captain. Good-night, good-night, good-bye," he said. And next moment the old father was all that stood by Isabel. The young man held her hand with a lingering pressure; he looked at her with ardent eyes; but he left her, while the girl stood astonished with a strange thrill of wondering pain, in a sudden blank of disenchantment and disappointment, as if she had fallen upon this hard earth out of the poetic skies.

"Well, Isabel," the Captain said, "my darlin', we must just gang our ways home. That lad has something on his mind; you have said nothing unkind to him, I hope. We'll not be so merry as we thought to-night, but anyhow we have had a pleasant day."



DEEP in the narrow vale below, the stream
Runs o'er its rocky bed, and here and there
Leaps down in foamy cascades, till it reach
The rustic bridge, through which another pours
Its waters o'er a tiny cataract,
With pleasant music in its gurgling voice,
And both united rush with growing speed
To pay their homage to the noble Spey.
The braes, with birk and hazel clad, send up
Rich gusts of song by feathered minstrels sung;
While in a thorny brake the blackbird sits
And leads the measures of the warbling choir.
Now through the woods the soft fresh winds of spring
Are wandering, stirring all the dark green pines,
And bringing out the beauty of the larch,
Awakening strains of low, sweet symphonies
Among the spreading branches of the elms.
In quiet sheltered nooks, on sunny braes,
The clustering cowslips ope their yellow cups,
And through the forest old, in lonely dells,
Rare flowers of many hues come peeping out.
From distant straths and glens, and Badenoch hills
The Highland Spey comes down with noble sweep,
And many a grand majestic bend, and rolls
By corrie, crag, and towering woody cliff,
Singing its ceaseless anthem as of yore.

WM. GARDEN.

MUTUAL INFLUENCE OF CHURCHES.—All seas and oceans are, in reality, one body of water, and the distinctive names we assign to them are only names, and the great forces of nature remind us that the geographical names we assign to them only express our own limited vision and experience. The tidal wave travels its appointed course, and visits every creek and bay. So is it with the Church of Christ. The distinctive names and forms are really less a matter of practical moment than what men call the ideal unity. The great currents of human thought, and the great surface-swell of feeling and emotion, rise where they may, do in effect pervade not one Church, but all Churches.—*From Address at the close of the General Assembly, by the Right Reverend the Moderator, Archibald Watson, D.D.*

Bible Illustrations from Cyprus.

By MRS. FERGUSON, Limassol, Cyprus.

AMONG the pleasant messages that come to us from time to time from over the sea, one of the most welcome is our Parish Magazine. It breathes of home in every page; the preachers we know; the stories are Scotch; and the glimpses into Christian work recall something of what we ourselves have seen and shared in past times. I can understand how its advent is hailed every month in many homes in busy Scotland; but as there is often an embarrassment of riches of the same kind in that happy land, to appreciate it fully it is necessary to be as we are, shunted off the main line into such a quiet siding as this out-of-the-way island of the sea. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country," is our own experience whenever the budget from Scotland arrives.

We have now completed our first year in this new home, and I can only feel thankful at the gracious gift of adaptability which has been given to our human natures, that we have been able so soon to adopt an entirely strange country and make it a home. Where our treasure is, our heart is, and God has treasure for us in every place if we only look for it, waiting to be used for Him, not always making up for what is left behind, but sufficient to make life worth living anywhere.

And living in Cyprus is in many ways a great privilege. In our surroundings and in many of the common details of everyday custom we seem to be transported to a past with which we have been familiar in thought, but which is now before us in reality. In a Bible land the Bible has a truthful and forcible naturalness in it which many may find difficult to understand at home, but which becomes easy here. Even "Nature Sermons" have a fresh significance when preached to us through the nature spoken of in its sacred pages. Perhaps a few illustrations of these may interest the readers of "Life and Work."

Cyprus is in most of its natural features like the rest of Syria, especially the Holy Land. There is no tropical luxuriance, but the clearness of the air makes the light on the sea and on the desolate hills so varied and so wonderful that the island seems always bright with a glory of its own.

The winter is often severe. Snow is mentioned in the Bible as not uncommon, but those who live on the sea-shore generally see it only at a distance. The hills of Palestine are covered with it for some weeks; our own Cyprian Olympus has a white crown for three months; but the past winter was unusually severe, and even down to the edge of the waves the hoar-frost was scattered like ashes and the snow like wool. To many it was a curious and novel sight. At Jaffa the school children could not understand it; one thought it was flour, another salt, and a third asked if it was quinine, while one

little girl wished to know if God had sent it to show us how clean our hearts should be.

From many Scripture references it will be seen also that the Mediterranean is by no means merely a sunny summer sea. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind" has again and again come to our memory as we have watched the surging breakers and vessels in the terrible experience described in Pa. cvii. Then there is the story of Jonah's storm and St. Paul's voyage, which began by "sailing under Cyprus because the winds were contrary," and ended in the fearful Euroclydon and the shipwreck at Malta.

But the cold inclement season does not last long. In February the sea begins to smile, and the hard bare earth, so trying sometimes to those accustomed to softer moister climates, to show symptoms of the great awakening. Never has spring seemed more perfect than in Cyprus; the beauty has been felt even more than seen. First we were attracted by the stalks of the narcissus with snowy petals and golden hearts springing here and there; these were followed by the anemones carpeting the ground in great luxuriance, and sweetest of all, the pink and white cyclamen growing in the roughest places for miles along the shore. These always seemed to me an emblem of Him who was as "a root out of a dry ground," who yet became to those who were waiting for Him the fairest of the children of men, and the "altogether lovely."

The "lilies of the field" succeeded each other in their wonderful array, changing with the advancing weeks, scarlet poppies, yellow marigolds, and purple convolvulus, till all disappeared or were overshadowed by the ripening corn. These beauties all belonged to the open country, but we were equally attracted by the more secluded portions, the enclosed gardens spoken of in the Song of Songs, which form a marked feature in the neighbourhood of Syrian towns. In these we have marked the progress of the "fruits of the valley," the rods of almond blossom, the "green figs" on the fig tree, "the vine flourishing," and "the pomegranates budding." All have had their own special interest, recalling so many Bible incidents and so much teaching. But the season is now well advanced; we are in the middle of summer, *καλοκαίριον* "the good time," as the Greeks call it, and "barley harvest" has begun. An evening walk in Cyprus takes us back in thought to many familiar stories.

As we walk along the sea-shore the parable of the sower lies before us in a living picture. Cypriote farming is the most primitive; there are no dykes or hedges to enclose the fields, and many seeds are trodden down by passers-by, who make footpaths where they please. The "stony ground" of the parable is too well represented here, but the most striking reality is in the thorns. These in Cyprus are a botanical study in themselves, they grow in such variety and strength and profusion.

Our own national emblem has many species in this island; then there are some with brown stalks and small gold flowers, others with bright blue stems and spikes; but the strongest and most destructive is a small bush with green leaves and red berries. Sometimes the farmer will clear the field and make a rough fence round it with the dry thorns, but more often the grain is left to struggle by itself, and is "choked" and spoilt. Farther on, however, by the side of a running stream, we come at last to the "good ground" and the waving barley. The harvest here is a festival; men, women, and children are engaged in it; and as we look at the rejoicing reapers, we think of Boaz and his fatherly salutation, "The Lord be with you." The corn is not put up in sheaves or stacked, but is at once carried away on the backs of patient asses to the threshing-floors. As we return homewards we take a peep at one of these. There is no fear of rain at this season. The grain is spread on the open ground in a circle, and the bullocks walk round and round, treading it out as they go, whilst the master guides them as he sits behind on a curious little machine which cuts the straw into small pieces at the same time. The oxen are not muzzled, and sometimes enjoy a taste of the food as they work. Occasionally there is an unwilling animal, unaccustomed to such labour, but he is soon taught the uselessness of "kicking against the pricks" by the driver's goading rod, and that it is good to learn to "bear the yoke in youth." As we watch the lesson we try to apply it to ourselves, and think how often much the same teaching is needed in our own lives.

Afterwards we sit down and rest on the stone mouth of some wayside well, or on the edge of a dry pit, surrounded by a bleating flock of sheep and goats, white and black and spotted; and when, a little way off, a string of laden camels is seen moving along the dusty road in the pink glow of the setting sun, our thoughts fly back from Ruth and Boaz to Joseph and his brethren, and Rachel and Rebekah.

One other sight attracts us, a line of long-legged birds high in air in as regular order as a marching regiment. They are storks from Egypt, flying to their summer quarters in the cool north. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times," and is guided and upheld by the protecting care of our heavenly Father—and we finish our walk, thankful for the many reminders we have had of God's love and goodness, and of those who, in the olden time, put their trust in Him.

We go up to the "housetop," on which the "grass" (the weeds sown by winds and birds) is already withering, and in the last glow of the dying day think of what one sang:—

"And as this landscape broad,—earth, sea, and sky,—
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good."

A Successful Experiment:

BEING THE HISTORY OF THE BATH STREET CLASS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By Rev. JAMES MITCHELL, M.A., South Leith.

Continued from July.

THE second evening of the meeting did not reveal to us on our entrance such a pleasant surprise as did the first; for there were at least one-third fewer than were present on the first night. It appeared that a great many of those who were with us the first night were Roman Catholic girls, who, if not actually in regular attendance on that Church's worship (as few of them were), were yet the children of Roman Catholic parents, and that the priest, having learned that the first meeting had concluded with a short Bible lesson, had used all his influence (which was by no means small) in dissuading the Roman Catholic girls from attending again. This explanation was a great relief to my mind, for it showed me that the diminished attendance was not owing to any want of interest in the class, but to the pressure from without which had been used to dissuade them from attending. I had never intended putting the Bible lesson prominently forward, but I had certainly never intended to put it in the background, much less to dispense with it altogether, however large a number might for a time be gathered in consequence; because I knew that in it would be found the very secret of our success and the source of our real prosperity, and that without the Bible directly and indirectly influencing the hearts and leavening the minds of the members of the class, any success that might seem to attend our efforts would be necessarily superficial, and certainly transient. Having got over our temporary disappointment with the attendance, we all settled to our regular work. The girls who had given orders the previous evening were agreeably surprised to find that these had been executed for them. Even the sewing was more than enough for many of them, who, not having been taught it, or but very imperfectly, when they were children, found great difficulty in using an ordinary needle for the first time, after their fingers had become accustomed to the use of much larger implements, and had become hardened by their ordinary daily work. I soon understood from some of the ladies, that needles with much larger eyes would have been preferred, and that, the nearer they approached to darning-needles in size, the more gladly they were welcomed by many of our young friends. Shaping and cutting-out were attainments far beyond the reach of any of them, and it may therefore be imagined with what joy this evening they found this preliminary work done to their hands; and not on this night only, but for years afterwards, a lady whose own household duties kept her at home, but whose sisters were among our most efficient helpers at the class for that year and for many years to come, shaped and cut out all the articles which were to be made at the class. A large measure of our success and of the popularity of the class was owing to her self-denying labours; for her cutting-out always gave the most perfect satisfaction, not merely from the accuracy of the fit, but from the marvellous economy which she exercised in her use of materials. Afterwards, when the numbers increased, it became utterly impossible for one lady to do the whole work in this department, and the work was shared by others, and latterly, in almost every case, each lady has taken the charge of this part of the work at her own table, with the exception of beginners, who always find other ladies willing to help them with this, until they have become experienced.

Another source of satisfaction to the girls on that evening, when the goods were brought down for them, and a cause of success ever since, was the excellence of the material which was provided. It was subjected then, and

on each subsequent occasion, to a most careful scrutiny and comparison with the pattern. Not only so, but at first, before full confidence was established in our marketing powers, some of them made assurance doubly sure, by making the round of the different shops and asking the price of similar materials; but finding that we had provided the best, and that they were themselves unable to procure as good at the same price, they were well content to leave the matter entirely in our hands. Of course it would have been impossible for them to procure as good material at the same cost themselves, because, with the view of encouraging them to make clothing for themselves, and also to make the class attractive in a pecuniary point of view, I had resolved that whatever they ordered at the class should be furnished at a deduction of 2d. off the shilling. This I was enabled to do partly by the discount allowed by the shopkeeper and partly by making up the difference myself. We have continued the same amount of discount to the girls throughout, but my pecuniary outlay ceased after two years, as the generous proprietor of the works, when he learned that this was coming out of my pocket, insisted on bearing that part of the expense himself, which he has ever since done most cheerfully. The other regulations connected with the sewing department of the class have continued with very little alteration as they were laid down on that first working evening.

Orders are taken only on one night of the week—the Wednesday evening—and the material is brought on the Friday following. Patterns are circulated among the girls to help them in their choice.

Only one order is allowed to be given by each girl at a time, and no fresh order can be taken until the other has been fully paid for.

All articles ordered are to be made in the room, and no article of dress is to be taken from the room until fully made and fully paid for. This rule is one which lies at the foundation of the success of any such class, and although cases may occur where it seems almost necessary to deviate from it, and although it may often seem a hardship to insist upon its strict observance, yet I have scarcely ever known an instance in which it was thought expedient to deviate from it, where there has not been cause for after regret.

I do not know that in laying down the rule at first I had any other object in view, than first, to save my own pocket somewhat when I was responsible for the discount, as the expense might have been very great had the girls been allowed to do the sewing at home as well as in the class; and second, to secure that the sewing should be carefully done, and done by the girls themselves. Even when the rule was observed in the letter, there was frequently at first a good deal of scamp work in the matter of sewing. When a girl was anxious to get some piece of work, or some article of dress which she was requiring, finished, it seemed a long time for it to remain lying in the class-room from Friday till Wednesday night, and it was not uncommon to find that by stitches of at least twice the proper length, and by other such expedients, she had contrived after a fashion to finish it; but as the work required to be done to the satisfaction of the lady at the table, when one or two had to set to work to pick out and undo the stitches they had made, that evil soon cured itself. Other and more important benefits than these soon showed themselves to be connected with the strict observance of the rule, as other and greater evils resulted from its violation. One of the great purposes for which this department of the class was instituted was to overcome a habit which is very strong among those of their class, viz. that of ordering goods which they do not absolutely require, and for which they, in all probability, are unable to pay, a circumstance forgotten or overlooked in the fact that immediate payment is not insisted on. The frequency with which girls and others are tempted, even in towns, by travelling merchants, who call upon them at their lodgings and get them to purchase a dress, is not merely at

the foundation of habits of extravagance, but also lands many of them in debt at a very early period—a debt too from which they may not have been able to extricate themselves up to the time of their marriage. When the evil day has been stayed off by small payments taken from their husbands' wages towards meeting these old claims, a habit of concealment is acquired long before its uselessness is proved—as it is in every case sooner or later; and when the day of revelation comes, I have seen complete and permanent estrangement between husband and wife as the result. I have known cases among working girls in which expensive articles of dress were got from these wandering travellers, and where, in order to meet the weekly or fortnightly payment, the dress, still unmade, has been pawned over and over again, and finally forfeited, even after its full value had been paid. It was partly to destroy this practice that our order department was instituted; and if, in such a case, the girls had been allowed to take away the articles before they were paid for, the same practice would have been only encouraged under another form. Besides it not unfrequently happened that those who had been allowed to take goods from the room before they were paid up have, even with the best intentions of payment, found that each week's wages were sufficient only for each week's expenses, and so those who were at one time most regular in their attendance at the class disappeared entirely, because they found themselves at first unable, as they thought, to pay for what they had got; then the articles wore out, and they had little inclination to pay for what did not exist, and they ceased to be seen in the class, and naturally avoided us whenever they thought we were likely to cross their path. Ladies who imagine that they attract girls to their table, and that they bind them to them by such indulgence and relaxation of the rule, ought to bear in mind at the outset, as we learned by experience, that there is no more effectual means of scattering a class, or of diminishing its numbers, than such deviations from the rules as those to which I have referred.

On the third night of meeting there was a slight improvement in the attendance over the second, although by no means equal to the first, none of the Roman Catholics who were said to have been removed by the influence of the priest having returned. As their absence was conspicuous, I resolved, after a time, to speak to the priest on the subject. An opportunity soon presented itself, and I ascertained from him that my information was correct, and that he had ordered the girls to withdraw from the class because he understood that I was to conclude the meetings with a Bible lesson. He said that if I would dispense with the Bible lesson and the hymn, he had not much objection to the Roman Catholics continuing to attend. I told him that I should be entirely out of place in the class if I were to be a mere secular teacher, that he and I were agreed that religion lay at the basis of any effectual scheme for the well-being of any class of the community, and that I felt there was no use attempting any work for their real improvement if I omitted that which was the very motive power for good to which I trusted. I said further that as I would rather a girl was a good Catholic than a bad Protestant, so I hoped he would rather that a girl was a good Protestant than a bad Catholic; and that, as several of those whom he had swept away from the class had a merely nominal connection with the Roman Catholic Church, and had no influences for good brought to bear upon them of any kind, he ought rather to be thankful that any efforts were put forth to promote their well-being. He then asked me to put myself in his position, and to consider how I should feel if Protestant girls were attending a class presided over by one whom I called a Popish priest. I told him that if they were growing up entirely neglected and uncared for, I should be glad to think that any one was taking an interest in them, and that I would endeavour in this case to second these efforts for good,

at the same time taking care, by instructing them privately in those doctrines which I held to be vital, to counteract the risk of any evil being mixed up with the good which they were otherwise receiving. I added that in the present case those with whom I had to deal, who professed to be Roman Catholics, had so much to learn of the very elements of morality and religion, that he had taken alarm too soon, for there was so much ground to be cultivated, which was common to his views and mine, that it would, I feared, be a long time before they reached such a stage as to warrant me, even although I should desire, to bring prominently forward those points controverted between us. I assured him farther that I had not the slightest wish to interfere with the religious opinions of any of the girls at the class; and that it was my desire to connect them all, sooner or later, with those churches which they themselves preferred. I told him further, that so much did I respect the conscientious convictions, even of those whose consciences might not be very enlightened, that, rather than run the risk of shaking these, I would, when I came to any such passage as "Thou art Peter," give his girls, by speaking to them privately, the opportunity of leaving before the Bible lesson began. I concluded my part of the conversation by telling him that if, on the other hand, he was not satisfied with these assurances, and chose to exercise his authority as priest to endeavour to keep them away, he might find that the tie which bound them to the Church of Rome was very slight, and that it might snap altogether, so that he would lose these girls entirely. On reflection he professed himself in great measure satisfied with my assurances; some of the girls came back in course of time, although not in the same numbers as they had done at first. Inasmuch, however, as no such general attempt was made to forbid their attendance as had been at the outset, I felt bound to respect the assurance which I had given him, and the Roman Catholic girls understood that they were quite at liberty to retire before the Bible lesson, if they pleased, although we preferred that they should remain. I found that those who did leave earlier, left not so much because the Bible lesson was coming on, as because they wished to secure a quarter of an hour of freedom outside, before the meeting was over, and that they did not return home sooner, but often later, than their companions who had remained to the end.

I may add that other ecclesiastical bodies besides the Church of Rome watched our growing numbers with an interest almost akin to suspicion at first; but, after a time at least, no efforts were made to dissuade girls from joining it; and owing to the prudence of the ladies connected with its management, I believe all fears on this head were entirely removed, as certainly they were entirely groundless; and while the class has been in existence, we have sent from it communicants to every church in the town, who, but for its influence, I believe, would never have been communicants at all. Perhaps a larger number have become members of the Church of Scotland than of any other, although certainly much fewer than of all the other Churches put together; and I have more frequently interposed to get them to join other Churches than to get them to join my own. I mention this for the purpose of showing those who may undertake a similar experiment, how necessary it is, and how easy it is also, to avoid stirring up sectarian jealousy, which, once roused, would embitter, if not entirely destroy, all the enjoyment and success of such a class.

A Bible class meeting every fortnight was open to every girl who chose to avail herself of it. It was not specially connected with the mill class, but was open to all in the town who chose to attend. I am persuaded that such a class will be found a most powerful auxiliary, for there you are entirely free from all those restrictions wherewith you are bound in any such work as that which I am here describing.

To be continued.

How to Dine our Country Scholars on a Halfpenny.

By REV. THOMAS A. CAMERON, Farnell.

I AM anxious to direct the attention of the readers of "Life and Work" to a scheme for supplying a warm dinner at a trifling expense to children attending school, particularly in country districts, during the cold months of winter. The scheme to which I refer was started the winter before last, and the result has been more satisfactory than its most sanguine supporters could have anticipated.

This Parish, about four miles in length by four in breadth, with the Public School in the centre, is not so unfavourably situated in respect of distance from school as are many other parishes; but I was painfully impressed with the hardships to which children, many of them of tender years, were exposed in being obliged to go without anything in the shape of a warm meal from eight o'clock in the morning till about five o'clock in the afternoon, not to speak of wet clothes and damp feet. I brought the matter under the notice of the Countess of Southesk, who, with characteristic kindness, entered heartily into the scheme of providing the scholars with a mid-day meal.

The first apparent difficulty in such a scheme is a place in which a meal for a hundred children, we shall suppose, can be prepared. It is, however, more imaginary than real. If School Boards, or those who have an interest in the comfort of our school-going children, can be prevailed upon to build a special apartment, so much the better; but all that is really required is the addition of an extra boiler to—what every schoolmaster should possess—the washing-house, which may be kept as clean as a kitchen. In our case it was necessary to make some repairs on the teacher's washing-house, and, on its being suggested that by building an additional boiler the difficulty of providing a room, in which to cook the children's dinner, might be met, the members of the School Board, while sympathising with the scheme and individually prepared to further it by private subscription, did not feel justified in applying any part of the local rates to such a purpose. Lord Southesk, however, solved our difficulty by building, at his own expense, a neat little edifice of wood, resting on a brick foundation, slated and tastefully painted.

This little building, twenty-four feet by thirteen, serves the double purpose of schoolmaster's washing-house and cooking-place for the children's dinner, and, at the same time, furnishes a compartment fourteen feet in length, in which it was originally intended the scholars should dine in sections. This intention was afterwards abandoned on account of apparent inconvenience, so that a building ten feet square has been found sufficient for our purpose. From contributions, and as the proceeds of a Lecture, we received three pounds,

which enabled us to provide soup-basins for a hundred children, and the other utensils necessary for cooking and distribution.

The scholars bring their spoons in their satchels. The bill of fare is not to be despised, while it is of a sufficiently varied character. Dripping at sixpence a pound is liberally used, and this made into soup is both agreeable and nourishing. Once a week several pounds of beef are bought, which is boiled into broth or soup the first day, and the next broken down into small pieces, and thus distributed. Potato-soup is supplied at least once a week; on the other days we have rice-soup and pea-soup, with a plentiful supply of vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, onions, and cabbages. Several haunches of venison from Kinnaird have been kindly sent both winters. But, apart from this, the children can be supplied with a wholesome and substantial meal at the moderate sum of one halfpenny daily. There is no stinting; generally they cannot consume what has been cooked for them. Further, no family is charged more than a penny. Thus, in some cases four, in many cases three, children, are comfortably dined for this small sum, and yet, notwithstanding our moderate charge, we found, after an experience of two months the first winter, that we had a balance of nine shillings in the Treasurer's hands. Last winter we kept the dining-hall open for three and a half months, and found, at the end of that period, that the balance of the previous year had been increased to £1. We can, therefore, claim a complete success for our scheme. Of course, but for the kindness of the farmers, who supplied potatoes gratuitously, such results could not have been attained. Still, without potatoes, as we found during the winter of 1878-79, when, in consequence of the intense frost, pits could not be opened, we were able to give sufficiently varied and wholesome dinners.

The first winter a young lady, in order to show the practicability of the scheme, undertook the cooking of the dinner. Last winter the School Board, appreciating the advantage of the dining-hall, agreed to contribute £5 as remuneration to the person in charge of the cooking.

The following is our method of distribution. The bigger boys having brought the soup in large pails from the cooking place, the teachers, frequently assisted by interested neighbours, divide it among the children as they sit in their seats; and so many willing hands are at work that in something like five minutes a hundred children may be seen busily engaged on the steaming and savoury dishes, their faces radiant with health and enjoyment. In half an hour all have dined, and during the next half-hour the school-rooms are carefully aired. Dishes are meanwhile speedily collected, the senior girls taking pleasure in helping the cook to wash and dry them. Further, an opportunity is occasionally afforded them of being taught how to cook a good, simple meal.

Rich and poor alike, it should be added, avail themselves of the advantages of the dining-hall; even those who live within a stone's throw of the school remain to dine. It has been found that the health of the school has greatly improved, and the average attendance much increased, under the improved diet, while the moral advantage of drawing the sympathies of all classes of the community round the scholars, cannot be properly estimated.

One parish has already, with satisfactory results, followed our example, and others, I am sure, will do so when they see how easily, and at what a moderate charge, the children attending our country schools can be supplied with a warm and nourishing meal.

"She hath done what she could."

ALL that she could she did. From day to day,
With duty's banner broad and high unfurled,
She walked straight on, how rough soe'er the way,
A brave sweet soul, unspotted from the world.

She had no box of spikenard rich and rare,
Adoring, on the Master's head to break;
Only the incense of abounding prayer,
Only the patient working for His sake.

All that she could she did. Yet sorrows came
So fast, her tears with them could scarce keep pace;
And while the heavy heart o'erweighed the frame,
The angel showed too plainly in her face.

And when she laid her down, the conflict o'er,
What though no earthly voice pronounced her good!
Christ said, "Fling wide for her the pearly door;
She hath done humbly, nobly, what she could."

JANE C. SIMPSON,
Author of "Go when the morning shineth."

CRUCIFIXION WITH CHRIST.

FAITH makes the crucifixion of Christ to us the crucifixion of every sinful inclination, of every evil habit, of all that is proud, and selfish, and sensual. By the cross of Christ faith strengthens, supports, and encourages us in the bearing of our cross, lightens every burden, sweetens the most bitter sorrows, and makes the seven years of toilsome service seem to be but as that of seven days. By the cross faith arms us for the good fight, and gives us the victory which has its joy and reward in the crown of life.

O Thou blessed Son of God, I am confounded and ashamed, I loathe and abhor myself on account of all that I have been and done; by the wounds and anguish of Thy cross I am pierced with the godly sorrow which has no refuge but in Thy forgiving love. I am crucified with Thee, and in Thy love unto death what a sure refuge have I!—
From Sermons by the late Rev. James Veitch, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's.

We must not do Evil that Good may come.

THERE was weeping and wailing in the nursery. Bertie had told a lie, and he refused to confess it. A phial of some burning liniment, which the children had been repeatedly forbidden to touch, and which had been left for a few minutes on the mantelpiece, was found broken on the floor, its contents all scattered over the hearth, and the head with the cork out lying at the door. Bertie had been alone in the nursery when nurse left him, indeed he had never left it, and he had been found alone with the door shut and the bottle broken. Adjured by nurse to confess and be forgiven, he at first maintained a rigid silence. By and by her perseverance elicited some unwilling answers. "Had he touched the bottle?" "No." "Did he see any one touch it?" "No." "How then had it fallen off the mantelpiece?" Bertie "didn't know." "Had he been there all the time?" "Yes." This was getting serious, and nurse went for mamma. The same series of questions was put to Bertie by his mother, and the same answers were returned. By this time, however, the child was in tears, perhaps moved by the sight of his mother's grief for his hard-heartedness—perhaps awe-struck at the resolution she had expressed, to carry him to a higher tribunal. "Bertie must be taken to his papa." Pale and trembling, but resolute, Bertie was carried downstairs to the library, and the whole sad tale was told over again. "Bertie," said his father in awful tones, "did you touch the bottle?" "No," very decidedly. "Did you see any one touch it?" "No," a little more faintly. "How then could it fall?" "I don't know," said the little fellow defiantly, although the tears were rolling down his poor cheeks. "And you were in the nursery all the time nurse was absent?" "Yes." "Bertie," said his father again very solemnly, "do you know who sees you just now, and is grieved to hear you tell a lie?" "Yes, papa" (sobbing) "but—but my verse said, 'Little children, love one another.'" "Well, the Bible says so, but what has that to do with you just now? It was bad to touch the bottle, but the lie is far worse, and you must be punished for it." And Bertie was punished, and sentenced to bed for three hours, or until he should declare himself penitent. He was conveyed thither by his broken-hearted mother, now dissolved in tears herself. In vain, after he was laid in bed, she sat by him waiting for his confession. Once he put up his little face to kiss his mother, but she put him aside. "No, Bertie, my child, until you say you are sorry for the sin you have committed, I cannot love you." His tears began to flow afresh at this, but he still gave no sign of penitence. Half an hour passed, and then Bertie, wearied out, fell fast asleep.

Still the mother sat by him. She could not understand him at all. The child had hitherto

been so truthful, and his slightest word had been so implicitly relied on! As she sat, the door of the nursery was pushed gently open. A small head covered with sunny curls appeared, and there entered a gentle sweet-faced little girl of some five years old. She advanced timidly into the room. "O mamma, why are you sitting there? And why is Bertie in bed? Is he ill?" "No, Lucy," said her mother gravely; "Papa and I would almost rather he should be ill, than that he should have grieved us as he has to-day. He has broken the bottle on the mantelpiece, which you know you were strictly forbidden to touch, and what is far, far worse, he has told a lie to hide it, and said he did not do it." Lucy stood as if rooted to the spot. A perfect torrent of scarlet suffused her neck and face, up to the very roots of her hair, and she threw herself impetuously on her mother's lap. "What is it, Lucy? What is the matter, my child? Are you grieving that Bertie has been so naughty?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the child sobbing, "it was not Bertie at all who broke the bottle; it was me." "And you never told, and allowed your brother to be punished for your fault! O Lucy, I am ashamed of my little girl!"

"But, mamma, I never intended it. I only came into the nursery to look for my doll's shoe, and it was lying on the mantelpiece beside the bottle—and I reached up for it, and I—never—never—touched the bottle—it fell itself."

"And what did you do then?" asked mamma gravely.

"I cried when I saw it broken, I was so frightened, and Bertie came and dried my eyes with his handkerchief, and said, 'Never mind, Lucy, you couldn't help it. Don't cry, poor little maid; run away before nurse comes back, and I'll not tell.' And I ran away into the drawing-room and hid behind the curtains; and I never, never knew Bertie was whipped;" and her sobs began anew. Just at this crisis in his affairs Bertie woke. He looked quite bewildered for a moment, to see his mother beside him and Lucy crying. But it all rushed back to his recollection when his mother spoke.

"Bertie, my child, Lucy has confessed that it was she who broke the bottle and not you, and I am so glad that there you spoke the truth; but why did you say that you didn't know who broke it?"

Bertie looked up quite brightly, relieved to find it was all out.

"Well, mamma, Lucy was so awfully frightened, and she was crying, and the text we got on Sunday was, 'Little children, love one another,' and you always said I was to help my little sister, as I was a year older and stronger; so I told her to run away, as she could not stand a whipping as well as I could—and then nurse came."

"But, Bertie dear, you know you told a lie all the same, saying you didn't know, when all the time you knew she had done it."

"But, mamma, I didn't mean to be naughty. I

meant only to love Lucy, as the text told us." Mamma had some work to do, explaining that a lie is always wrong, and that God loves truth, and hates lies; and that we must not do evil that good

may come; and that, as for Lucy, she ought at once to have gone and told what she had done, and she would have been forgiven. But through it all the mother's heart was comforted. That night, when



little Bertie said his usual prayer at his mother's knee, he added of his own accord, in his own childish words,

"Please, God, will you forgive me for telling a lie to-day? and I'll never, never do it again." To

which he also added, after a pause, as if reflecting on all he had suffered for Lucy's sake,

"And please, God, will you make Lucy tell herself the next time she is naughty?"

M. E. JAMIESON.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



SEPTEMBER 1880.

Sermon.

By Rev. HENRY DUNCAN, Crichton.

The Miracle at Cana.—JOHN ii. 1-11.

IT is clearly impossible, within the limits of such a sermon as this, to enter into a detailed examination of all the particulars of this miracle, or to state even shortly all the lessons it is fitted to convey. Without, therefore, attempting to do so, or dwelling on such points as are common to it and the other miracles of our Lord, we shall speak of one or two of the less obvious, but no less important, purposes for which the miracle was wrought.

First, then, Does it not teach us that Christ is the Lord of nature? Observe what the miracle was. He turned water into wine. He performed in fact instantaneously, and without the intervention of means, that which is being done constantly by slow and complicated processes. In doing what He did on this occasion, Christ would have us know that He is the agent in all these processes in the world around us which we are accustomed to designate as *natural*. The miracle, under this aspect of it, belongs to a class of miracles which occupy a large place in our Saviour's working—miracles in which He did instantaneously and directly what in ordinary circumstances is done gradually and indirectly. When He healed the sick, and fed the starving multitude, and stilled the tempest, and turned the water into wine, He would have us know that the earth is His and the fulness thereof, that the world is not given up to blind chance, or to the reign of cold unbending law, but that it owns a living Ruler, whose hand is everywhere.

Secondly. We cannot read the narrative before us without feeling that it teaches a wonderful lesson on Christ's thoughtfulness in little things. Other miracles teach His thoughtfulness and love in great things. To raise a dead child, and restore her to her weeping parents; to bring back to life the only son of a widowed mother; to cast out a legion of devils, and thus deliver one who was bound with the most fearful chain from his terrible thralldom; to feed a starving multitude; to still a tempest that threatened death to His disciples—all these show loving care on great occasions, and for great purposes. But this was a small occasion on

which to work a miracle. Wine was wanting at a marriage-feast. The supply had failed. The feelings of those who entertained the guests would be hurt, the joy of the bride and bridegroom would be marred, by the exposure of their poverty. And so, by an exercise of His Divine power, Jesus averted the exposure and discomfiture they dreaded.

It shows how He could enter into the little household trouble, the little fear of ridicule that vexed His hosts. And surely in this view it teaches us a precious lesson, and one, alas! we sorely need. How apt are we to fly to Christ in our great troubles, how slow to go to Him in small! When death enters our dwelling, we "go and tell Jesus." When sickness comes, with its days and nights of pain and weariness, we "go and tell Jesus." When losses fall on us, and ruin stares us in the face, we "go and tell Jesus." But when little troubles vex us, when household annoyances and family vexations and personal worries disturb us, how prone are we to forget there is a loving Saviour near. He knows our frame. He remembers we are dust. He understands, as none else can understand, our smallest troubles. He can enter into all that vexes us. He could do so at Cana, at the marriage feast; He can do so now; for He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

But there is another lesson on this point besides this lesson of encouragement. There is a lesson of example. Remember Christ is our example. And here is one point in which we are called carefully to tread in His steps. Be thoughtful for others, even in little things. Consider their feelings, bear with their prejudices and peculiarities, be tenderly solicitous not needlessly to vex them. Good people sometimes forget these little things. And yet they are not little. Nothing which affects our relations with God or with our fellow-men is truly little. We give great pleasure or great pain, do great good or great evil, commend the gospel or discredit it, according as we act in so-called little things. There is great need, then, that we follow the example of our blessed Lord, that we strive to be like Him who was so thoughtful and so kind, that all men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Him. It is not enough to do great acts of kindness when the great occasions for doing them arise. We must seek to be like Jesus, so full of sympathy and love that we are instinctively thoughtful for those around us.

Thirdly, we have in the passage before us another lesson, a lesson as to the character of the religion Jesus desired to establish among His people. It was not to be a religion of outward separation from the world. Christ did not desire His people to draw off from their fellow-men. He does not wish them to turn their backs upon society, with its duties and its occupations and its innocent amusements. He wishes them indeed to be unworldly, to be a separate, a peculiar people. But He does not desire to see them withdraw from intercourse with those around them. The very opposite is the religion of the gospel. *In the world, but not of it*, is to be our rule. Christ would have all life sanctified. He would raise the common duties and the common occupations and the common courtesies of life, and would shake from them the earthliness that is so apt to gather round them. He would have a holy, Christian spirit pervading all, pure and holy motives underlying our simplest acts. He would see His disciples mingling with their fellow-men, but testifying everywhere to the power of the truth, and manifesting the life of God that is in them.

I think we cannot read of this marriage-feast at Cana without feeling this. We cannot fail to feel that Jesus taught a grand lesson on the nature of the Christian life by His presence there, and by His working a miracle to add to the comfort and enjoyment of those who had gathered to that table. He proclaimed that there was nothing wrong in the marriage-feast—nothing wrong, nothing contrary to true religion, nothing inconsistent with the highest conception of the Christian life, in such a gathering. He proclaimed that the man of God might go to such a feast, might be host or guest at such a time, and might serve God in being so.

It teaches a lasting lesson for God's people. It discourages asceticism in the Christian Church. It condemns that religion which is confined to times and places, and would forbid all social intercourse of man with man.

That is the easier religion. It is easier to be religious on Sunday than to be Christ-like all the week. It is easier to keep out of the world than to be holy in it. It is easier to withdraw from society altogether than to mix daily with our fellow-men and yet never to forget that we are Christ's disciples. It is easier; but it is not our calling. Christ has called us to something else, something higher—even to do as He did, to walk as He walked. We do not find Him in the wilderness like John the Baptist, to whom the people must go out. But in Jerusalem we find Him—in the streets and market-place, in the Temple and the Synagogue. We find Him on the crowded thoroughfare, and in the quiet village—sojourning with the family of Bethany, eating and drinking with publicans and sinners, sitting down at the table of the wealthy Pharisee, at the marriage-feast of Cana.

Is there no lesson in all this? Yes, truly—Christ would teach us the nature of that religion to which He has called us. He would have us learn that what He requires of us is not the mere performance at specific times, of certain specific acts of religious service, but a life—a common life—in which we serve Him at all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, and in all companies—a life in which we follow Him and abide in Him and breathe His spirit continually.

Then does it not help us to find out when our conduct is unsuitable to our Christian profession? Sometimes Christians—especially young Christians—are sorely perplexed as to the course they should follow in regard to mixing in society, and allowing themselves in certain classes of amusement. And sometimes the difficulty is solved by an attempt to draw a line, separating between what may be regarded as worldly on the one hand, and therefore to be avoided, and what may be considered unworldly on the other, and therefore to be indulged. There are general principles laid down in Scripture which should guide us safely in such matters, and which each one must apply for himself. There are general considerations, a prayerful application of which should leave us in no doubt as to our duty in any special case. Such we find in the passage before us. Is there a feast at which Christ would be an unwelcome guest? Is there an amusement in which we cannot seek His blessing? Is there a company where the presence of Jesus would be felt an untimely intrusion? Then there is something wrong in that feast, in that amusement, in that company. We may not be able to put our finger on anything in it, and say, This is positively wrong. But if it is a society or an amusement in which we feel we cannot honestly ask and reasonably expect Christ's blessing and Christ's presence, we may feel certain that for us at least it is not safe.

Lastly, let me observe that this first miracle stamps the divine blessing and approval on family life.

Happy the family life where, from the very beginning of it, Christ's presence is sought and realised, and prized! Greatly blessed that marriage where Christ is an honoured and welcome Guest! Trials may come. Sickness and death may turn rejoicing into mourning, laughter into tears. But even then, where Christ has been, and where His blessing rests, there will remain that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." He will say:—

"It was My Love which shielded your helpless infant
days,
It was My Care which guided you through all life's
dangerous ways.
I joined your hearts together, I blessed your marriage
vow,
Then trust and be not fearful though My ways seem
bitter now."¹

¹ Bishop Wilberforce, on the Death of his Wife.

WALLYFORD.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. CAMERON had made a little feast for what she thought would be the betrothal of her beloved child. She gathered her best flowers, and filled her big old china bowls with mignonette, that scented all the room, and the old-fashioned monthly roses, which were almost all that remained after the richer blooms were over. She put out her finest linen, and the old silver which was her pride. If she did not do her child honour now, when would she do so! At all these preparations Marget looked on with curious but dissatisfied eyes. "See it's come to that," she said to Simon, in the kitchen. "I wish we kent mair of him." But when Simon repeated that safe observation, "He's a pleasant lad," his wife flew out upon him in impatience. "Pleasant," she cried, "what's pleasant! when it's a lad to marry, and no just a servant to hire." Marget's heart was deeply stirred with all the family excitements and trials. She knew as well as any one that there was something wrong, far wrong, with John in Edinburgh. There had been no confidences made to her, but she knew it, and they knew she knew it; and it was she who had been the first to perceive what was going to happen in the case of Isabel. Her heart was stirred almost as much as that of her mistress. She gave her whole attention to the cooking of the fresh "haddies," just out of the Firth, and the fowl, cunningly dressed after one of those old savoury Scotch recipes, which not even France itself, the land of cookery, can improve upon, and which, alas! are dropping out of the knowledge of the present generation. The sentiment that made mistress and maid thus exert themselves was not that vulgar pleasure in getting a girl married, which the vulgar attribute to scheming mothers and matchmaking women. Little good would Mrs. Cameron's life be to her when Isabel went from her. The mere idea of the loss of her out of the house, of which she had been the very sunshine, made the hearts of both the old parents and the old servants sick. Nevertheless, whatever misery it might bring to them, if this was to be the day of days in Isabel's young life, how could her mother and her tender nurse treat it otherwise, heavy as their hearts might be, than as a day of state and splendour! There should be no gloom on their countenances for the time of their darling's joy. They would do her honour, and him honour whom she had chosen, whatever it cost them. There was a trembling in Marget's vigorous hand as she softly shook the saucepan which contained her savoury stew, and still more in Mrs. Cameron's, as she took out her old plate from the press, and rubbed it tenderly before she put it on the table. "That will be her share," she said softly to herself; "and she must have this too when she is married." Her "napery," too, the beautiful old linen of which, as was the boast in old Scotch houses, there was such a full supply; the best of that too must go with Isabel. Dreary, dreary would be the house without her; but that was no reason why her life should be arrested and kept out of its natural development. Thus there were great preparations and much suppressed excitement in the quiet house. Amid all the mingled feelings natural to so great an occasion there was one perfectly genuine thrill of pleasure—Mrs. Cameron, like the cottar's wife in the *Saturday Night*, was "well pleased to see her bairn respectit like the lave." It gave her a thrill of pride that so early, while yet she was not much more than a child, her daughter had reached that point of youthful triumph. She forgot that anything had been said against Mansfield, or rather she felt as her husband had said, but with a secret satisfaction in the young man's wealth and leisure, that for one like him Mr. Scrimgeour

was no judge—that what was wrong in John was not necessarily wrong in a wealthy young man with no bond of duty upon him; and then it occurred to her with a quickening of pleasure that Isabel would be rich too. Rich, lifted above the cares that had weighed down her mother, able to do many things which her mother had never been able to do. She smiled involuntarily to herself at this; then sighed: and prepared herself to give a tender welcome to the man whom Isabel loved, though he would come to ask her for her chief treasure, and make the world lonely to her as long as she lived. The sigh was deep and acute, the smile was pathetic. She would welcome him tenderly, smiling—very much as, a little later, perhaps, she would welcome death.

They were not so early as she expected, and she went to her favourite post at the staircase window to look out for them. The sun had set; the western sky was still blazing with crimson and gold, throwing glorious gleams of reflection into the old-fashioned round mirror, which hung within reach of the west window; but the front of the house faced to the east, and from that the light had gone out, and the sky was chilly and pale. After a while she heard the sound of steps, the opening of the gate, but no cheerful din of voices as usual. Could anything have happened? she said to herself, with a sudden wild pang of apprehension—for who could answer for the safety of a little boat upon the sea? She ran down to the door with the swiftness of a child, and threw it open. The very suddenness of this expectant movement on her part seemed to chill still more the chilly silence with which Captain Cameron and Isabel were coming home. They looked at her with a certain mute reproof of her unnecessary excitement, as she met them at the door. "What! you're come back alone!" she cried; "what have you done with Mr. Mansfield?" Of all strange things nothing so strange had entered her mind as that he should not accompany them home.

"He had not time to come with us to-night; he had things to do in Edinburgh," said the Captain, with a grave countenance; only perhaps now did it fully strike him how inadequate the excuse was; as for Isabel, she followed with a breathless explanation, breaking forth all in a moment, so serious as she had been, into smiles.

"We have had the loveliest day, not a cloud from beginning to end. Even you, mamma, that don't like the sea, you would have liked it to-day. We ran all the way to Inchcolm: is that the right word?" she said, turning to her father. He was standing by, very grave, the greatest contrast to her smiling face.

"We are all tired, more or less," he said, "with the long day; a day in the open air is fatiguing, even though it may have been as delightful as ever day was."

"And this one could not have been more delightful," Isabel said. Her mother was standing in the doorway, stupefied with this strange contradiction to all her thoughts. "But papa is tired, and wants to get back to his own chair. I will run and take my things off," she said, and slipped in behind her mother, and ran upstairs, singing a scrap of a tune as she disappeared. The father and mother stood facing each other for a moment, with looks of consternation on the one part, on the other, of bewildered surprise and pain.

"What does this mean, William, what does this mean! why has he not come with you? Has he spoken to you?" Mrs. Cameron cried.

The old Captain shook his head. "I know no more than that dumb dog; I cannot tell you. Spoken? ay, he has spoken plenty. We have done little but talk all the long way; but nothing out of the ordinary. My dear, I'm tired, as Isabel said; let me come in."

"There's something happened," said his wife. "She's mistaken him, or her own heart—or—"

"There was not a word passed between them that all the world might not hear," said Captain Cameron; "but what you mean, my dear, or what she means, or what

he means, is more than I can tell you, for I do not know. I'm tired, as she says," and he shuffled in, saying not another word, and sat down in his big chair.

And a great chill fell upon the house—whence it came, or how it penetrated into all the corners, and made itself felt by Marget's cheerful fire, where she had put on the haddies at the first sound of the opened gate, it would be hard to tell. But so it did. When Mrs. Cameron followed her husband into the dining-room, and saw the gleam from the west window glowing in the big silver candlestick which she had put out in the pride of her heart, a pang of disappointment and foreboding ran through her. She took it away hastily and put it back in the press, feeling its full significance, and making haste lest Isabel should see too, and understand. The Captain sat very grave and silent, stretching out his limbs in his easy chair. He had not felt, he said, how tired he was till now; and he had not felt how strange it was till now.

"No, no, there's nothing the matter with me. Go and see to the bairn," he said. But when Mrs. Cameron went painfully upstairs, with a heart almost too heavy, and for the first time in her life, reluctant and half afraid to look her child in the face, she met Isabel coming down, still singing that little tune, still with her countenance dressed in smiles.

"So you've had a happy day, my darlin'?" the anxious mother said.

"Oh, a lovely day," Isabel replied; "the best for the last,"—this with a strange little laugh. "But papa's very tired, and he wants his dinner. There's plenty—plenty of time to talk. Come and give him his dinner," she said, putting her arm round her mother. She burst out into that little tune again before they reached the door.

"That's a new thing you're singing, Isabel. What is it you are singing?"

"Was I singing? no, no," the girl said. "I must run and get his wine for papa."

It was a strange meal, this dinner that was meant to be a little feast of joy and espousals; the two old people said little, but Isabel was gay. She talked about a hundred things, and was never still for a moment, naming everybody. But Mansfield's name was not named, and after those few words at the door, nothing was said about the day's expedition. As soon as the meal was over Isabel disappeared. She ran off to her room, once more bursting forth into that little bit of light melody as she left them. It sounded to her mother, though it was the lightest careless music, like the voice of despair. It was while Mrs. Cameron was still listening to this, and wondering with an aching heart, that Marget, coming in, announced that Jeanie Young and her laud, Rob Baird, were asking for a word with the mistress. "They're to be married in a fortnight," said Marget, "nae doubt they've come to tell the news. She's a bauld lass to take that ne'er-do-weel in hand."

"I cannot see them to-night, Marget; the Captain's tired with the long day."

"Mann I tell Miss Eesabell? I reckon she's wearied too. It's been owre lang a day," said Marget, with that divination which old servants possess. She would have shielded Isabel with her life; but she looked keenly at the quiet seriousness of the father and mother, and at Isabel's empty place, where she had eaten nothing. All these signs with one glance Marget saw.

"No, no, don't trouble Isabel. I'll come myself for a moment, since it's so important," Mrs. Cameron said.

It was almost dark by this time, and when Mrs. Cameron went into the little room downstairs, where Jeanie and Isabel had worked together, she saw little more than two dark shadows—the young fisherman standing against the light, with the slight young figure of his bride beside him. Mrs. Cameron's heart was not much tuned to congratulation; but she put on a smile for this pair, who had come, she supposed, to make her aware of

their prospects. She put out her hand to them in the dark, which hid the emotion in her face.

"I hear, Jeanie," she said, "that Robbie and you have made up your minds at last. I am sure ye have our best wishes. Isabel is wearied with a long day on the water; but you may be certain that with all her heart she'll wish ye joy."

"Oh, mem, ye're aye kind," said Jeanie, with a trembling voice, "and with a' our hearts we're grateful to you—but," she said, after a little tremulous pause, "it wasna that."

And Rob, who had made a kind of growl of consent to her thanks, visibly shook his head against the faint light in the window, and repeated, "It wasna that."

Mrs. Cameron could not restrain a sigh of impatience. Oh if they but knew how full her heart was, how little she was at leisure to hear their stories! But she was too kind to send them away. She called to Marget in the kitchen to bring a light. "And sit down, sit down," she said; "the days are drawing in already. We'll have the long nights back before we know where we are."

"There's little need for light, mem," Robbie said, but she paid no attention. All that she was anxious for was to get the interview over, to return to her own cares. What could they have to do with any of the troubles in this house?

But when she bade the humble pair good-night, and turned from the door after she had let them out, nearly an hour later, Mrs. Cameron's brow had a line the more. Her lip was quivering as she said good-night. She went back into the little room where the candle was flaring drearily upon the table, and sat down to collect her thoughts. They had told her one of those dismal tales of humble life which are to be heard in every country, more's the pity. The subject of it was a pretty, silly girl, well-known to all the Fisherstown, who had gone to service in Edinburgh, and there had been "led astray," and was living in sin and fine clothes, flaunting her wretched little fineries still, not yet sunk into the misery that was sure to follow. "Poor thing, poor silly thing," Mrs. Cameron had said, with tears in her kind eyes. In her great purity there was an almost awe of pity in this good woman's thoughts. The girl was Jeanie's cousin. She had always been "light-headed," but she had no mother. "Oh is there nothing, nothing we can do for her?" Mrs. Cameron said. And then the two had looked at each other, and Jeanie once more had faltered, "It wasna that;" when Robbie, who had been in the background, suddenly burst in.

"She must bear her ain burden," he said harshly, with that intolerance which so often comes from those who have themselves most need to be forgiven. "Jeanie mann have naething to do with her, or the like of her; but, mem, it wasna that; we wouldna come ance errand to trouble you about the like of a lightheaded eediot! But there's mair behind. The man——. It's my doing. I thought it was my duty to you and your family, and the auld Captain that is kind to a'body: the man—I saw him the day, as smiling and smirking as if he had naething on his conscience. Lord, but I could have taken my fit to him, and sent him flying into the Firth! the man——"

In a moment she knew what he was going to say. Her heart contracted with a pang of sorrow, of yearning pity, of bitter self-reproach. It was she, she only who was to blame. Even Marget had been wiser than Isabel's mother. She remembered how she had said, "We know him," with a violence of self-condemnation which she scarcely knew how to restrain.

"The man was just the gentleman that's after Miss Eesabell. To see him close by her side, looking at her like yon, was maistly mair than I could stand. He wasna worthy to breathe the same air," cried Robbie with fervour; "and to see him standing by that innocent creature, holding her bit little hand. No, I'm no a saint myself," he cried, jumping to his feet. "You

may say what you like, Jeanie, I deserve it a'. I've no been blameless—far frae that; but I canna stand by without a word of warning, and see the like of *yon*—”

All this Mrs. Cameron thought over as she sat down in the dreary little room with its unveiled window open to the night, and the candle flaring in the draught. Was it this that had blighted the bonnie day to her child! this revelation of wickedness and misery darkening, all in a moment, the innocent life that knew nothing of such dismal depths. “And it's my blame, my blame!” she said to herself. What was she but the unwatchful shepherd, the careless steward, that had eaten and drunken and made merry, and never heard when the thief stole in, and let the wolf descend upon His helpless lambs! Other sorrows she had known, many and various, but never this. She had been a traitor to her trust; she had failed of her duty before heaven and earth. Her God would judge her; her husband might accuse her: she had been to blame. Oh if she had been only as wise as Marget! Marget came in at this moment to take the candle away and close the window, perhaps (for human nature is weak) to see also what had happened, and what she could find out. Her mistress was then at the lowest depth of self-accusation, longing to cry out to heaven and earth, and say, “I have sinned, and it is my blame.”

“Marget,” she said, looking up to the face of alarmed surprise which her faithful retainer turned upon her, “you have been wiser than me. I have sinned against my own darlin' bairn. I have let in the wolf to the fold, and broken the heart of my Isabel!”

“Mistress,” said Marget, with instinctive partisanship, “how were you to ken? He had a tongue that would have wiled the bird from the tree, and a face o' innocence, a face of honour—ay, that he had! How were you to ken, that thinks ill o' naeboddy? I canna believe it myself, me that am an ill woman by the side o' you, and ill thinking. Na, I never could believe it myself. I said it, but I didna credit it, nor do I noo—nor do I noo.”

“Then you knew the story? you knew the story, and never said a word!”

“I ken nae story,” said Marget, with a little indignation, changing her tone; “but well I kent there would be some story; and I dinna credit it, I dinna credit it, afore I ken what it is!”

But this fine faith did not stand before the tale: nevertheless, Marget fought every inch of the ground. She vowed that most likely it was Nelly's fault, the little lightheaded cutty! she had never been a good lass, never, from her cradle—Or at least, it was as much her fault as his; maybe he had fallen in a moment of sore temptation, and could not get out of it; no doubt he had been ill-brought up, poor lad! in all these foreign parts, where no regard was paid to any duty, and the like of this was just a jest; and that maybe he had never known what a Christian house was till he came to Wallyford; and a hundred other pleas, which she brought forth, with a sob to each, and with all the passion of false reasoning. This fight for him, which was no fight at all, but only a desperate resistance to conviction, consoled Mrs. Cameron a little. It made her feel less criminal in her own negligence, when even her faithful servant, who had doubted him, could see so many excuses for him. But it was with a failing heart that she went upstairs with this news to tell. The Captain was sitting alone in the drawing-room; there were candles on the table, but they gave but little light. It was not the custom in Wallyford to pull down blinds or draw curtains so long as the summer lasted, and there was still a lingering touch of red in the west, making a feeble glow in the round mirror, though the east window was full of the chilly gray of the night. The old man sat alone in his great chair, with his mind full of many thoughts. He was not one of those to whom solitude is irksome, but it pained him to-night, because of the cloud which he did

not understand, which had come over his child. On ordinary occasions, when he was left alone, the Captain had plenty of occupation. Sometimes he would wander back to those old and far-stretching breadths of experience which lay behind him, and would be again, at his will, a blithe sailor-lad at sea, a young man full of hopes, a rising commander, trusted and looked up to; or he would look forward, perhaps, less smiling, but not with less tranquil confidence, to the future, wondering a little by what way it would please his Master to lead him through that dark and unknown passage from life to life. Many a dark strait he had crossed, with little knowledge how he was to get through. But this he well knew, he would get through, though he could not tell by what way. It was sweet to him to sit in the silence and quiet, the clear heaven shining in through the windows, the soft little light of home burning clear but small; perhaps a star looking in, perhaps a gleam of soft moonlight sweeping across the room. On such an occasion his wife, who was anxious and troubled about many things, would give herself up to a passion of prayer for her children; but the Captain, who trusted more and troubled less, fixed his serious eyes upon the world before him, and had his conversation in heaven, without perhaps one distinct thought. God came down and talked with him in the dusk of the mortal evening, in the calm of waning life. If ever the Father in heaven found man in His image, where could it be better than here, in this old man, charitable, merciful, full of love and tenderness, and a father's heart to all God's creatures! But the Captain's heart was troubled to-night, with the consciousness of a cloud about him, a cloud which he could not understand. He did not pray for this or that, but he held up his old hands, and called the attention to it of his Divine Companion and Friend, then laughed to himself under his breath, “As if Thou didst not see it all, far, far better than me.” When Mrs. Cameron came in, she found him thus solitary, with a great sorrowful drop of dew in his eyes, but this smile upon his old mouth.

“Laughing, no, I'm not laughing,” he said, “except maybe at myself, to think I was more attentive and knew better than the Lord. That's aye a man's temptation. I was thinking of prayer, the mystery it is, and of us bidding Him to see, poor creatures that we are, what He sees already, and far better. That's just human nature: the simplest of us, we would fain be wiser than God.”

“William,” said his wife, “what ails our Isabel? Why is she so wearied with what never wearied her before?”

“That is just what I've been asking myself,” the Captain said.

And then his wife laid her hand on his, and told him her tale. The Captain was a good Christian, but he was a man. “The scoundrel!” he said at intervals. He clenched his large old hand with an energy of which even the youthful culprit might have been afraid. “The villain!” Then he rose up in his impatience, with a fury he could scarcely restrain. “If I was the man I once was!” he cried.

“Oh, whisht, William, whisht!” cried his old wife; “this is no the way for you to speak, an old man, and a God-fearing man.”

“The hound!” cried the old Captain. “Do you think a God-fearing man should never lift his hand on an ill-doer? That's not my way of thinking. To lead a young woman astray—”

“Oh, whisht, William! She was nothing to brag of. She was always light-headed; it would be her fault as well.”

“Granted, it was her fault as well. The scoundrel!” cried the Captain, lifting his arm; “and then to come and shove himself, the hound, into the presence of *my* bairn. Lord!—My dear, was I swearing? No, no, I was not swearing; but it's true I cannot contain myself. To sit close by the side of my bairn, to touch her with his filthy

hands. Strip that gown off her. Let me never see it upon her more."

"Why, father!" said Isabel's voice at the door.

She had come in at the beginning of this outburst. In her own room, in the darkness, Isabel had been schooling herself. She had said to herself that her disappointment was folly, that the strange despair which had breathed over her, without any will of her own, had been but a foolish trick of imagination. Might it not very well be that he had something to do that evening! that after giving up to them all the day he might not be able to give the night also! What more reasonable, more natural! It was she who was exacting, an unreasonable, foolish girl. She had bathed the tears from her eyes, and shaken herself free (she thought) from such follies. Could she not trust him! "With all my heart!" she cried within herself, "with all my heart!" and forcing all the disquietude and the dissatisfied sense of something wanting, out of her mind, she had recovered her strength and courage, and eager to hide all trouble from her parents, came out of her room to join them. But when she reached the drawing-room door the first thing she saw was the Captain with his raised arm gesticulating and denouncing some one. "The scoundrel!" Who was it! She stood still at the door, wondering. It was all like a picture—the faint tinge of red from the west window coming behind that figure so strangely excited, her mother deprecating, with one hand on his arm, the two steady candles burning quietly on the table, with the air of innocent spectators taking no interest in the scene. The scoundrel! who was it! But when the Captain cried out that the dress must be taken off her, that she must never wear it more, a horror came upon Isabel. "Why!" she said, in a voice which, quiet as it was, rang into the room like a sudden bell.

He stopped short with a suddenness that was as startling as his words, and held out his arms to her. "Come here," he said, his voice dropping and trembling, "my Isabel!"

But Isabel did not move. She paid no attention to this call. She looked at the old people with a look of suspicion, and stood erect, feeling strength thrill into every nerve of her.

"Why!" she repeated, confronting them almost with defiance. "Father, who are you speaking of, and what do you mean?"

And the old people looked at her with a consternation beyond words, with a pang so novel, that they were bewildered by it. All the submission, the sweet girlish deference, the humility of the child, were gone. She seemed to grow taller even in this strange inspiration. She held her head high like a flower on its stem. Suddenly she seemed to have glided out from between them, from under their wings, and to oppose herself to them, standing there alone. It filled their hearts with a pang incredible, unspeakable, to see Isabel stand alone, acting for herself, nay, for another, who was not of their choosing. Many times before this their children had done it, separated themselves one by one, gone out and become independent of father and mother. But Isabel! she was the last, the compensation which heaven seemed to owe to them for all they had lost. They stood and gazed at her, through tears wrung out by this strange new twist of those mockeries of torture to which all mankind is subjected: but no, not tears, only a sudden rising out of the deep well of their hearts into their eyes—with a pang of incredulity, of bewildered astonishment—Isabel!—they could not believe their eyesight; and yet it was true. The Captain sank down into his chair, all the sudden passion gone out of him. "Isabel, come here, come here, and sit down by your father," Mrs. Cameron said. "I have something to tell you, my darlin'." Her voice faltered. She was almost afraid to speak to her own child.

"I think I would rather stand here," said Isabel, advancing slowly to the table. Though she put on so

stout an aspect she was trembling and wanted something to lean upon. The candles burning steadily in their calm indifferent way lighted up her face. The last ray of the sunset just touched her for a moment and then went out, and the sky showed pale round about in all the small old-fashioned windows, all calm and still around this speck of earthly light and pain. Then the story was told for the third time that night, with softenings and slurrings over of that which the mother could not speak plainly, or the daughter hear—but yet enough to be understood. At first Isabel faced her mother proudly, keeping her head high; then she began to droop with an occasional upward glance, then her slight figure swayed a little as with weakness, as the truth penetrated her mind. When Mrs. Cameron's voice ceased, there was a pause, and the silence seemed to close over them like something that could be felt.

"Will you tell me who said it?" Isabel asked at last.

"It was Jeanie—the girl's cousin—and Robbie Baird who found it out."

Isabel stood still, for what seemed to the anxious spectators, a long time, silent. And then the most incongruous sound broke that stillness—a laugh: she leaned her hands upon the table and laughed. "The two that are going to be married," she said. "Jeanie, Jeanie! She whom you told, mother, to stand by her lad though he went wrong and save his soul—oh it fits her well, well, it fits her well!" cried Isabel: then she made another pause; "but me, I've no right to stand by him," she cried, dropping down on her knees by the table, and hiding her face in her hands.

"Isabel! Isabel!" She would not uncover her face, or yield to her mother's touch. Mrs. Cameron stood with her hand upon the bowed head. It was her face now that was lighted up by those serene candles, a face all moving and quivering with that impotence of rejected sympathy, that piteous sense of counting for nothing, and being capable of nothing by the side of a suffering far more bitter to her than any suffering of her own, which is nearer to the infinite of pain than anything else in mortal anguish. Her lips quivered with that appeal to all things round her, to heaven and earth and God and man, which those who are stricken with what seems the last blow, have the privilege of. "And it's my blame, my blame!" she said to herself, almost with a smile at the mystery of it, the incredible contradiction of all her life and her love that was in it. The Captain sat with his hands clasped, bending forward in his chair. He did not say anything. His heart was bleeding too for his last darling; but he attempted no interference. He was patient and could wait.

But they were both startled when Isabel rose suddenly, uncovering her face and looking at them with blazing, tearless eyes. She was quite colourless, except where the pressure of her hands had left a red mark on either cheek. She said, "Why do you tell me this story, mother? What should it be to me? Mr. Mansfield is gone, he is gone; we will never see him here again. I thought so before, but now I am sure. There is nobody to stand up for him as Jeanie does for Robbie Baird—or if there is any one, she is not here. It might not be true, or it might not be all true, how do we know! but there is nobody to take his part, to stand by him—nobody that has the right here."

"My darlin'! It is my fault: it is my fault, that ever let him come here, Isabel."

But Isabel could not bear her mother's caress. She said with a little shrinking, "It is time for prayers, papa," and brought "the books," and placed them before him. A few minutes after Marget and Simon came into the room. Of all these four elder people Simon was the only one to whom the night was very much like other nights. He thought the story about Mansfield was just a "ween clashes," and that Robbie Baird, far from a saint himself, might have kept "his tongue between his teeth," and not made mischief; and he thought it was a

fine night, but he would not be surprised if there was rain the morn. And then, as steadily as he could, not without wandering thoughts to the garden, and whether yon cuttings were rooted yet, he followed the Captain's prayer. Sometimes it is a relief to turn to honest stolidity and calm in the midst of the passions and sufferings of life. Simon went on like the steady soil which he tilled, and which gave its increase, and soberly, year by year, rendered its due return for what was sown into its bosom. He was sorry when anything went wrong, and glad when all was well. But it did not pre-occupy his mind or interfere with his sleep, which was the case with Marget. To hear her moaning about "my bonny bairn" and "yon darlin'" all the evening through was trying to a steady-going man. But Simon bore it like a rock, and made no complaint. He was the calm one in the agitated house, and he it was whom Isabel selected, to the wonder of all the others, to talk to for the little interval between prayers and bedtime. She bade him come and show her where he had put the cuttings about which he was so anxious, and listened to him very attentively, while he gave a history of the last year's success in that way.

"There was thon fine variety on Mistress Robison, Miss Eesabell, a fine free flower with a leebreel habit. You'll mind upon it," said Simon: "if it cairries out its promise, I'm thinking I'll call it Miss Eesabell; but in that case, being a variety o' Mistress Robison, they'll think that it's a daughter of Mistress Robison," he added. "I'll call it the Eesabell Cameron, and then there will be no mistake about it."

"That will be paying me a great compliment, Simon," said Isabel. His slow talk, without either pity or feeling in it, soothed her, as the others, who watched her every movement and would have moved heaven and earth to ease her or do her pleasure, could not do. Sometimes the want of feeling is what the sick soul takes refuge in. She made him walk round the borders with her, when good Simon was, as he said "wearying for his bed." But that soon came to an end, like everything mortal. And then there was the long night and the dark, and the world of unending recollection and thought.

"No, no," said the old Captain, "my dear, let her be, let her be. You cannot bear her trouble for her, not if you were an angel. This is wherein our mortal state is most awful to my thinking. You cannot bear another's trouble, even if it be the darlin' of your soul. It's like Him that trod the winepress alone. Great or small, whatever it may be, we must do it, we must do it, each for himself; let her be! in the name of the good Lord."

To be continued.

Prayer for the Church and for Ministers.

A Letter to the Editor.

[We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which this letter gives us of calling the attention of our readers to the suggestions for guidance in private and family prayer which are at present appearing monthly in the *Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland*.—Ed.]

SIR—I doubt not many like me rejoiced to read in the July *Missionary Record* the suggestion so earnestly made, that more of those among our members who desire to serve the Church they love, should, at stated times, pray together for the blessings she so greatly needs. God grant that it may be so acted on through all our parishes, that our astonished and gladdened hearts may find that to us has come the fulfilment of God's gracious challenge to His people long ago, "Prove Me now herewith,

if I will not pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Why does our Church give so little for Missions? While some communions joyfully send their noblest born and wealthiest sons into the ministry, why is it that with us this is so rare? While in America and Germany and England tenderly reared and delicate ladies are constantly offering themselves for Foreign Mission service, why are so very few found among us saying, "Here am I, send me"?

We give various answers to these questions. We say, We give little for Missions, "because ours is the Church of the poor, and those who are not poor are not, like the Voluntaries, trained to give;" the nobly born and the rich of our Church do not count it an honour to feed the flock of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood, "because there are no prizes in the Presbyterian Ministry;" the women of our Church are more backward than those of other communions in coming to the help of the Lord against the might of heathendom, "because they never think of it!"

But is there not a shorter and a truer answer to all these questions in the words, "Ye have not, because ye ask not"?

Do we not know in whose hands are the silver and the gold? How then can we reasonably wonder at our empty coffers, if we do not imploringly beseech Him to fill them? Have we never read that it is the Lord of the harvest who sends forth the labourers? How then can we expect them when we do not ask them? Surely we have forgotten that God can turn the hearts of men as He doth the rivers of waters, or we would beseech Him to give to us and to our sons and daughters such zeal and love that no other path in life shall seem so desirable as the enlisted service of the King!

Let us pray systematically, unitedly, and with earnest desire for these things, and we shall verily find that in all our barrenness we were not straitened in God.

But while all our Church's interests should be prayed for statedly, by all who wish them to prosper, there is one subject of prayer which I do trust will be increasingly on the heart and lips of our members. I mean the prayer of each of us for his own minister. This must be and is a subject of interest to all, even to those who are quite content that Missions should languish, and feel no shame at the lukewarmness of our Church's service to her Head. But how often is the interest shown in fault-finding! The minister is not attractive in his services; the minister does not urge us to give; the minister is cold and indifferent; the minister is narrow—while all the time we do not pray that God would give him zeal and earnestness, and love and charity. The way in which we behave to our ministers seems to me cruel. We expect from them so much, we do for them so very little.

Should not every congregational meeting, how-

ever simple, however informal, be it Sunday School, Prayer Union, Working Party, or what it may, regard as its first duty an earnest, hearty, true prayer for the spiritual well-being of the man who is set over them in holy things? Nay, might not congregations sometimes meet for this purpose alone?

Where this was done it might reasonably be expected and hoped that the Word of God would have free course and be glorified, and the minister would work with the cheering certainty that God was hearing the prayers of his people, and would open his mouth "that he might speak boldly, as he ought to speak."
K. M.

Going to Work.

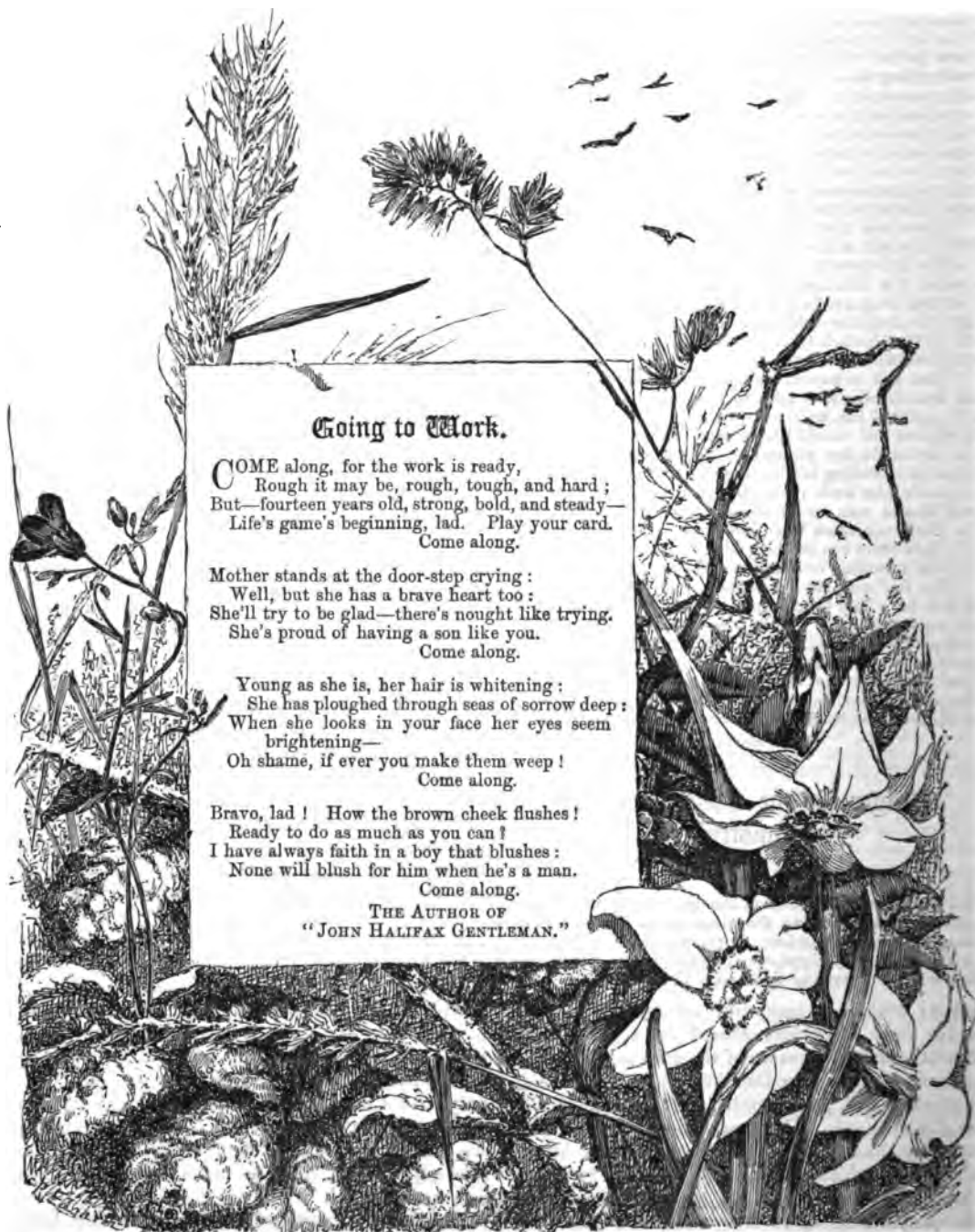
COME along, for the work is ready,
Rough it may be, rough, tough, and hard;
But—fourteen years old, strong, bold, and steady—
Life's game's beginning, lad. Play your card.
Come along.

Mother stands at the door-step crying:
Well, but she has a brave heart too:
She'll try to be glad—there's nought like trying.
She's proud of having a son like you.
Come along.

Young as she is, her hair is whitening:
She has ploughed through seas of sorrow deep:
When she looks in your face her eyes seem
brightening—
Oh shame, if ever you make them weep!
Come along.

Bravo, lad! How the brown cheek flushes!
Ready to do as much as you can!
I have always faith in a boy that blushes:
None will blush for him when he's a man.
Come along.

THE AUTHOR OF
"JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."



Henry Martyn.

A MEMOIR.

Concluded from June.

IN April 1809 Mr. Martyn was removed to the Station at Cawnpore, an arrangement which did not cause him much satisfaction. He was farther removed from his friends at Calcutta, and, after having with great difficulty procured the erection of a church at Dinapoor, he found himself in his new sphere of work utterly without the bare necessities for public worship. He suffered much from the journey, which was made in a palanquin over a hot sandy plain, and in his weakened state of health the Sunday services must have been very trying. We hear of his preaching in the open air to a thousand soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so great that many actually "dropped down, unable to support it."

Up to this time Mr. Martyn had made no attempt at preaching to the heathen, confining his exertions among them to the establishing of native schools and the circulation of the Scriptures. In the winter of 1809, however, he was led to make a beginning by the sight of the miserable crowd of Fakeers which hung about the English settlement at Cawnpore.

The effort it cost him to begin this new work is thus described in his journal :—

"December 11-16, 1809.

"All the week contending with corrupt nature. Sabat asked me last Lord's Day why I did not preach to the crowds of beggars who came for alms? I had nothing to say in reply; yet I find it a cross. How shameful is this! For what did I come to this country! How often have I prayed and longed for the day when I should be permitted to stand up and preach to a heathen congregation! and now that the request is granted, I am backward: the fear of my heart is that I shall only make myself ridiculous by attempting to teach in a language which I know so imperfectly. However, contempt I deserve, and when I can feel contented to bear it, ah, how happy am I! This, therefore, I desire to keep ever before my mind, that I must get to the kingdom through great contempt. . . . I will glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

One Sunday evening he admitted a number of these wretched beings into his garden, and after distributing alms he began to speak to them of the great and merciful Father in heaven. The next Sunday about five hundred came, and during the remainder of his stay at Cawnpore he continued his weekly ministrations among them. He had the satisfaction of feeling that his labour was not fruitless, for his audience became gradually more attentive, and the hideous howls with which they had at first greeted his words were exchanged for serious and pertinent questions. The exertion, however, cost him much, and in the summer of 1810 his health had become a subject of serious anxiety. Since his arrival in India his two sisters had both died of consumption, and it was evident that the hereditary disease had attacked him. On the 16th of April he wrote to Mr. Brown :—

"I do not know whether I may venture to tell you that I have a pain in my breast, occasioned, I fear, from over-exertion of my lungs on Sundays. . . . Such a symptom in my constitution is alarming, but let me assure you that in the future I will be as careful as possible. I do not know whether it is really a love to my work, or only the love of life, but I should be more contented to depart if I had finished the translation of the Epistles. The will of our God be done! Pray for me! Prayer lengthened Hezekiah's life, perhaps it may mine."

He was ordered to leave Cawnpore and to try the effects of a sea voyage, and a return to his native air. He had made up his mind to go back to England, when his plans were altered by information received from Calcutta concerning the Persian version of the New Testament. This translation was considered to contain too many Arabic idioms, and to be written in too learned a style to be fit for general circulation. Mr. Martyn, on hearing this, at once resolved to go into Persia and Arabia for the purpose of studying their languages, and of collecting the opinions of the best-informed natives with respect to the rejected Persian translation, and the Arabic one which was still incomplete.

"A letter from Mr. Brown," he writes in his journal, "purporting that Sabat's performances were good for nothing, agitated me a good deal. Added to other accidental circumstances, it made me so nervous, that I could sometimes hardly support existence. Resolved instantly on going, if possible, into Arabia, to get the translation done there. Brother Corrie approved the plan, and in prayer for direction I perceived no reason against it, so I wrote to Mr. Brown to that purpose: thus it seems a new turn is given to my life. Though tremulous in frame I commit myself confidently to God my Saviour. 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to him.'"

In the end of September he preached his last sermon to his native congregation, and he had also the satisfaction of seeing the opening of a new church, built for the English residents. His health was so visibly impaired that when his friends Mr. Corrie and Mrs. Sherwood took leave of him on his departure from Cawnpore, it was without any hope of ever seeing him again. On the 1st of October Mr. Martyn embarked on the Ganges, and on the last day of that month he reached the friendly shelter of Aldeen. His friends at Calcutta were shocked to see the change which disease had wrought in him, but though he was so weak that conversation was a difficulty, he preached every Sunday but one, at Calcutta, until the 7th of January 1811, when he set forth on his lonely journey. He went in broken health, without a companion, or even an attendant, but his unfailing trust in God enabled him to write in his journal on the first day of this new year :—

"I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing what shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go. . . . My times are in His hand, and He will cut them short as shall be most for my good. With this assurance, I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace."

He went by sea to Bombay, and there obtained a passage on board the *Benares*, an English ship on its way to cruise in the Persian Gulf against Arab pirates. On the 22d of May he was landed at Bushire, on the coast of Persia, where he remained till arrangements could be made for his journey to Shiraz, the chief seat of Persian learning. It appears to have been thought unsafe for an Englishman to travel in his own character, so, before leaving Bushire, Mr. Martyn had to adopt not only the costume, but the manners of an Oriental. His beard and moustache were allowed to grow, and he had to learn to dip his hands into the dish of pilaw at meals, without waiting for spoon or plate. The journey to Shiraz was begun on the 30th May, and was a very terrible one. The way lay over steep mountain-paths, exposed to the glare of an eastern sun, the thermometer sometimes "rising to 126° in the middle of the day, and coming down to 100° in the evening." Mr. Martyn suffered much, and at one time looked upon death as inevitable. On the 9th of June, however, the party, which consisted besides himself of an English officer and a muleteer, arrived at Shiraz, where Mr. Martyn found comfortable quarters in the house of Jaffier Ali Khan, a Persian of considerable rank and consequence. Having ascertained that the unfavourable opinion formed at Calcutta of Sabat's Persian translation was correct, he at once commenced a new one, and was fortunate in finding an able assistant in Mirza Seid Ali Khan, the brother-in-law of his host. With both of these men Mr. Martyn had much pleasant intercourse, and his letters and journal make frequent mention of Jaffier's kindness and courtesy. They belonged to the Mahometan sect known as the Soofees, who, as they profess to spend their lives in searching after truth, might be supposed to be more open to conviction than the more rigid Mahometans. Jaffier especially appears to have had a candid and unprejudiced mind, and to have delighted in drawing out the opinions of his English guest.

Mr. Martyn became an object of great curiosity in Shiraz, and interviews with him were sought by many of the Mahometan priests or Moolahs, as they are called. In arguing with them he found that their knowledge of the nature of Christianity was vague and inaccurate, and he took great pains to clear away these misapprehensions; sometimes, indeed, the questions asked and discussions raised were so trivial and foolish, as to be a severe tax on his patience, but he grudged no trouble taken in the endeavour to convince them of the falseness of their religion. In his eyes Mahometanism was a mighty imposture, which he was bound to expose and, if possible, to overthrow. In pursuance of this aim he gladly hailed the proposal that he should hold a public religious controversy with the Moojtuhid or Professor of Mahometan Law, but the result was not satisfactory, owing, apparently,

to the fact that the Persian dignitary preferred dogmatic assertion to argument. The spirit of inquiry and investigation which this controversy called forth, excited the alarm of the chief Moolah of Shiraz, who considered that the English missionary's attacks called for a reply from himself. He accordingly prepared an elaborate defence of Mahometanism, written in Arabic, which a translation, found among Mr. Martyn's papers, shows to have been moderate, fair, and candid. This work he at once set himself to refute, and his reply, which was in Persian, was too bold and uncompromising to find favour in Shiraz. One man high in rank even went so far as to declare that the proper answer to it was the sword. The great stumbling-block to the Mahometans, who listened most favourably to Mr. Martyn's teaching, was the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity, and not a single instance of a real conversion to Christianity is recorded, though some appear to have been "not far from the kingdom of heaven." Seid Ali became an earnest student of the Bible, and declared his belief that that book was sufficient to enable a man to live with God, though he did not profess himself a Christian. Perhaps in his case and in that of others, the earnest teaching of the devoted missionary may have borne fruit in after years, though he himself did not live to see it.

On the 1st of January 1812 Henry Martyn wrote in his journal:—

"Spared by mercy to see the beginning of another year. The last has been, in some respects, a memorable year. Transported in safety to Shiraz, I have been led by the particular Providence of God to undertake a work, the idea of which never entered my mind till my arrival here, but which has gone on without material interruption and is now nearly finished. To all appearance, the present year will be more perilous than any I have seen, but if I live to complete the Persian New Testament, my life, after that, will be of less importance. But whether life or death be mine, may Christ be magnified in me. If He has work for me to do, I cannot die."

On the 24th of February the last sheet of the Persian New Testament was completed, and by the middle of March Mr. Martyn had also finished a version of the Psalms. Anxious to lay his completed work before the king, he left Shiraz on the 24th of May, but finding that a letter of introduction from the English Ambassador was necessary, before he could be admitted into the presence of Royalty, he was obliged to go on to Tebriz in the north of Persia, where the British Minister, Sir Gore Ouseley, was living. The journey occupied eight weeks, including a week spent at the Royal Camp. While there, a controversial discussion was forced on him by the Vizier, in which he found it necessary to make a frank avowal of his opinions, and thus exposed himself to scornful and angry threats. Between the Camp and Tebriz Mr. Martyn was seized with a severe attack of fever and ague, and was so ill that nothing but his ardent desire to secure the success of his translation could have enabled him to push on to the end of

his journey. The fever which he had contracted prostrated him utterly after his arrival at Tebriz, so that he was obliged to give up all idea of presenting his Persian Testament in person to the king. He was most kindly nursed, and cared for by Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, and the former relieved Mr. Martyn's anxiety by promising to take the manuscript to court, and to lay it before the king. This promise he faithfully fulfilled, and after securing the royal approbation, he carried it with him to St. Petersburg, where, under his personal superintendence, it was printed and put into circulation.

The object of Mr. Martyn's visit to Persia being now accomplished, he reverted to his original intention of visiting England, and the following letter was written after his resolution was formed:—

"My dearest Lydia—I have only time to say that I have received your letter of February 14. Shall I pain your heart by adding that I am in such a state of sickness and pain that I can hardly write to you? Let me rather observe, to obviate the gloomy apprehensions my letters to Mr. Grant and Mr. Simeon may excite, that I am likely soon to be delivered from my fever. Whether I shall gain strength enough to go on rests with our heavenly Father, in whose hands are all my times. Oh, His precious grace! His eternal unchanging love in Christ to my soul never appeared more clear, more sweet, more strong. I ought to inform you that, in consequence of the state to which I am reduced by travelling so far overland without having half accomplished my journey, and the consequent impossibility of returning to India the same way, I have applied for leave to come on furlough to England. Perhaps you will be gratified by this intelligence, but oh, my dear Lydia, I must faithfully tell you that the probability of my reaching England alive is but small, and this I say, that your expectations of seeing me again may be moderate, as mine are of seeing you. Why have you not written more about yourself? However, I am thankful for knowing that you are alive and well."

On the 2d of September he set forth on his long journey, carrying with him letters of introduction to the authorities at Constantinople and other places which he should visit on his way to England. His last letter to Lydia Grenfell was written from Tebriz on the 28th of August, and in it, though he expresses some dread of the journey he is about to begin, he refers cheerfully to his hope of soon seeing her again.

"Sabat, about whom you inquire so regularly," he writes, "I have heard nothing of this long time. My friends in India have long since given me up as lost or gone out of reach, and if they would write, they would probably not mention him, as he is far from being a favourite with any of them; indeed, I am pronounced to be the only man in Bengal who could have lived with him so long. He is, to be sure, the most tormenting creature I ever yet chanced to deal with—peevish, proud, suspicious, greedy; he used to give daily more and more distressing proofs of his never having received the saving grace of God. But of this you will say nothing; while his interesting story is yet fresh in the memory of people, his failings had better not be mentioned. . . . My course from Constantinople is so uncertain that I hardly know where to direct you to direct to me; I believe Malta is the only place, for there I must stop on my way home. Soon we shall have occasion for pen and ink no more; but I trust I shall shortly see thee face to face."

The journal kept on this, the last journey ever undertaken by him, is filled with interesting descriptions of the places at which he stopped, and of the condition and ceremonies of the Armenian Church. On the 22d of September he procured at Kars the services of a Tartar guard, rendered necessary by the dangerous state of the country. This man appears to have had his own reasons for hurrying from place to place, and insisted on Mr. Martyn's undertaking long journeys on horseback, though he was suffering severely from fever and ague. On the morning of the 5th of October he awoke refreshed by a night's rest, but so weak as to be scarcely able to obey the orders of his merciless tormentor, who insisted on his riding on to Tocat, a small Turkish village, where, however, he encountered two Persians travelling from Constantinople, whose kindness made them appear like brothers. The last entry in his journal is dated October 6, and concludes with these words, suggested, probably, by the misery and godlessness around him:—

"Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality shall be seen or heard of any more."

After this, no further record has come down to us, but we know that on the 16th of October 1812 his sufferings came to an end, and he entered into the reward of his labours. The immediate cause of his death is uncertain. The fact that the plague was raging at Constantinople and Tocat is mentioned in his journal, and he may either have fallen a victim to that terrible eastern scourge, or succumbed to the disease from which he had suffered so long, and which must have been greatly aggravated by the misery and discomfort of the latter part of his journey. He died "a pilgrim's solitary death," far away from all human help and comfort, though we cannot doubt that the sense of God's presence, which had so often cheered his saddest moments, was with him when he passed into the dark valley. The story of Henry Martyn's brief life requires no comment. It was a life spent in pure and selfless devotion to the cause of God, and had he left nothing behind him but his example to sustain and encourage others, his name would still deserve to rank among the noblest heroes of the mission-field.

H. N.

THE MISSIONARY RECORD OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—I should like to see just as many copies of the *Missionary Record* as of the *Parish Magazine* in circulation among us. The Magazine is intended to supplement the Record; it can never be a substitute for it. Intelligence of what the Church is doing all along the line is necessary to stimulate and to sustain our activity in the particular portion occupied by us.—*St. George's (Edin.) Parish Magazine*.

Some Setting Suns.



IT is good for me to watch the close of other men's lives, seeing that my own is near. Yesterday was my birthday, and I numbered three-score years and fifteen. I spent the day much alone, in looking backwards and looking onwards. It was a very happy day, for if we grow old aright we come nearer to the golden gates, and drink in some fresh quaffs of the purer air which they enclose. I leant back in my chair, threw my study window open, and listened to the songs of birds among trees which were laden with blossoms and dew. One book only attracts me now, and that is the book about that other country to which I am journeying, nay, so well nigh have reached. I placed it before me and read—"I go to prepare a place for you." Again, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be;" and "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory"—until the blessed voice which spoke them once sounded as verily speaking them again in my ear. The lilacs tossed in the wind, sweet smells of early gilly-flowers came in through my window. Thrushes and blackbirds hopped about my lawn at intervals, perching on a bough to sing their thanksgiving songs. Yes, the world is very beautiful, and ten thousand times more beautiful when we see God in it. In the morning I had had a funeral. Strange it seems, that in my small cure of 800 souls, so often there should be a death among them; so often the mourners should pass under those shadowing yews; and so often the bosom of God's acre should be opened to

receive her own again. But ours is a dying world; we cannot cling to that thing called life; it is a vapour which vanisheth away.

The old man whom I buried was just my own age, seventy-five. He was quite a character, and I had visited him through his last illness, with some unusual interest, wondering how the timid, gentle, silent old man would face the grim presence of that last solemn messenger. He was a small farmer, named Silas Lentlaw. I remembered his coming into the parish some twenty years ago with a bustling and cheery wife, and two handsome and lively daughters. He evidently leant much on others, and his wife seemed to be all in all to him, so that when she died, two years after, he seemed altogether lost.

In the interval his two daughters had married, so that for about eight years he lived alone. The neighbours took little notice of him, for he was a man of very few words. Some of the wags called him "Silent Lentlaw," and with good reason.

But when he had been a widower eight years his youngest daughter died, leaving three little children. Her husband was in poor circumstances, so that he gladly threw the care of these children upon Silas. From that time Silas brightened and seemed to live anew for these three little romping girls, who hung about him, and clung to him all the day long. I rarely met Silas without one or all of them with him, sometimes one in his arms and one on either side. They are big girls now, but they clung fondly to grandfather to the last.

Patty, the youngest, his darling, came to fetch me just this day week, her sweet rosy face wet with tears, and her message given intermingled with sobs. "Please come to grandad, sir. He sent me to you. He's very bad."

I knew he had been very ill, but was not prepared to see him as I found him, counting out with painful breathing the last few hours of life.

"Ah, Silas!" I said, as he greeted me with a smile, "I see you are ready to go. 'Fear no evil,' Silas, lean on the Good Shepherd. The more you lean, the more you will be upheld."

Silas did not speak, but his face simply glowed with a heavenly joy, as he clasped his hands and looked upwards.

"His rod and His staff they comfort me," I added.

"Parson!" he said with difficulty, "I never could say much, but the Lord knoweth that I love Him."

"He knoweth them that are His, Silas," I said. "Trust in nothing but in the strong arm of the Lord, take nothing with you, that you may cling only to His blessed pierced hand."

"All my hope is in Him, and I am at rest in Him."

Those were the last words Silas spoke.

He died the next day. Patty said through her sobs to me, "Grandfather didn't say much, but all his words were good."

It would be well if such witness could be borne to us all with respect to our speech. In the heavenly home to which he is gone there will be no dulness of speech, but all alike shall speak the praises of their King and Lord. May I, dear Lord, so learn that song here, that it may not sound strange to my enraptured ears.

V.

A Successful Experiment :

BEING THE HISTORY OF THE BATH STREET CLASS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By Rev. JAMES MITCHELL, M.A., South Leith.

Continued from August.

THE progress of the mill class was rapid and permanent. Before many months were over we were sorely hampered for space ; many of the girls sat on the tables at their sewing to allow room for others to occupy the seats. A small room off the class-room was used for teaching reading to those who required instruction ; and the proprietors of the work very kindly put up a small shed outside to accommodate those who wished to learn writing.

The usual order of proceeding was to meet at 7.30. The first half-hour was devoted to reading and writing for those who wished to learn ; while the others could go on with their sewing. At 8 o'clock all were expected to be settled down at their different tables, busy at their sewing, while I read some interesting book, varying the monotony of the reading by an occasional hymn or song, contributed either by the ladies or by some of the girls ; and as they gradually became quieter, a few minutes were allowed them, from time to time, to have a talk with each other. At a quarter past 9 o'clock all the work was put aside, tied up, with each girl's name on it, and put into the bags provided for this purpose at each table, and the last quarter of an hour was occupied with the Bible lesson and the hymn. After the blessing we all separated at half-past 9.

I did not at first intend that so much time should be occupied with reading aloud, but the reading soon became the prominent feature of the class, and many a night, when near the close of a volume, I have been urged by the girls to go on to the end, as they would rather remain some time longer than go before the book was finished. I am persuaded that if proper care be taken in the choice of books, that this would be the universal experience ; and it is no small matter to get girls of that age for two nights a week to listen to many things which perhaps you could not say to them directly. We have read all forms of books—prose and poetry, fact and fiction, sense and nonsense, but always keeping in view not merely the securing their interest, but also the conveying to their minds something that would do them real good. Every book intended to be read at the classes was carefully read over previously, many excellent books requiring to be adapted by omissions. Novels, of course, were not our staple reading, but we have by no means rejected them ; and I have found in more instances than one that, by accustoming them to really good novels, we have given them a distaste for much of the rubbish of this sort in which they formerly indulged. One remarkable circumstance is, that they have never taken kindly to Dickens's novels. We have not been able to secure an interest in any of them ; and there is not one of his which we have not been obliged very greatly to abridge, even of his shorter stories, in order to get through them. They have told me themselves that they did not think them genuine, and that even his descriptions of the poor seemed to them unreal. Thackeray, on the other hand, has always been a favourite, and there has never been any lack of interest when any either of his longer or shorter novels were read. Of the poets, I think Tennyson was their

favourite, although here they were more catholic in their tastes, and, provided poetry was not made the staple of the evening's entertainment, they always enjoyed it for a change. Many directly religious books were read, although we have generally preferred not so much books on directly religious subjects, as books on other subjects, written in a thoroughly religious tone. In this matter we have rather preferred to teach them as though we taught them not.

As the numbers continued to increase, the proprietor put the cloth-room in the work at our disposal. It was large and commodious, and was the hall in which I had first addressed the girls when I was attempting to form the class. There was more room for the writing here, which was therefore better taught, and a gentleman who was an expert, both in writing himself and in teaching it to others, very kindly gave his services. The reading was still taught, but as some of the girls were shy in admitting that they could not read, and many of them were deterred from confessing this, by a fear lest their companions should know their ignorance, this department was carried on, not publicly as formerly, but privately, by some of the ladies, who had classes at an earlier hour than that at which the class met ; and many who could scarcely tell the letters, have been able to read with pleasure and with ease in consequence of their self-denying labours. The singing, which had hitherto been done heartily, was now taught scientifically by one who was a proficient in music, and a basis was laid of what has proved a very creditable musical ability displayed by the class. I have found that the girls must not be treated as if they were under subjection. They have had enough of this through the day. In the evening they are free, and therefore resent the very appearance of drill and dictation. They must be led to regard the class as a place of relaxation and not of restraint, and we have succeeded in securing all the quietness and order and attention which are requisite, without commanding quietness or seeming to exact obedience. The failure of similar attempts can often be traced to the attempt to drill them as if they were little children, or to rule the class as you would a common school.

The Penny Bank now obtained something like its proper proportions. When I first started it, it looked as if it were to be a lamentable failure. I got cards printed, headed "Leith Mill Girls' Penny Bank ;" but though the cards were given gratis, and nothing was charged for management, it was evidently very unpopular. At last the mystery was solved. One evening some of the girls called at the Manse, and said that they were sorry I had been disappointed with the bank, but that it would never succeed unless I changed the name of it. They said they did not like to be called "Mill Girls." I at once apologised, and told them that from what I had seen of them I thought the title far from being one of reproach, adding that I hoped we should all live to see the day when the name of Mill Girl would, through the character of those who bore it, be regarded as an honourable name. I got, however, a fresh supply of bank cards printed with the heading, "Leith Bath Street Young Women's Penny Bank," and under the altered title a great many bank cards were soon filled up. Every Friday night since then, my first work on my arrival at the class has been to receive the deposits and pay out whatever money is required. The great difficulty at first was to get them to deposit small sums ; they seemed ashamed to put in only a penny, and it was only when I said that if they would not condescend to put in small sums, I should require to call it the Leith Shilling or Pound Bank, that many who were able to put in only a little took advantage of it. I knew that if they began with a penny their contributions would speedily rise to threepence, sixpence, and one shilling, or even more, per week ; and although the number of depositors is never so large at the end of a season as at the beginning, yet the amount deposited

weekly at the end is treble what it is at the beginning of the season. Interest is allowed them on all sums under a pound, if the money has been in the bank six months; and when the amount deposited reaches a pound, I get them to transfer the sum to the National Security Savings Bank, in their own name. Many of them have large sums at their credit now in the Savings Bank, and many have begun their married life by its help, with enough to provide their own fair share of the household furniture, and something left over for a rainy day.

In the winter of 1868 a series of special Sunday Evening Services were held in the Assembly Rooms for the workers of the Roperie Company. They were not originated by me, but they sprang to a certain extent from our class. I undertook to conduct the first of the services, and other clergymen were to be asked to take part—among these the Roman Catholic priest. Some who would otherwise have agreed to conduct a service, declined when they heard that the priest was also asked; but I had no such hesitation. I knew how many Roman Catholic girls were employed in the work, and although the proposal that he should officiate on one evening was not one which I would have made, yet it was not one to which I felt at all inclined to object, the more especially as I had a strong suspicion that he would not agree, and when he was asked he declined. The services were most successful; clergymen of all creeds took part in them; the musical element was fully represented by an admirable choir specially paid for the purpose; the workers and the members of the class were present in large numbers, and the general community eagerly sought admission, sometimes in vain, sometimes to the exclusion of our own regular members. All the services in the large Assembly Rooms were crowded to overflowing, and, after one of these, as I was coming up the street, I heard footsteps behind me. I stopped for a moment, and a girl (one of those who had been one of the deputation about the bank cards) said to me, "I think, sir, your words have come true, and that we may now be proud to be called Mill Girls." These services were continued for another winter, and then by myself alone, with an undiminished attendance; but they were then suspended, not in consequence, merely, of my being necessarily occupied on the Sunday evenings, but also because most of the girls connected with the class were now in the habit of attending public worship somewhere; and it has always seemed to me undesirable to keep up a sectional or class feeling with reference to divine service, which is intended to make all ranks and classes feel that they are members one of another.

A most gratifying tribute was paid in the following year by the proprietor of the works, who presented us with a hall to be used exclusively for class purposes, which he had built and fitted up, and which he handed over to me in the most handsome manner, in acknowledgment of the services which we had rendered to the work and to his workers. The hall was admirably adapted for our use, most commodious, well ventilated, well lighted both by windows and with gas, and heated by pipes supplied with steam from the works. Maps were provided, and a very costly harmonium presented, that still more attention might be paid to the musical part of the evening's entertainment.

We had never, during all the years of our existence as a class, endeavoured to secure popularity, or to give it any fictitious interest, by soirees or treats of any kind. Nevertheless, when the new hall was to be actually taken possession of, it seemed a fitting occasion to depart from our rule, and to signalise its opening by a Soiree. We were just making arrangements for this when we were informed that the proprietor had resolved to give the entertainment himself to celebrate the opening. As he never did things by halves, it is unnecessary to say that there was nothing wanting to make the Soiree a complete success.

Fairly settled in our new hall on the 12th November

1869, we resolved to show our gratitude for the gift by taking the fullest possible advantage of it. We were able to establish a separate table for shaping and cutting out; for we felt that perhaps too much had been done for the girls in this respect, and that many of them would still be very helpless in their own houses, if they were then, for the first time, thrown upon their own resources. Dressmaking proper, of course, we did not affect, but rather discouraged, and although many girls got dresses made at the class, yet this was meant to be rather the reward of previous diligence. We attempted to carry out the rule that no girl should be allowed to get a dress made at the class until she had made with her own hands, and paid for, every article of comfortable underclothing which was requisite. We attached great importance to this, inasmuch as many girls were very imperfectly and insufficiently furnished with warm underclothing, preferring rather to spend their hard-won wages on some flashy, unsubstantial, and expensive outer dress for high days and holidays, and many a girl shivering across the Links on a cold winter morning had sowed the seeds of incurable disease, which would have been prevented by warm underclothing better adapted to the climate. I am sure we effected an important reformation in this respect, and although I cannot say that we have accomplished any very great triumphs in the matter of cutting out, yet many who have left the school have left thoroughly able to do all that a working-man's household can require, and hundreds have made such progress in sewing, that their skill would do no discredit to a professed seamstress.

Geography was a very pleasant variety for most of the girls, for half an hour in the week, and with clear and admirable maps, they acquired such a familiarity with Scotland and England, at least, that it would be difficult to puzzle them with any question which an intelligent and well-informed girl should be expected to answer.

Arithmetic has also been taught with a fair measure of success, and the interest was kept up, as well as a good deal of general information given, by questions which bore upon their own daily lives, and containing references to the prices of familiar articles, and the quantities required for daily or weekly use. Some of them have told me that they had a much better knowledge of the price of things, and a much better general notion of the quantities required, when they came to set up house for themselves, by what they remembered of the questions given them in the arithmetic class.

The proceedings are varied every evening by a song, occasionally from any girl who knows a good one, and if it is one with a chorus, it is sure to be a favourite. Many of the girls have learned several part songs, and these are often sung during the evening with great effect. As a proof of the progress made in the singing, I may mention that we resolved to get up a concert in the hall, and give a musical entertainment to their friends, and to the workers generally. The hall was crowded, the audience enthusiastic, their applause tremendous; our young friends did their very best, and competent authorities pronounced their performance wonderful.

Another variety from the monotony of reading has been given by the visits of friends, who have delivered interesting addresses. Some of the gentlemen were very much perplexed at first by the apparent want of interest shown by the girls as manifested by the continual head bobbing, but they soon discovered that this was simply owing to their being occupied by their needle and thread, and that the address was being attentively followed all the while. One evening of conjuring and legerdemain was of special enjoyment, and although our young friends did not admire any sort of entertainment which required them to suspend their sewing operations, they were so thoroughly mystified by the marvellous tricks of the gentleman amateur, that they did not grudge the evening being entirely lost so far as needle and thread were concerned.

To be concluded.

"Silly Willie" and Clever Tom.

By Mrs. ALFRED MACLEOD.

THE noise of the schoolroom was hushed for the time. Something dreadful had happened in that little room. Tom Fairlie had actually *struck* the "Mistress!" The children were horrified. What would be done to Tom? was the question in all their minds. He stood there, a great, strong, savage-looking, dirty boy of twelve, looking like a young giant among the other children in the Infant School, whose ages ranged from little mites of two and a half years, up to boys and girls of eight or nine. His eyes just now had a sullen angry expression in them, which gave to his face the look of some wild animal; his thick, rough, uncombed hair increased the likeness; and altogether he was not a comely sight in his dirty, ill-fitting garments.

The silence continued. Miss Millar looked at the culprit. That she was angry there could be no doubt. There was something in her eye which the youngest child there could read. But as she stood facing Tom, her glance changed gradually to what looked more like pity. He stood before her, flushed, defiant, and yet astonished at himself. He had been mischievous and disobedient all the morning, and when his class was called up for a reading lesson, had refused to open his book. The teacher's patience was at length worn out.

"Tom, you must be punished; hold out your hand," she said, and brought from a drawer the much-dreaded and seldom-used "taws." Tom's obstinacy increased.

"Hold out your hand, sir," repeated Miss Millar, her colour heightening and her eyes getting sterner as she felt that there was to be a fight for obedience.

But no! Tom still stood dangling his arms by his side, and muttering to himself. Miss Millar lifted his arm, to hold it out with the one hand while she "palmied" with the other, when lo! the hand was suddenly raised, and gave a blow to her face. Such a thing had never been imagined by the wildest boys in the school, and there were many of them. What punishment would be sufficient for him? Would the policeman be sent for? And would Tom be handcuffed and carried away to the dark dungeons, and fed on bread and water, and never see daylight any more? One thing was certain, they all thought;—he would be dismissed from the school.

At length the teacher said, "Tom, are you sorry for what you have done?" But there was no answer.

"Well, Tom, my boy, you must leave the school until you feel sorry; then you may come back." Tom stood still a moment, and then shuffled to the door, which was opened for him by Miss Millar herself, who looked sadly at him as he passed out, and then returned to her duties in the schoolroom, without making any comment on the occurrence.

When school was over Miss Millar walked

slowly homewards, thinking over the events of the afternoon. She felt very sorry for the poor boy. What was to be done with him? The wildest, dirtiest, most uncouth of all her pupils, he was the one who most interested her. Her school was a small mission one in a city close, and was supported by a Christian congregation, who worked well and willingly in the district. Tom was much too old for the school, but he had been so neglected in every way, that he was quite unfit for a school for children of his own age. So he had been taken in, and had made wonderful progress with his lessons, being naturally quick and intelligent. His mother had died about ten years before; his father was a hopeless drunkard, and was seldom seen at home. A half-witted brother, about eighteen years of age, was housekeeper, and with his white apron down to his feet, and his broom or washing-cloth in his hand, seemed to have a sense of his own importance in that capacity. Not that much cleaning was really accomplished, but Will was always busy, and always happy in his work. Though very tricky, and ever ready to enter into Tom's fun, he was quite harmless, and very good-natured. Their sister Mary, who was sixteen years of age, wrought in a printing establishment from early morning till evening, and earned a little more by knitting stockings after her home-coming, for she was the only bread-winner in the family, and could not afford to be idle. So Tom had had no one to look after him during the day, and did very much as he liked. And it may be supposed that in the squalid close in which his life was spent, he learned a great deal of evil, and but little good. He had now been attending the school for a considerable time, and had quickly gone through several classes, and at last he was in the highest class, and was perhaps the brightest boy in the class, dividing the honour of being dux with Bobby Long, who, though not quite so clever as Tom, had the advantage of a father who helped him to prepare his lessons in the evenings. So it is not strange that his teacher liked Tom, and felt so sorry about his obstinacy and bad temper.

When Tom left the school, he did not go home till the usual hour, but wandered about all the afternoon, through the neighbouring streets and closes; and he said nothing to Will till the morning, when hearing the school bell, Will cried, "Tam, the bell, the bell, ye'll be late."

"I'm no gaun back again," Tom answered sulkily.

Will was surprised, for Tom had been really fond of the school lately; so he asked him why. And then Tom, half-ashamed, and half-laughing, and still defiant, told Will the whole story, expecting that he would enjoy it, as he had often enjoyed accounts of Tom's mischievous doings out of doors. But he was altogether unprepared for the way the poor lad behaved.

"Oh, Tam, Tam, hoo could ye dae it!" he cried, and lifting his apron to his face he sobbed

and wept as if his heart were broken. "An' she's been sae kind tae ye, an' gied ye yon bonny book wi' yer name written on't," he went on, sobbing between his words like a little child.

And so he kept on, recounting all Miss Millar's kindnesses, until at last Tom really began to feel sorry. But still he could not make up his mind to go

over to the school, and say how sorry he felt. So he sat still in the little room, doing nothing; until at last, after using every argument in his power to get him to go to the school, poor Will set about his daily work, sighing and sobbing all the while. This was Will's washing day, and generally the washing day was the happiest day of the week for him. The amount of soap he consumed bore no proportion to the number of articles washed, for he loved to see the suds frothing up in the tub, and while he rubbed, amused himself watching the large bells rising on the surface and then bursting into nothing before his eyes.

And then, when he thought his work finished to

perfection, he would wring out the few poor rags which served for under garments, bed-linen, and towel (for that article was in the singular number), and hang them ostentatiously on a pole outside the window to dry.

But to-day he seemed to take no pleasure in his work. At last it was finished, and then Will said, "Come on, Tam, I'll gang ower wi' ye, and we'll tell the mistress that ye are sorry." Tom was by this time so repentant that he readily agreed. So

over they went, Will leading the way across the little playground, and tapping gently at the door. It was opened by a little boy, and then Will found himself, for the first time in his life, inside a school-room. He had always had wit enough to know that he had not enough wit to learn to read, and had never shown any desire to go to school, though

he took great delight in Tom's proficiency.

As he entered now, he looked around with great awe and wonder at the texts and pictures on the walls, at the large black-board, the ball-frame, and the other furnishings of the Infant School. Then he slowly approached the teacher's desk, and stammered out, "Please, mistress, we're baith awfu' sorry, me and Tam, and a-shamed for what he did, an' he's ready tae take his palmie noo, and wud ye please gie me ane tae, jist tae make up, like?" And the poor fellow actually held out his great long arm, while the tears once more streamed down his cheeks, faster than he could wipe them away with his



big apron. Miss Millar was deeply moved with the poor lad's behaviour, and she answered, "No, Will, that is not needed. If Tom is sorry for his fault, we shall say no more about it." And then Tom, looking very much ashamed of himself, came forward and asked pardon. He did not say much, but he had learned a lesson from his silly brother, and his teacher had no longer to complain of his obstinacy and disobedience. So you see that Silly Willie, as they called him, could teach clever Tom.



OCTOBER 1880.

Sermon.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

By the Rev. ROBERT SHAW HUTTON, M.A.,
Cambusnethan.

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"—1 THESS. ii. 19.

OUR ideas of heaven vary with our age and circumstances. When young, we think of heaven as a great and glorious city occupied by bright and happy beings, of whom we read, but in whom we feel no special interest. When we get further on in life, and have been called to part with not a few of those we loved, we begin to think of heaven as a world, having in it not only angels, but also many to whom our hearts are still knit by strong and tender ties. And when, if we live to old age, we lift our eyes to the sky above us, and sometimes wish to be there, we think of heaven as a region in which, when we enter it, we shall know many more than we know on earth.

Now, is this hope of reunion with the departed likely to be realised? We believe that many of our relatives and friends have fallen asleep in Jesus. If we live as they lived, and die as they died, shall we meet them again and have fellowship with them again? Heaven, they say, is a world of rest. Is this rest to be enjoyed by us with those who trod along with us the rough paths of life? Heaven, they say, is a world of joy. Is this joy to be shared by us with those who shared our happiness on earth? Heaven, they say, is a world of love. Is this love to be a mere general benevolence, or is it to fasten itself on particular objects, and especially on those to whom our hearts clung on earth?

There are some whose ideas of heaven are such as to make it seem no very inviting place. They speak of its walls of jasper; of its gates of pearl; of its streets of gold. They speak of its triumphal palms; of its lofty songs; of its endless worship. They speak of its perfect knowledge and perfect holiness. But something more is needed to make it a place of attractiveness to us—to satisfy the cravings of the human heart. It must be a scene of affection and love—of affection and love to beings like ourselves. And that it will be a world where, in all probability, we shall recognise and have

fellowship with departed friends, I proceed to endeavour to show.

Think on the constitution of our nature. We are made for society, and are largely dependent for our happiness on human companionship. Now, we have no reason to believe that our nature in the hereafter will be essentially changed. On the contrary, so far as we know, it will have the same faculties and affections that it has now. Doubtless, in one vastly important point it will be different. It will be redeemed and purified; it will be freed from every vestige of infirmity and sin; it will be perfected. But, so far as we know, it will be essentially the same. It will be renewed, but not re-created. If this be the case, then there surely must be enjoyment of friendship in heaven, if heaven is to be a place of full and satisfying happiness to man.

Again: Think on the great object of Christ's redemptive work.

He came to deliver us from all the ills which the great enemy of man has brought upon our race. How many these are! But there is not one from which Christ will not save His people. He is to take away sin—the guilt of sin; the degrading influence of sin; the pollution of sin. He is to free from sorrow—to wipe away all tears from the eye. He is to destroy death. But He can hardly be said to do this unless He brings parted ones together again. And may we not infer that it is His purpose to do this from the manner in which He acted when He was on earth? In the graveyard of Bethany He delivered Lazarus to his sisters. When at Capernaum, in the house of Jairus, He pronounced the mighty words, "Talitha cumi!" and the maid arose, He delivered her to her parents. At the gate of Nain, too, he delivered the risen youth to his mother. May we not reasonably infer from this, that when He shall awaken all the dead, it will be to deliver to their beloved, for personal recognition and for special fellowship, all the divided who have fallen asleep in Him?

But I would have you specially think on the more direct statements of Scripture bearing on the subject.

It is true we have only scanty references in Scripture to the happiness of heaven, and to the condition of the saints there. But for this very reason

it is the more important that we should look carefully at what is said on the subject. When we do so, it seems to me we can have no great difficulty in making up our mind in regard to it.

The patriarchs are said to have been *gathered to their people* when they died. The expression, according to some, simply means that they were buried in the sepulchres of those who went before them. But this was not literally the case in regard to all of whom the words are used; and in no case does it appear to exhaust the full meaning of the phrase. I cannot but think there is a reference to the patriarchs joining the communion of their pious ancestors in those abodes of righteousness where the spirits of the holy dwell.

David was comforted, on the decease of his child, by the *prospect of meeting that child again*. What says he? "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Now it seems impossible to misunderstand this. David could have derived little comfort in the midst of his great sorrow by looking forward to the time when his body would lie in the dust beside one to whom his heart clung so tenderly. His view evidently stretched beyond death and the grave; and he expected a happy reunion with his child in a world where there would be no parting any more.

On the *Mount of Transfiguration* Peter knew the heavenly visitants who communed with his Lord, and distinguished them from each other. How he came to have this knowledge we are not told. Probably Christ communicated it to him directly. But he did possess it in some way or other. And if such knowledge of and acquaintance with departed saints could be had on earth, surely it is more than likely it will be enjoyed in heaven—where, moreover, the narrative implies that Moses and Elijah had already met and recognised each other.

Christ says, "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Now, what is the meaning of this verse? It seems to be this. Use your money (here called Mammon of unrighteousness, perhaps because of the evil which so often attaches to wealth, either to the getting of it, or in the way of the manifold temptations to which it ministers)—use it with an eye to the future: spend it in a profitable way: make by it friends. And how? By bestowing it—so much of it as you can spare—on the poor and needy. And with what view? That when ye fail, i.e. die, they, the friends you have made—the poor and needy—may receive and welcome you into the everlasting habitations to which they may have gone before you. Personal recognition and communion in the other world are thus clearly implied here.

And finally, what says Paul in the text? "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of the Lord Jesus

Christ at His coming?" The meaning is obvious enough. Paul looks forward to the coming of the Lord. It will be a great and glorious event. There is much in the prospect of it to inspire him with joy. But what will be one main source—the main source of his happiness on an occasion of such pre-eminent grandeur and blessedness? It will be a recognising and meeting with those whom he taught on earth—those whom he led to embrace the truth—those who became partakers with him of faith in Christ.

From these and such-like statements of Scripture I think we are fully warranted in believing that death-divided Christian friends will meet again. There may be not a little connected with the subject, which, with our limited faculties and imperfect information, we are unable at present to explain. It may be said, If it would make us happy to recognise and to have the society of old friends in heaven, would it not make us unhappy to miss others to whom we were attached on earth? And there is no wholly satisfactory reply save one—we have confidence in Him who promises to His own that the days of their mourning shall be ended.¹ A reunion of Christian friends in the Hereafter seems to be required to complete and perfect our happiness, and many a passage in God's Word appears distinctly to point to it. And what a glorious prospect this opens up to us! We have all some dear ones away.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Do we believe that our departed one is safe and happy?—child, or brother, or sister; husband or wife; or venerable parent, under whose roof-tree life's early days passed so securely away? We would not, even if we could, bring them back to this world of restlessness and sin. But we have many an unutterable longing to meet them again. We may have that longing gratified. In a few years at the longest we may be at their side once more. We may join them in a world in which no grave is dug, and no cypress grows. And how! Let us make sure that we are united by a living faith to a living Saviour, and we shall ere long be with them in glory; "and so shall we ever be" together "with the Lord."

¹ Consideration of the question here raised will be resumed in a forthcoming number.

FORESIGHT.—In the sunshine God bids us not forget the coming rain; in the year of plenty He bids us lay up store against the year of famine; in full work and high wages He bids us prepare for the storm and the loss of work; in health He bids us remember sickness and the aid of the Sick Society; in youth and strength He suggests an insurance against old age and the healthy shame of the Poorhouse.—*Cramond Parish Magazine*.

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER this, for nearly a fortnight, there was a blank, and nothing happened at Wallyford. On the first Saturday, John wrote to say that he was unable to come, he had "things to do," his mother would have to excuse him. It was impossible, he said, that he could get away. This had been a great trouble to the parents, but they had submitted to it; and now the second week had worn away, and Saturday had come again.

The entire family had always said and known that life was very quiet, and indeed, that it was dull at Wallyford. And Isabel had known it like the rest. She had herself said this sometimes on wet afternoons, or when her seam was long, and the sunshine tempting outside. But she had never known what it meant till now. When she got up languidly the next morning after that day, and saw her life, gray under the gray skies, stretching out before her with no change in it, Isabel's young heart seemed to die within her. It did not occur to her that she would die, as a girl with a heartbreak so often imagines, and hopes to do; but her life seemed to be dead, though she was going to live for all these terrible, dull, hopeless years. She would live till she was seventy perhaps—till she was as old as papa—and every day would be like this day, pale and gray and cold, with breakfast and dinner and tea—tea and breakfast and dinner, and nothing more. Nothing more. No expectation to make the long hours fly, and to make them beautiful as they flew. No sudden sound of a step on the gravel, or knock at the door, at which her heart would leap up. Nothing of all that; only the dull getting up, the dull walk, the long seam, the reading, the meals, and nothing, nothing to break the routine. It was not possible in these first days to keep a little vague hope altogether out of her mind, a hope that Mansfield would arrive one evening suddenly as he used to do, and that he would be able to explain everything, and prove that they were all wrong, and at the same time make it clear that she had a right to take up his cause and defend it, and stand by him as Jeanie stood by Robbie Baird. This lingering hope, or rather dream—for it was not strong enough to be a hope—was like a fairy tale to Isabel. She did not put any trust in it, but yet it accompanied her, faintly, far off, causing a little flutter at her heart when any sound unusual penetrated the quiet. But there were scarcely any sounds in those days that were not known and usual. Never had the imagination had so little scope. Nothing happened that was not laid down in the routine of every day. The fortnight—which yet was not quite so much as a fortnight—looked like months or like years to Isabel. She seemed to count every hour as it went by. When she tried to imagine what would happen if Mansfield did return, and if that half-told tale came to anything, her head turned round and she could not think. She did not even feel the horror she should have felt for the story that had been told her. At the end of this fortnight she began to ask herself in the maze of pain and disenchantment, whether Mansfield himself, and those eyes which had been so bright, and that tongue that had been so eloquent, had ever existed at all. Were they not a dream? and this was life—just such as it had been all her days—yet, alas! so different—just as it must be—never changing, through all the long interminable chain of years to come.

To see Isabel so changed, so pale, so spiritless and silent, filled the household with a pity which was more intense for the time than any other feeling. Even John fell into the background. It seemed to be doing her a wrong to be able to think of anything else. They made piteous attempts to amuse her, the Captain fatiguing himself with the effort to remember old stories that she had not heard

before—those stories of his own life which had once been so delightful to Isabel; and Mrs. Cameron, forsaking her comparative silence (for it was the Captain who was the talker of the family), and growing loquacious for her sake. Even Marget exerted herself, nay, exhausted herself, picking up all the scraps of gossip she could gather, in the effort to "take the bairn's mind off hersel'." Isabel made a great effort to listen, but her attention strayed, whether it was from Marget's gossip or her father's tales—and they all looked on with a wondering dismal amusement to see that no one among them did her so much good as dull old Simon digging his potatoes, who made no effort at all, and could not be persuaded to see anything out of the way in the whole matter, or in Isabel's appearance, or in anything that was happening. "She's just in her ordinar," he said, when his wife cried about "yon darlin'!" and almost the only pleasure in the girl's life seemed to be to stand by him at his delving and listen to his slow, indifferent talk, and breathe in the fresh smell of the turned-up earth. They all stood and looked on, a little circle of spectators, more interested than ever were an audience at a tragedy, struck to the heart to feel that they could do nothing for her, yet smiling in a speechless wonder at honest Simon, whose company she liked best.

And at last the second Saturday came, after years (it seemed) of this colourless life. Even Isabel looked forward to John's coming. In spite of herself she could not help feeling that he must bring news of some kind; there would be something about Mansfield one way or another; either that he had gone away, or that he had not gone away; that the story was true, or that it was not true. Still more did Mrs. Cameron long for John—for himself in the first place—to see him, to see how it was with him, if he was persevering in the better way upon which he had assured them he had entered; and then to tell him of all that had happened, to secure his tender help to his sister, his sympathy with them all. Even, she thought fondly, this very trouble might be a good thing for John. It would be a tie the more to his home. He had a good heart, and no man that had a heart at all would refuse to be tender to Isabel, to give her what consolation was in him. Perhaps, Mrs. Cameron whispered to herself, this might have been an object with Providence in suffering so sore a trouble to come upon the child. She would not have said this to the Captain, who did not like such suppositions, but she allowed herself to whisper it to her own heart. Perhaps it might be for John's benefit that Isabel was to suffer. Was it not a law of the universe, in which there are so many mysterious laws, that the innocent should suffer for the guilty? Perhaps this lamb was to be led to the sacrifice too, like another and greater, that her brother might turn from his evil ways and live. Oh if it had but been herself, the mother, that could have done it with her suffering! But being that it was Isabel, who could tell but that this was one of the Lord's meanings? When the evening approached, and it was nearly John's time for arriving, she threw a little white Shetland shawl over her cap, and went out to meet him. First it was only in the shrubbery before the house that she waited looking for her boy; and then, as the road was so quiet and not a soul visible, she ventured farther and strayed out between the two great ash-trees. The road lay a long way before her, white with the autumn drought and dust, not a single shadow upon it all the way. She walked slowly along with that little excitement of all her nerves which her boy's coming, and the faint doubt always in the background as to whether he would come, brought to her. She wanted to see him before he should get home, to tell him all that had happened, to prepare him. It did not occur to her that there could be any doubt of John's sympathy. Perhaps he would say, "I warned you that he was not a man to come here;" but Mrs. Cameron felt that her satisfaction in her son's superior judgment and desire to keep the evil-doer from his home would almost compensate her for having to confess, "It was my

fault." Her heart was very full of this. She would tell him that it was she who was to blame, not his father—was it likely a man would take notice of the nonsense of two young things?—nor Isabel herself, who, the Lord bless her! was but a bairn and knew no better; but she alone, who ought to have known. And she was not without a lurking hope that her boy would console her and bid her not to blame herself so sorely, and say that it was nobody's fault. This she hoped without owning it. She went on, so full of her expectation of him, that she forgot to remark how far she had gone, and it was only when at last in the distance she saw a figure faintly reveal itself, first a speck on the road, then somebody moving towards Wallyford, that she paused, her heart giving a jump in her breast, and looking round, perceived where she was. She had come about half a mile from home. The two great ash-trees had almost dropped out of sight behind her, and nothing but the roofs of Wallyford were visible. She smiled to herself as she put up her hand to the little shawl upon her head. She had "nothing on;" but what of that when it was her own road, and her son was coming to meet her? A calm stole over her whole being. To be made thus sure that he was coming, that this time there was to be no disappointment, was of itself much. She looked back and then forward, and stood still a little, thinking it would not do to go much farther; for presently a cross road fell into this, and there might be strangers about, and she with "nothing on."

It was not till full five minutes later that it occurred to Mrs. Cameron that she might be mistaken. The soft calm in her heart ended in a moment, and the old feverish uncertainty leaped back into being. It was not John. John might be coming, no doubt was coming, but this was not he. It was a much older man, a man who had not John's youthful elastic tread, but plodded on heavily, making but slow progress, not much quicker than her own. Not being John, it mattered very little to Mrs. Cameron who it was, and yet she could not help observing this. Should she turn back? for she was not, she said to herself, fit to see strangers. She turned accordingly and walked towards home for some five minutes more, playing with her own desire to look back, and listening to the steps growing nearer, plodding along, with a sound of fatigue in them. Then she reflected that, whoever the stranger was, he could easily see that she was "about her own doors," and that consequently there was nothing indecorous in being thus seen with "nothing on." And by this time John might be in sight, which would so well explain a mother's errand. Accordingly, she permitted herself to turn round again. The wayfarer was close to her now. He was a middle-aged man, hot and weary, his face flushed with his walk, his expression, as she perceived immediately with ready sympathy, full of trouble. Poor man! something was wrong with one of his family, no doubt of that. Would it be illness, would it be worse? She wondered if she should not ask him to stop for a moment at Wallyford and take a rest, and perhaps a drink of something, as it was a warm night, or a cup of tea? Where had she seen his face? She was sure she had seen his face. She was so much interested that she did not feel as she would have otherwise done, the disappointment of seeing no other figure behind him on the road. Yes, certainly, she had seen that face before.

He took off his hat as he drew nearer, recognising her also, it was evident, immediately. Then it began to dawn upon her where she had seen him, and as this happened a sudden tumult sprang up in Mrs. Cameron's being. "Is it Mr. Johnston?" she said, with an indescribable sinking of the heart.

"Indeed, mem, it is me," the stranger said with a grave voice. And then, after a pause, being breathless with haste and fatigue, he asked, "Is Mr. John here?"

"John? here? I am just waiting for him. I came out, as you see, with nothing on, to meet my son. Will you not come in and rest? You have come by the coach,

Mr. Johnston? John always walks. But come in, you must come in. The Captain will be very glad to see you, and John, no doubt, will soon be here."

"You must not be afraid of me. Whether he is here or not, Mrs. Cameron, you must be open with me," said Mr. Johnston, his face written like a tragic volume with lines of care, and fixing his eyes upon her: "I am a friend in any case; Mr. John will tell you that you need not be afraid of me."

"Afraid!" she said, with a cry of wonder and terror and indignation all mingled. Then she stopped and looked at him, casting, at the same time, an agonised glance behind him along the empty road. "Mr. Johnston, something has happened, there is something wrong with my boy."

"Something sore wrong," cried the good man, looking at her with anxious pity. And then he said, "I would like to see the Captain, mem, if it's not disagreeable. I would rather see the Captain."

"Mr. Johnston, you'll tell me; the Captain is old and frail, not so well able to bear, and he has plenty to bear already. For the love of God, tell me; do not go about the bush. What is wrong with my boy?"

He threw up his hands as if to put her away: "O mem! go ben the house, and let me speak to the Captain," he said.

"Is he ill—is he—dead? Speak, man, and do not murder a woman at her own door! is it worse than that? Oh me, oh me, I see it in his eyes, it's worse than that! What has he done? what has he done? I'm meaning," said Mrs. Cameron, standing still in the middle of the road, "what do you say he's done?" Her mouth had grown dry, so that she could scarcely speak.

The cashier stood wringing his hands, looking piteously at the mother to whom he was about to give so terrible a blow. "Mistress Cameron—oh that it should be my part to tell you! He left the office two days ago. I thought he would be here. I've had a sore heart, but I thought he would be here. I thought he would have let you know, and see what you could do. It's some—money—that must be made up, that must be made up, or he's ruined for life."

She was standing tightly drawn together, her elbows against her sides, her hands clasped to keep herself up. When she heard the word "money" she gave a cry, then relaxed her stern expression a little with a long breath of relief. Money! She did not understand. So little was she aware of delinquency connected with money, that she was bewildered and felt nothing but relief.

"Money," she said; "is that all?"

"All!" cried the other with an almost hysterical laugh. And then he added, "You cannot understand me. What do you know, a lady, of troubles like these? I would rather speak to the Captain, if you please."

"Money," she repeated mechanically. "I think my mind's wandering, and I cannot tell what ye mean. I told him if he had debts we would make any sacrifice; there are aye debts. Is it not that? then, Lord help us! Mr. Johnston, will you not tell me in plain Scotch? What is it you mean? He has put his hand to bills and such like—no that——" She paused, and with a sudden wild cry caught him by the arm.

"No that John—no that my boy— No, no, no, not that—ye canna mean that. Money! No that he has taken—God forgive me, what was not—his ain?"

"It is just that, Mrs. Cameron," said the cashier, trembling with sympathy and agitation. "Oh, dinna be too hard upon him. The lad is young, and the temptation was sore; and up to this moment, nobody knows—nobody knows, but just myself. I thought it was best, in case of any mistake, to come and speak. Oh, if you will but mind that we must forgive as we would be forgiven. Dinna be too hard upon him, Mistresses Cameron," the good man cried, alarmed by the expression of her face.

"Me—hard!" She could not get out another word.

her mouth was dry as the dust under her feet. She stood like a woman turned to stone, her hands tightly clasped before her, her countenance rigid with a horror which made every feature like marble. ("If that was how the woman was that looked back upon Sodom, I understand it all now," Johnston said afterwards; "the poor body had left a son there.")

"What have I done to ye! what have I done to ye!" the good man cried. "O my dear leddy, it's not past remedy! Take hold of my arm and come home. There is nobody, nobody, knows anything about it—yet—but myself."

"You are a kind man, Mr. Johnston. You have bairns of your own," Mrs. Cameron said.

"That have I—that have I" ("The Lord avert all evil from them," he said in his heart, feeling that if a son of his were to do like this, life would not be worth having); "but, Mrs. Cameron, you must come in—you must come in; and the Captain and me, we will talk it all over, and see what is to be done."

"The Captain!" she cried with a gasp; "oh, my poor old man!" Then she caught at the kind stranger's arm with a sudden revival of strength, not, however, to go home with him, but to keep him from the door which never was closed on any one. "Mr. Johnston, listen to me; a woman thinks most of sin, but a man of dishonour. This—will break my old man's heart: that his name, his good name, that is a glory to his family, should be dragged through the mire—that a son of his should—I canna speak—I canna speak! Mr. Johnston, listen to me," she cried, clinging to his arm; "can you and me not do it, can we not do it, without troubling the old man?"

"Your husband, Mrs. Cameron! eh, I would not feel justified," cried the cashier, astounded. Then he did his best to soothe her. "You must not take it so bitterly, it's not beyond remedy. You will have a little money laid by, that you will not grudge, and we'll put it back on Monday morning, and nobody will be a hair the wiser; that's what we'll do: it is nothing so very dreadful after all." ("God forgive me for lying," within himself, the good cashier said.)

She shook her head with a woeful smile. "That's not the question—that's not the question; it's no the consequence, it's the deed. Oh, what is shame, or what is punishment, in comparison with having deserved it! That is why I would keep it from the Captain. You'll come in," she said, after a pause, "and we'll say, John—Oh, I canna say his name; but the Lord bless him, the Lord bless him, wherever he is wandering, my poor lost laddie! but I dare not think of that. We'll say that he—cannot come the night; and that you—thought you would like a breath of country air; and were so kind," she went on breathlessly, inventing, as she proceeded, "as to come and tell us—yourself—in case we should be anxious. And so you have," she added eagerly; "I would not tell an untruth—so you have, being a good man, and having bairns of your own."

Mr. Johnston shook his head. "It's meant in kindness," he said, "but I never can think it does good. Sooner or later the like of that has to be known."

"I see no reason," she said passionately, turning to give one long imploring look to the vacancy and distance, out of which no advancing figure was to be seen. "I see no reason; if you and me can do it, why should the Captain be made more unhappy? If I can keep it from him, I will." Then she gave a cry of "William, William!" and turned round scared, to see him standing by her. The old Captain had come out too to look for his son. His genial soul had felt the chill of all the sadness in the house; and he shuffled to the gate to look for the boy who might bring some brightness with him. When there he had heard his wife's voice in the lane, and had come out, thinking that her companion must be John. He had recognised Johnston at a glance; and what his wife said had aroused his suspicions, "If I can keep it from him."

"What were ye to keep from me, my dear!" he said.

In a moment she gave up all resistance. She took her husband by the arm, not for support, but to help him. "No a word," she said, "no a word till we're in the house." She took them into the little room near the door, the dressmaking room. "You'll excuse me a moment," she said, and stepped firmly along the passage and into the kitchen. The fire was shining brightly there, but as yet there was no lamp lighted. She paused in the doorway and looked in: "Marget," she said, "you'll give us supper early. Mr. John is detained in the town; but you can put the chicken to the fire, for Mr. Johnston from the office is come, which is real kind of him, that we might not be anxious. I'll get him, if I can, to stop all night, so you may get the spare room ready."

"There's Mr. John's room, mem, a' ready, if he's no coming home the night."

"I said the spare room," said Mrs. Cameron imperatively. She would have stamped her foot if she had yielded to the impulse of the moment. "And you can give me a light," she said. She carried in the candle to the little room where the two men were sitting, scarcely seeing each other, and put it down on the table. And then there was a long pause, no one trusting himself to speak.

At last. "He was ill, ill when he had that fever," she said. "I thought the Lord was cruel, even to make me believe that He would take my bairn from me. Was it me, was it me, with my fule-prayers, that keepit the lad then! that keepit him out of heaven—that keepit him for this!"

"My dear, my dear!" the Captain said: the old man's voice was broken; he waved his hand to her slowly, he could not speak.

"Captain," said the good Johnston, "and Mrs. Cameron, you'll break my heart! It would break any man's heart, that had a heart, to see you; but you must not look at the blackest side. He's young, young—and this will give him the awfulest fright that ever a young lad had. I know him as well as any man can, not to belong to him—and I'll answer for him, I'll answer for him!" cried the good man, seeing the light of the candle doubled in the water that filled his eyes. "You must not dwell upon the worst, but think what is to be done to save him. The morn is Sunday, when there's nothing possible; and Mr. Scrimgeour is to be back to the office on Monday. Oh, if I had but come out here on Thursday, instead of waiting till the last moment; but now there's no time to be lost. You must think what you can do to get the money. I've not got it myself; I'm a poor man with a small family, and I have not got a hundred pounds laid by that I can put my hand on; but that's what we must have. A hundred pounds, it's not so very much."

"A hundred pounds!" they looked at each other; they were not thinking of the money, they were thinking of John disappeared two days ago with this on his conscience. Where had he gone? where was he wandering? homeless, penniless, no doubt hopeless, an outcast upon the face of the earth! Would he disappear, the youngest of the boys, as the eldest had disappeared, not to be heard of for weary years—never more perhaps in their lifetime? This was what was wringing their hearts, wringing out this bitter water of affliction in their eyes, through which they looked at each other, knowing each the thoughts in the other's heart. Johnston had a faint perception of these thoughts, and it was for this that he forced upon them the other subject, in which something could be, and indeed had to be done. They came to that with a little start of dismay. "A hundred pounds!" There was a momentary consultation of looks. "Mr. Johnston," said the Captain, with his tremulous voice, "we have enough for all our wants, but we've had many losses, we've had many—sons; oh, my dear, I know what you would say—the Lord that redeemed me from all evil bless the lads—but some of them have been—unfortunate;—and our little savings, our little bits of money, not

much in any case, have gone. We have this house that will be Isabel's little fortune; but I do not know, I do not know, nor does she, where to lay our hands upon a hundred pounds."

"If you have not got it, you will borrow it. It will be easy to borrow it with the security you can give. The bank will do it, anybody will do it," said the cashier. "Captain, you'll not take it ill of me, nor Mrs. Cameron either. If you'll come in to Edinburgh on Monday morning, I'll do what I can to put you in the way. I cannot leave the office. I have had my lesson too. If I had not been late at the office that Monday morning—but we'll not go back upon that—we'll not go back upon that."

Then there was a long silence again, and in the midst of it some ghost of a sound outside, a crack of a twig, a something, a nothing, caught Mrs. Cameron's anxious ears. She stole out to the door as swiftly and noiselessly as a ghost; the Captain raised his white head and listened. His face had grown darkly gray, darker than his white hair. After a while, as no further sound occurred, he spoke. "What could he do with it?" he said.

"Captain, I would like you to use your reason, to look at it as if it was another man's son. He was owing money that he should not have been owing, who can doubt it? and this was paid him, he being, by some awful Providence, the only person in the office. He paid his debts with it, Captain, with the thought that some way or other he would get the money and put it back—that was what he did. It is as short as it is long. You would have had to pay his debts."

"Do you think it is the money I'm thinking of?" said the old Captain, with a wave of his tremulous hand.

"I know it's not the money; but if you will think," said the good man, leaning forward in his earnestness with clasped hands across the table, "if you will but think! It was a sore temptation, and there was every excuse. And if he would but turn up to-night—which God grant—the money might be put back, and nobody ever know but that he had a cold, or bile, or something, and was away for a rest."

"It would be a lie," the Captain said.

"Oh but a lie—that's hard to say—it would maybe be no exactly the truth; but so far as that goes, I've taken it upon my conscience already. I've said he was unwell to the other lads; and I make no doubt it's as true as anything in this world. What could he be but unwell? poor lad!" said the cashier—"a sore heart and a head confused with trouble, and no the courage to face you, not bold enough to come home. I wish I may never tell a greater falsehood than that."

Mrs. Cameron had come in again. The sounds were never ending, her whole mind was absorbed in them. She could not hear what was said, for listening to those endless thrills of movement outside; sometimes a rustle of the leaves, sometimes a stone upon the gravel, sometimes the gate that gave a little click at intervals as it had a way of doing when the wind was in a certain quarter. There was no wind to-night, but there was this noise, filling them all with sudden tremors, with faint hopes. She did not pay any attention to what Johnston was saying, her whole soul was absorbed in this. "If he come to-night, which God grant," these were the only words she distinguished amid all that were said.

Then suddenly Isabel opened the door and looked in, making them all start. To see her father and the stranger sitting in this unaccustomed place, one on either side of the candle, saying nothing, and her mother standing by, saying nothing, with her hands clasped and that look of listening in her eyes, though there seemed nothing to listen for, bewildered Isabel. She said, "Margaret sent me to tell you supper was ready. Is there anything the matter? Is John—not coming?" and she gazed with rising colour at the stranger, whom she had never seen before.

"This is his sister!" Johnston said.

"Hush, Isabel, I thought I heard a foot; oh, whisht, whisht, and let me hear."

"Ay, it is his sister," said the Captain with a sigh, "the last one that we have left."

Then Mrs. Cameron was roused to a sense of that hospitality in which, happy or wretched, she could not fail.

"Mr. Johnston has taken a long walk and given himself much trouble for our sake," she said, with a faltering voice; "we must not let him suffer because we are—not ourselves. And we must not keep the supper waiting either, or the servants out of their beds. They cannot bide to be late on a Saturday night. We'll wait no longer. Isabel, this is Mr. Johnston from the office. Your brother—is perhaps not coming to-night—we cannot say; he may be here at any time, or he may come to-morrow, any time; we cannot calculate upon him. Take you the candle, my darlin', and show the way. I'll just step out one moment and see if I can see any signs of him upon the road."

The supper was a strange meal. They all sat round the table as if there was some one lying dead in the house, with the same effort at conversation—a single sentence with long intervals between, a pretence of eating. Mr. Johnston, in spite of himself, had a good appetite. He was grieved above measure, but yet it was not his own son that was in trouble, and he had taken a long walk, and missed an earlier meal, and, though he was half ashamed of himself, he ate heartily. It was perhaps the only thing that could have roused Mrs. Cameron and made her forget herself. She served him with as much care as if the feast had been one of gladness. As for the Captain, after a vain effort, he pushed away his plate: "I cannot look at food," he said. It was the only impatient word that escaped him.

"You must not say that, William. Mr. Johnston, I have a nice little bittie waiting for you here, just a morsel. You must not mind what the Captain says. He is a poor eater at the best of times," said Mrs. Cameron, pressing her guest to eat with old-fashioned urgency. Isabel sat by with a pale face, surprised out of all thought of her own trouble, but not venturing to ask any questions. And thus the ceremonial of the meal went on—that ceremonial which we all observe whatever is happening, the one which is never omitted. When it was over, Mr. Johnston went away. He was still in time to catch the last coach at the cross-road. He left them, giving a great many instructions as to what was to be done on Monday. Before twelve o'clock the money must be replaced, but in the meantime, during this terrible night and the Sunday that followed, nothing, nothing was possible, except to wait.

The household of Wallyford lay down to its rest that night as on other nights. All but one; when she had seen the others in their rooms and all quiet, Mrs. Cameron stole away downstairs with her candle. She left a light to shine from her window, which looked upon the road, so that any wayfarer might see it from afar, and the Captain lay watching its flicker from under his half-closed eyelids, silent even from thought, lest he should miss the possible sound of the prodigal's return. His wife went downstairs to the little room beside the door. "What good would it do me to go to my bed? I would be only the more wakeful. And up there we might not hear him," she said. She took the first book she could find, and sat down with it, with the window open to hear the better; and now and then she tried to read. It was a strange sight to see her with her spectacles bending her head for a moment over the book, then stopping to listen—now and then stealing out like a ghost to the door to see if any one was coming. Once somebody stumbled by late, some Saturday night reveller making his unsteady way to one of the cottages farther on, and the sound of his steps coming up the road, heard ever so far off in the deep quiet of the night, roused her to the wildest excitement. But they passed, and all was still again. She sat there, with the keen little flame of the candle watching her, through all the thousand noises of the summer night; but not one of them was the wanderer coming home.

[To be continued.]

Robert Burns and the Cottar's Saturday Night.

By Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

I.—THE FATHER OF ROBERT BURNS.

IN a Magazine which is read more extensively than any other of the kind in the homes of Scottish working men, it has seemed to me desirable that, while the lives of good men of eminence are related from time to time, there should also be told, now and then, the lives of good men who spent their days in humble station. It must often have been a regret to others, as well as myself, that the materials for such narratives are so scanty. The help of noble example is twice as great when the outward circumstances of those we read of closely resemble our own. With double force then the thought occurs to us, that what one man has done another may do; while, on the other hand, the effect as example of even a very noble life spent in high station is weakened to many by the mistaken idea that it is easier there to be godly. It has occurred to me, accordingly, for the sake of that large number I have named of readers of this Magazine, in order that I may have the pleasure of ministering to them, in their fireside readings, what will really interest and help them, to take for the subject of this first paper the peasant father of Robert Burns. I should like to point back to him across a century of time. Even across that distance we can see him and his life more distinctly than in the case of men near at hand, for the man is disclosed, his very figure becomes visible to us by the light of the genius of his son; and whatever rank in character we may assign him among the good and worthy, he certainly must be placed among these. For my part, there is something in his character, his struggles, his very aspect, that touches me with deep respect, and warms me with a certain glow of patriotic pride when I think of him as a specimen of many noble, obscure lives, hid under our country's poverty and the dimness of that past century.

The story of his life is far from being like the stories we read so often now-a-days in books about self-help. It is not a story of success in a worldly sense. His brother and he set out from their home in Kincardineshire when they were very young men, driven by pressure of family straits. They hardly knew whither they were going. They parted "with anguish of heart," on the top of a hill, within sight of their native place. But no romance of prosperity followed. The life of the man we are telling of was all through of the same cast as its beginning. It began in poverty; it continued in straits. The interest of his life is not in its outward successes, but in the toilsome fortitude with which from youth to age he contended against difficulties, and never at ease, yet never was overborne.

He was first a gardener in Ayrshire. Next he

had a seven-acre patch of land, for which he built with his own hands the clay cottage in which the poet was born. Next he had a small farm at high rent, of as poor land, perhaps, as was under cultivation in Scotland. Lastly, for a few years, he lived on a farm a little larger and a little better, with more of an approach to comfort, as his family were older and could do more work. Yet here, too, a perplexing lawsuit vexed and clouded his last days. On the whole a painful story! But if the glory of a struggle be in the struggle itself, and in the worthy purpose for which it is fought, rather than in the success it brings, this man's story of life, with its patient industry for his family's sake, may be as worthy of record and more touching to the heart than the story of millionaires.

He did not take to farming from a desire of ease, and certainly it never brought him any. His labour was always as great as his strength—greater, indeed, in his failing health—and he had besides the harassing anxieties of rent to meet, rent in arrears, and letters "which used to throw the whole family into tears." His purpose in farming land was that, having employment for his family at home, he might be able to keep them under his own eye, and not be obliged to run the risk of their being demoralised among strangers.

At the time when he first comes distinctly into our view, he was a man elderly in appearance, tall, thin, with a habitual stoop from the effects of toil, with a certain gravity of countenance, and with thin gray hairs. He was a man of unusual mind for his station in life, of natural force of character, upright, and of a self-respect equally removed from servility and assumption. He had deep religious convictions, and his piety gave a colour to every department of his life. The manner in which family worship was conducted in his house can never be forgotten; for the impression made on his son by its reverent dignity has given us the picture of it we have in the *Cottar's Saturday Night*. It was he who lived the poem which his son, with all his genius, could only write. His wife, we are told, was a woman considerably younger than himself, "of a fine complexion, with pale red hair and beautiful dark eyes," neat, small in figure, and quick in her household motions. She had been brought up to early toil; unlike her husband, had received almost no education, and never could write her own name. The relations between her husband and herself were beautiful and tender. She had little knowledge; her one accomplishment was to sing well Scottish songs; but she knew how to value her husband's better acquirement. One who was often in their house says she had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman he ever knew; and he gives us a glimpse that is almost amusing of her eagerness not to lose anything of what her husband said in conversation. Another glimpse we get: we see the man, now old, coming in from the field, worn with toil and

sickness, and his active wife not suffering him to go out again to thresh corn for the horses; but, with the help of her maid, doing it herself. His behaviour also to her was gentle and considerate, constant in his thought for her ease and comfort. Once only, it is said, did he speak severely to her, and because it was so rare a thing, so unlike himself, the sin of a good man, it seems to have painfully imprinted itself on the memories of those present.

More interesting and honourable still was William Burns's conduct as a father. The ideas he had for the education of his children were high even for Scotland, and to the self-denial with which this poor man carried out his ideas, we owe it that his son could utter himself as a poet, and did not die mute and inglorious, his music walled up within him. We have already spoken of the father's care for his children's morals. A single fact is a sufficient token of the care he had of their religious training, of the capacity he had for it, and the personal trouble he took. He himself prepared for their use a short manual of religious belief, in the form of a dialogue between a father and his son. This was preserved in the family, and the spirit of it seems to have been unusual, as well as its intelligence. For their general education, when his eldest son was about seven, he managed, by joining with four of his neighbours, for the requisite board and salary, to get for his sons for two years the services as teacher (one may say, indeed, as private tutor) of a young man of eighteen or twenty, who was evidently unusually fitted both to teach and to stir in his scholars an interest in books and knowledge. This young man, Murdoch by name, anticipated in his methods of teaching some of the chief modern improvements. He cultivated, for example, not merely their memory, but their intelligence. They learned nothing by heart without first having a lively understanding of its meaning. He had a great interest in the boys, Robert and Gilbert Burns, became their friend for years as well as their teacher; and it may be mentioned further, in proof of their good fortune in him, that he earned his living latterly as a teacher of French in London, published several books of a professional kind, and had, as a pupil for English, a man very different from Robert Burns, but perhaps as famous as he, the diplomatist Talleyrand.

For several years after this young man went from the district, the father himself was the chief instructor of his family. "Under that father's guidance (says Principal Shairp) knowledge was sought for as hid treasure; and this search was based on the old reverential faith, that increase of knowledge is increase of wisdom and goodness." The readings of the household were wide, varied, and unceasing. Some one entering the house at meal-time, found the whole family seated, each with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. The books which Burns mentions as forming part

of their reading at Mount Oliphant surprise us even now. And better still for education than books, was the habit the father had of making friends of his children. They lived as a family very retiredly, and the talk the lads joined in was led by their thoughtful, tender-minded father. This education of daily intercourse is the best which men of elevated character can give their sons, and it was given in no mean degree by the man we are telling of. When we think of the father Robert Burns had, of the teacher he had and opportunities, we must dismiss the idea that he was an uneducated ploughman. He tells us himself—"By the time I was ten or eleven, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles." As early perhaps as most poets, he was made master of the language he was to use. This, however, is a small thing. The sons who had such a father, who heard his converse, and saw his life, were not uneducated men. Scotland had a right above other countries to the greatest peasant poet; for she only could have bred him. Only in Scotland could such a training for a poet have been got in that rank of life.

See, then, these features of that family life which ended nearly a hundred years ago—piety, uprightness, thoughtfulness, studious eagerness for knowledge, and affection, deepened by the pressure of family straits, which demanded unremitting toil—toil (Burns says) as of a galley-slave. One other feature of their family life can be discerned in the dim distance. It was not uncheerful. The father was obeyed from reverence, and but once needed to punish any child severely. He was accustomed even in his last weary days of sickness to encourage the children to innocent merriment. We have a pretty picture of his little girl keeping sheep, her father often coming to the field to talk with her, and telling her the names of the grasses and wild-flowers about. Always he was sure, if a thunder-storm came, to quiet her fears by his company. Though he was, it seems, naturally of an irritable temperament, but twice in her life had she seen him angry, and a gentle cheerfulness seems to have been his habitual mood.

I feel profound respect for this man, whose life so dignified his station. I feel, when I recall his bent form and gray hairs, as if I should bare my head in reverence. And I honour him not least that his life answers a question that has often painfully suggested itself to me at sight of poor men's lives. Does poverty make it impossible for a home to have *dignity* in it? Or if it *may* have worth, can there be little of the sweetness and courtesy of life in it? Are these tendernesses and proprieties of intercourse made impossible by day-labour? Must the manners be gruff and the commands rough? The family life of William Burns will answer. The poet was a son of one of Nature's gentlemen—rather, perhaps, I should say, of a gentleman by the grace of God.

We are enabled to end our story by an affecting glimpse we get of one of his last days. Two of his children were with him in the room in which he lay dying. The girl was weeping, he murmuring low words of comfort, and giving her parting counsel. "Then, after a pause, he said there was one of his family for whose future conduct he feared. Twice he said this, when the young poet came up and said, 'Oh, father, is it me you mean?' The old man said it was. Robert turned to the window, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his bosom swelling as if it would burst from the very restraint he put upon himself." The father had early anticipated something of his son's greatness; but now that he himself "feels death's winnowing wings," he thinks only of the moral danger of that son's passionate nature.

It has been a characteristic of Scotland, not only that poor men have risen, but that men have greatly influenced their country's history who lived and died in humble station. In no slight degree did this man influence Scotland. His son would never have been what he was if his heart had not been early enriched by the goodness and his mind cultivated by the self-denying effort of his father. And not then for the last time was such service done by the "plain living and high thinking" of a poor Scottish home. Has not the greatest moral teacher, the most prophetic man of this age, Thomas Carlyle, come from a similar home, receiving his first impulses—impulses which he has never lost—from a mother of strong and Christian character? And if we know of men like these, how many more may we not guess such homes have sent forth, who have proved themselves of worth in commoner walks of life? What are these homes now? What is their spirit? What are their aims for their children? It is a question of wide importance. Is Scotland, is the world to get as much from them in the next generation as in these that are passing? Are there fathers now living, and mothers, who are to live nobly in the lives of sons and daughters whom they, by the grace of God, have inspired to be a gift and a blessing to the world?



Last Words.

O WILLIE, I'm weary wi' waiting, sae lang and sae lanely alane,
I'm weary wi' lying in darkness and thinking o' joys that are gane.
I'm painless and weel micht be patient, for a' that I think o' seems
clear;
Things in the Lift aboon me, and things about me here.

Ay, Willie, the endless day's dawning, and there are some things I
maun say—
Things that may never be spoken, unless they are spoken this day.
The sum o' my moments is reckoned, and maybe before the nicht-fa',
You'll feel the wing-waff o' the angels that enter to bear me awa.

In the sweet, buddy May we were married. Oh! lightsome and brief
was that year!
But e'en at that time a foretasting o' sorrow at times brang a tear.
For e'en in that year ye were foolish and idle—yet hopefu' was I;
Oh, I couldna think ill o' my Willie, but said, "It's a cloud will
blaw by."

But ah! 'twas a cloud that lang lingered. Around thae bare wa's
cast your ee;
I brang ye some gear to be proud o'; but, Willie, what gear noo
hae we?
Gin ilka kind neebor that lends me, would lift but the gear that's
her ain,
The bed would be bare that I pine on, and cleedin' our bairns
would hae nane.

And why are we gearless and naked? Ay, weel frae the thocht ye may shrink.
Hae ye wi' sair trouble been waralin'!—borne down to the grave's verra brink?
Or hae ye been thochtless and idle? Aye flinging your wages awa,
And heedless o' what might come ower us, sae lang as a gill ye could ca'!

The warst was the way o't, my Willie. Na, ye maun be patient and hear!
For that was the wearyfu' way o't ever frae year to year:
Ay! aye to be sober ye promised, but aye ye were dragging us doon—
Aye filling my haun wi' a penny, instead o' a braw siller croon.

And what was the worth o' your promise? At times for a fortnicht ye wrocht—
Or maybe a month at the longest—when saving was lord o' ilk thocht;
"Ay, Lizzie, let's hain and be careful—e'en hainin' o' meat," ye would say,
"And let us hae things to be warm in, as soon as the siller we hae."

Then, Willie, I sinned at your bidding, by living a'maist on the win';
Ay, starving my bairns a' to please you, and what, when the wrang had been done,
What aye was the end o' my sinning? Wha e'er was the better o't a'!
When ye, in a fortnicht o' folly, flung a' I had sinned for awa.

Oh, Willie! my youth's only idol! my heaven, and my a' that was dear,
I fain to the last would speak kindly, sae ye maun be patient and hear.
But memories aboot me are crowding, o' things that I fain would forget;
I fear me it might hae been better for baith if we never had met.

Ay, ye to a wife should been buckled, that aye to hersel could be true.
That wouldna hae borne sic a burden, and aye gien her wee things their due.
I should hae been firm as the mountain that turns the wild river aside.
Oh muckle ye needed a woman that wisely and strongly could guide.

Aye flyting? I weel might hae flytten, but flyting I caredna to try;
With kindness I houpit to win ye, and kind to you ever was I.
But a' things aboot me grow clearer. I fear 'twas mysel was to blame;
For kindness, that tames the fell tiger, aye brang me but sorrow and shame.

Deeper, and deeper, and deeper, aye ye were dragging us doon;
Aye some little-worth for a cronie, and ever the talk o' the toon;
Aye pawning whate'er ye could carry, bedding and ocht that was gear,
And pawning whate'er ye can borrow, e'en while I am lingering here.

Ay, I was to blame for't, I fear me. Though ladies baith noble and fair
Hae come to my bed like the sunshine, and cheered me wi' kindly care.
Oh rare are the uncoes they bring me! and gratitude sweetens them a';
But, Willie, the shame o' my needing comes in wi' them aye when they ca'.

Willie, my love and my sorrow! Oh! wherefore frae strangers need we?
This is the thing ye maun answer, although you are silent to me.
Why are we needing an awmus? Oh! wherefore, wi' youth on your side,
In sic a like den are ye sitting—the scorn o' the hale country side!

Willie, my love, ye maun answer. Oh! dinna wi' dourness be dumb;
Ye staun in the licht o' the morning. To me it's life's gloaming that's come.
Sae gie me your haun and your promise; ye'll work for our bairns and yoursel!
I fain would hae faith in you, Willie, and joy and bright days would foretell.

Weaker, and weaker, and weaker! Weaker at night and at morn!
Lang, lang is the road I have travelled, and heavy the burden I've borne.
But nocht were the road nor the burden, and pleasant the ending o't a',
Gin I could but see how my wee things will fare when their mither's awa'.

Oh! for a glint o' a future, fair as for them it should be,
Oh! for a glint o' a future brighter than ocht that I see;
Aye a kind voice, like a father's, calling me homeward I hear,
But aye there's a sound like the wailing o' wee hungry weans in my ear.

D. WINGATE.

Nicodemus.

HOW difficult it must have been for Nicodemus to believe that Jesus was the Christ! How can his thoughts about Israel's Messiah be made to agree with his thoughts of Jesus? This the Christ of God!—this the Prophet like unto Moses!—this the Son of David!—this the King of the kingdom everlasting! Oh! it was easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for this intellectually rich man to enter the kingdom of God. No wonder that Jesus says, "Ye must be born again."

Yet Nicodemus was born again. How is it with ourselves? Nicodemus expected that Messiah's glory would fill the earth; but Christ in the room beside him, speaking of heavenly things to him, he would have rejected had he not been born again. So is it with every one that is born again. Because he lives, he hears the voice of the Son of God; and because he hears, he lives.

J. WEBSTER.

Instruction by Correspondence, and the St. George's Hall Classes.

A PHASE OF LIFE AND WORK IN SCOTLAND.

IT is not without some claim, even on account of their name, that we ask space in a Magazine of the Church of Scotland for a notice of the St. George's Hall Classes; for their sounding title of "St. George" they owe to one of the principal churches in our northern capital, as the unpretending little hall, in which the town classes meet, belongs to it.

But we base our claim more surely on the fact that these classes and the system which they represent give evidence of life and work of a most important nature, which, if it is either true life or true work, as we hope to show, cannot fail to connect itself with the life and work of the Church.

Twelve years ago the Association for the University Education of Women was founded in Edinburgh, being the first of its kind in Scotland, and some years afterwards the Council of Management, of which many of the Professors of the University are members, resolved to grant a Certificate in Arts to those students who had studied three subjects in the Professorial Classes of the Association, and passed in them a special examination. But very wisely the Council hedged in this Certificate with the condition that all candidates must first pass the University Local Examination, thereby securing that no candidate should obtain the higher Certificate whose secondary education was defective. This condition brought the somewhat curious fact to light that many women, though able to profit by the teaching of the Professors, and to pass creditable examinations in such subjects as English literature, logic, moral philosophy, etc., feared to face the local examinations in the more simple subjects of arithmetic, geography, and grammar. The want of this sound secondary education deterred most of the students from becoming candidates for the Certificate in Arts, for in truth they feared lest they should disgrace themselves by failure in the preliminary examination required of them. Some of these students determined to overcome this difficulty, and boldly set themselves to form a class for the study of those much-dreaded subjects. When we remember that these students were for the most part ladies who had left school, fondly fancying their elementary and secondary education to be finished, we must admire the energy and perseverance that led them to resume their books and slates. One short session of good honest work enabled thirty of these students to present themselves at the next local examinations. All passed with credit, one gaining a scholarship of £40, and nine others taking honours.

These results being so satisfactory, a few of the ladies formed themselves into the committee now known as that of the St. George's Hall Classes, with the view of improving the secondary education

of girls throughout Scotland. It occurred to them that if ladies living in Edinburgh, within reach of all the educational advantages afforded by such a city, felt themselves so deficient in a sound English education, others living in country districts must be in still more urgent need of help and encouragement to study. Accordingly they determined to introduce the system of teaching by correspondence. The experiment proved so successful that in the first session, that of 1877-8, upwards of a hundred class tickets were taken by corresponding students. The following year 491 tickets were disposed of, and last year the number had increased to 607. Many of these corresponding students joined the classes merely from a wish to be guided in private study without any ulterior aim of examination by the University, but a considerable number eagerly availed themselves of the test provided by the local examinations. Last year 100 corresponding students went in for examination; of these one stood highest in the list of successful candidates for senior certificates, and another held the same position in the junior list, while four bursaries and a large number of University prizes also fell to the share of students who had prepared for examination by means of the corresponding system. The report of the local examinations held in June is passing through the press as we write, but we hear that the results of the corresponding system are no less satisfactory than those achieved last year.

These are some of the facts connected with the system of teaching by correspondence, but it may be well, before referring to the benefits it confers on country students, to explain as briefly as possible what the system is in itself, as exemplified by the St. George's Hall Classes. As the primary aim of these Classes is to prepare students for the Edinburgh University Local Examinations, the details of the work are all necessarily arranged with reference to these ends. Thus, to suit the three standards of examination at the University, the subjects taught are divided into three groups, Preliminary, Ordinary or Junior, and Honour or Senior. The preliminary group comprises the usual elementary branches of an English education, including Scripture history and also elementary Latin; the ordinary or junior includes a wide range of languages, ancient and modern, physical geography and other scientific subjects, and mathematics; the honour or senior includes higher grades of the same subjects, with logic and one or two others in addition. Music and drawing are known as *extra* subjects, and have lately been added to those taught by correspondence. But the classes may be used by any one without any view to the Local Examinations, and the subjects taught are so numerous and so varied that there is small danger of any student not finding in the prospectus something to suit individual taste and talent.

The method of instruction is simple. At the beginning of the session the scholar receives a printed plan of study in the subjects chosen; in it

the work is divided into fortnightly portions, and it is then left to the ingenuity of each student to subdivide these portions into weekly and daily ones, according to individual time and capacity for study. At the end of the fortnight a printed paper of questions is sent, answers to which must be returned within a certain time. These answers are returned to their owners by the tutor of the class with mistakes corrected and difficulties explained. Properly these papers should be worked as examination papers, that is without reference to books, and this is easily done if the fortnightly portion has been duly studied, and the plan strictly adhered to. This is excellent practice for a final examination, or, if that is not contemplated, is in itself a valuable mental exercise.

Such is the correspondence system in its leading outlines; how well it works in detail has been discovered by all who have tried it. Many parents have found with pleasure that the St. George's Hall papers have introduced order and system, unknown before, into their schoolrooms, where both teachers and taught have profited by them. Sometimes, instead of the girls themselves becoming members of the correspondence classes, the governess has enrolled herself as a student, and has then trained her pupils by means of the fortnightly papers, thus giving them the combined advantages of oral teaching and teaching by correspondence. In this way greater system has been introduced, and a more lively interest aroused in the schoolroom, than either governess or pupil would have considered possible before the experiment was made. We can conceive of no better way in which the home education of a girl could be invested with interest than by letting the last few years of her schoolroom life be regulated by the standard of the Local Examinations. This can be managed by means of the correspondence system, either with or without the help of a governess, and it will secure to the pupil a good secondary education, such as will put "a solid finish" to her education, should that be all that is wanted, or it will leave her well prepared for further study in higher subjects, should her tastes incline that way.

Where, more than in our country manse throughout Scotland, is the difficulty felt of providing good education for girls? The boys must be educated somehow, they have their way to make in the world, but the girls often suffer, and necessarily so, where means are wanting. Now, by correspondence, a girl may, with a very small outlay of money, continue her education for years after she has got beyond all the local instruction within her reach. It must be noted too that the system is equally well adapted for boys, and might prove most useful to those, who, from delicacy of constitution or some other reason, must be taught at home. Also it is worthy of remark that, besides other advantages attaching to it, a senior local examination certificate exempts the holder on entering the University from

examination in the subjects mentioned on it, so, many a lad whose parents cannot afford to send him long from home can be well prepared for his University career under their own roof, by means of instruction by correspondence.

While the benefits of this system to the rising generation are obvious, its use for older women who had left school before girls' education was so much thought of as it now is, cannot be over-estimated. These, when pursuing higher studies, often find themselves sadly at a loss for want of elementary knowledge, which an imperfect early education did not supply. To many such the correspondence system has come as a boon for which they can never be sufficiently grateful, opening up as it does, by supplying systematic instruction from the very foundation, pathways to learning which without it had been for ever barred. Aimless work and wasted energy are sad to contemplate under any form, but they often seem all that is possible for the solitary female student, who frequently works without aim and nearly always without method, and is sure, sooner or later, if working quite unassisted, to come to difficulties which, unless she is possessed of unwonted courage and perseverance, she feels to be insurmountable. This system supplies not only the external aid that is required in private study, but it gives a stimulus, such as is needed in many cases to urge on the solitary student to continued and persevering work. It infuses also a kindly feeling of fellowship into solitary study, for each student knows that in however remote a corner of the country she may be pursuing her work, she has many unknown companions working on the same lines and with the same view as herself. The thought that the post is scattering over the country fifty or a hundred papers of questions similar to those she has just received, dropping one into the letter-box of the village practitioner, locking another into the letter-bag to be sent off to the house of the laird, and putting a third aside to be forwarded by the letter-carrier to the manse, while others await the bi-weekly steamers for the outlying islands, adds a living interest to their studies, and cannot fail to be a spur to work. In this way much talent may be developed that would otherwise run to waste, and a love for study that might degenerate into a mere selfish and luxurious trifling with books, be turned to good account. For nothing can be more damaging to the intellectual life than mere desultory study, without end or aim beyond present mental gratification. This dissipation freely indulged in ruins the intellect, and is the "besetting sin" which those who are said to be "fond of books" have chiefly to guard against. To all solitary students, then, we can give no better advice than to choose some line of study in accordance with their own special talents, and honestly to pursue it with the help of instruction by correspondence.

Not only as a means of improving and developing latent talent, but in spheres more immediately

connected with Church work, we all know how beneficial a little systematic instruction proves. We allude specially to amateur teaching of the poor, and to Sunday School teaching. What good results we might look for in our Sunday Schools were a little more thoroughness introduced into the teaching, such thoroughness as most girls, much as they love the work, are unable to supply from never having themselves learnt anything thoroughly. What additional intelligence and system might be introduced into the lessons if once the teacher had herself learnt what she was teaching. The writer feels competent to promise benefit on this head, for she finds herself utilising every Sunday for her class some information gained when preparing for the Scripture subjects of the local examinations.

The fact that correspondence classes have supplied a felt want in the country is evident from the way in which many hundreds have already taken advantage of them; this is of itself good testimony in their favour. By making the system more widely known we hope that a still greater number may be benefited, and that, as the demand increases, instruction by correspondence may be supplied in higher subjects, so that those whose lot it is to live in the country may be enabled to reach as high a standard in their studies as those who can attend Professors' classes in town. The St. Andrews LL.A. degree examination and the examinations for the degrees of the London University are open to all, and may be prepared for anywhere, but many competent students shrink from attempting to take a degree for want of a little help and encouragement. Next winter, however, St. George's Hall intends to add to its other work preparatory correspondence classes for the St. Andrews LL.A. examination, and should there be a sufficient demand, doubtless preparation for the London degrees could in time be arranged for also.

We hope we have in some measure proved that the correspondence system is really life and work deserving the sanction and approval of the Church—a body composed of many members, whose varying circumstances and abilities require different outlets for energy. Now that talents of the mind are a sacred gift, and that the duty of improving them is laid upon all on whom they have been bestowed, we think no one will deny. Surely then, it must be allowed that a system which prevents some from burying their one talent in the earth, and helps many more to lay out theirs to the best advantage, connects itself in an indisputable manner with true Life and Work.

"AN OLD CORRESPONDING STUDENT OF
ST. GEORGE'S HALL."

NOTE.—Full information about the St. George's Hall Classes will be found in the Prospectus and Report; those for the ensuing Session may be had from Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, Castle Street, Edinburgh; or from Mr. Thin, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Further particulars may be had on application to the Honorary Secretary, Miss S. E. S. Mair, 5 Chester Street, Edinburgh.

Strayed.

A CHILD within the summer wood
With happy feet alone,
'Mid dancing gleams of light and shade
And music in the branches made
And waters' undertone,

Awhile unheeding trips along,
A song within her heart,
Seeking where purple berries lie
And dewy flowerets lurking ehy
In tangled nooks apart;

But sudden! starts she, smit with fear,
And lets her posy fall,
Quick thro' the mazy woodland flies,
To find the homeward pathway tries,
While rocks and trees repeat her cries,
And "Father, father," call.

Till, as the evening darkens round,
'Mong velvet mosses hid,
Sleep lulls upon her slumb'rous breast
The little head with grief oppress,
And folds each tearful lid.

The silver morning breaks anew!
Oh unexpected bliss!
She wakes to meet her father's face,
With upflung arms to his embrace,
And lips that shape a kiss.

We, too, are children that have strayed
And on a strange earth roam,
For, when we've culled its fairest flowers,
A wanderer's longing still is ours
To find our own true home.

The Home our heart still dreams of,
Our Father,—where are they?
Ye ancient hills that stand on high,
Ye stars, that in your silent eye
The secret hold, hear how we cry
"Our Father, and the Way!"

O never-resting heart of man,
Seeking this darkened earth around,
And finding grief, know, weary heart,
That He, whose wand'ring child thou art,
Has sought thee and has found.

And lay thee calmly to thy rest
When death's night darkens round,
And trust that waking thou shalt see
The Father's face bend over thee,
And th' endless morn around.

T. P. JOHNSTON.

A Successful Experiment:

BEING THE HISTORY OF THE BATH STREET
CLASS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By Rev. JAMES MITCHELL, M.A., South Leith.

Concluded from September.

AS the books read in the class were generally great favourites, there was often a wish expressed to be allowed to take them home, and therefore I generally put them aside for this purpose; but as these books accumulated, a library was growing up without my almost being aware of it. It needed only a grant from the work, which was readily given, to make it sufficiently complete, and it now numbers several hundred volumes.

Being a regular depositor in the Penny Bank is the only qualification for getting books from the library. Some of those who are the most devoted readers could not, when they first came under our care, read a single word themselves, and it may be understood with what special pleasure we hand to these volume after volume. The books are, on the whole, well taken care of; they are often neatly covered by the girls themselves, and although there are necessarily many changes by girls leaving to find work in Dundee and elsewhere, not a single volume has been lost from the library, and I have never had to send word to any one to return the volume she may have had out.

I took special care that in the books I read, and in the short addresses I gave from time to time, home management and home duties should occupy a prominent place, and having gradually prepared the way in so far for what I was anxious to accomplish, I gave a few short lectures on chemistry, illustrated by experiments, in which they were much interested. On closing the series I informed them that I was anxious they should have an opportunity of performing some chemical experiments for themselves, and that as cooking was practical chemistry, and the preparation of food was a sort of chemical experiment, we had resolved to give them an opportunity of becoming practical experimenters, by starting a cooking class on the Saturday afternoons. The proposal did not at first meet with much outward favour, although I knew that the soil was thoroughly prepared for the reception of the idea, and that sooner or later it must spring up. No girls seemed willing to give in their names for these chemistry experiments. The truth was, they did not like to confess, as they said to me privately, that they did not know anything about cooking. When Saturday came, and the ladies who were to bear a hand with the cooking department were ready in front of the fire, there was no appearance of the girls. The fact was, that as the intention of starting a cooking class had become known throughout the whole work, the hundreds who poured forth from the work on the Saturday afternoon crowded round the building within which our operations were to be carried on, in the hope, if possible, of jeering out of their intention those who had resolved to form the new class. At last, however, one girl was heroic enough to march boldly in, and she was quickly followed by seven others, who had promised to be present. When I went in an hour afterwards, I found ladies and girls all hard at work over a roasting fire, and all looking as if they meant business.

The place of meeting was admirably adapted for this purpose, having been put up by the firm for the sake of giving to those who lived at a distance from the work an opportunity of getting their dinner either warmed or cooked. The cooking utensils were purposely limited, for the most part, to such articles as ought to form part of the furniture of a working man's home, as we thought it would be out of place to accustom them to others, which they would not afterwards be able to purchase for themselves. The girls are shown how to lay the cloth for dinner, and how to lay the table neatly. While the cooking is going on, a lecture is given by a lady on the different steps of the process, and when it is completed, a reality is given to the whole proceedings by the girls sitting down to eat the dinner which has been so prepared. This expense, which has been defrayed by the firm, averaged not more than 4d. a head. In some cases the handling of a knife and fork was evidently a new experience. They have also to wash up the dishes, and put all the things back into their proper places, before leaving the hall in the afternoon, in order that they may early learn to keep their own house tidy. We have generally something prepared also for any one of the workers who is sick; and one of the girls takes to the sick person, on her way home, what has been so prepared. I was the more anxious to introduce sick cookery into the class, having seen so often, when attending sick-beds, the extraordinary messes prepared by women for their

husbands under such circumstances. The girls who attend cannot of course remain many Saturdays in succession, as there are so many others who wish to come; but even with this drawback, the parents of many of them who were inclined to look with suspicion upon the scheme at first as implying a reflection upon them, have confessed to me with thankfulness that they have got many a hint from their daughters, when they came home from the cooking class, for which they have been the better, and that many a palatable and economical dish has been introduced into their houses, which the girls learned how to make at the cooking class.

III.—ITS RESULTS.

It may be fairly asked, What, as the result of a thirteen years' experience, would you say are the benefits conferred by the class? Are these so great and manifest as to reward the labour or to justify a similar experiment? I would answer most emphatically, *They are*; and, for the encouragement of others, I would mention these among the manifestly good results:—

(1.) *A greater gentleness of speech and manners.* Looking back, during all these years, to the first few nights of the class, and comparing these with the class now, I do not think that anything strikes me more than the refinement and softened manners of its members. When the class first assembled, noisy talking among themselves, rude speaking to each other, and a coarse violence of manner in asking their companions for what they wanted, or in seizing what was not readily given, were the characteristics of a very large number—as they are the characteristics too frequently of many in the same position in life; but gradually, and unconsciously to themselves, intercourse with Christian gentlewomen at the tables, association with those whose manners were so very different, have so moulded them, that in after years, I am persuaded, those who have been members of this class will be found by their softness of speech and gentleness of manner, centres of peace in their own little neighbourhood, and able and willing to give that soft answer which so often turns away wrath within their own homes.

(2.) *A much greater neatness and tidiness in dress.* The interval between the hour of dropping work and the class meeting, and the distance many of them had to go to their homes, accounted for, and I thought fully excused, various untidinesses which marked the appearance of many of them on our earlier evenings of meeting; but now, when I see the general neatness of dress and tidiness of person, when I see the glossy hair, which but an hour and a half before must have been thick with flax dust, and contrast all this with my recollection of the past, I do not wonder, as all visitors do, at the neatness and smartness of their appearance (although there is seldom any finery), but I can see in it a tribute of respect which they pay to the class, and a guarantee for their own tidiness of person within their future homes. It has come to be a habit with them, which it would now cost them pain to abandon.

(3.) *Their greatly improved moral tone.* I do not mean to say that the morality of the class has been all that could be desired, or that we have not had frequently to lament over many of whom better and different things were expected; but I do say that, compared with our experience of the class at first, and compared with the surrounding morality of those in the same position of life, there is a superiority so great, that, in spite of disappointments which have caused the only sadness in connection with the class, I should have felt that this improvement alone was an ample reward for all the labour connected with these evening meetings. Although we have been often grievously disappointed, we have been more frequently encouraged by seeing those who were exposed to almost every evil influence, who had neither the restraints of home, the memory of early counsel, nor the example of companions, to keep them in the right path, growing up unspotted

from the world, securing safety and respect by the purity of their own personal character, and proving that circumstances, however adverse, never necessitate a yielding to temptation.

Factory life has its drawbacks, arising not merely from the girls being all day long employed in work which has no connection whatsoever with their married life; but also from the fact that the wages they receive are such an addition to the home fund, that they become very early aware of their own pecuniary value in the home circle, and are to be found not only bargaining for board and lodging with their own parents, but, as a natural consequence, expecting to be allowed to go their own way and to do their own will; and where these conditions are not complied with, if thwarted or coerced at home as to the hour of home coming, or the companions with whom they associate, going to lodge elsewhere, and carrying even from a widowed mother's door those means of livelihood over which a stranger will not exercise any supervision or control. This early assertion of independence and freedom from all healthy restraint, the influence of the class has, in the vast majority of cases, been able to keep in check, and where they still live under their parents' roof, and a good understanding is kept up between the parents and the ladies who attend the class, I have no scruple, on being asked by any mother whether, in view of the dangers to be encountered, she should allow her daughter to choose the factory work rather than domestic service, in recommending the former, with such safeguards as we can furnish.

(4.) *The increased self-respect of the girls, shown in the higher character of the young men with whom they associate.* As a general rule, the husbands of those who are members of the class are steadier in character, and, in every respect, of a higher class, than those of their companions who have not come under its influence. Most certainly the homes of most of our girls who have got married, and who have been for any length of time under our care, are models of what a working man's home should be. Their worth in this respect has come to be known, and the only complaint which was ever brought, either in jest or earnest, against the class by any connected officially with the work itself, was that it caused so many more marriages than there used to be before it commenced, that they had from this cause lost several of their best hands, just when they were at their very best; but young men of sense are wise enough to see that a girl who has for years willingly submitted herself to an influence which was likely to make her a good woman, and a good wife and mother, is far more eligible as a partner for life than one who has steadily resisted all such influences. Our girls know how to make the most of things; they have heard and read a great deal of the duties of home life; they can manage a household with intelligence; they can do the most of the making and mending at home; they can prepare a comfortable meal; they are intelligent and cheerful companions; and I am not surprised that respectable, industrious mechanics should prefer the companionship of our girls to that of some of their more frivolous neighbours. I have been frequently and warmly thanked by husbands for the good wives which the class has helped to form for them.

(5.) *The influence of the class on the religious character of the girls,* I mention as the highest outcome of our labours. We have endeavoured to teach them faithfully their duty to God and to man, and to develop in them a sincere, earnest, and rational piety—seeking to build them up steadily in the knowledge of God's Word, in a living faith in the Lord Jesus, and in the daily manifestation of a consistent Christian character. And our labour has not been in vain. Judging from the purity of character, blamelessness of life, disinterestedness of conduct, fidelity in work, which characterises many of them, I would turn to the mill class if I were asked to mention some of those whom I would select as the

true disciples of our Lord and Master. Many of them have been among the most intelligent members of my Communicant and Bible Classes, and some of them have been, and still are, among the most efficient, the most regular, the most painstaking, and the most successful teachers in the Sunday School.

(6.) *The indirect power for good which we have been able to exercise upon their parents and friends.* There are hundreds, almost thousands, of persons, who, when this class began, were living utterly careless, godless lives, on whom mere clerical visits made no impression, being regarded simply as professional, who, since the commencement of this class, have become amenable to every influence for good. Over and over again I have found men, whom others had tried to gain over to at least outward religious observance, but who had steadily resisted all their entreaties, yield at once to my request that they would be more attentive to their spiritual well-being, and regulate their homes better, and attend the sanctuary more frequently, merely, as they said, "for what I had done for their ladies." And not unfrequently the form of religion which began to be observed out of gratitude to me, continued to be observed from a hearty interest in it, and a felt need for it; and I have been indebted to not a few of these for zealous and successful efforts to awaken careless companions and neighbours, and to keep a vigilant eye upon them until they too had learned to live continually as under the great Task-Master's eye. I am often grieved when I hear of the ingratitude of the poor for the services which are rendered to them. I do not deny that there is often the appearance of this; but I have generally found that in these cases the service rendered was not purely disinterested, or was so rendered as to have an offensively patronising air; and my own experience has been that of a gratitude far out of all proportion to the feeble services which were rendered. Indeed, I know no better means by which we can secure men's interest in spiritual things than by helping them in their temporal concerns. Temporal benefits they can understand and appreciate; for the labouring classes, never lacking in discernment, are easily won by honesty of purpose. The sacrifice of time and strength, in order to promote the comfort of their homes, the improvement in the condition of their families,—all these are services which come directly within the observation of the most careless; and when their sympathies are conciliated by these services, they are ready to listen to your counsels on higher matters, as they have already been benefited by you in other ways, and they know that they have in you a true friend in whom they can always safely trust. We must take men as we find them, and deal with them as they are, and we must first earn a right to speak to them regarding spiritual things, by showing that we are really interested in their worldly affairs. I could point to many who are now exemplary Christian men, who, unless they had been approached in what some may think this indirect manner, would have still continued careless, reckless, and to every good work reprobate. A clergyman, above all men, is frequently regarded by many of these as speaking professionally, if spiritual interests are the only ones on which he speaks; as I have heard it said, "It is his trade, and he is paid for it;" but when they find him doing something for which he is not paid, and which they cannot think to be included in his mere professional routine, the barrier of prejudice is removed out of the way, and he is left free to bring to bear upon them with effect the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

In conclusion, I need only say that I can cherish no better wish for those who have read these pages, than that they may find an opportunity of making a similar experiment; for I am persuaded that if they have only half of the enjoyment, and even half of the success which we have experienced in connection with it (although I wish them double), they will find, as we have found, that the work itself is its own exceeding great reward.

A Story of a Kitten.

WITH A MORAL FOR LITTLE READERS TO
FIND OUT.

A KITTEN of a few days old said to its mother, "Such nonsense, mother! How can there be such a thing as the sun? You told me that it was one of your greatest comforts, for it was pleasanter and warmer even than the kitchen fire—and I am quite chill and cold and shivering!"

"That is because the day is gloomy, and it is rainy, so that the sun cannot shine out."

"But you told me that it was a great round bright thing, up in the sky, that gave light to show you everything in the world. But I can see nothing—I do not believe that there is a sun at all."

"That is because you are blind yet. You won't see until you open your eyes—which you will be able to do in a day or two!"

"But you told me the same thing yesterday, and the day before, until I am tired hearing it. But what do I know about days—how long are they? How many have I lived? How many shall I live? How many have you lived? You say you have seen the sun—but how can I know what you mean?"

"Then just wait a little longer—and be patient—and you will see everything. I *know* that the sun is there—I know that you have eyes to see it, but they are too tender yet awhile. Be patient!"

The kitten was forced to be silent. Yet the next day it saw no sun, nor the next, nor the

next. Again he began to reproach his mother with deceiving him. This time she laughed aloud. "Isn't this a warm pleasant place that I have carried you to?"

"Yea."

"Then it is the sun that makes it so! It is delightful; it makes me so happy; and it makes me warm as well as you!" And pussy purred in grateful comfort.

"But I don't see a thing yet!"

"You are feeling it now—you may see it soon! And do you actually dare to think there is no sun because your paltry little eyes can't distinguish it? Have you ever even tried to open them? Have you tried to see?"

"No—not yet! I thought everything would come to me! I did not think of doing anything."

"Ah, helpless conceit! Open them—try hard!"

"Oh, mother! mother! This is too terribly glorious!" he exclaimed, as a blaze of light glared upon his twinkling eyes.

"That is the sun!" said his mother proudly.

After closing his eyes awhile, he turned to the other side, and re-opened them.

"Mother! I have learned to know things now! I see a bright green bank, and trees above it, and blue skies! I see the open door, and the kitchen

fire gleaming cheerily in the distance. I see the nice clean straw round us; and I see you, mother, and myself; and we are like each other! And I know the sun is there behind us, above us—though I dare not look. I am ashamed of myself."

C. STOPES.



The old, old Cry.

I AM come to Thee, my Saviour,
With my sorrow and my sin;
At Thy mercy's gate I'm knocking—
Open, Lord, and let me in.
I am standing on death's threshold,
Very weary of earth's din;
I am longing to be near Thee—
Open, Lord, and let me in.

I am begging for admission,
Which I know I cannot win;
But my Saviour's blood hath bought it—
Open, Lord, and let me in.
Guilty am I, weak and weary,
Overburdened with my sin,
And no plea have I but Jesus—
Open, Lord, and let me in.

The old, old Answer.

COME in, come in, thou weary one,
Thou must not turn away;
Thy Saviour opens wide the gate,
'Tis He who bids thee stay.
He cannot turn unheeding ear
To weary suppliant's cry,
Pleading His Name, His Sacrifice,
His Death, His Victory.

Come in, come in, thou sinful one,
Thou'rt welcome to His love,
And welcome to be cleansed by Him
For the bright courts above.
Come in and share the free, free gift,
A sinner, but forgiven;
Come in, and angels will record
Thy second birth in heaven.

HOBKIRK.

J. P. T.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



NOVEMBER 1880.

PREFATORY NOTE AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1881.

THE announcements made this time last year have been more than fulfilled. If unforeseen circumstances have led to the postponement of a few of the Papers then promised, on the other hand, a much greater number of unannounced Articles of general interest—some of them by authors of high reputation—have been given to the public in this Magazine. So, we doubt not, will it be in 1881. While good and suitable writing will continue to be welcomed from any quarter, it is our special desire that the best thought and most living piety of the Church of Scotland should flow through these pages, and that some of the best work of the Church should be so set forth as to inspire and guide further Christian effort.

We are in a position to mention now some of the arrangements for 1881.

Our Sermons will be a special series, at once doctrinal and practical. The Subjects, and the names of the Preachers, will be announced in December.

Our leading Story, entitled "**DINAH'S SON: Thou cam'st not to thy Place by Accident,**" will be written by **L. B. WALFORD.**

"**A. K. H. B.**" will contribute a series of "**Essays on Life and Work.**"

The Author of "**John Halifax, Gentleman,**" sends a Story, "**My Sister's Grapes,**" and Poems.

The Author of the "**Memoir of Hedley Vicars**" will contribute a series of Biographical Papers.

R. M. BALLANTYNE will write for the Young in our Children's Page.

"**Recollections of my First Parish**" will be the title of another series of Papers.

"**An Old Farm Servant**" will send us further Papers for the Agricultural Classes.

Among occasional Contributors we are promised the services of Principal **SHAIRP, LL.D.**; Mrs. **STANLEY LEATHES**; Rev. **ROBERT JAMIESON, D.D.**; **DAVID WINGATE.**

Rev. **GEORGE WILSON** will continue his Papers on Family Life and Religion; and Rev. **J. ROBERTSON** of Whittinghame will write upon the "**Cottar's Saturday Night.**"

Papers on "**Localities of the Holy Land and their Teachings**" will be furnished by Ministers who have visited Palestine:—Rev. **WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.**; Rev. **ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D.**; Rev. **J. C. LEES, D.D.**; Rev. **JOHN ALISON, M.A.**

Short Devotional Meditations and Bible Thoughts will be furnished by various Ministers.

The Committee are well aware that neither the Magazine, nor the arrangements for its distribution throughout the country, are, as yet, all that they might be. They trust that in their case consciousness of imperfection will be an effectual stimulus. That the Magazine has nevertheless reached its great circulation of upwards of 80,000 is largely, or almost wholly, due to the sympathetic action of very many Ministers throughout the Parishes of Scotland, who have spared no pains, and in many cases incurred expense, in introducing the Magazine into their parishes. That they have their reward, the Committee can well believe; and they have many testimonies to this effect. But now they appeal both to those Ministers who have helped them in the past, and to those who have not hitherto seen their way to encourage this enterprise, to raise the circulation to

100,000.

With this increase attained, there are many things which the Committee could do. Authors could be better remunerated. The Illustrations could be at once improved if the Magazine could afford better paper—without which the highest artistic effort is to some extent thrown away. Facilities could be given for the transmission of the Magazine to some remote localities.

We intimate our programme thus early, in order that Ministers who are making their arrangements for next year may include among them a special effort to increase the circulation of the Magazine, commencing with the January number. Much may be done, even by those who have already a good congregational circulation, if they will now seek to make that circulation parochial, as, we believe, they might do with great advantage to the people. We do not hide our flag; the General Assembly's name is on our title-page, and when there is occasion we speak as a Magazine of the Church of Scotland. But we believe that those of our readers who are not of the Church of Scotland do not think less of us on this account, and that there has not been anything in these pages to unfit them for a wide parochial circulation.

Ministers who have not yet localised the Magazine by means of a Supplement for their Parish or District, are not aware how much can be done by this means to awaken interest, and call forth Congregational activity. As a rule, a good Supplement more than doubles the circulation of the Magazine; and it may be either monthly, or at longer intervals.

Sermon.

THE SHAMEFUL SHAME.

By Rev. WILLIAM MASSON, M.A., Culsalmond.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. i. 16.
Read also Mark viii. 34 to 38.

ERE St. Paul penned the Epistle to the Romans he had already preached the gospel in well nigh all the most populous centres of Asia Minor and Greece. How is it, then, that he has not yet visited Rome, the seat of Government, the metropolis of the world, the home of grandeur, of learning, of refinement, and (alas! we may say) of iniquity? Is he ashamed to speak of a poor, persecuted, crucified Saviour amid the magnificence, pride, and luxury of the Imperial City? And, if he does come, will he not change his tone somewhat? will he not soften down the harsher features of that system which he preached so uncompromisingly in such outlandish places as Galatia and Macedonia, so as to render it less humbling to Roman self-sufficiency, and less hostile to Roman licentiousness? Thoughts of this kind seem to have occurred to some of the Roman Christians in consequence of the apostle having been so long of visiting the Capital. St. Paul begins his epistle by scouting such an idea as being utterly foreign to his mind and heart. He was ready, nay, he was eager, if God's providence would only permit, to preach the same gospel there, which he had proclaimed "from Jerusalem all round unto Illyricum." To proud patrician, supercilious philosopher, giddy votary of pleasure, he was ready to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. "Oh no, no; I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

They were brave words these, as uttered by St. Paul. It needed courage, courage of a high kind, to preach the gospel without a blush in Rome. The gospel was then a new thing, an obscure thing, an unpopular thing. Hateful as the word "gallows" is now, it is not nearly so hateful as the word "cross" was in St. Paul's time. In spite of that, too, it made demands on the heart and life such as no other religion had ever made before. "The grace of God hath appeared, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world," was its uncompromising message. And Rome was a most trying place wherein to preach such a gospel. It was the very incarnation of worldly power, pomp, pride, and sin. What might the apostle, then, expect to meet with when he preached the gospel at Rome? What but scorn and ridicule to begin with; hatred and persecution if he persisted in pressing this hard and humbling evangel? Just imagine St. Paul encountering some of those haughty, profligate Romans, with the gospel of Christ on his lips. "Thou hast a divine message for us, hast thou? Well, poor Jew, thou seemest a strange ambassador to come from the immortal gods; but out with

thy message!" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved." "Who is this Jesus Christ in whom we are to believe?" "He is the Son of the Most High God, who, nevertheless, in His compassion and mercy, became man, and lived for many years in Judea, teaching the people and going about doing good." "And what became of Him?" "He was rejected and persecuted by His fellow-countrymen, and finally crucified by order of the Roman Governor." "Believe in One who was crucified; in One who died the death which we reserve for the vilest malefactors! Rather, we execrate His memory! But what manner of life are we expected to lead if we become the followers of this crucified One? Thou canst not surely be very particular on that score!" "You must be pure, humble, forgiving——" "Humble and forgiving! Why! humility and forgiveness are the virtues of slaves and conquered Jews, not of free-born Romans, who are the masters of the world! Begone, poor fanatic, and preach thy base religion to other races than ours." And St. Paul understood all this well. He knew how the gospel had been flouted in less pretentious places than Rome. He remembered how he himself, not many years ago, had revolted against the claims of the crucified Nazarene. He was withal, too, as we can readily gather from his writings, a man of a tremblingly sensitive temperament, to whom, naturally, scorn and derision were most painful and trying, to whom the love and even the approval of his fellow-men, if they came from a right spirit, were pleasant as the summer's sunshine is to the grass and flowers. There was much, therefore, which might tempt the apostle to be ashamed of the gospel at Rome.

But it is all so different with us. The gospel has made itself a name now. Christianity has taken its place, its very enemies being witnesses, among the foremost forces in the world. The cross crowns our grandest edifices, forms the most prominent object in the sky-line of our finest cities, adorns the breasts of kings, has become almost the dominant symbol in painting, architecture, and every decorative art. Surely then there can be no such thing as being ashamed of the gospel nowadays, at all events in a Christian country such as ours! Let us see.

Have you ever been in company when religion and religious people were treated with levity, or when words unbecoming the purity of the gospel were bandied about from mouth to mouth, or when drunkenness, profanity, and kindred sins, which crucify the Lord of glory afresh, were spoken of as if there was nothing very bad about them after all, or when the most worldly views of life and motives of action were openly and unblushingly avowed; and did you sit quietly by, the while, and allow it to be supposed, even when your conscience was inwardly tingling, that you acquiesced in what was going on around you?

Have you ever sought to dissemble your regard for religion, and to make yourself out as being less thoughtful and serious than you actually are? Would you be taken somewhat aback did a neighbour, coming suddenly in, find you reading your Bible, if it were not, indeed, at the recognised hour of family worship? Would you start up with a blush on your cheek, were you unexpectedly seen by some one down on your knees in prayer? And, however earnest you may be in church and in your private devotions, do you act at other times as if you almost studied to disabuse people's minds of the idea that you are interested in the things which concern your peace?

Have you for some time had on your mind some Christian duty, which you feel you ought to perform, but from the performance of which you always shrink? Perhaps you are the head of a family, who feel you ought to lead the devotions of your household. Perhaps you are a young man or woman sharing rooms with an ungodly companion, who tremble inwardly as you throw yourself down prayerless night by night on your bed. Perhaps you are a boy or girl at school, whose conscience reproves you keenly for never protesting against the wrong words which greet your ears. But you always hesitate to act out your convictions. You dread having the finger of scorn pointed at you, and hearing the words, "Oh me! he is growing pious; he is setting up as a saint."

Have you ever heard this, that, or the other earthly panacea for the evils of the world eloquently described, earnestly pressed, and, however deep your own personal faith in the power of the gospel, did you shrink from saying boldly, "Well, all those prescriptions may be good and helpful in their way, but are you not forgetting the remedy which is by far the most deep-reaching and effective of all? There is no panacea for the sins and sorrows of humanity which can, for a moment, be compared with the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Alas! alas! we cannot flatter ourselves that the old shame of the gospel has yet disappeared from the world. You may often meet with it still, even among professing Christians, among men and women who call themselves by Christ's name, and regularly compass Christ's Table.

Common, however, as this sin is, it is most hateful in the sight of the Lord. A time is coming when Jesus Christ shall descend from heaven in power and great glory, and when you, and I, and all of us, shall stand before His judgment throne. Then will He be ashamed of those who were ashamed of Him. Then will He disown before His angels and saints those who disowned Him among their fellow-men. "Those," He will exclaim, "are people who were ashamed, not of the works of iniquity, but of Me and of My words; who blushed to be seen in company, not with the worldly and even the profane, but with their Lord

and Saviour! It pains and grieves Me to look on them. Away with them from My presence!"

Is it any wonder? What were they ashamed of? Of something low, contemptible, shame-worthy? Ah! they were ashamed of that into whose marvels the angels delight to look; of that in which we have the grandest manifestation of the Divine power and compassion, the Divine wisdom and grace; of that which feeds the mind with the noblest objects of thought, and blesses the conscience with a deep and enduring peace; which robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory; which peoples the eternal future for us with friendly voices and welcoming looks, with a Father's beaming face and the kindly grasp of a Saviour's hand; which opens up before us, at a time when otherwise the horizon of our destiny were at its coldest, and bleakest, and darkest, the near prospect of a land where "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold," and where the days of our mourning shall be ended. True, Jesus Christ died on the cross, died the death then reserved for the vilest malefactors; but, knowing as we know, that He voluntarily, gladly endured that death for us, surely we have then the greatest of all reasons for loving Him and for glorying in His gospel! There is nothing in the world so beautiful and adorable as love—self-forgetting, self-sacrificing love; and nowhere will you find such a wonderful display of love as in the suffering cross of the Lord Jesus. It is, indeed, strange, almost inexplicable, this shame of the gospel.

Let us try to rid ourselves of this shameful shame, and to say rather to those who may sneer at us for honouring Christ and His words, as David said to Michal, If this is to be vile, "I will yet be more vile." Let us try never to speak or look as if the gospel were something to be apologised for, or mentioned with bated breath, but rather to speak and look as if we believed, which surely we do believe, that the true, the right, the manly thing, is to vindicate for it the supreme place in men's hearts and lives. While we do not obtrude our religion, let us never conceal it; while we avoid all ostentation and display, let us never lower our Christian flag before any one; let us never treat our Saviour as people sometimes treat a poor relation, whom they are ready enough to acknowledge in a quiet way, but whom they would rather not openly recognise before the world. Amen.

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTHING happened on the Sunday after. The family went to church as usual, leaving Mrs. Cameron alone in the house—to rest, she said, but the rest she took was not much. The day was spent in watching, but no one came. And on Monday morning, by the

early coach, Mrs. Cameron went in to Edinburgh. The Captain had proposed to go himself, but his rheumatism and his wounds were all the worse for this agitation, and that idea had been given up. Isabel walked down with her mother to the cross road, where the coach passed; they were both very pale. "You will not be out of the way for an instant till I come back," the mother said, "not for an instant, my darlin'. If he comes back, be there to welcome him. Let him not arrive as if he was not looked for, as if there was nobody to care for him."

"I will be there, mother," Isabel said. This was repeated, with a little difference of words, two or three times as they walked down through the fresh air of the early morning; but little else was said between them. Mrs. Cameron was pale, but she never had been more alert and strong. Her vigil had excited her, and brought all her reserve force to her aid. What might happen after was another matter, but in the meantime she was strong for all she had to do. There were one or two startled exclamations when she stepped into the coach, and one benevolent person "hoped there was nothing the matter with any of her sons."

"John is not just in his ordinary," she replied, "but nothing serious, I hope;" and she held herself up, and talked on the usual subjects with an occasional smile, letting no one divine the nature of her errand. One of the other passengers was Mr. Bruce, the minister, who was in great spirits about his son. Rob was coming home; he had done so well that he was to get a junior partnership, and live either in London at the head office, or perhaps even in Edinburgh, which would be better still. Mrs. Cameron's heart contracted with a pang that was not envy but comparison. Oh no, she wished no harm to anybody's son; but to hear of the prosperity of Rob Bruce, and see his father's beaming countenance, when she herself was going on such an errand, was bitter: how could it be but bitter! "You'll be expecting him home soon?" she said, trying with all her might to look and also to feel (poor mother!) sympathetic with her friend's joy.

"Oh, very soon; he will be in London now," said the minister, all smiles. She smiled too, heroically, and kept all her sighing deep in her own breast. This was the youth who had loved Isabel from her childhood. If he loved her still, as no doubt he must, for where was there another like her! alas! her heart was robbed away from him. What wonder if in her secret soul, underneath her smiles, poor Mrs. Cameron felt as if everything was against her, as if God Himself was on the other side. "All Thy waves have gone over me," she said in her heart.

When she went, with her pale face, and a sort of majesty of trouble about her, to the banker who had known the family for years, and knew all their affairs, her errand, though it was humiliating to her pride, was not difficult. She took with her papers, the title-deeds of their house, their only property. "It is for a very urgent occasion," she said. "The Captain is not a man, I need not tell you, to think little of debt, or go into it if he can help it. You will see in his letter what he says. I must have it now, without delay, or I must go elsewhere."

"You shall not go elsewhere," he said. It was not a difficult matter, after all. It hurt nothing but the pride of independence in the old people, who had never been in debt, and dreaded it as only people with small incomes dread that crushing burden. It was still not eleven o'clock when she entered, with a new pang, the office where she had gone often to see John, and where his desk was the first thing that caught her eye. The other young men looked up curiously to see a lady come in, but the cashier was anxiously awaiting her arrival. "Good morning, Mrs. Cameron," he said, hurrying to meet her, and pronouncing her name with elaborate distinctness, that all might hear. "I hope your son is better this morning!"

The surprise of the question almost threw her off her guard. She looked at him for a moment with a dismayed consciousness of deception, a quivering of her lip, which scarcely permitted her to say a word. "There is no difference," she said at length.

That was no lie, as Johnston impressed upon her as he led her into Mr. Scrimgeour's room. "No lie—but what could you have said better if he had been at home in his bed with a sore cold, which is what they all think!" the cashier said, almost with a chuckle at his own ingenuity.

Mrs. Cameron was a proud woman by nature. She had scorned all these little arts of deception, of which so many people think little, all her life. "I think I would rather tell a lie right out," she said, wiping away with her tremulous hand a bitter drop from the corner of her eye, "than deceive with words that are half true."

"Hoot, mem, hoot!" said Johnston, whose spirits had risen at the sight of the notes which she handed to him. "We must not look at things so close. God be thanked, we've saved him whether or no."

Saved him! had they saved him! She sat down in sheer exhaustion in Mr. Scrimgeour's room, where John had come so often to receive his directions, and sometimes to be scolded for not observing them. The bare office walls, the heavy furniture, desks and tables, seemed to turn round before her eyes; now that her mission was accomplished her strength was failing. The cashier ran to a private cupboard and brought her a glass of wine, but she waved it away. "I could not touch it, I could not touch it," she cried. She was eager to get away, but her limbs refused to sustain her. While she was seated there unwillingly in Mr. Scrimgeour's own chair, regaining her composure, there was a sound outside of some one rushing upstairs three steps at a time—then a little commotion in the outer office, and finally the door of the room was pushed open, and somebody dashed in.

"Are you Mr. Johnston?" said an eager voice; "are you the cashier?" All the mists that had been gathering about her seemed to roll into one cloud, and obliterate everything from Mrs. Cameron's sight. Then she slowly emerged out of the darkness, and saw standing before her the active young figure of Mansfield flushed with haste.

"One moment," he said, lowering his voice. "Here's something from John Cameron—something that—he said you would understand what it was. I hope to heaven I am not too late." Then he gave a sudden exclamation, pulled his hat off his head hurriedly, and turned, with a crimson countenance, and a look of utter discomfiture and confusion, to where John Cameron's mother sat, looking in her misery, as the mists cleared off and she saw him, like a severe and majestic old queen. She was perfectly pale; she held herself up as if at a state ceremonial, and she spoke not a word, which made her state more imposing still. "I—beg your pardon," he said, confused. "I—had no idea—I should find—any one here."

Mrs. Cameron could not make any reply. She was worn out with fatigue, and watching, and excitement, and neither understood why he was here nor what he had come to do. Johnston, with equal surprise, and a little reluctance, took the packet which the young man held out to him. He tore it open slowly, with a little tremulousness, not knowing what revelation might be in it. When he found two notes for the same sum which had just been given him by Mrs. Cameron he looked at them and at the bearer of them with consternation. It was some time before he could take in what it meant.

"These are—what are they? I don't understand," he said.

"Nor I," said Mansfield, half embarrassed, half haughty; "something which Cameron owed at the office. He said you would understand."

The cashier gazed with open-mouthed amazement at this double restitution. He looked at the notes on both sides, turning them over and over as if to make sure that they were genuine. "This cannot come," he said, "from the lad himself."

"If it comes from his friend, what does that matter—so long as you have it, and so long as I am in time! Am I in time?" Mansfield said. All this while Mrs. Cameron had been collecting her faculties, and began to regain possession of herself.

Johnston stood between the two, holding the bundle of soiled Scotch notes in one hand, and in the other those two crisp new ones, which seemed emblematic in the difference between them—the one payment wrung out of poverty, subtracted from the daily uses of honest living; the other costing no sacrifice, out of the superfluity of wealth. (He forgot that a young man living as Mansfield did has never any superfluity, and that those who gratify every fancy have as little to spare as the poor.) "It is nothing to this young ne'er-do-weel," he said to himself, "and it is a great deal to the old folk." But how to substitute the one for the other he did not know. The cashier was a good man, but he was not without a little simple guile. "Mrs. Cameron," he said, "this is a question for you and not for me. You have paid me the money, and here is this gentleman, whom maybe you do not know, but who is a friend of your son's, and he brings it too. What makes him put himself forward I know not. But I'm wanted in the office, and it's not a question for me to settle. I will leave you and him to talk it over. Anyway all will be right, and I am truly content."

With this he hurried away, not without an internal chuckle, leaving the two face to face. If Mansfield had been introduced into a lion's den he would have been less alarmed. He had acted on an impulse for good, as he acted often upon impulses for evil, but, as so often happens in such cases, the attempt at generosity brought instant punishment, while the sin in most cases succeeded. He stood before this old lady abashed and downcast, as he would not have stood before any judge. He did not know how to meet her eye. But she was not yet sufficiently roused to think upon any subject but one. A sense that he had incurred her displeasure—she could scarcely in her great trouble remember how—made her speak to him with a kind of solemnity; but that was partly due, at the same time, to the excitement and misery of her suspense.

"Sir," she said, reading his face with anxious eyes, and appealing to him with her hands, "there is one thing you will tell me. You have seen my son! Where is he! where is he! You will take pity upon a family worn out with trouble. Where is my John?"

"Mrs. Cameron, I will tell you everything I know. I have no idea where he is. I met him on the railway, going south, as they say here. He told me he had to leave, and that *this* was wanted at the office. He was in great distress. I will tell you the truth. I was ashamed to think I had perhaps helped him to spend it—and you, who had received me so kindly, so trustingly—I could not get it at once, but here it is. It is the least I can do, it is the least I can do: so long as I am not too late."

"Take back your money, Mr. Mansfield," she said. She stretched out her hand with the packet which Johnston had given her, but in her trembling, which she could not get the better of, it dropped from her fingers and fell on the carpet, where the notes lay, so valuable, so worthless, between them. "If you did this out of friendship, and to save John, I am grateful to you, very grateful; but we can do what is needed for our son ourselves, his father and me. If you did it for any other motive—" here she paused and looked at him, other recollections beginning to return to her. It was this he had been afraid of. If she were to question him on the other subject, call upon him, as parents have a right to do, for explanations, what might follow! He would have fled from her eyes if he had dared. But this was not what was in Mrs. Cameron's mind. She had liked the young man who had claimed her hospitality so simply, who had sat so often at her table, whom she had trusted, whom she had begun to love. Was it possible

he could have intended to injure her or hers! And then he had hastened to the rescue of her boy. Her heart melted, her eyes softened, in spite of herself. "Have you anything else to say to me, Mr. Mansfield?" she said.

Now Mansfield was used to vulgar minds, and vulgar modes of cajoling and persuasion. When she melted thus he began to think she was like the rest. His awe of her lightened too. He was embarrassed still, but he began to recover his courage: yet in his confusion and self-consciousness he scarcely knew what were the words he stammered forth. "I would ask you—if I dared—to remember me to the Captain: and to Miss Cameron," he said.

"To remember you!" Her face and her voice changed again. Though he was not looking at her, he knew this in a moment, and that he had been a pitiful fool to think anything else. He felt how she was looking at him now, though he dared not look up to see it, and felt himself the greatest cur in existence, hung up, as it were, a spectacle to earth and heaven, in the light of this old woman's eyes. "To remember you!" she said, "is that what you would have them to do?"

Never was there a triumphant deceiver more abashed and confounded. "Perhaps it would be better," he said, crushing his hat in his hands, "if I were to ask you—to bid them forget me, Mrs. Cameron."

"Ay, that would be better," she said sternly. "Sir, I will ask you one other thing. The last night you came to my house, was it with the knowledge that it *was* the last? Was your leaving settled, or was it sudden? Was it by your own will or other folks'? Did you know when you came in at my door, when you sat at my table, when my—family walked out with you to see you on your way, did you know it was for the last time? Answer me the truth. I have a right to that."

"I told them," he said, hanging his head, speaking low in self-contempt, in the shame of having such an answer thus extorted from him; "I told them—that I was asking them for the last time."

"For the last sail in your boat—and you meant it to be the last meeting, the last visit! Then that is true! Lad, what devil possessed you!—but no, no, no, there's no devil like a self-seeking man. Then that is true. And for half an hour's pleasure, for a brag maybe, to tickle your meeserable vanity—no other reason—you took the bloom out of a young life, and robbed my house that had taken ye in, and fed ye, and cherished ye—"

She had risen to her feet; her eyes were blazing in their worn old sockets, her lips quivering, her nostrils dilated; she lifted her arm with a free, bold gesture of passion like an orator. The young man before her quailed, he shrank backwards, and clasped his hands in appeal. "No, no, no; don't say that," he said; "don't say that!"

"Not that! what was it then! Do you think I want you back! If you were the first man in England you might ask me on your knees, but you should never join hands with bairn of mine. And yet you will take trouble and spend money to save the other! Was it to pay for the wanton harm you have done, to make up for the insult you have put upon us! Was that your meaning! You would pay us—my husband that has served his country, and me that have never turned a stranger from my door—for having profaned our house and betrayed our kindness; was that your meaning!" she said, in tremulous tones that seemed to echo round and round those bare walls unaccustomed to passion. For these minutes Mansfield had his fill of the keen sensation he loved, but it was not sensation of a delightful kind.

"You do me wrong, you do me wrong," he cried. "If I have done harm, I am punished. But as for this, I meant nothing but to help one I had perhaps helped to go astray. I never thought it would reach your ears at all. I may have—forgotten myself: I may have—erred in words; but if I have done harm, I am punished."

"Punished—by an old woman's tongue; that will do you little harm, Mr. Mansfield. Take up your money,

and go your ways. I wish you no ill; there must be good in you as well as evil, or you would not have done this; but go! go! for I cannot bide the sight of you!" Mrs. Cameron said. She stood over him while he gathered up his money from the floor, and, scarlet with confusion and anger and shame, turned and stumbled out, scarcely knowing what he was doing. There was never a conquering hero more ignominiously dismissed. Though he had not allowed it, though he had said truly enough that he never expected it to reach their ears, yet the money for John had been in his own mind a sort of compensation for the wrong to Isabel; and now, instead of that good deed to set against the evil one, he had nothing but scorn and contempt, and what was almost worse, disgust. "I cannot bide the sight of you!" said with all the emphasis of which a Scotch voice is capable, and made all the worse by the fact that this strange compound of good and evil liked the old woman who spoke, the kind woman who had opened her house to him, the indignant mother who spurned him with an impatience as natural as her kindness. Never in his life had Mansfield felt so small, so petty, so poor a creature. This was not his feeling at all in ordinary cases. He knew that people liked him, and held by this more than by anything else. Even his vices had been treated with a certain respect; he had been begged with tears to abandon them or to make up for them, to clear himself, or to indemnify others; but never before had he and his compensations and his makings up been swept away as by the outstretched arm of this old lady, with loathing and contempt.

When he was gone Mrs. Cameron sat down again in Mr. Scrimgeour's chair. It was very quiet, though in the midst of all the Edinburgh noises; the high walls, the lofty roof, the retirement within the other office, where work was going on busily and little talk, the very bareness of the strange place, calmed her after all her emotion. She sat alone in the stillness, not thinking even, with anguish in her heart, but yet a sense of exhaustion which stilled even that. So far John was in safety; no man could say he was disgraced; but where was he? How was she to lie to her neighbours and say he was "not in his ordinary," as she had said that morning—not lying, yet meaning to deceive! But even that was a secondary matter. Where was he? wandering despairing over the face of the earth. Was he to vanish as Willie had vanished, never to come back again? Willie was her firstborn. She did not know where he was, in what quarter of the world, or if perhaps he had left this world for another. "If he is yet in the land of the living and in the place of hope," she said, when she prayed for him. Who could tell where he was? and now the youngest son, the last of the boys, had disappeared after him into the unknown. She sat musing painfully, yet without excitement, quieted, as a great climax of pain and excitement quiets for a little after the anguished soul, when Mr. Johnston came back. He was very curious, full of eagerness. Would she have had the good sense, he thought, to let that good-for-nothing pay? It would be well his part. It was he and such as he that had led poor John Cameron, not an ill laddie, never an ill laddie, off his feet. It would be all they could do, him and the like of him, to pay. He investigated the table anxiously to see if the money was still there.

"I expect Mr. Scrimgeour every minute," he said; "will you stay and see him, mem? If you will not stay and see him, I can let you out another way, not to go through among these young men. Be under no uneasiness," he said, lowering his voice, "about Mr. John. If Mr. Scrimgeour asks about his accounts, I'll be able to say they are all in order. There was one thing he had forgotten to enter, I'll say, but the money is all right, it is all right. I cannot tell you what a relief that is to my mind. I hope, Mrs. Cameron, if you will not be offended at my inquiring, I hope you've let that lad pay."

"Mr. Johnston, I hope I'm no hard," she said. "I

sent him away with his siller faster than he came. How can I endure the sight of them that have injured my bairns? I wish them no harm, but I cannot bide the sight of them!" she cried.

The cashier was alarmed by her vehemence and agitation. "Can I see you to where you're staying?" he said, "or are you staying in the town? or maybe you are going back by the coach? My wife would be very glad to see you, Mrs. Cameron; or if I could walk as far as—any friends you may be staying with—"

Mrs. Cameron's pride was touched. "No," she said, "I thank you, I am quite able to take care of myself. I am going back with the coach at one o'clock. If anything more is needful, or if Mr. Scrimgeour has anything to ask of us, we will rely upon you to let us know."

"That I will, that I will," Johnston said. He was relieved that the incident was over, and to see her rise from the chair in which he had been afraid she might faint or even die. With her over-fastidiousness and regard for fact, he was glad she should not meet Mr. Scrimgeour, and perhaps enter upon compromising explanations. "But there will be nothing more to say," he added, leading her to the private door, with a look of simple pleasure in his own ingenuity, "there will be nothing, I have made it quite clear. The lads are all perfectly satisfied. I have said that I had reason to fear there was a touch of fever in it, and that he had to be kept very quiet; that was to prevent any of them going out to Wallyford, as they're capable of doing, to inquire after him; a touch of fever, and his head maybe jured the least thing affected, and great need for quiet. You will mind that this is what I have said, Mrs. Cameron," he added, with again a little internal chuckle of satisfaction in his own cleverness, as he watched her go away; and for her part, John's mother could say nothing to the man who had been so good to him. There is no harder ingredient in such misfortunes than to hear all the well-intentioned, kindly-meaning things which our best friends say.

At the cross road the Captain was waiting to meet her, looking only half himself without the young figure beside him who was his constant companion out of doors. He shook his head in answer to the first eager look his wife gave him as the coach stopped to set her down. Nothing had happened: the wanderer had not come home. He took her arm as they turned up the lane, leaning upon her as she told her story. It was a pathetic sight to see the old people together, close clinging arm in arm, his old head bent over her, both faces so gray and anxious, full of trouble. Slowly they went along the dusty way, she recounting every word, every step of the progress, he listening with that earnest attention which only perfect unity gives. Just so they had gone through the long path of their life, with one intent, one meaning, one existence: now it was coming sadly to an end amid what clouds and troubles. In the midst of her own story Mrs. Cameron stopped suddenly to tell the Captain of Rob Bruce and his good fortune. "He has done so well that he is coming home, with a partnership and everything in his favour. He is to be in London or maybe Edinburgh—and oh, but the minister is proud! He can see nothing but sunshine in this world." Her heart was very sore—and she laughed aloud as with a mockery of herself.

"And well he deserves it," said the Captain, pressing her arm; "he was always a good lad, always at his work, eidnt day and night."

"And what do we deserve?" she said with a bitter moan, shaking her head mournfully. "Are we so ill, so ill, such bad folk, that we must have all the beatings of the storm?"

"Oh my dear, my dear! have patience," the Captain said.

"Have I not had patience—how many years, how many years since Willie sank out of our sight? Was

there ever a bonnier lad or a kinder!—aye ready to serve a neighbour, to give to a poor body, to help them that wanted help; and then there was Tom. He is safe, safe, in his grave, in the Lord's hand, I humbly hope, that has forgiven a' his shortcomings; and now my last lad, my Johnnie. O William, my man!—do you not call that more than our share, three out of six, besides the bairns that died in their innocence; do you no call that more than our share?"

The Captain could not speak at once; his voice was choked in his throat. The names of the lost boys had taken him by surprise. "My dear," he said, "I call nothing more than our share that God sends. And we are not dead yet," he added with a pathetic smile; "wait till you an' me are at the end. You forget one thing, that we have aye been two to bear it; and wait before you give your judgment, till you and me are at the end."

"That is just all the harder," said the poor woman, distracted. "I think if it was only myself, I could bear it better; but you, William, that have brought up your bairns to serve God; and this is all, this is all that has come of it! If it were but myself, I might think I had made mistakes and done ill when I meant to do well, and that it was my blame. But you, that you should have no better return!"

"My dear," said the Captain, "you're wearied out, and your heart's sick with pain and trouble. You have not slept and you have not eaten. Na, na, do not turn away as if that was nothing. You will come home and take Christian rest, and thank the Lord that no man can point a finger at your son. And then we will wait till he comes back. I have a great confidence that he will come back, and soon—and soon! And do you know, my dear," the old Captain said, leaning upon her and drawing her arm close to his side, with a smile of tender humour, "that you speak as if you would have been better pleased to be without me. That's an ill compliment to an old man."

And he too laughed softly, with tender love and sorrow, with sad amusement at his innocent jest, and the wild impossibility of the suggestion he had made. Thus the old pair went home, where Isabel was on the watch. She was standing by the gate as they came up the lane, the sun shining upon her pretty hair. Her young face was worn and sad, and her father's laugh brought a look of bewildered surprise into Isabel's face. It did not seem to her that there was anything left upon earth which could tempt her to a smile. The old Captain put his hand upon her shoulder as he came up to the gate.

"My bonnie darlin'," he said, "here's your mother home again safe and sound, and all her business well accomplished, and some news of your brother; if not what we want, at least better than we might have expected. We cannot live like this with the tear ready to rise day and night; nor yet for ever on the watch with our hearts in our mouth: I am a man that must have a smile in my house, Isabel."

The girl stood looking at him vaguely for a moment, then threw herself upon his breast and burst into a flood of youthful tears. "And so you shall, and so you shall, papa!" she cried.

"And, my bonnie woman," said the old Captain turning to his old wife, whose hand he held, "we have had many a good day as well as many a sore day together. You'll not tell me that you could bear this or anything that is sent to you better by yourself than with me by your side. You'll not say that again, my dear, for it's no true."

"God forgive me!" cried Mrs. Cameron. "It's no true; it's more false than anything that ever was put into words. What would I do without you, my old man?"

"You will do without me when it's God's will—but no a moment sooner," he said—"no a moment sooner," with his soft laugh that was full of tears.

"And if you please," said Marget, looking out from

the door, "the dinner's on the table. It's been ready this half-hour. Whatever may have gaen wrang (I'm no asking; after thirty years' service it's no my place to ask)—whatever, I'm saying, may have gaen wrang, it can do nae guid to waste hailleome meat."

It was not till the evening of this exciting day that anything was said to Isabel about her mother's encounter with Mansfield. Then it was the Captain that spoke. "You will be pleased to hear, Isabel, that our summer friend, yon English lad, had put himself out of the way to get that money to save your brother: I have asked your mother's leave to tell you. In her tenderness she had a terror of naming his name; but I know, my Isabel," the old man said, "you will be pleased to hear that."

Isabel was greatly startled and shaken. It was in the twilight, when they were sitting together, saying little. Mrs. Cameron, much against her will, had been made to lie down upon the little sofa in the corner. She was within hearing, yet it was possible that she did not hear. Isabel had listened but languidly at first, then had been startled into intense interest. She was so taken by surprise that it took away her breath and her self-command. There was a pause during which it was all that she could do to struggle with the convulsive sobs that began to heave her breast, and when she spoke at last it was to say only, with catching breath, "That was not like a summer friend—that was not like a summer friend."

"It is a mystery, my darlin'. Every man is a mystery; there is good in him and ill, and God knows which will come uppermost at any moment. Isabel, you may think it was some chance that took the lad away. My darlin', it was not so. His going was all planned and fixed for the morning after yon sail of ours; that was his meaning all the time."

But no answer came to him out of the veiling dusk. Isabel sat still, with the darkness round, and fought out her battle. Her father and her mother were by, but they could give her no aid. She had entered upon her inheritance, heir to all those submissions, those renunciations, that brave human stand against all betrayal, falsehood, and treachery, all disenchantment and disappointment, which are the tests to which a noble soul responds. Her time had come to show herself what she was, though she was only eighteen, no more.

"What is wrong?" said Marget to Simon as she gathered the kitchen fire. "Ye can go to your bed and never faah your head. When your heart's in it, you dinna ask what's wrang, you divine. But you never were good at that, my lad," she added relenting. "This is what's wrang, a's wrang: Maister John away, naeboddy kens where, gane, God forgive him, like his brother before him. Oh weel I mind, weel I mind! does the like of me need to ask, that has been through it all! The light in the window where every wanderer could see it, as far, as far as light will carry—that used to be aye kept up for years, as you might mind as well as me if you took any notice. And now it's a' begun over again. I've made the mistress promise to go to her bed and let me watch. And that's what you'll just do tae, Simon, my man: go to your bed. No able to stand it—me! Do you think I'm naething but blood and bane like yourself! I'll stand that, ay, and twenty times mair. But gang you to your bed, Simon, my man; that's the best place for ya. You'll do yourself good there, and biding up would do nae good to any mortal. And you ken there's the petawties to think of," Marget said.

"That's true, that's true. It's no the moment neither to neglect the petawties," Simon said.

To be concluded.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit. But the manner of men's writings must not alienate our hearts from the truth, if it appear they have the truth.—*Hooker.*



This Sketch of St. Andrews, the ancient ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, is presented to the readers of "Life and Work" by GEORGE REID, Esq., R.S.A. Our thanks are due for the spontaneous and valuable gift, and for the kind wishes for the success of this Magazine which accompanied it.

MINING MEMORIES.

BY AN OLD COLLIER.

No. III.—A Ghost Story.

THE real experience which forms the present paper was recalled to memory many years ago by an old miner, for whom I had, and have still, a very high esteem. The story was told at my fire-side as one that might rank among the ghost stories that formed the evening's amusement. I made notes of it at the time, and the present writing is in all essentials a transcript of those notes. The scene has a real existence, and need hardly be named fictionally, yet, for reasons which seem good, the colliery shall here be called Urtquhar, and shall be placed on the banks of the river Avon, where I spent a few pleasant years. A very primitive village it was; quaint in everything. Some of the houses had walls of dried clay, others of turf—that is, sods or “divots,” as the native name was—but well plastered and whitened with lime, outside and inside. Others had stone walls and crow-gables, with thatching of rushes or straw, well secured with hazel or willow wands. Every roof had its patches of many-hued mosses; browns soft and pleasing to the eyes, and greens that could only be rivalled by some sea-covered verdure brightened by a summer sun. And, as if to add the last touch of quaintness, almost every ridge had its covering of house-leek with its fairy circles and straggling flower-spikes. It was what is now a rare thing to find, an old colliery village where the same families had lived and intermarried for ages. Every dwelling had its pig-house near it, and here and there were byres containing a well-tended cow or more, while in front were steep garden strips almost hanging over the merriest little burn in the world, whose banks were then alive with bees, ever in the honey-time leaving and coming to the hives among the garden willows.

“There had been,” said my authority, “a man killed in the pit in which I was oversman and fireman—the offices being combined. He had been killed by a stone which suddenly came away in his working place. The accident is one common enough, although it was a rare one in that pit—indeed, accidents of all kinds were rare, but their very rareness made the commotion all the greater when one happened, and the sorrow so much more. I well remember how strong was the feeling that the accident was the mysterious doing of *Him* who rules above; it was so difficult to see how it could have been avoided. True it was that had he been at home he might have been safe, but it was his duty to be at work, and while working as usual down came the great stone suddenly, and without giving any warning, doing the work it had been put there to do. The inquiry that was made about it amounted only to this, that nobody was to blame.

“On the evening of the man's death, the manager of the works sent for me, and after we had a lengthened and sorrowful talk he intimated his intention of being down next morning and going my ‘round’ along with me. The proposal was an extraordinary one, but, having no right to object, I only said, ‘Very well,’ and went home. Just before bed-time, however, my wife suggested that probably the manager thought I might be afraid to go alone, and that had made him propose to go with me.

“‘Afraid?’ I said.

“‘Well, eerie,’ she said, ‘seeing that the accident was but to-day.’

“It struck me as a very likely thing, and so I went back to him and asked if it was for that reason he was going with me. He admitted that it was so, but on my assuring him that I would neither be afraid nor eerie, he said he would not come, but let me go alone as usual. Duly, as my custom was, I reached the pit-head between three and four A.M. The engineman, an old, white-headed man, was waiting for me, as his duty was, with everything in readiness. But instead of, as on other mornings, calling to me from the engine-house when I might step on to the cage, he came into the lodge while I was getting my lamps trimmed, and asked, putting it in the Scotch way, ‘Ye’re no gaun doon yoursel’, are ye?’

“‘Of course,’ I said; ‘why not?’

“‘I think,’ he said, ‘I wouldna just like to gang doon mysel’ after what happened yesterday. However,’ he added, ‘I’m ready.’

“I confess that when he put it so before me, I did not just like to go down alone. I did not feel half so brave as I did on the previous evening, and up to that moment. However, when he, seeing me sitting thoughtful and hesitating, proposed to go for some one to accompany me, I objected, because, although *now* I felt that a companion would be an excellent thing, yet before any one could be got ready a good deal of time would be lost, and if I were to be half an hour late the men might make it an excuse for going home. ‘Besides,’ I said, ‘what more need of company this morning than on any other morning?’

“‘As ye like,’ said he; ‘but I jaloose ye’ll be eerie.’

“Two minutes afterwards I was in the pit-bottom, firmly resolved not to be eerie. Of course there would have been no need for any such resolve but for the fact that there was an indefinite feeling of dread within me—a dread of I knew not what. Certainly it was not because the pit was darker than usual, or the way round longer or more dangerous. Everything was the same as when I was there last at the same hour, save that a man had been killed yesterday. You think,” said he, seeing a smile on my face, “that but for my eeriness I would not have had a ghost story to tell, but you are mistaken.

"Well," he went on, "after doing such duties as were required to be done at the pit-bottom, I passed through the double doors and went along the usual way. I had but a short distance to travel until I reached a stable where a pony was stalled. He was the only horse in the pit, and very glad he always was to see me, never failing to whinny a welcome as soon as he heard me. This morning he seemed unusually glad to see me. *That*, of course, might be only a fancy of mine, but it was, at least, creative of a pleasant feeling, and caused me to linger beside him, giving him his corn and water leisurely. I left the stable at last. After all, I had spent but a few minutes there, and soon reached the first of a series of doors which, for ventilating purposes, were at the various openings along the left side of the road. It was an important door, one of a pair on which the safety of the pit from that point depended, so far as ventilation was concerned. It is necessary to say that the pressure on these doors was very great, because the air-courses beyond them were long and small, the result being that the air-current—at that point a strong breeze—in striving to get through these doors, whistled and sighed continually. I but glanced at the nearest one, to see that it was properly closed, and passed on; but as I passed on I was startled by hearing a sigh that was not caused by the air striving to get through the doorway. I stopped at once, but as I did so, I concluded that it was one of the night-shift men lying there perhaps asleep. Thoughts, you know, do not come in words but in flashes, and I had scarcely stopped till another similar flash informed me that on that night no men had been down. I had not courage to hesitate a moment, but turned and went back to the door. I again heard the same sigh—deep, but continuous. It was," he continued, after a moment's abstraction, "only the air rushing through the chinks of the door after all."

"Of course," I said, "it could be nothing else."

"Well, I will only say I was very glad to find it was only *that*, and I resumed my round, resolving to be calm, and get through my morning's work; but to summon calmness was much easier thought of than executed. It is needless to deny that I was afraid, and although I used arguments, brief and pithy, to assure myself that there was nothing to be afraid of—absolutely nothing in the mine worse than myself, yet it was, of course, only because I was really afraid of undefined evil in some unknown form being near me, that I continued to assert truths that had no force at the moment. I was only able to keep out of that extreme depth of terror in which I might have said to myself in so many words, 'An unseen and evil presence is near me, and may at any moment reveal itself;' but I could scarcely look straight into the darkness before me, and as for looking behind, I could not have done it. No doubt, it was a very foolish state of mind for any grown-up person to be in; but I was in it.

Sometimes I was brave enough to stop and direct my mind to what seemed extraordinary or supernatural, of course finding nothing but the natural and ordinary, but sometimes the proof of evil near me seemed so vivid that I dared not stop to examine, but crawled on in utter terror."

"You are making it worse than it really was, John," said I.

"No, indeed!" said he, "and it was well for me that I did not know what awaited me farther on.

"In this bad state of mind I reached what was called the first heading. It was the most advanced face, and *there* there was a constant issue of fire-damp from the fissures of the seam,—bubbling, singing, and hissing continually, in the water-ooze all along the place. It was with something like joy that I found here some fire-damp collected in the 'brushing,' and was really a man again while the work of clearing it away lasted. I was coming away, and had just put my head under the low roof to proceed onward, when I heard distinctly, at some distance from me and before me, in the direction of the place where the man had been killed, a low mournful sound as of some one in great agony. No, you must not think I was brave enough to go on with that cry in my ear. There was but one human being in the pit, I knew, and therefore there was but one possible conclusion to arrive at. *I saw once more the man under the stone, and that was his cry.* I turned, sought a way that I knew of, which would take me past the dreaded place and to the pit-bottom without turning back. It was a road that was only used by myself when a fall in one of those advanced headings prevented me from getting from one side of the mine to the other. In no other part of the pit was the roof so wet as in that seldom-used by-way. Millions of minute drops of water clung to the roof everywhere, making the drift beautiful with a rainbow that seemed, and, in a sense, was, perpetual. All the more beautiful it seemed too, because the eye could scarcely at first detect its presence in the faint reflection of the light of the Davy lamp. But this byway had another peculiar feature, just beyond the space where the water-ooze so beautifully glimmered. It was the existence of a sort of fungus, white as snow, and of a silk-like texture, which had crept over the door-post and wood-work generally of a trap-door that hung there. We used to take strangers to see it, and it was scarcely necessary to point out to them that the fungus had, in its growth over the door, taken the rough outline of an animal of some kind. 'Our Bruin' we called it. Both of these peculiarities I had forgotten, indeed it was only when I had leisure and was 'in the vein' that I thought of them, or stopped to look at the faint 'bow' in the bosom of no cloud. I entered the byroad, and the moment I did so I saw before me that faint evanescence in which we all know spirits enrobe themselves. I stood still as a stone. The

lack of motion in the hand that carried the lamp fixed the delusive light before me ; I gazed at it, and sure enough, just beyond it was the figure of a man all in white, in a half-stooping posture, with one arm hanging down in a helpless state. 'What did I do?' Well, I stared, I suppose, for a second or two, magnified into any length of time, and then I strode angrily towards 'Our Bruin.' I tore it from the wood which it clung to, and trod on it, stamping on it till it was as black as the matter about it, and then, opening the door, passed on a few yards farther. Filled, I suppose, by the destruction of Bruin, with new courage, I turned not towards the bottom, but towards where the man had been killed. Yes, but (it was no delusion) close to the face, forty yards distant or so, I saw light but no flame—the illuming caused by a lamp but not the lamp itself, and sitting on the pavement leaning against the left hand building was the figure of a man—the knees high in the light and the head drooping between them—the very attitude in which a weary and thoughtful miner might be likely to sit. That this was a phantom light and a phantom man—an *appearance*, leaped upon me, and I fell exhausted, stunned it seemed into unconsciousness for a space of several minutes."

"What a length your imagination had carried you!" I said.

"No," he said, "this was no phantom—no imagined thing."

"What? No phantom? Not an imagined form?"

"No."

"The solution then."

"It was only the manager, after all. By and by I heard a voice saying, 'Did I fright ye? Hoots!' Yes, he had frightened me a good deal, and yet out of pure kindness of heart he had come down and had chosen to sit where the man was killed, lest in passing it I should be a little timorous. So does man propose always, but the disposal is ever in other hands. I did not tell him that this finding of him in that particular place was but one of the many things that had overstrained my nerves. He was a rough but withal a kindly man, and so, when he saw how I streamed with sweat, and that I seemed in no hurry to resume my journey, he exchanged lamps with me, and asked me to go to the bottom and get down the men. But all the trouble might have been saved, for the men did not come down after all."

"It was not a ghost at all," one of my boys said, with an air of scorn.

"As good a ghost as the best of them," said John, smiling.

"Very good indeed," said I; "and I daresay the great majority of 'ghost stories,' so called, would, if properly examined, have some such solution as yours."

"No doubt," said John; and then, with much more earnestness than I expected—"but for all

that, I have never forgotten how, when I came to myself, I seemed to see through and beyond the rough, kind man who leaned over me—out and beyond the sunshine itself. I was first aware of a great sigh, a filling of my heart with new life, as it were, and then—ah, well, I was very glad and very grateful, and I hope I was none the worse of it."

"A great deal the better of it, John," said I, which was all that seemed necessary to be said.

"Nevertheless, Afterward."

HEB. xii. 11.

JESUS! my Friend, my Strength, my Stay;
Jesus! my Light on life's dark way;
Jesus! my Hope and Refuge here;
Jesus! my Life when death is near.

I thank Thee, Lord! that I can take
My burden up, for Thy Name's sake,
And find, while other mercies fail,
Thy Blood and Righteousness prevail.

Lord! Thou hast taught a wayward heart;
And I have learned the better part;
To find in Thee the only good,
Thy daily will my daily food.

How long I knew the sunny day,
With not a cloud to chill the way;
No sickness, death, or sorrow found
Within the dear home-circle round!

All this is past. A single word
From Thee sufficed to change it, Lord!
That happy, cloudless morning light
Hath darkened into cheerless night.

I murmur not. The present hour,
To hold my heart hath lost its power;
The past in Memory's light is clear,
The future glory still more dear.

This is Thy gift. My soul is still;
Content to rest in Thy dear will,
To find within my "soul restored,"
A humbler faith, a dearer Lord.

The air is chill; the tears are ached;
Life lingers still beside the dead;
But a strange sunset calm is nigh,
And heaven's sweet rainbow spans the sky.—C.

The Happiness of Heaven:

A DIFFICULTY CONSIDERED.

WE know very little of heaven; only what is revealed, and that is a bright centre with a faint outline of the circle round it. If the aim of the Bible had been to gratify curiosity, or even to satisfy human longings, it would have told much more. Perhaps this is one of the "many things" which Christ's disciples are not yet ready to "bear." Our intellectual faculties may be the subjects of some wonderful change after the death of the body, may experience some development of which no description could meanwhile give any idea. This may be the reason of so little being told us. John xiv.-xvii. seem to contain mysterious hints of a revelation at death.

But, however this may be, one thing is certain. To "depart" is "to be with Christ," and with God, and with the holy ones. To be with the angels and the human redeemed, and with the Saviour; that, we are told, shall be our blessed lot if we are believers. Beyond that we scarcely know anything. As Baxter's hymn has it:—

"My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

It is also made very clear to us that the connection between this life and that is in the Living Christ, so that our faith is not vain, nor is preaching vain. The Apocalypse sometimes speaks of the Church in heaven, and sometimes of the Church on earth, and always speaks of Christ—the Lamb—as the centre. Sin and the struggle with sin are the characteristics of human life below; salvation is the characteristic of that life above.

We may further be sure that the personal life which we now have will continue in heaven. We shall be the same persons hereafter as here. How could the saints praise the Saviour, if they did not remember the life of sin from which He saved them? Without memory, the redeemed in heaven would be different persons from what they were on earth. It is inconceivable that such a thing could be. It is the human personality which is redeemed and saved and glorified; and by every law of continuity, as well as by many declarations of Scripture, we are not only warranted but constrained to believe that this implies the believer's remembrance in heaven of his experience upon earth.

But this remembrance implies the recognition of others. The old friends, comrades, counsellors, will be recognised if they are met. It is not conceivable that Abraham and Isaac and Jacob will not recognise each other when they sit down together in the kingdom of heaven. It is not conceivable that David did not know his child again when he "went to him," or that Paul and John and Peter did not know each other when they met after they had finished their course. It may be reverently said that if we who are disciples are ever in the better Jerusalem, we shall remember our past history, and recognise those who were connected with us in it.

But there is a difficulty here which is perhaps more often felt than expressed. Shall the saints miss those whom they once knew and loved, but who are not among the saved? It seems to me impossible to doubt it. The mother will be glad when child after child follows her to the happy home from which they go no more out for ever; but can she fail to miss the wanderer and prodigal who never joins the ransomed band? Can the wife fail to miss the husband of her heart, who never shared her faith, and comes not to her side in the Father's house? I cannot believe that she will fail.

It may be asked whether this does not contradict the teaching of Scripture that the happiness

of heaven is perfect? In answer I have to say that I know no passage in the Word of God which speaks of happiness as perfect in a sense which excludes this remembrance. In the Apocalypse we are told that there shall no more be the accursed thing (our English version says "There shall be no more curse"), which means that no pollution shall enter there. Of those who have come out of the great tribulation (or persecution of the saints) it is said that there shall be "no more pain;" which (as we see from the context) means that in heaven no persecutor shall be able to assail the saint. All the other descriptions of heaven which tell of our being with Christ, and with the Father, and with the sainted, are quite consistent with a certain regretful remembrance of some who are not there, with a consciousness of blanks in the little group of brothers and sisters from some Christian home below. I earnestly desire to submit all my meditation to the Word: of heaven we only know what has been revealed; but I do not know any testimony in Scripture which can be quoted against the position I venture to hold.

Let us understand. The perfect bliss of heaven is an enhancement of what makes the believer's chief blessedness on earth. It is found in full enjoying of God; in a nearer vision of His being, and a clearer understanding of His wonderful works, and a simpler love of Himself; for as St. Paul teaches, we shall know as we were always known; and as St. John teaches, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." There is happiness unspeakable, unceasing, eternal; happiness such as mortal heart could never conceive; union to Christ close beyond all our imagining, and ever growing closer throughout an eternity of holy, happy service and contemplation, "where work is worship and labour is rest;" safety from temptation and the defilement of sin, which can only be pictured here from our awful need of it; union in spirit, and probably in actual work, with the best of all ages who have lived and conquered in Christ's strength; a perfect union and mutual understanding with those who were dearly beloved in the human life below;—that is the heaven we hope for, and to that heaven every Christian shall be exalted. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory."

If in any happy case it be true that all the members of the circle are joined again, what blessedness will be theirs! What the poor wanderer (to whom true Christians seldom showed kindness) wrote in Loudoun Manse, shows what his quick sympathy knew to be needed for a perfect heaven by the members of that circle of love:—

"When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven;
May they unite—no wanderer lost—
A family in heaven!"¹

¹ BURNS: "Lines left in a reverend friend's house."

But if not—if the “hope and joy” of the circle be the “wanderer lost”—then all the rest, the “hoary sire,” the “beauteous seraph sister-band,” will ever have, even in the glories of heaven, a remembrance and a regret eternal as their joy. The united family will have a happier heaven than the broken circle; though every member even of the broken circle will have a joy beyond all words and all imagining.

We find the suggestion and the germ of this in the life of faith below. The “pilgrim” cannot stay in the “city of destruction,” even to be with wife and children. He is happier as a solitary pilgrim, because he is doing right, than he could be if he tarried amid the guilt and danger of his former days to be with those he still loves so dearly. But all through his journey he has a fond regret for those who have not yet come away with him; and though blessed beyond description when he has crossed the river and entered the city, will he not be happier far when his wife “Christiana” and the boys and the girls come after him and join him in the golden streets, and take up harps and wear crowns like his own?

Or, to leave Bunyan and his allegory, and to think of the present life. Every believer has a keen regret for those he loves who do not believe; it is a regret which arises from his conviction of the evil of unbelief, and increases with his own progress in the spiritual life; but for all that, is he not happier—infinately happier—in his believing life, than if he continued in sin? His trustful service of Christ is joy, even when those he loves do not share it; but would it not be greater joy if they were joined with him? And what is thus true of the believing life below, may it—must it—not hold good of the believing life above? All happiness is relative or comparative; and it is a needless difficulty we make when we try to imagine a heaven of personal salvation with no remembrance that can cause regret.

Some Christians have tried to remove the difficulty by holding that the redeemed man's remembrance of things upon the earth ceases in eternity; but, as we have seen, this means that he is a different personality from what he was. Others (Whately, for example) hold that he will become superior to all human affections, but this also is to make him cease to be the man whom Jesus saved and sanctified. Others comfort themselves with the assurance that no one who is earnestly prayed for will be lost, so that the Christian will have all whom he loves beside him in heaven; but many of us cannot feel that we can apply this solution to every case. Although no view is free from difficulties, that which we have stated seems to be exposed to fewer than any other. And this is not its only attraction. The glorified saint who retains the personality of his human life, with some of the sorrows, only with joy in a measure unknown before, is like the other blessed spirits in the

General Assembly of the New Jerusalem. Are we not told that they “are all ministering spirits, continually sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation”? and, if so, must not those ministers, even amid the joy of hastening a soul heavenwards, be often grieved with its falls into sin? Are we not told that the Eternal Father Himself is grieved with the wickedness of man? And that the Holy Spirit is grieved and vexed? And that there “remains to be filled up” “that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ's body,” every pang being felt by the glorified and blessed Head of that body? If these things be so, how can the sainted dead be absolutely without sorrow?

Can memory fail to bring a shadow on the brightness of heaven's joy when it testifies that one of the dearly-loved is lost? It surely must be that across the eternal brightness this shadow will come; that amid the eternal joys this tender regret will never leave the saint.

There are grades of glory in heaven. All Christians admit it. They know that capacity, developed by past service and past sufferings, will make these grades of glory. But why not grades of happiness also? If there be grades of happiness, human relationships will naturally be among the causes that produce them.

O wicked man! not on this earth only will you grieve your mother's heart, but even in heaven, and for ever. O dutiful children! you will raise the sainted mother to higher blessedness when she can take you by the hand, and reverently say in her song of the Lamb, “Of those whom Thou gavest me I have lost none.” A. H. CHARTERIS.

Penny Savings Banks.

BY A RURAL BANKER.

THE remarkable progress of Savings Banks will be understood when it is mentioned that the first establishment of the kind was opened on the Continent in 1786, and in 1798 our country followed the good example by establishing similar institutions. One Savings Bank alone, in Scotland, has deposits of upwards of three million pounds, as shown by its last published statement.

The Penny Savings Banks are a very much later outcome of the system, and, considering the much poorer classes whom they reach, their progress has been no less rapid. But whilst the progress of Penny Banks has been great, it is possible that it might be much greater, and in the following paper it will be my object to bring before the readers of this Magazine some considerations which may have that tendency.

It might not be unreasonable to suggest at the outset, that at least one such bank ought to exist in every rural parish, and were the clergymen of the neighbourhood giving their names as trustees, and using their influence, the success of such in-

stitutions would be assured. Hitherto the part taken by clergymen in the institution of Savings Banks has been an honourable one. The pioneer of the movement in Scotland was the Rev. Mr. Duncan of Ruthwell, who, towards the end of last century, commenced a Bank for the benefit of his parishioners; its success, both in a moral and monetary sense, being greater than he anticipated. Dr. Guthrie, at Arbirlot, also found the Savings Bank a happy agency in his parish, as, to quote from his Autobiography, "it trained up the young to those habits of foresight, self-denial, and prudence which are handmaids to virtue, and, though not religion, are nearly allied to it;" and we all know the interest taken in the movement by the late Dr. Norman Macleod and others. My own experience makes me acquainted with at least one district where the parish clergyman not only uses his influence, but actually performs the routine duties of the bank; and such is its success, that from £20 to £30 is drawn per week, in sums ranging from a penny upwards. Clergymen, by encouraging Penny Banks, would be placing a powerful agency for good before the poorer of their parishioners, and they might thereby be enabled to reach many hearts and homes otherwise shut to them.

By bringing Penny Banks to the working classes, we encourage them to lay up for future emergencies. In rural villages, at present, a very demoralising system is often followed, of forming a club, locally known as a "ménage," and usually conducted by one of the cleverer amongst the wives. The object of joining such a club is to obtain goods, or money, in the order determined by lottery, the members engaging to refund the amount by equal weekly instalments. This is the reversal of the Savings Bank system, besides inducing the more fraudulent to stop payment after they have obtained their allotment. The system which the highest morality would dictate is not to buy goods until they can be paid for, and this the Savings Banks help the working classes to do. It may be said that many of the poorer amongst working men cannot save anything, but in a certain sense every person must save, much or little. The receptacle may be an old stocking or a chest, or some quiet corner known only to the depositor; but the principle of saving must be adopted in order to settle such payments as house rent, a suit of clothes, or whatever is only required at more distant periods than the daily necessities of life. The money is laid aside, it may be in pennies, and is allowed to accumulate for whatever special purpose is in view, and then withdrawn. The bank fulfils a useful purpose in such transactions, and encourages the independence of those who take advantage of it.

Penny Savings Banks, amongst other things, recognise the difficulty the poor always have to make headway against their poverty. Once a working man with a limited, and it may be, uncertain income, allows himself to fall into debt, he has

nothing but difficulty and discouragement before him, with the consequence, in many cases, of altogether losing heart. Shakspeare's advice may be here parodied, "Beware of entrance to a debt," as once entangled in its meshes, the chances are we become more and more hopelessly involved. Unless in cases where sickness or other incidental misfortune operates, it is easier to pay as one goes, than to make headway afterwards. We may illustrate this by looking at two pedestrians bound for the same goal, the one starting a little earlier than the other, and thus gaining a few steps in advance. The two keep walking at the same speed; consequently the few paces are always uniformly maintained between them. He who is behind is under great discouragement, from the additional effort necessary to overtake his companion, and is thereby tempted to give up the race. So with debt. Once a sum is allowed to remain as a debt, you may still pay for all that you purchase from day to day, but you have never the satisfaction of knowing that you are free, and there is the continual temptation to fall further into debt from sheer want of heart.

It is a curious fact in connection with Savings Banks, that the difficulty is to get a person to make a beginning. It is surprising how men convince themselves—before they have made the attempt—that they cannot save anything. A very respectable man acknowledged to me, only a few days ago, when removing to another part of the country, that all the money he was withdrawing from the Penny Savings Bank—about £10—would in all probability have been spent by his children in trifles, but for the desire to increase the bank accounts which his children had acquired. This is an instance showing how parents can foster habits of thrift amongst their children.

Another obvious fact to which Penny Banks minister, is the importance of attending to small things. I would rather see children—or for that matter, grown-up people—coming regularly every week with their spare pennies, than at longer intervals with larger sums, as thereby the habit of saving is more effectually learned. Where a depositor persistently lodges a penny, say every week for a time, you may confidently anticipate that when opportunity offers, the sum will be increased, and the amount will be withdrawn only when some urgent necessity arises. In this connection it may be urged by some that we are apt to make the poor miserly in their habits by this system. In most cases that would be a failing leaning to virtue's side, considering the smallness of the sums our rural working classes have at their command. How much has the rural working man to be liberal and generous with, even at the best! Let him provide the necessaries of life, and there remains but little wherewith to exercise a spirit of generosity. The chance of producing a spirit of meanness or miserliness by encouraging provident habits, is so small

that it may be safely risked with the certainty of so much counterbalancing good.

Another lesson which the Penny Banking system tacitly teaches is, that it is the duty of all to live within their means, always excepting cases when illness or other providential misfortune bars the way. It is said of Franklin, when he was beginning the world in very poor circumstances, he laid it down as a maxim that if his income amounted to a penny, he would only spend the half of it. No doubt, it requires a strong will to do this, but habit becomes a second nature, and the more we apply the rule the easier we find its application. The greatest misfortune of the poor is their poverty, and it is worth an effort to get out of the reach of abject misery. He who depends entirely upon his day's wage for his daily subsistence has only one day's idleness between him and penury. Let even the very poorest working man make a start with the habit of saving, even the very smallest sum, and he may find what many have found before him, that nothing succeeds like success. A working man recently put the case very clearly, when he said that if you wish to "lay past" a loaf that will not mould in the keeping, put threepence in your chest. If you wish, however, to make the loaf gather to it a little bit of cheese without effort of your own, then put your threepence in the Savings Bank.

It may be said by many in rural districts, What is the good of asking us to put our small savings in a Penny Bank when there is none within our reach? This makes me bring the suggestion again before rural clergymen, who, I would repeat, should interest themselves in establishing such a bank where none now exists. The requisites to begin the work are, the use of a room—which possibly the Session would grant—the voluntary help of two or three intelligent men who are apt at figures, whose labour weekly for such a laudable purpose would not exceed two hours,—the names of a few gentlemen of repute and position to act as Trustees, who would personally stand between the poor depositors and loss, and who could in turn, by simple means, see that the bank was being honestly conducted,—and lastly, the only other requisite would be, say a sum of two pounds to provide the necessary stationery. This money could either be subscribed by a few willing to help the work, or advanced until it could be returned from surplus interest. To explain what is meant by surplus interest, I may say that depositors could be paid the same interest as the Post Office Bank allows, viz. a halfpenny for every pound left in the bank a full calendar month. This would allow the managers of the Penny Bank to receive interest on all sums due depositors under a pound, and between complete pounds, which, in the aggregate, might amount to a large number of pounds yielding a halfpenny per pound per month to cover the outlay for stationery.

I may mention that my experience of Penny Banks has been chiefly amongst the mining classes, and has been of such an encouraging nature as to carry myself and the other workers along most enthusiastically. It is a standing charge against miners that they are improvident, and it is to be regretted that there is truth, to a certain extent, in the imputation. Let any one, however, who has their interest at heart, ask himself what he has done in a practical manner to remove this improvidence. The outcome of such a question may be the establishment of Penny Savings Banks more extensively in rural districts; and if the result is as successful as my own endeavour, the work of carrying on the bank will become a labour of love.

ANNBANK.

PETER WATSON.

The Nightingale.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL.

"CAW, CAW, CAW," said an old rook from an elm tree, where he and his family and friends had been making a great fuss about settling themselves to rest on their homeward flight to the Rookery.

"I think it is extremely rude of you," said a hen-nightingale, alighting on a branch above them, "to make such hideous noises, just as my husband was trilling the most exquisite part of his divine song."

"Hoity, toity," said the old rook, with his head in the air, and looking wisely foolish, after the manner of rooks. "Hideous noise indeed—a divine song indeed. There may be two opinions on both those subjects, my fine lady, I can tell you."

"What is she saying?" asked three young rooks, hurrying up in a fussy, noisy way to their great-grandfather; "what is that ridiculous small bird presuming to say?"

The hen-nightingale's remonstrance was repeated, whereupon all the rooks fell to cawing so boisterously that the indignant little brown bird flew away in a tearful condition, even if tears were denied her.

"It is very hard to have to live in such a vulgar world," she said, as she rejoined her husband, and poured out her sorrows into his ear. "It's my belief that your exquisite songs are altogether unappreciated by the feathered kind among whom we live. Those chattering jays in the church-tower never heed a moment, however sweetly you may be singing."

"My song is joy enough to me," said the nightingale, who was a poet; "besides, I have admirers; each evening, under these trees, the village folk come to hear me, and a sweet girl leans out of her window late into the night to listen, and I have heard her say, 'Oh what exquisite notes, what a divine song!'"

"Yes, yes," said his mate, "it is true; but who are they? What do these poor rustics know of such heavenly music as yours? A linnnet or a thrush would satisfy their untutored ears."

But her husband had begun again, and this time he sang of a wood over which he passed that day, among which nodded pale wind-flowers, among deep blue hyacinths, and where a clear stream ran through the wood, and told the flowers how lovely they were by reflecting them in its clear waters.

His wife listened open-beaked, and said, "What a glorious song! What a shame it should not be heard in courts and palaces, and by crowned heads! How I wish you had a worthier sphere!"

The nightingale was not unmoved by his mate's words. Ambition was aroused in him, or rather a desire to attract the attention of a higher class of people than the villagers among whom he had been reared.

So when his wife proposed one day that they should move nearer a great town, which they saw at a distance, he agreed.

"I think we might go nearer," she said, as they rested on some elms which stood in the suburbs of London. "I am not afraid, if you are not."

Of course the male bird could not say he was, though he really felt very much so; so they flew to some trees on Highgate Hill.

"There, that will do," he said, decidedly; "we must really be prudent; I've heard dreadful things about these great towns. Here, surely, we shall get a refined audience."

"So they took up their abode in some thick elms on Highgate Hill, and that evening the cock-bird cleared his throat, chose a suitable bough, and began.

"Sing that song about the woods, and the stream that mirrored the wind-flowers; it suits your voice," suggested the hen.

And he began, softly at first, and then swelling out till his throat seemed full of song—rich, full, and varied. Soon windows were thrown open, strollers stood still, and some went to fetch others, until quite a crowd of well-dressed listeners was assembled.

The nightingale sang far into the night, and when they retired to rest his mate said, "Very well for a beginning! If I mistake not, we shall have many more another night. I feel quite proud of belonging to you, dear Cockie."

And Hennie was right. The elm trees became quite a rendezvous those summer evenings, and even carriages came from a distance and stood on the hill to hear the beautiful song; while both the birds heard on all sides such exclamations as "Beautiful bird! how exquisite! there is no song to equal it," and grew vainer day by day.

But one lovely June evening, people gathered as usual, and strolled and waited far into the evening, but in vain. Not a sound was heard but a twitter

or two from restless sparrows in their nests, or the soft breeze among the boughs.

"He's been trapped," said a rough man, with a laugh, "the more fool he for coming so near the chimneys."

And so it was. Some bird-catchers had been among his listeners, and had been determined to secure the prize. And so warily had they spread their nets that that morning they had caught him when out in search of a breakfast for Hennie and himself. And now he was in a small cage in the Seven Dials, beating his wings and his head against his narrow prison.

And as for Hennie, she sat widowed and sad on the elm tree that had been the scene of her husband's triumphs for so many happy evenings.

The nightingale spent a few sad weeks in that wretched street prison, and then was sold to an inn-keeper at Hendon, and, as good fortune would have it, Hennie one day was flying about in that neighbourhood, and heard a few melancholy notes which reminded her of the song about the wind-flowers, and, to her joy, she discovered her lord in a green cage hanging out of a public-house window.

What a sad meeting it was! They could only kiss through the wires, and flutter in vain to reach each other. But, after staying as long as she thought safe, Hennie left her mate, and established herself in a thicket near by, so that she could often visit him; and the people who lived in the house often saw a small brown bird on a laburnum bough which hung conveniently near, twittering out a little low song, by which she told all her love and all her sympathy to Cockie.

"Oh if we had only been content with our lowly friends and our obscure home, we should have been together now, and you would have been free."

"Yes, Hennie dear, I see my fault now. We should have been contented. I was vain enough to wish to shine in grander spheres, and I have suffered for my folly."

Cockie was too noble to say to his lady bird, "It was your fault, you first suggested we should leave our native retirement;" but Hennie knew it, and mourned all the more deeply.

That winter was a severe one, and the cage was taken in-doors, which was a cruel blow to both birds. One wet and cold day the inn-keeper picked up a small brown bird under the bare laburnum bough. She was cold, and stiff, and dead; and it was poor Hennie.

Cockie saw it brought in, and heard the inn-keeper say, "I believe this is the brown bird that used to come so much in the summer and sit on the laburnum tree, and I believe she's our nightingale's mate."

Cockie did not sing another summer; he pined away slowly, and, when the spring came, the longing for the woods and his dear mate broke his heart, and he was found dead in his cage one May morning.

M. STANLEY LEATHER.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



DECEMBER 1880.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE series of Sermons for 1881, briefly announced in the November Magazine, has now been arranged. In the selection of topics the order of the Catechism has been observed; but the respective authors will each work out his subject in his own way.

Jan. THE PURPOSE OF LIFE. Rev. ARCHIBALD SCOTT, D.D.
Feb. THE BIBLE. Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D.
Mar. GOD: FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST. Rev. JOHN MACLEOD, B.A.
April. HIS ETERNAL PURPOSE. Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D.
May. CREATION AND PROVIDENCE. Rev. Principal PIRIE, D.D.

June. SIN. Rev. Principal TULLOCH, D.D.
July. REDEMPTION. Rev. A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D.
Aug. CHRIST'S INCARNATION. Rev. PATON J. GLOAG, D.D.
Sept. CHRIST OUR PROPHET. Rev. GEORGE WILSON.
Oct. CHRIST OUR PRIEST. Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD.
Nov. CHRIST OUR KING. Rev. J. M'MURTRIE, M.A.
Dec. CHRIST'S HUMILIATION. Rev. JOHN ALISON, M.A.

Sermon.

By Rev. CORNELIUS GIFFEN, St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 COR. XV. 58.

THIS is the practical application of the doctrine which the apostle has been demonstrating throughout this long and deeply interesting chapter. The chief corner-stone of the Christian dispensation was the resurrection of Christ, and, as resulting from that, the resurrection of all who became "one with Him" by faith. Yet, strange to say, in the Church at Corinth some questioned that doctrine. Whether it was that in embracing their new faith they had not been able to separate themselves thoroughly from old ideas, it is certain that the apostle here addresses a Christian community, some of whom, at least, were in error on a point so momentous. But he does not, on that account, excommunicate them from the Christian society. He prefers to reason with them; and he does so in a way that irresistibly carries conviction; while, to retain the assent thus won, and establish their faith, he adds this exhortation, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

It is wise counsel, as much so for us as for those to whom it was originally addressed. For, after all, in matters affecting faith, our circumstances are not widely different from those of the Church at Corinth. The influences which imperilled their faith, or their progress in the Christian life, were substantially those that endanger ours. The perplexing questions that were started there, the argu-

ments urged, and the attacks made on one or other of "those things most surely believed," were like those familiar to us to-day. I shall try to point out what, according to the apostle, is your true defence against such assaults upon your faith.

Perhaps you will accept this counsel as not the less opportune, that it comes to you near the close of another year, when we are all predisposed to look back, and ere entering on another stage of our life-journey, to consider what has been happening to us in the last. It has been an eventful year to all, though no doubt to some more so than to others. It gave us opportunities for progress, which we used or neglected. It brought to us ministries of light and counsel, which might have made us wiser, if they have not. And it is going away from us, without a settlement of momentous questions affecting the faith of the Church, which during it have come to the front, and by which men's thoughts have been greatly agitated. In view of all this I can hardly imagine a more appropriate meditation than those words of the apostle, "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

In conducting your meditation on the words, my aim shall be simply to consider their practical bearing upon Christian life, and their fitness, when fairly acted out, to make your life here what God meant it to be. They indicate a spirit, which lies at the root of all Christian character, worth the name. The "steadfast" man, the man of faith "unmoveable," is the sure victor over the world's tribulations. In spiritual conflicts success attends him. He who wants courage to avow his faith openly, and to stand by it manfully, when occasion

arises, is not likely to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Christian life, as pictured in the Word of God, is coloured deeply with imagery drawn from the battlefield and the lists. It is a struggle with "fightings without and fears within." The peace longed for by the earnest soul is only achieved through brave endurance. Whoso counts on a life of quiet ease and enjoyment—thinking to avert conflict by submission, and the world's displeasure by conformity to its opinions—need not expect to realise the high aim of a child of God. The gospel, no doubt, offers its blessings to all. But he to whom they become a possession and a joy has commonly to pass through the "baptism of fire," and win his rest at last, amid the "green pastures" and by "the still waters," which "make glad the city of God," after an experience of sore discouragements and many perils. Now, great effort does much towards that. But steady and persevering effort does more.

To be "rooted and grounded in the faith," not "tossed to and fro, or carried about with every wind of doctrine," is the grand prerequisite to true peace of soul. This is our sure defence amid the perpetual conflicts of opinion, as well as the ordinary trials of life. To be "stedfast" to a belief, not accepted because it is conventional, but because the soul, under the living energy of divine grace, feels it to be true; to be "unmoveable" in our attachment to a conviction, reached not without inquiry and some battle, it may be, with doubt; this is the spirit from which develops much that is best in spiritual life. It differs from mere stubbornness or bigotry, which obstinately clings to its opinions in the face of all argument. Christian "stedfastness" does not decline inquiry, through fear of inquiry leading to scepticism. To be afraid of search, afraid of thought, lest old convictions should be disturbed, is not the part of strong and living faith. He who has gone straight to God, and found God for himself—by whom the love of God in Christ is felt to be a living power in his heart, that man has no fear of new discoveries of truth, even though they may happen to dispel some old ideas fondly cherished. It is characteristic of some minds, no doubt, to entertain new ideas that are current, and which conflict with old beliefs, under a sort of impression that it is a mark of superior enlightenment. Not, perhaps, having any real doubts themselves, but aware that certain great intellects have doubted on these subjects, they rashly venture on a field of perilous speculation, across which they are incompetent to travel, and not unfrequently end by losing what faith they ever had. This is surely neither enlightened nor wise. Be warned against that peril. While opening your mind frankly to all new discoveries of truth, and thankfully accepting every fresh ray of light which helps to make God's loving purpose plainer, stedfastly resist whatever would trouble your faith in His word. So acting, every accession to your knowledge will help to

broaden the foundation on which your hopes rest. The range of your spiritual vision will expand. The mysteries of life will gradually cease to perplex, till, by the grace of God, and out of the depths of a confidence that has struck its roots into the inmost sanctuary of being, you can joyfully affirm, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day."

But how is this "stedfastness" maintained? Mainly, no doubt, through the Divine Spirit, who, dwelling in us, makes "His grace sufficient for us." If at any time we look away from this, as the source and sustenance of the spiritual life, we shall both err and suffer. But while the *source* of life and strength to the believer is thus one only, the channels through which these flow are manifold. One of these the text indicates—"Always abounding in the work of the Lord." By that, faith is confirmed and established. The man who "does God's will," is the man who comes to "know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." The intellectual difficulties of revelation are rarely long perplexing to a heart that is busy in the work of the spiritual life. It is when Christian men begin to relax in their diligence, and the heart craves after earthly things unduly, that the way of salvation begins to grow obscure, the courage of right principle wavers, and the shadow of doubt rests on doctrines once accepted unhesitatingly as the very truth of God. Learn this lesson well. By God's arrangement, the faith undoubting, which fructifies in holy obedience, draws largely its strength from the very harvest itself produces. The sure way to become "stedfast, unmoveable" in the truth, is to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Note, further, the kind of obedience you must cultivate to attain the exalted peace of "stedfast, unmoveable" faith. "Abounding" in work. Work "always abounding." That is the requirement. Not the mere service of a heart that aims at rendering just so much as may serve to keep the voice of conscience quiet, and preserve a fair reputation among men. Not the worship of set times and holy places merely, as if men thought of trafficking with the Almighty Father, and buying His favour at as cheap a rate as possible. The recompense of perfect confidence in God, and unmoveable faith in His word, will never gladden a soul like that.

Is it not sad to think how many seem content with that proof of faith, who ought to know better? In our Christian congregations, it is not too much to say that some, at least, of those who offer their weekly tribute in the house of prayer, appear to act as if they thought that God's claim of service was met thus. Throughout the week, in the daily intercourse of life, they are not conscious of a single effort which has the Father's honour for its object, nor one brave struggle against a "besetting sin," nor a sacrifice of self-interest for the common good. As for the overflowing love of a grateful

heart, whose springs the sense of God's great love has unlocked, or the eager zeal that burns for opportunities to testify its reality, or the self-forgetting generosity that deals with what it has, as feeling it to be a trust—all that may be very well for a Sabbath meditation, but they do not see its use in the hard battle of life. Oh, brethren! if there be any among you who have been measuring God's claims thus, and seeking in that way to win peace for yourselves, no wonder if you should be "carried about with every wind of doctrine," and know nothing yet of the joy of faith—the joy unutterable, that dwells in the heart of love. Nor will it be otherwise till the whole plan of your life has been changed, and "the work of the Lord" has been recognised and felt by you as the work of life also.

In the name of the living Father—of the gracious Master whose name you bear—I summon you to this work. Give Him real service as He requires. The opportunities are passing—passing swiftly. The dangers are thickening. The dread ordeal, dread only to the unfaithful, draweth nigh. "The night cometh when no man can work." Up and be doing. Take your place beside the brave and the true, who, in face of difficulty and trial, through good report and ill, are battling for the kingdom God's Son dwelt with men to establish; and "be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

WALLYFORD.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XII.

IT is one thing to exercise patience and bear a stout heart in the midst of our troubles: but it is another thing to be happy, to open our windows to the sunshine, and our doors to the soft footsteps of peace waiting to come in. The household at Wallyford made a brave struggle. After the night of her mother's return Isabel, aided by a natural indignation, and still more by the great and overwhelming force of the family calamity, had put her dreams behind her, and did her best to forget the brief episode in which all her conscious life had seemed to be absorbed and concentrated. But even this scarcely furnished the smile which the old Captain had called for as necessary to his life. She smiled indeed with a heroic effort to please him in all things, but it was such a smile as moves the spectator not to gladness but tears. The Captain himself was arrested in the daily habits of his life. He went no more to the pier, which had been his daily amusement, but took his walk up and down the lane, trying to interest himself in the ripening of the corn and when it would be ready for the shearing. His heart was so fresh that after a day or two he began to take a real interest in this, and saw the golden colour creeping over the full ears with a sense of pleasure; but

it was not like the pleasure with which he watched the sails as they skimmed over the Firth, and recognised "our own boats" on their way out or in, and watched, well-pleased, the man-o'-war in the offing. Sometimes with a sigh he would sniff the distant odour of the sea, and long for his old seat and a crack with Sandy at the pier; but Isabel was more to him than his favourite walk. And, though nobody knew what the story was, at the end of a week all the parish had found out that, as respected John Cameron, something was wrong. He had not passed the roadside cottages for two or three Saturdays; he had not been seen at the kirk. And signs of agitation soon became visible about the house itself. Even the fishwives noted that when they knocked at the door the mistress herself or Miss Easbell would come with an anxious gaze, before Marget could get round from the kitchen. "Wha are they aye looking for?" the women said. They did not know, but they divined like Marget herself.

And as for Mrs. Cameron, not all her resolution, not all her desire to preserve her husband in that serenity which was congenial to him, and which sometimes seemed the only earthly anchor to hold by, and sometimes an aggravation unspeakable of all her griefs, could give composure to her anxious soul. When her husband adjured her to trust in God, she would answer, "Oh ay, oh ay, William, I trust in Him: but who can tell whether it may be His pleasure I should ever see my laddie again? I'm no rebelling. I'm no rebelling. If that's His pleasure, no doubt we'll submit, you and me; but you'll no say it's a happy thought."

"My dear," said the old Captain, "there is nothing for it but just to trust—He knows best—and to pray."

"Oh ay, William, oh ay," Mrs. Cameron repeated; "you have aye bidden me to be reasonable. If I thought the Lord did not know best I would have more comfort, I would weary Him day and night like you woman in the Scriptures: and so I do! and so I do!" cried the poor mother; "but aye there comes this thought, and chills the very heart in my bosom. What if He that knows best should think it best that I never should see my laddie again? I'm no rebelling. I'll submit as we've aye submitted, but I canna be happy in it, William. If I thought He had no mind of His own, but would just be persuaded if I cried and cried, oh but I would cry day and night (and so I do! and so I do!), and I would get more comfort in it. But, seeing that the Lord knows best, how is He to be over-persuaded by me praying? It's *that* that makes my heart like lead in my breast."

"My dear," said the Captain, "it's true that you say; but, when all's done, it was Him Himsel' that told that story of the widow woman. And how can you help it but pray! You can speak of nothing else to me—your weak man, as helpless as yourself; and what could you say to the Lord but what's in your heart? I'm not supposing," he said with a smile, "that you're thinking of breaking with the Lord, and saying nothing to Him more; and how can you help it, my bonnie woman? You must speak of your bairn to Him, and that's praying; maybe He'll find some wonderful way of reconciling the two; but as for crying to Him night and day—"

"I canna help it. I canna help it!" she said; "but I'm no so heavenly minded as you, my old man. To think the Lord will just do for the best, whatever I say to Him, gives me a chill at my very heart."

The Captain shook his old white head, but what could he reply? At seventy-five, with his rheumatism and the stinging of his old wounds, and his heavy heart, it was all he could do to carry that white head high, and keep his heart fixed, not perhaps like him who stands fast, fearing no evil tidings; he feared them, but he did not fear to be overwhelmed by them. And then he was old, earth slipping from his uncertain feet, and the better country so near; all he could do was to soothe his old companion with his tender voice, and smile upon

her with his serene countenance, and talk to her of gentle, common, everyday things, though his heart was as full as hers of the one subject. While this was going on a miracle was happening between them which neither of them noted. Isabel, a fanciful girl, a child but yesterday, perhaps, if nothing had happened, a narrowed, embittered, injured soul to-morrow, grew out of those swaddling bands of personal sorrow, and burst into life like a great majestic flower, like one of the noble lilies in the borders, lifting to heaven the best return for all its bounties, the breath of fragrance, the soul of beauty. She threw her little grief (which, after all, was not a little grief) behind her, like the husk of the blossom, with a half contempt, which yet was not contempt, for the pang which was only her own, and grew a woman in an hour. The father and the mother felt the new support and consolation, but they did not, absorbed in their sorrow, perceive what it was from which these blessings came. God worked this miracle for them all silently, and they did not find it out; their eyes being fixed upon that other miracle that all their prayers demanded, but which never came.

In this silence the days went on—how many of them, how few of them, all wrapped in one monotony of watching, no one could tell—though Mrs. Cameron kept an exact account, and would say to herself with anguish, "Another week, and no word! another day, and no word!" but the weeks were like years, and the interval one long, slow eternity, without beginning or end. There are few houses that do not know, in some measure, what suspense of this kind is. Perhaps it is for life or death, and no one can tell on what dreadful day the letter may arrive, or the telegram, saying that, among strangers far away, over land and sea, the uncertainty is over, and the boy will come back no more. But worst of all it is to know that somewhere, somewhere in the vast unknown of the world, wandering, sinning, suffering, there is one whose room is all decked and garnished, the chair put ready, the table spread, protection and forgiveness and love all waiting, but who does not come. "To serve and not to please, to wait and no one comes," say the Italians, are things that kill. This helplessness and impotence that make the soul sick, the horrible blank of not knowing, the groping to the east and to the west, the sense that when the wind blows and the storm rages, he, or still worse she, may be out in it whom we would shield with our very hearts: and when it is bitter cold may be exposed to it, and when it is night may be stumbling somewhere in the dark, far from light or shelter. Why should I dwell upon it! half the world knows something of that vigil. The worst of it at Wallyford was that it was all a repetition, and had been gone over before, and faded into use and wont, so that for years every unusual sound at night had seemed to be Willie coming home. Willie had become a forgotten word while the younger ones grew up, except in his parents' hearts, but in this renewal of anguish they could talk of him again. Was he living! or was he dead! no one could tell.

It may be thought strange that in all this trouble no special appeal had been made to Charley in Glasgow, who was so well-doing and gave no anxiety to any one. He had been told of it, of course, by letter, and he was very sorry, and glad that his father and mother had taken such summary measures "to save his character." "He will have no money," Charley wrote, "and no doubt you will hear from him soon." It is not an unusual addition to the trouble of highly sensitive people that there should be a cuckoo's egg among their brood, a stolid and steady-going soul to whom their feelings are foolishness, and who puts them down summarily as exaggerated and theatrical. The prosperous Camerons were both of this type. "If my mother would but let the boys alone, they would do quite well," Agnes said, who was out in India, and thought herself a great deal more experienced than her parents. And Charley was

also of opinion that it was a great pity his father and mother could not take things as they came. "He'll soon come home if you just leave him to himself," Charley wrote, quite satisfied that he had said all that could have been required of him. And the Captain would laugh at this, seeing the humour of it, and bidding his wife not seek for a silk purse—"where it was not to be found," he would end with a smile, not to be severe. Mrs. Cameron did not see the joke, but this was how it was that Charley was not further referred to. He had a great respect for the old people, but there were many occasions on which they might show more sense, and take what happened much more composedly, he thought, at their age.

And so the days went on. Mrs. Cameron, who had been a comely woman with a matronly fulness when this story began, changed in her aspect week by week. The softness of her countenance wore away. She grew thin and haggard, with anxious eyes interrogating everything—the empty road, and the vacant rooms, and every face that came before her. There is a description in Wordsworth's "Excursion" (which people are forgetting nowadays), of a long waiting and watching like this, such, I think, as never was put into human words before or since. It is of a woman whose husband has enlisted and left her, and of whom she knows nothing, if he is living or dead.

"I have heard

That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
Alone through half the vacant Sabbath day,
And if a dog passed by, she still would quit
The shade and look abroad. On this old bench
For hours she sat: and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. For on that path
Now faint, the grass has crept o'er its gray line,
There to and fro she paced through many a day.

And by yon gate

That bars the traveller's road she often stood,
And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully."

This was how Mrs. Cameron lived. She would go to the gate a hundred times in a day, and rise from her bed a hundred times in the night, to steal to the window where her light was burning and gaze out into the dark, or into the starlight, for somebody that might be coming; but nobody ever came.

The autumn was coming on and the days growing short, when one Saturday evening, when all was quiet, the gate was heard to open with that familiar click, and steps sounded on the gravel outside. Mrs. Cameron was lying on the sofa, where they made her rest in spite of herself, waiting till Marget and Simon came upstairs to prayers. She would have flung herself off the sofa to go to the staircase window with that spring of hope which always inspired her at every new sound, though it was hope that was almost despair. "No, no, it's a heavy foot and an old foot; I know it's not him," she said, as Isabel knelt by her side, imploring her to keep still. "I know it's not him," but it was always possible that it might be John, however unlikely, and they all listened with indescribable anxiety, while Marget was heard coming upstairs.

"It's just nothing," Marget said, as well aware as any of the others of the agitation with which she was awaited. "It's one that would speak to the Captain: it's some of the Kirk-Session business," she added vaguely, "or about the schules. It's nothing, mistress, nothing."

"To speak to me!" the old Captain said. He thought that there was something more in Marget's eye. He got up from his chair with nervous haste, and shuffled away unsteadily. "Ah!" he said as he went out, "if it's Kirk-Session business, I know what it will be." All this, however, did not satisfy his wife. She called

to Marget almost sternly, as the woman was hurrying downstairs.

"You said one—who was the one? If it is business about the Kirk-Session, there is nobody in the parish but what you can name." When it was thus put to her, Marget faltered and put herself at once in the wrong.

"I never thought you would have that curiosity, mem, and you no weel," she said.

"Curiosity!" Mrs. Cameron cried; "woman, who is it!"

"Oh, mamma, what does it matter, so long as it is not him?"

"I *will* know," her mother cried, a flush of excitement coming over her pale face.

"Then, mem, if you will know, though I never thought you had that curiosity, it's just the minister; but he said I was to say it was nothing," Marget replied.

This information excited Mrs. Cameron painfully. She sat upright, repulsing Isabel with her trembling hands. "It is something about my boy—it is something about my bonnie lad. He has gone distracted with his trouble—he is dead, and the minister—the minister! he that all's well with, that all's well with!—that has never fallen under the hand of God—it's he that must come to break the news to my man and me!"

"Oh, mistress," cried Marget, with streaming eyes, "what way will ye aye meet sorrow half-way? He said it was nothing, nothing—that it was the Captain he wanted about business."

"Mother, be still, be still," cried Isabel. "I will go and bring them here."

The two men were sitting in the little room downstairs when Isabel burst in upon them. "Whatever it is, come and tell it before my mother, or you will kill her," she cried breathless. But even in the miserable suspense of the moment Isabel had caught a glimpse of the minister's beaming countenance, lighted up by that little inquisitive spectator candle, which seemed to pry into everything. She ran upstairs again, leaving them to follow, scarcely touching the ground as she flew. "If it is news, it is good news," she cried.

And so it was. The minister had two things to do. He had first to celebrate the praises of his son Rob, and make it evident that no young man before had ever been so prosperous, or deserved his prosperity so well; and second, he had to tell them of their son, who was, alas! not such an example. Rob, who had been for some time in London, had met John by accident in the streets. He had heard (but this Mr. Bruce slurred over) that all was not well with his old friend, and in spite of John's resistance, had insisted upon following him to a miserable lodging—but this, also, to do the good minister justice, he touched upon very lightly too. But when he told how Rob had taken possession of the prodigal, how he had refused to let him go, how he had heard from him all his story ("which he has not repeated to me," Mr. Bruce said), and had comforted him, and finally taken him into the office, and become his "caution," and answered for him to his partners, he did not feel it necessary to be reticent. He sat by Mrs. Cameron's sofa, and told his tale with glistening eyes; while she listened with suppressed sobs of joy and pain, and humiliation and thankfulness, all in one. The old Captain sat on the other side, with his head a little bowed, and his eyes fixed upon the bearer of good tidings. They were all absorbed in their own tale—he telling, they listening; but yet the interest was different. An indifferent spectator hearing the story, seeing the little group so deeply intent, the illuminated countenance of the narrator, the intense and breathless interest of the listeners, would have thought it was young Rob Bruce who was the hero; and so he was to his proud and happy father. The others listened, shedding salt tears, pursuing the humbled secondary figure through the narrative with pangs of love and sorrow, and joy and shame. Mrs. Cameron was a proud woman. She had thought that all she

wished for in the world was to hear of her boy's safety, even to know where he was, much more to know that he was safe and in friendly hands; what more happiness did she want? But yet when she saw John's humbled position, his dependent lost figure gathered out of the depths by the other, the triumphant happy youth of whom his father was so proud, there was a keen pang in her thankfulness, and her joy was sharp with pain. The Captain felt it too, but with a sweeter and readier submission, a more tender gratitude. And as for the minister, he flowed forth with words that never tired. "My Robin would not let him go. Rob, you see, was determined, will-he nill-he, not to let him go. Rob had just got into his chambers, very nice rooms, as he describes them to me. He can afford himself that gratification. He is not a lad to waste his money, but he likes things nice about him. He took poor John home with him. You may be sure he's well looked after, Mrs. Cameron, well taken care of, when he's with my Robbie. I used to say he took care of me as well as any woman; and from the respect he has always had for this family," the minister said, with a glance at Isabel, "you may be sure he will spare no pains, and take every trouble. He would not be Robin Bruce if he did not do that," the proud father cried.

He was a true messenger of good news that night. He brought them hope, he brought them life; he restored them from the brink of despair; but they were scarcely more thankful for his coming than they were for his going away. It was Isabel who attended him to the door, after the custom of their old-fashioned politeness, which would let no visitor go through their house unaccompanied, and in the fulness of his heart he held her hand in his when he said good-night. "My dear," Mr. Bruce said, "you'll know that you did not count for nothing in all that Rob has done." Then Isabel, too, felt that the joy of finding her brother that was lost was not a happiness without alloy.

But all these sentiments melted away when they were left alone together and could say to each other that John was safe. He was safe, however it had come about: in friendly keeping, in honest hands, in the way of doing well again. Was it possible? Could it be possible? Mrs. Cameron lay back on her pillows, with tears of relief and gladness bedewing her pale face. The wind might blow to-night, what would it matter? "Oh, what am I minding about the rain!" she said; "my laddie will be under a kindly roof."

"But the minister, honest man, will just be dreeping before he gets hame," said Marget, who had come up to hear the news, and stood weeping openly with simple joy.

Next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Cameron was the only one who did not go to church. She was too feeble to venture upon the long walk; but when Isabel had placed her mother comfortably on the sofa, and put her Bible by her, and one or two favourite books, the others left her, issuing out solemnly, like a little procession, Marget and Simon first, the Captain and his daughter after. Marget turned back again, however, to lock the door, as she always did, putting the key, as she had done for more years than she could count, at the root of the great white rose-bush. "If anybody comes that kens the place, they will ken where to find it," she said; "and I'll no have the mistress troubled with ony gangrel bodies. She kens now that yon misfortunate laddie will never come hame the day."

"It's aye them that's no expectit that comes," said Simon oracularly; but he was bidden to hold his peace, and did so, and carried the big psalm-book with the large print that his wife loved, to the kirk, as a good husband should. The bells were ringing softly far away when the party set out. The sound came floating over the fields through the hazy, mellow October morning to Mrs. Cameron's ear. Perfect stillness and peace were in the house. A little fire, more for ornament and "company" than use, burned in the grate, and the west window

was open, letting in a soft little breeze, which, though there had been already a few early frosts, was caressing and summerlike still. Mrs. Cameron lay back on her pillows and read her Bible, and stopped every moment to make her thanks to God. "I was a thankless woman—oh, I was a hard-hearted woman. I deserved no grace, but I have gotten it," she murmured to herself. Then she would turn to the Psalms, which she knew by heart, and repeat them aloud. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people." "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Then she would fold her hands upon her book, and be silent even from prayer, feeling that presence of God all about her, that great companionship, that sacred sympathy, which is the climax of religious feeling. And she was so stilled, so calmed, so reconciled with all things in heaven and earth, that she was not even aware of certain subdued sounds without, which yesterday would have driven her wild with expectation, with hope, and fear.

It might have been about noon, when Mr. Bruce had got to the second head of his discourse—for he was old-fashioned and systematic, and sometimes got as far as a sixth head—that some one who had been wandering about the fields for some time, and had seen the family leave the house, drew near with steps that were almost stealthy. He was a man who was no longer young, though perhaps it might be less by time than by care that his face was worn. He had a vigorous beard, a sunburnt countenance, and an active, well-knit frame. He stood behind a tree to see the family go by; and started a little when he saw the Captain and Isabel, and looked round as if for some one else; after that he wandered about, round and round Wallyford, making circles about the spot like a bird before it lights upon its nest. He went in to the garden, not by the gate, but by a low part of the wall behind the house, where there were marks, half-obiterated, of ancient climbings. He stood and looked at them with a smile just showing under his beard, and then strayed through the garden, along all the narrow paths, as if he knew them by heart. At last, always half stealthily, with cautious steps, he came round to the door. It was locked and all the windows closed, and not a sign of life about. Ettrick, the old collie, was absent, taking his usual Sunday walk; Marget's big black cat sat in the sun on the window-sill of the little room, but she took no notice of him. He stood and looked at the house up and down, gazing at the windows which twinkled in the ruddy light of the sun. His face grew paler as he looked, and the corners of his mouth drooped. He shook his head as if assuring himself that nobody had been left at home. No, no, nobody had been left at home, the whole family had gone to church as usual, master and servants. And were these all? were these all! Then a sudden thought seemed to seize him. He stooped down and put his hand under a certain branch of the white rose-tree. When he drew forth the key, a gleam of laughter passed over his face, but it sobered again, as very softly he opened the well-known door. It was with a very grave countenance that he went into the dining-parlour with all its little quaint windows, its low roof, the old sideboard with the silver cup upon it which once had been presented to Captain Cameron, the old garde-de-vin underneath. Here he stood for a long time, scarcely moving, looking wistfully at everything. How many things came to his mind! He seemed to have forgotten nothing, though all had grown so small, so dark, so brown with age.

It was when the stranger came out of this room, and his foot struck with a little jar upon the inequality of the floor, that Mrs. Cameron was first roused to think that she heard something in the house—something, it might be nothing, only one of those strange perpetual sounds which arise in the silence. Twenty-four hours ago it would have roused her into excitement. Now, she

said to herself it was nothing; and then, for a long time, all was still. She relapsed again into that quiet mood which was so sweet after all the agitations of the past, that mood in which she could lie still and think of God without assailing Him and battering, as it were, the door of heaven with poor tremulous outcries, repetitions, never-ending, of agonised prayer. Perfectly still, her old heart and the old house, that were so like each other. Surely there never was such a Sunday morning, so still, so sweet, so full of peace.

When all at once there fell another sound into the stillness, the sound of a door opening, then closed—the door which shut off the kitchen and all Marget's department, a door which lately had been much left open, the old rule about it neglected. Perhaps the wind might have done this, but she opened her eyes wide and listened, as if that made her ears more acute, as some short-sighted people listening intently will put up their glasses, as if that added something to their power of hearing. And this time there could be no longer any doubt. There was a sound of a step upon the flagged passage, and then nearer, more alarming, of some one coming slowly upstairs.

Mrs. Cameron's heart leaped up to her throat, her pulses began to throb, her mouth grew dry. John! she had no feeling that it was John. It was some one who had come in with precaution, noiselessly, which he would never have done. He would have known she was there, waiting to take him into her arms. She sat upright upon her couch, putting her feet to the ground, but trembling so much that she did not attempt to stand. Slowly, steadily the step came upstairs, with a certain reluctance in it: not a step she knew. Would it be a stranger who had stolen into the peaceful house? perhaps one of the tramps she had always been afraid of: perhaps John—oh, no, no! He was safe in London, safe, and better there than here, out of temptation, out of suspicion. It came up, up, softly, slowly, like fate approaching. The veins seemed bursting in her head. Her heart leaped as if it would escape out of her breast. Whatever this was, she could not escape, being too weak and tremulous even to stand up, much less to fly.

And then, slowly, as if at the touch of doom, the door opened to the wall.

Who was it! Not a tramp, not a robber, far from that. A man with a serious face, a lip that trembled under his beard, whose eyes went first to the fire and the Captain's chair standing by it, before they found her out at the other side of the room, eyes with a smile in them, and a tear, and tender thoughts. When they reached her sitting there trembling, leaning forward, her heart sounding with a wild independent life, as if there were two of them, it and she—when he saw her, I say, an instantaneous change came over the man's face, a light seemed to flash all over it; he flung himself into the room, at her feet, with a great cry.

What was it! O God of the wanderer! O Father in heaven! what was it! Her heart stopped beating, so she thought, and she alone was left to fathom what it meant. For it was not John; it was a stranger whom she did not know; and yet what he cried was "Mother! mother!" For a moment she seemed to waver on the line which parts the shock of wonder and joy from the shock of madness. She put her hands upon his shoulders and pushed him from her. Then, with a shriek that rang through the house, and reached the ears of the household band coming back over the peaceful fields, she cried out, "It is Willie! it is Willie!" and fell back knowing no more.

"You may not think muckle of my man," Marget said in the afternoon, when all was quiet, the mistress restored, though weak, and the new occurrence understood; "he's no a man of many words: but I canna but think upon the last he said as we gaed out of the house this blessed morning. 'Them that comes is them that's no expectit,' Simon said. He's no a man of many words, but the judgment of him when he likes to pit it forth! It's no

so often that he pits it forth, that's true. It would be ower great an effort." But this was probably said because Simon came in at the moment, and his wife did not think it good for his character to praise him too much to his face.

Wallyford had seen many changes first and last, but never anything like that strange day. Willie Cameron had thought his mother dead when he saw the little party pass to church, and her absence had pierced his heart with that poignant sense of the irreparable which death brings with it. He had come home to make up for his old follies, but here, he thought, was something which never could be made up. When he found her still in her own room, in her own place, to hear his story, and give the pardon which had come so long before he asked it, his heart was more utterly touched than it had been, even by the impulse that brought him home. It was strange beyond measure to the parents to meet this mature man, middle-aged, and more experienced in the world than themselves, in place of the reckless, idle youth whose wild ways had wrought them so much trouble. He had run through a strange career, had gone down to the very depths before perceiving further life in that aspect impossible, he had set his foot, as it were, against the bottom of the pit, and spurned it with one spring upwards. And then the way had been weary and long, with a hundred failures. It was not till within the last few years that he had fairly emerged into daylight, and had seen a chance of re-appearing in the other world where he was born. His story was like a book to the little audience that gathered round him, hanging on his lips. And Isabel, above all, was a wonder to Willie. "Is that my sister?" he said; "I cannot but think it is my little child, mother, the little girl I lost;" and thus he let them know that he had been married, and had wife and child both dead. They sat and wondered at him as he told his tale, the parents exchanging wondering looks, not able to believe that this was Willie. Perhaps it was a disappointment to them, after all. He was Willie, yet a man whom they did not know. When he lay down in his old little room that night, his mother, still so weak and tremulous, was shy of going in, with her candle in her hand, to see that all was right for him, as had always been her use. And it was a strange, trembling, wondering happiness that filled the agitated house.

When the two old people were alone together, the Captain took his wife's tremulous hand. "My bonnie woman," he said, "what did I tell you? to wait till you and me were at the end before we reproached our Maker. And now He's taken His revenge upon us for all our doubtings and our questionings, my dear."

"If you call that His revenge, William—but it was me that was of little faith, and no you, my old man."

"Ay, I call that His revenge—and like Himself—a double blessing," the old Captain said.

There is not much room to say more; what I could say, if I had space, is another matter: for every human story is but a beginning, opening up, if we could follow them, endless stories to come. How Willie Cameron settled down and was a good son at the end, yet never but impressed his mother as an older man than the Captain, older than herself even, though she was not of the light-hearted sort like her husband. How John, still the same John, though he had received so sharp a lesson, was skillfully pushed, and dragged, and warned, and threatened into comparative well-doing by that clever and prosperous young merchant, Rob Bruce, of whom his father never ceased to talk, and with good reason—until at last he was sent abroad, where he married, and fell in love with prosperity, and attained it in some measure. And how young Bruce, the prosperous and kind, came to Wallyford for his reward, and had such a fight for it as few lovers are brave enough to undertake, but conquered in the end, as a brave lover deserves to do. There are, at least, three other histories already indicated. But space and time fail me, and I cannot tell any more.

"The bairns were an awfu' bother," Marget says now, in the quiet of the old house; "they broke our hearts—the mistress's and mine; one would be ill in the body, and another would take to evil ways. And them that were without sin among them would be aye throwing stanes. We had a sair fight, what with this and what with that. But now they're a' out in the world, and settled for themselves and doing well; weel, I'm rael thankful, and so is the mistress; but it's a thought dull with so little to make ourselves unhappy about," Marget says.

The End.

A Covenanter's Grave.

By Rev. THOMAS NICOL, B.D., Tolbooth, Edinburgh.

ON one of the wildest and most lonely moors in Galloway stands a granite monument erected to the memory of four of the martyrs of the Covenant. It rises to a height of thirty feet, an obelisk upon a base about ten feet square, and is built upon a hillock standing slightly above the surrounding moor. A few feet off, towards the bottom of the slope, nearly hidden by rough grass, is a freestone slab with skull and crossbones and the legend "*Memento mori*" on the back, and a clearly cut inscription on the front. The distinctness of the lettering is due to the pious efforts of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," whose home was for some years a few miles from this spot. He gave himself up to the task of repairing the Covenanters' gravestones in the churchyards and on the moors, where he might often be found disturbing the plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet. The inscription is as follows:—

HERE LYES ROBERT FERGUSON
WHO WAS SURPRISED AND INSTANTLY SHOT
TO DEATH ON THIS PLACE BY GRAHAM OF
CLAVERHOUSE FOR HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLAND'S REFORMATION COVENANTS
NATIONALL AND SOLEMN LEAGUE 1684.

The situation of this humble tombstone, and the story told by the inscription, are like many to be found in the *land of the Covenant*. It was a beautiful August day when we visited the spot. The hillocks and the undulating ridges of the moorland were bright with the pink-flowered heath, and the spaces between were clothed with luxuriant grass, and fragrant with bog myrtle. On one side the wide expanse of moor is bounded by heath-clad slopes that stretch away in miles of pastures covered with flocks. In another direction the hills stand up like walls, with masses of granite boulders, that seem to have fallen in avalanches, at their foot. Out upon the sides of these hills one might see goats leaping from crag to crag, and find the lair where the fox feeds her cubs upon vermin and game, and even lambs from the flock. There are no signs of cultivation visible, but around what had once been homesteads are groves of hazels and rowans sloping gently towards the winding stream which lines with an edge of silver the border of the moor. The two centuries that have elapsed since

the killing times have not altered a feature of the scenery, and the only sign of modern life is the momentary glimpse that may be caught of a railway train panting up a steep incline through a solitude traversed only by the sportsman or the shepherd. Here, two hundred years ago, Covenanters met for the worship which was denied them in the sanctuary. On a green hill-side among these solitudes, tradition tells that Peden and Renwick used to preach to crowds hungering for the bread of life. In a glen a few miles across the hills, an ejected minister was wont, in the troublous times, to meet in secret with his former flock, and to baptize their children with water from the hollow basin of a rock.

"In solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws.
There leaning on his spear
The lyart veteran heard the Word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle streams; then rose the long, the loud
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
His plaint, the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairn the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note."

The story told by the inscription is the same told by monuments and cairns and tombstones all through the south-west of Scotland. Almost every churchyard has its martyrs' stone. Upon the bare hill-side or the lonely moor rises the monument to tell of bloody death "for adherence to Scotland's Reformation Covenants," and "for adherence to the Word of God." Many of these memories have been revived during the past summer, by the keeping of the bicentenary of the Sanquhar Declaration of 1680, which fired the Covenanters with the zeal and the courage that were visited with such terrible persecutions, and finally rewarded with the triumphant establishment of their principles in the Revolution Settlement of 1688. Robert Fergusson and his companions were known to have cast in their lot with those who adhered to the Sanquhar Declaration. Their party of eight were surprised crossing the moor from their hiding-place in the neighbouring hills; four of them were instantly put to death by the muskets of Claverhouse's troopers; two were hanged and then beheaded after a mock trial at Kirkcudbright; and two escaped. Fergusson was buried where he fell. The bodies of the other three shot along with him were carried off and buried in the churchyard of their own parish by friends, but it was only after Claverhouse had disinterred and dishonoured the corpses for some days, that they were allowed to occupy what have been quaintly called their "resting graves." The struggles of the Covenanters from the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant in 1638, and the Pentland rising in 1666, to the Sanquhar Declaration in 1680, and the Revolution Settlement in 1688, were the contendings of

resolute and godly men on behalf of civil and religious liberty. In the National Covenant they declare, "We believe with our hearts, confess with our mouths, subscribe with our hands, and constantly affirm, before God and the whole world, that this only is the true Christian faith and religion, pleasing God and bringing salvation to man, which now is, by the mercy of God, revealed to the world by the preaching of the blessed Evangel; and is received, believed and defended by many and sundry notable kirks and realms, but chiefly by the Kirk of Scotland, the King's Majesty, and Three Estates of this Realm, as God's eternal truth and only ground of our salvation" . . . "and we faithfully promise for ourselves, our followers, and all others under us, both in public, and in our particular families, and personal carriage, to endeavour to keep ourselves within the bounds of Christian liberty, and to be good examples to others of all godliness, soberness, and righteousness, and of every duty we owe to God and man." And they vow all this "most humbly beseeching the Lord to strengthen us by His Holy Spirit for this end, and to bless our desires and proceedings with a happy success; that religion and righteousness may flourish in the land, to the glory of God, the honour of our King, and peace and comfort of us all." It would be idle to claim that they were all saints. It may fairly be admitted that some of the resistance offered to the prelatical tendencies of the later Stuarts was due to the *downness* of the Scottish character. But when we have counted off this, and disclaimed sympathy with some of their rash deeds, we are bound to acknowledge these men as the champions of the religious liberties and purity of doctrine which it is our unspeakable privilege to enjoy. Standing by the martyr's moorland grave, and recollecting the deeds of those times, we cannot but see that such men as he acted under God's providence so as to secure for future generations freedom of conscience and access to the pure Word of God. Well do some of their tombstones make reference to Revelation xii. 11: "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." They did for our beloved country and for our Presbyterian Church what the Waldenses attempted for Italy, and the Huguenots for France, with much less success. We owe them a deep debt of gratitude. We may well honour their memory. The spirit that inspired their bolder deeds, and that breathed bitterness and intolerance we cannot approve, was of times that have passed away. Their spirit of profound reverence for God's truth, their decision for Christ their Lord, their faith, and their discernment of the times, are needed in our day as much as ever. That which they fought and died to hand down to their posterity, we may well prize and reverence, and use so as to hand it down, improved if possible, to ours.



The King.

2 KINGS x. 15, 16.

THE wayfarer is tired with length of way
And roughness of the road ;
Each morn his steps grow feebler, and each day
Yet heavier his load ;
And once again it is so late, so late,
And he no nearer to the palace gate.

In royal chariot, clothed in royal state,
There cometh forth the King,
The pilgrim can but stand aside and wait—
He has no voice to sing ;
His head is bent, his eyes are dim, so dim,
What hath he left wherewith to welcome Him ?

But, lo ! the chariot stops, and, from His seat,
The King bends questioning low,
And asks of him, still standing at His feet,
What he alone can know—
“ Is thine heart truly right,” He says, “ with Mine,
As My heart, O My servant, is with thine ! ”

“ My heart, O King, is true,” the pilgrim says ;
The King holds out His hand ;
Right joyfully the weary one obeys
His Sovereign’s command :
So raised beside Him, passeth o’er the road,
And enters with his King the high abode. W.

Robert Burns and the Cottar's Saturday Night.

By Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

II. THE POET.

WRITING as I do especially for working men and women, my object will be to contribute as much as I can, in this short space, to their having in their mind a true idea of what Robert Burns was. I would try to correct some misapprehensions into which they may be ready to fall in regard to him, and to assist them in rightly measuring and estimating one whose very name ensures their interest.

It is a commonplace to say that he was a man of genius. But let us make sure that all are aware how much this means. Let us try to express it so that it shall appear as a thing visible to the eye. If we were to construct for ourselves a scale-measure of mental power and endowment, we might write upon it at a level a little above what is ordinary in men, the word *clever*. Clever men are to be found in every district. Some of them show their capacity in making clever rhymes. But among these Burns is not to be thought of. A good way farther up on our scale we might put a mark representing the measure and level of *men of talent*. That is an expression by which we mean and convey much more than by the other. But neither do we give him his place among these. At a point higher up yet, by far, on our scale—at a point attained by a rare few of the human race—we would write the word *genius*. A whole generation of men may pass in a country without a single example of this rank and class; but it is as one who has long had an acknowledged place among these that we describe Robert Burns as a man of genius. And do not suppose that this name is conceded to him, as it were, by the courtesy of educated men, and in kindly condescension to an uneducated ploughman. It is a mistake, as we have already seen, to think of Burns as really uneducated; and the place he holds among men of genius is neither higher nor lower from his having been a ploughman. It belongs simply to the natural eminence of his mind and gifts.

Next let us make sure that we have a right idea of the particular kind of genius which was his; that we know the true description and value of what is called *poetic* genius. Let my readers ask themselves what kind of man a poet is, and of what stuff poets are made. A poet, many people think, is a sentimentalist. He is a soft, dreamy enthusiast, who has an insight into and a feeling about things which are of little interest to other people, and often of little importance. He has a strain of weakness in his nature, so that ordinary men of the practical world may as much compassionate him as look up to him. If my readers

have met with this idea of a poet, or if it has any place in their own minds, let them finally dismiss it. It may be true that there have been poets of such a one-sided susceptibility. But, in general, a poet is not a man with a special faculty which is wanting in other men, while he himself may be wanting in what they have. A poet is one who has just such faculties as his fellow-men, only on a larger scale, in fuller measure, and more harmoniously developed. He is stronger than their strength, tenderer than their gentleness, deeper than their thoughtfulness. He has more laughter in him, and also more tears, more mass of nature and more sensitiveness. He is (in words which I borrow from George Macdonald) our "Big Brother." "He speaks," says Carlyle, "with power to men, just by being more a man than they."

Now, while this is true of poets generally, it is expressly so of Burns. In his natural endowments he was large all over. We who are but common men feel it sweet to walk by a "trottin' burn" in a pleasant glen; it filled his heart to overflowing. We know what it is to be touched with a momentary pity for the dumb creatures; but what a world of ruth he felt for the homeless field-mouse whose nest he had unwittingly ruined. We have some touch in us of manly self-respect; but what rebellion against servility was in him who wrote "A man's a man for a' that." We have some patriotic spirit; but how slender its tide compared with that which poured through his soul who wrote "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." What sweetness of affection, what pang of loss his heart could feel, who wrote "To Mary in Heaven." Force and fineness were combined in him, humour and pathos, quick sensibilities and intellectual robustness. On men who met him face to face he produced an impression of unexpected capacity where they themselves excelled. Fresh from the plough on his first visit to Edinburgh, he was received among his countrymen of highest acquirement and education, and comported himself as their equal or more. One eminent among them, Professor Dugald Stewart, says of him afterwards, "From his conversation I should have pronounced him fitted to excel in any walk of ambition in which he had chosen to exert his abilities." And one who knew Burns well, and was not unfitted to judge of him, is led into the seeming paradox of saying, that "Poetry was actually not his *forte*." The man was felt to be greater himself than anything he had written.

I may take for granted now that we put away from us poor ideas of what a poet is, as if he were a sentimentalist or a mere caterer for amusement. We are ready to think of a poet with a kind of reverent affection, and we must reckon that the calling of a poet is a very high one. His great gifts imply this. It is laid upon him to make a worthy use of them, and many a poet has so used his endowments and fulfilled his calling as to be

a great gift of God to His people. Other men may add to the material wealth of a nation; some may do better still, and add to its knowledge. The poet may do neither of these, yet his service be far greater; for it is his part to quicken and develop the people themselves. Poets, as our elder brethren—seeing more deeply into themselves, into men and the world, seeing just what we do, but more deeply and truly—do us the service of interpreting us to ourselves, and of drawing out capacities in us that would be left to lie dormant. A man, by nature, may be likened to a harp of many wonderful strings, most of which may remain untuned and dull his life long. Few services can be greater than that of the poet who first makes them thrill, and by and by brings music out of them all. This service it is not too much to call bringing our nature to life, putting us in possession of ourselves—of that varied being with which our Maker has endowed us. A poet, therefore, is indeed a gift of God to a nation, which marches forward with accelerated pace because of him among them. Easy is the work of the teachers to whom it falls to train the many faculties of heart and mind when once the poet has done his work of arousing and bringing them to life. And the nature he has quickened he continues to strengthen and develop.

Now I believe that, to an extent which cannot easily be told, this service of stirring and quickening mind and heart has been done by Burns for his countrymen. What multitudes of Scotsmen have owed the awakening of new interests in the world around them, new perceptions of beauty, new powers and emotions of their own bosoms, to the songs and poetry of Burns! Let any one who knows our people, try to think what they and their life would have been had he never lived. How stagnant, comparatively, the life of Scotland would have been! How much it would have wanted in humorous strength; how much in vigorous freedom; how much, too, of a tender and pensive strain. To think of Scotland without Burns, is like imagining a mist and a numbness coming over our people, and putting them back in the scale of life. So great, I believe, is the debt of Scotland to Burns; and never out of Scottish hearts may the echoes die of songs like these, "O a' the airts the wind can blaw," "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," "John Anderson, my Jo, John," and "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

No one will expect me, in the short space at my disposal, to attempt to tell the story of his life. I may take for granted that my readers know it: the tragedy of it compels us to read it in spite of pain; and it may well be read again and again by all Scotsmen. I shrink even from attempting to give an estimate of his character and course. It is indeed impossible to omit all reference to a thing so primary in regard to any man, and which so affects the place we should give him in our thoughts. But who does not feel perplexed and baffled in the

attempt to judge Robert Burns! If we begin with a case to make out and a side taken, the task is easy. It would be easy to select from his life traits and incidents which would shock or disgust, and justify heavy condemnation. It would be easy, again, to select incidents that prove him undoubtedly a man of most generous, and even reverent impulses, his heart a stranger to no high emotion or purpose. Keeping ourselves to one or other selection, our verdict of him might be almost as high, or almost as low as we chose. But how combine both in one actual man and one true verdict? And this contradiction of his life is reflected in his poetry. It has in it not only many noble elements, but also some commingled that are ignoble, and even foul. The same man who wrote many things that are of power to purify and elevate, to lift the heart above all baseness or grossness, wrote other things, contact with which is a peril to the very life of the soul. He has strengthened our strength and refined our tenderness; he has wonderfully enriched and, to his honour be it kept in mind, purified Scottish song; but his poetry has lent, alas! a deluding glory, too, to the worst sins of Scotland, a gilding to her strongest chains. So the countrymen of Burns are kept for ever in division about him; and the Christian minister, holding in his hand the poems of Burns, and knowing well what power they have to stir and educate, yet doubts in himself as he puts them into the hands of youth, lest they should stir in the nature what should be left to slumber, and taint instead of purify. Is it possible to find complete excuse and vindication for him, in a belief that the poetic temperament terribly increases the force of temptation, and that so the errors and sufferings of such as Burns are a kind of woe which they must bear along with the glory of their endowment? Or can we lay the blame of his sad history on the intrusive folly of society, and the hurt it did him, even more by its blandishments than by its desertions? No one who has read the famous essay of Carlyle will believe that our perplexity can be escaped in such ways as these; and I should do dishonour to the grace of God, if I forgot that there is a power known among men by which even a nature with so many headlong sensibilities as his could have been controlled and directed to one great purpose of life. Sadness is for ever fixed at the heart of our admiration of him, and we cannot but think with longing of what he might have been. If he had steadfastly followed those higher voices which he often heard within him clearly, if so he had exercised his high vocation as a poet, and had then been permitted to live to the natural term of human life, what a Burns we should have had, the inspiring soul of Scotland in every high direction! But even as it is now, no Scotsman can bear to make his last word about Burns a harsh one. The Scottish poor, especially, cannot suffer this; and it is right it should be so, for the debt they owe him. He

has made their lot in a manner illustrious by sharing it, and has shed upon it by his genius "the light that never was on sea or land." He has lifted the humblest walks of Scottish life into an air of glory. And all Scotsmen are debtors to him for the restoration of the national spirit, which was yielding to shame before what was English. "If Scotsmen to-day love and cherish their country with a pride unknown to their ancestors of the last century, if strangers of all countries look on Scotland as a land of romance, this we owe in great measure to Burns, who first turned the tide, which Scott afterwards carried to full flood."¹

A graver reason yet remains to forbid harsh judgment of Burns; the regretful manner, namely, in which he has more than once judged himself, as, for instance, in that "confession at once devout, poetical, and human," which he has given under the title of *A Bard's Epitaph*. Nor can it be forgotten how he spoke in view of his approaching end: "He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them." Who that reads these words will say it has been well done to give to the world those editions of his poems that are advertised to contain everything he wrote? And may I not, in the name of Burns himself, and by the sacredness of his last days and dying wishes, charge all who read him to close their minds as they read against whatever is unworthy of his genius, and which he, dying, would have wished to blot? So let us judge his better part to have been his true self.

Would my readers have liked to have seen Robert Burns? It is something even to see him through the eyes of those who then were living, and who tell us of him. But we must choose some one who *could* see him, and it is not every one who can truly see a great man. Let us look at him then, as words I shall quote enable us to do, through the eyes of a boy of fifteen—a boy of fifteen, who saw him only once—but that boy's name was Walter Scott!

"His person," says Sir Walter, "was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious

¹ Burns, by Principal Shairp.

country farmer of the old Scotch school, i.e. none of your modern agriculturists who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

Adieu, Robert Burns; pride of all Scotsmen! Take our proud and sad farewell!

Christ in the Tabernacle.

By the Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D., Glasgow.

No. IV. THE MOST HOLY PLACE—(Concluded).

TWO subjects were left untouched by the last paper on the Most Holy Place, two of the most mysterious, but also of the most blessed symbols in the whole Tabernacle.

I. Of these the first is THE OHERUBIM. What were they? Two figures of gold made by Moses out of the same piece of gold as the Mercy Seat, with faces and wings. They stood upon the Mercy Seat, over the Ark of the Covenant, looking down upon it. They stood in the full light of the glory from above; and they cast a shadow continually over the Ark. They are called in Hebrews (ix. 4) "The Oherubim of Glory overshadowing the Mercy Seat."

(1.) We meet them first in the book of Genesis, after man has sinned. "So God drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Oherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life" (ch. iii. 24). (2.) The next mention of them is when Moses was told to erect the Tabernacle. Besides the golden figures in the Most Holy Place, "Oherubim of cunning work" were embroidered on the Veil, and on the curtain-roof of the whole Tabernacle, so that these figures looked down upon all that was done within the house of God. What a solemn position these mystic figures had in the Tabernacle; looking down upon it from the roof—over it from the Veil—nay, overshadowing the Mercy Seat itself! (3.) We notice next the Oherubim in the Temple of Solomon. When there was no longer a curtain for roof, they were not seen on looking up, but, were "graven on the walls," and they still continued on the Veil. Within the Most Holy Place their colossal figures, rising on either side and above the Ark, gave the appearance of a chariot which the Oherubim seemed about to draw (1 Chron. xxviii. 18). (4.) A description of the same figures (apparently) is given us by Isaiah (ch. vi.). He sees "The Lord sitting upon His throne" in the Temple (i.e. over the Mercy Seat). "Above it stood the Sera-

phim; each of them had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly" (vi. 2). The name given to them is different (Seraphim, not Cherubim), and the description of the figures is different; but before we say that these are not the Cherubim, let us turn to the next account in Scripture. (5.) This is by Ezekiel, who in his first and tenth chapters speaks of them. He is writing in Babylon to the captive Jews, foretelling the destruction of the Temple and the city of Jerusalem; and taking the image of the Cherubim over the Ark as "a chariot" (as described in 1 Chron.), he portrays it in a vision as leaving the Temple; first passing to the threshold, then to the east gate (see Gen. iii. 24), then to the Mount of Olives, where they disappear. In the course of these visions he describes the Cherubim. There were four of them (not two), with the general appearance of a man. Each had four wings and four faces. They had the faces of a man, of a lion, of an ox, and of an eagle. The prophet calls them "Cherubim." (6.) Now what are these faces? Let us go back to the days of Moses and the Tabernacle (see Numbers ii.) When the Camp halted, the Ark was placed in the centre, and three tribes encamped on each of its four sides; Judah and two tribes on the east; Reuben and two tribes on the south, Ephraim and two tribes on the west, and Dan and two tribes on the north. Moses says that each of these four divisions had a *standard*; and old Rabbinical writers tell us what these were. Judah's was a *Lion*, Reuben's a *man*, Ephraim's an *ox*, and Dan's an *eagle*. Exactly the same as the faces of the Cherubim in Ezekiel, and in *exactly the same order*! We cannot fail to see that there is some connection between the Camp of Israel and the Cherubim which Ezekiel saw!

(7.) Only once more does Holy Scripture describe these figures, and that is in Rev. iv. St. John sees in heaven, first, twenty-four elders sitting round the throne; and round about the throne are four *living creatures*, called (unhappily) "*beasts*" in our English version. They are "full of eyes before and behind;" they have each six wings (like the Seraphim of Isaiah); one is like a *lion*, one like a *calf*, the third like a *man*, and the fourth like a *flying eagle*. Exactly the four faces assigned by Ezekiel to the Cherubim.¹ They are engaged day and night in the worship of God, singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!" In the next chapter (v. 9, 10) we have these living creatures (the "*beasts*") joining with the twenty-four elders in praising the Lamb for the

wonders of His redeeming love. It is disputed whether the true reading of the words represents them as giving thanks for their own salvation, or for that of men generally. It does not seem to me of much consequence how that question be decided. The words cannot *exclude* the singers from the salvation which is in Christ, because the elders take part in singing them. The song of thanksgiving is common to elders and "*beasts*."

What, then, were the Cherubim? The answer is, They were the *symbolic representatives of the Redeemed Church*, four-square and complete, Jewish and Christian. In Eden, they were round the Tree of Life,—Christ in the midst, the Church around. In the Tabernacle and the Temple, the Cherubim are round the Ark of the Covenant. The four standards of Israel surround the Camp of the Saints, and the Ark of God in the midst. In heaven, likewise, the Apostle sees the four Cherubim round the throne, on which Christ is seated. The Camp of the true Israel, with its standards—not a tribe wanting. The Camp of the Saints! Round the Ark; round the Throne; round the Saviour; round the Glory! The Tree of Life is there, and they are not far from it! The Tabernacle of God is with men, and they are in the Holy of holies! The Temple of God is opened in heaven; the Lamb is the light thereof; and they are standing in the light! The Song of the Redeemed is to be sung, and who shall sing it but that ransomed Church which, out of every kindred, and tribe, and people, and nation, Christ has purchased by His blood! For they, and none other, are "the Cherubim of Glory overshadowing the Mercy Seat."

II. It will not be needful to treat at great length the interesting and solemn subject of The Glory of the Lord, as shown and set forth in the Tabernacle. Much of what concerns it has been unavoidably touched on in treating of the Cherubim.

It pleased God, all through the earlier history of His Church, to make manifest His presence by means of a sacred cloud, called The Glory of the Lord. There is reason to believe that even in Paradise it was seen when Adam and Eve were driven forth. There "appeared Cherubim and a *flaming sword* which turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life" (Gen. iii. 24). From the close connection of the Cherubim with the Glory of the Lord, it is supposed that THIS was the Glory which, to sinners, was as a "*Flaming Sword*." It was seen by Moses in the Burning Bush. God appeared to him "in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush" (Exod. iii. 2). In the wilderness, on the morning before the manna was given, "the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud" (Exod. xvi. 10). The "*cloud*" was the "*cloudy pillar*" which went before the people. The same great sight was still more strikingly seen when Moses was up on the mount with God, and "the sight of the glory of the Lord was like de-

¹ It is to be observed (whatever the connection may be) that the early painters represented the four Evangelists by the same appearances—Matthew like a lion, Mark like a man, Luke like an ox, and John like an eagle. The order is the same as that of Ezekiel, but different from that of Revelation.

vouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel (Exod. xxiv. 16).

But when the Tabernacle was reared, the glory of the Lord had a fixed "habitation" in Israel. In the Most Holy Place, over the Cherubim and the Ark, the Sacred Cloud ever rested. It was the only light of that Place; and as the wings of the Cherubim covered the Ark, they threw a perpetual shadow upon it, "overshadowing the Mercy Seat." In the Temple of Solomon the same thing took place. When the king publicly offered up the prayer of dedication, and the singers had praised God, then "the house was filled with a cloud, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God!" (2 Chron. v. 14). From Moses to the Captivity (about 1000 years) the Sacred Cloud continued to be visible in Tabernacle and Temple; but the Temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the prophet Ezekiel gives us, in the wonderful vision, already noticed, an account of the departure of the glory of the Lord (Ezek. x. and xi.); driven away by the sin of the people.

In one of the later chapters of his prophecies, Ezekiel predicts that the glory is to return when the Temple is built again; first appearing "from the way of the east," and then by stages passing on till it "filled the house" (Ezek. xliii.). When the Temple was built by Zerubbabel, the Jews looked for this prophecy to be fulfilled; but, alas! the glory did not appear; the Most Holy Place was left "in thick darkness." But Haggai again predicted, "I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Hag. ii. 7). Still there was no appearance of the Sacred Cloud. The four hundred years of silence passed, and many were "waiting for the consolation of Israel," when on the plains of Bethlehem, "THE GLORY OF THE LORD shone round about" the shepherds. The symbolical Presence announcing the corporeal Presence of the Lord! St. John, in narrating His appearance says, "The Word was made flesh and (*tabernacled*) among us, and we beheld the glory of Him" (John i. 14). Again, at His first miracle, John says, "He manifested forth His glory" (ii. 11).

At His Transfiguration we have the symbolical Presence marvellously set forth. Jesus Himself was there transfigured; Moses and Elias were there, representing the Redeemed Church; as St. Luke says, "they appeared in glory" (ix. 31); and then came the cloud and "overshadowed" them. The Transfiguration is indeed just the Most Holy Place of the Tabernacle translated into action. The Ark, which was Christ; the saints, which were the Cherubim; and "the glory of the Lord;" while the three apostles "had boldness to enter into the Holiest of all," where "they beheld His glory."

Once more, the Lord Himself promises that the glory is to return to the earth. Moses, the Psalmist,

Isaiah, Ezekiel, Zechariah, Malachi, had already given the same promise; and Jesus Christ renews it when, speaking to the disciples, He says, "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man come in the glory of His Father" (Matt. xvi. 27); and again to Peter, "The Son of man shall sit upon the throne of His glory" (Matt. xix. 28); and again, "The Son of man shall come in His glory" (Matt. xxv. 31).

This then remains as "the hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 2). And thus the Tabernacle of Moses is linked with golden bands to those last days, of which it is written, "BEHOLD THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN, AND HE WILL DWELL WITH THEM!" (Rev. xxi. 3). Amen.

The Voice of Autumn.

HARK, how the wind of October is moaning!
What saith its voice as it sweepeth along,
Rustling the faded leaf, cresting the rippling wave,
Wafting aloft the sweet robin's clear song!

Sadly it breatheth of bright summer ended,
Hours of delight now to memory dear;
Autumn hath garnered her bountiful treasures,
And faded flowers weep for the death of the year.

Doth nature's decay bring thine own end before thee,
Be it distant or near when life's pulse shall beat low?
Oh, canst thou look back to thy strength spent for Jesus?
Or doth retrospect only a wasted life show?

There is place of repentance. The time that remaineth
Is thine, is the Lord's:—wilt thou cast it away?
Go, garner fresh sheaves in the Master's safe keeping,
Ere the winter's dark storm-cloud descend on thy day.

Work, work for the Master, His eye is upon thee;
Soon, soon shall thy time for earth's service be o'er;
Then sweet shall His words be, as earth disappeareth,
"Well done, good and faithful!" "Rejoice evermore!"
M. V.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK COMMITTEE are anxiously expecting the answers of Ministers to their letter regarding the proposed Scottish Young Men's Association. This opportunity is taken of respectfully reminding them that the answers will be summed up as soon as possible after 31st December.

The Committee would be glad to know how many Supplements are printed, either monthly or at longer intervals, in connection with this Magazine. Will Ministers or others, whose supplements are not printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark, kindly send now a copy of their most recent supplement to the Editor of "Life and Work," 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh?

How Helen Seaton did not spend her money.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE weather had been mild and rainy for the greater part of December, when the wind suddenly veered to the east, bringing intense cold. The snow which had threatened for some days had fallen fast and thick through the night, so that Christmas dawned in true orthodox style, wearing the proverbial white coat.

When Helen Seaton had jumped out of bed, and, standing by the window, exclaimed, "The ground is covered with snow!" her brothers and sisters would scarcely believe her. They all scurried nimbly from between the sheets, and clapped their hands, crying out,

"How delightful! The beautiful snow is come! Won't we have a jolly Christmas?"

"Do you remember when baby Annie first saw the snow last winter," said Dora, "she thought it was sugar, or birds' feathers?" whereupon they all laughed and chatted merrily, while being dressed, about slides, and snowballs, and the fun they would have that day. In midst of their talk, pop came something thrown at the window. "What's that?" asked everybody—a question speedily explained by the white splash left on the pane. A boy's laugh followed the appearance of the heads looking out, when their elder brother Edwin was descried in the yard shaping another ball for a second attack. Immediately the sash was raised, the snow gathered from the sill, and given back in gleesome retaliation.

When the children came downstairs after breakfast, they found an old gentleman in the parlour with long white hair, who proved to be a grand-uncle just arrived from abroad, and whom they had never seen. At first they gazed at him suspiciously; but when he spoke, directly they liked him. For though his eyes were keen and his complexion bronzed, he had a fine rich voice with that genial ring which is a key to the heart. He told them stories of America; the immensity of its rivers and lakes, the height of the mountains, the brilliant colours of the birds, the beauty of the boundless prairies, and how there were people in some parts there who had never seen snow! Then he went with them to the garden, and had a game at romps, and a match at snowballing. Finally, he slipped a bright sovereign into the tiny palm of each boy and girl, which, you may be sure, not one refused to accept, and there were seven of them. Of course they all ran off at once to tell the good fortune to their parents, and next sat in full conclave as to the best method of spending their money. Baby Annie fixed on a speaking doll, Harry wished a watch, Charlie a pony, Cissy a carriage, and so on *ad libitum*.

"I know what I shall get," Edwin remarked, with a wise shake of the head; "but I won't tell."

Dora wanted a library of story books, while Helen fingered her gold piece thoughtfully, and said nothing. The snow was still falling when Mrs. Seaton appeared with cloak and bonnet, prepared for morning service. "Would any of the children accompany her?" "No," simultaneously; "they were going to shop." This was said loftily.

"What takes mamma to church to-day?" Charlie whispered to his father. "This is not Sunday."

"Ask me to-night before you go to bed." And when the time came, his papa told him that as soon as Jesus Christ was born, the pearly gates of heaven were opened, that those who love Him might enter and live happy for ever. And the boy lay awake pondering the Divine Incarnation, which, though he had often heard the story before, had never seemed such glad and wondrous news. So that ere he went to sleep he said softly to himself, "I wish I had gone to church with mamma."

Well, our young party set off on their tour of purchase-making, accompanied by Martha, the old nurse, to offer prudential counsel. They had not gone far when Edwin dived into a picture-dealer's; and Helen, after admiring with the rest the many pretty things with which the windows were decked, said something aside to Martha, and disappeared down a side street. We shall follow her.

Threading her way along a narrow alley, she reached a door, at which she tapped. It was a poor place, where she had been once before with her mother. While she waited, she heard some one singing. The voice was sweet and clear, and the air plaintive to solemnity. No answer followed her summons, so at length she made bold to open the door, and walked into the room she remembered having formerly seen. The music had ceased, and Helen saw no one there, till, glancing round, she descried the figure of a girl sitting up in bed—the same little invalid of whom she was in search.

"O, Miss, mother is gone to church. I am quite alone, and so glad to see you!"

"Is the pain better?" Helen inquired.

"The pain is quite gone; and as I lay looking out at the falling snow, I sang a song set to an old tune. It is all about the snow, and begins:—

'It cometh down, it cometh down, a messenger from heaven;
Pure as the robes the spirits wear, whose sins are all forgiven!'"

"Ah, yes; this is Christmas, and we ought to think good thoughts to-day. But what a dull life you must have lying there!"

"I have all I want," replied the girl; "only I should like a few more books, for one cannot be always *thinking*."

Hereupon Helen took from her bag a copy of *The Wide Wide World*, which made the ready thanks tremble on the sensitive lips.

"Have you any friends who come to talk with you?"

"No; only mother. And there is another, oh

so kind! who often comes and whispers sweetly into my ear. It is He who taught me to bear the long sore pain, and now He has taken it away." There was a tender light in her large eyes as she spoke, and a soft flush crossed the pallid cheek. "Mother says that as Christ rose from the dead, all that love Him will rise at last, and behold Him as He is. But I feel that love can carry us up to Him even now, and there is no need that we should die to be for ever with the Lord."

Helen took hold of the thin hand that lay on the coverlet, and was conscious for the first time in her life of the mysterious influence a pure piety imparts to the very atmosphere that surrounds it. She stooped forward and kissed Alice's brow, almost reverentially. "How old are you, Alice?"

"I shall be ten to-morrow." Ten! thought Helen, and I am thirteen, yet so far behind this poor sick girl in patience and goodness!

Just then the mother entered. Helen noted the careworn face and the faded gown, and immediately her resolution was confirmed. Recalling what she had heard of the woman's persevering industry and contentment under many trials, she took from her purse the little all it contained—her granduncle's gift—and passed it silently into the widow's hand.

There was a large, merry party at the Seatons' that evening, when the children displayed a heterogeneous assortment of toys, fruit of the morning's expenditure. Edwin exhibited his single purchase, an engraving of a harvest scene, "Reapers resting at noon," a fresh, delightful picture; and Dora, an armful of books, fairy tales, etc. All had something to show, except Helen.

She had nothing, for she had not bought anything. Of course her companions rallied her unmercifully. "A shame to be a miser," cried one; "I hate greed," said another; while a third muttered something about "hoarding for a selfish end." Helen bore it all meekly, and held her peace. But when Mrs. Seaton came to bid her good-night as she lay in her neat white bed, she modestly revealed her secret. Then it was that, with more than her usual fondness, the mother kissed her



sweet little daughter while she whispered,

"I am glad, my love, that you have followed out the grand principle of self-denial this Christmas day. I shall choose my own time to tell your brothers and sisters how you disposed of your granduncle's money, in remembrance of Him who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

JANE C. SIMPSON.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

The Title and Index for 1880 Volume can be had free on application to the Publisher.



'GET THEE HENCE, SATAN.'

This Drawing, the gift of SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A., Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, is the first of a series for 1881, kindly, and without solicitation, presented to "LIFE & WORK" by SCOTTISH ARTISTS. The Series has been arranged by GEORGE REID, Esq., R.S.A., to whom best thanks are due.

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1881



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JANUARY 1881.

Sermon.

MAN'S CHIEF END.

By Rev. ARCH. SCOTT, D.D., St. George's, Edinburgh.

"For with Thee is the fountain of life."—PSALM xxxvi. 5.

PROMINENT among the enterprises that engage the spirit of modern discovery is the search for the fountain of life. Upon this quest some of our bravest and most chivalrous intellects are venturing every day. Science is lending them her best instruments, and philosophy her best methods; and neither labour nor peril nor sacrifice is spared in order to ensure their success. With what result? Nearly twenty years ago, one far ahead of his companions gave back the voice, that he felt as if "the great secret were beginning to tremble along the line." But since then he has gone away into the great secret himself, and to-day, after all their efforts, his successors are no nearer the goal. They have gained considerable knowledge of the modes in which life is manifested, and made some interesting suggestions as to the probable order of its evolution, but the principle of life itself is as far from their grasp as ever. At this moment the uncultured peasant seems to be as near as the most advanced scientist to the solution of this alluring mystery.

And what if our failure is to be partly explained by the erroneous methods that have been adopted and pursued? What if, while professing to search for facts, we have been deliberately ignoring a large number of most important ones? Certainly the material phenomena which too often absorb attention are of very minor importance compared with the spiritual facts which are contemptuously set aside. We shall never discover the secret of life by groping for it in the "charnels where black death keeps ward of its own trophies." Nor can we hope to account for the marvel of humanity, by simply analysing the forms of animal existence. Science, to be true to its mission, must attempt to embrace the whole, and it is, perhaps, because we have been proceeding with eyes bent downward to dead matter, and never directed upward to the region of spirit, that we are still wandering in a labyrinth without a clue. For after all, this search for the secret of life is not peculiar to this age. In the great East intellects as powerful as our own pursued it at least thirty centuries ago—a fact that has either not been

discovered, or that has been forgotten by those moderns who are for ever telling us that there cannot be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy." Such boasters have not realised that wherever the methods adopted by themselves have been pursued, they have resulted in failure; and that whenever, in former ages, men succeeded in convincing others that these were the only methods that could be pursued in dealing with this mystery, it was with the terrible effect of deteriorating human character and of arresting all human progress. In China, for example, we have a great people, whose growth has been petrified for two thousand years, whose morality has been for so long altogether devoid of enthusiasm, whose art has been that of automata; for to-day men carve and weave precisely as their ancestors did some twenty centuries ago, yea, very much as the birds build their nests or the silkworms spin their cocoons. Humanity for so long has been stagnant there, and this simply because bewitched with a philosophy that would only recognise material things.

The writer of this ancient psalm, a representative of a better school, shows in our text how wide is the gulf between him and some moderns. In too many instances our thinkers, as in China of old, endeavour to solve the question of life without God. He, on the contrary, believes that life is a miracle which only God can account for, and that human life, especially, is an enigma only intelligible in the light that comes from above. Wherever, in its flow, the stream of life may be traced from its simplest manifestation to its highest human development, its real fountain can only be found in God, a Being altogether above nature, whose supreme Will is the origin of all nature's force, and whose perfect Mind has devised and still maintains all nature's laws. To trust in such a Being may, according to some teachers, be blind *faith* indeed, but to deny His existence and working would be *scepticism* blinder still.

For all practical purposes, the question What is life? has been solved for us in the Bible. There we see both the meaning and the possibilities of human life—the depths of depravity which it has sounded, the heights of good which it may reach—and all this because there is poured down upon it the light of God's perfect life, as something not only condemning man's depravity, but something pos-

sible to man when revealed in Him who came that "we might have life, and have it more abundantly." For surely our knowledge of life, to be useful, must first secure to us that life will be a blessing. Do we know enough to live truly and happily? How can we have life at its freshest and purest and fullest? How can we prevent its becoming stale or unsatisfying? Simply by drawing it constantly from its source, and that, to us, is Christ Jesus. If our life be in relation to Him what His life was in relation to God; if we be sustained by constant recognition of, and dependence upon, Christ, even as He lived in perpetual recognition of, and dependence upon, His Father in heaven, we shall be "abundantly satisfied" with living. For he whose chief end is to glorify God, must enjoy Him for ever and ever.

Now this is an old, old truth, old as man himself, as old as the "sons of God." Yet it is precisely one which the heart of man is slow to believe. Deep rooted in human nature is the prejudice that whatever binds us to God in Christ must restrain us from good. As the insane philosopher casts off the thought of God to find the truth, so are we tempted to turn from God to find our wellbeing. Yet, as truly as plants owe their growth to the sunshine, man finds in recognition of God, the spring of all his good, and in dependence upon Christ, the "fountain light of all his day." By these, as by an atmosphere, every distinctively human faculty is sustained. For man, as a spiritual being in process of development, the most *unnatural* of lives must be the *ungodly* life. It is not the folly of the simpleton, but the mania of the suicide, that makes any one say in his heart, "There is no God."

But why then does the ungodly life come so easy to us? Why is obedience to God's will a restraint, and the service of His Son a hard thing? Why must the man who glorifies God find his springs of good in waters of affliction and penitential tears? Well, this is just one of those spiritual facts which, in its absorbing pursuit of physical facts, science neglects or refuses to grapple with. Most conclusively does it indicate that we are not what we are meant to be, yea, are not what once we were. We have become so inured to our evil as to feel more at home in it than in the good we have lost, yet we are never without a witness that we ought not so to be. Dreams of a better state haunt the religious consciousness of all peoples—dreams often shadowy and undefinable, but always strong enough to make them discontented with the present. Voices that we cannot syllable or translate, linger still in the soul as things once familiar in a home that is now far away. Our deepest instincts tell us that the life we live, or are most tempted to live, is not our real life. Why, around us all creatures seem rejoicing in abundance of good, while we alone seem starving and perishing. And what is this but the confession that the stream of our life has become tainted and impure, or that, severed from the true source of being, we are under a law

of death and not of life? Only when brought into connection with its true fountain by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus can we know really what it is to live.

So to a race found by Him far from the "river of pleasures" Christ still says, "If any man thirst, let him come to Me." He would convince us by the failure of our attempts to find good in ourselves or in other creatures that there is no real pleasure save in Him. Even the good things which God has so liberally provided for us cannot satisfy us without Himself. They are only husks or semblances of good, which may dull for a little, but never allay our craving. They may satiate the sense, but they can never satisfy the soul. They may suffice for wants on the surface of being, but they can never fill the tremendous abysses that yawn beneath. God's book, our own conscience, all human experience, have but one testimony here, that man can do without material happiness, may even live without the gains of knowledge or the solaces of love, but he cannot live as a human being without conscious dependence upon God. It has been truly said that, "to one made in God's image, even life upon the earth is no necessity; but if he would be a man at all, he must love God and do His will, and be ready, for love of God, to surrender life itself." Yea, wealth, knowledge, gratified affections, are all good things, and were man other than he is, to live for only these might suffice him. But man "liveth not by" these things alone; and these all supplied to him to-morrow would not advance his wellbeing one whit. The very paradise of the world's infancy would not content him as he is. And this not because material happiness, intellectual gains, gratified affections, are unnatural or worthless, but simply because they are not sufficient. The nature which we despise is too grand a thing to be filled with the gift of a world, the knowledge of all mystery, the dower of a creature's love. Made for God, nothing but Himself can satisfy it. Unless its affection be set, therefore, upon things that are farther beyond the seen and temporal than the calm of the holy heaven is above the din of our sinful earth—upon the holiness, the love, the life of Christ Himself, the hollow in the heart will be as insatiable as ever. "For with Thee is the fountain of life."

"Say now," asks Richard Baxter, "if the good for which you are thirsting cannot be found in God?" Yea, in Him, in far greater fulness, shall we find it. Are we placing our satisfaction in the attainment of knowledge? Well, is knowledge less attractive when we seek it in its eternal Source, and when we are sustained in our search by His inspiration? Is the love of the creature less satisfying that it is nourished and sanctified by the love of God?

"Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure, would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deigned to bless?"

Will that other cup again, the cup of sorrow, of which each one of us in turn must drink, be more or less bitter for the conviction that our heavenly Father has put it into our hands as a cup of salvation? Bereavement and pain and death, the experiences which none may flee, are surely more tolerable to those whose hope can pierce beyond the clouds. On this faith, as on an eternal rock which no change of fortune can move, we may safely trust all our blessedness. Alas! all our misery and unrest in life spring from forgetfulness of this, and from the endeavour to found our good upon the shifting waves of earthly happiness. Yet none are so troubled and anxious as those whose existence is spent in pursuit of happiness, and none have more peace than they who, devoting themselves to God's will, leave their happiness to be arranged by Him. He who, according to the world's judgment, had to live the most pitiful life, was precisely He who drank most fully of God's rich stream of pleasure. And all along, they who confess themselves most satisfied in their portion, are they who covet nothing else than His service, and who count it life's highest honour that they have been permitted to tread in His footsteps, and to bear even His cross.

"My sheep shall go in and out, and find pasture." "He who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." In Christ's service is greater freedom and gladness than can ever come from pleasing self. In the "keeping of His commandments there is great reward." The fruit of transgression must be bitter, and sin must be sorrowful, for irreligion is for ever at enmity with joy, but godliness will unseal for man every spring of goodness and beauty. We must remember that the aim of the gospel is not to repress, but to purify human affections. It seeks to educate and satisfy them by providing for them natural objects. It shows us that the sin and the harm are not in the business or study or friendship we affect, but only in the selfish heart that would exclude God from them all. For he in whose heart is the love of Christ, will find an interest in business and study, and a glow in affection, to which the man without God must be a stranger. There is no blessedness like his "who trusteth in God," and "maketh the Lord his stay." Even in life's pains and losses he has more joy than worldly men when "their corn and wine most abound." While they in the very abundance of material treasures are crying out, "Who will show us any good?" he in his darkest day will "draw water with joy from the wells of salvation." Amen.

Recent Oriental Explorations.

No. II.—THE DELUGE TABLET.

An unfinished Paper by the late Rev. R. JAMIESON, D.D., Glasgow.

IN his indefatigable researches amongst the Assyrian relics which Layard had brought to this country, the late Mr. George Smith discovered a

tablet which, on close examination, he ascertained to be a fragment of the Chaldean account of the Deluge. It was the largest single fragment of those legends he had met with, containing nearly the half of the story; and on a further perusal it appeared to exhibit so striking a resemblance to the Biblical narrative of the same awful dispensation, that he was led to redouble his exertions towards recovering the remainder of this antique record. Time and patience, however, were required for such an undertaking, for he had to pick out and to join the several portions; and weeks or months might elapse ere he might hope to succeed, if ever, in regaining the missing parts. His ardour, however, enthusiastically enkindled in the pursuit of archaeological science, could not be cooled by hope deferred, and his perseverance was at length rewarded by finding first one small portion and then another, while an intermediate portion of greater length was still wanting, and after the most careful investigation, could not be supplied from the mass of materials at that time deposited in the British Museum. In his first expedition to Assyria he was fortunate enough, while one day superintending new excavations at Kouyunjik, to espy a slab which his workmen were digging out of the *débris* of the palace, the size and inscription on which promised to be a valuable discovery; and having procured the assistance of additional labourers, to insure its being disinterred without injury, he found, to his great delight, that it was the remaining portion of the Deluge Tablet which he had so long and so anxiously desired to procure. The pieces, being now all obtained, formed a continuous and complete narrative, and while he made many other discoveries of tablets containing old-world traditions of incidents similar to those narrated in the Book of Genesis, he attached to this Deluge Tablet an interest and importance above all others. Its value consists not only in its being perfect, with very few words illegible, but in its great antiquity. It is of Babylonian origin, for the Assyrians, who conquered the kingdom of early Babylonia, carried off (amongst other treasures of that conquered country) the immense collection of tablet literature, and having copied out, according to ancient custom (Proverbs xxv. 1) the originals into the Assyrian language, placed them in the palace library, whence Mr. Smith's men dug them out. It is supposed to be of very ancient date, having been made during the reign, or immediately after the death of Nimrod—that is, about 2000 B.C.

DURING a portion of his last illness, the lamented author cherished the intention to complete this article for "Life and Work" as soon as strength should return. It was not to be—his long and good work here was done. The paper is given without alteration, and is a memorial of one who obtained his wish to "die in harness." Dr. Jamieson died 26th October 1880.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou can'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART I.

TAKING UP THE BROKEN THREADS.

OLD friends can hardly meet after a lapse of twenty years without the presence of a sorrowful thought or two in the heart of each, however cheerful may be the greeting, however easy and pleasant the circumstances under which the reunion takes place: and thus it fell out that when Robert Lindsay and William Middlemass, who had been a great deal to each other between the ages of twenty and thirty, but whose paths in life had lain subsequently in opposite directions, thus necessitating a complete separation,—when these two once more beheld each the face of the other, marked thereon the changes wrought by the hand of Time, heard again the well-remembered voice, and heard it strangely altered, clasped anew the once familiar hand, and felt its touch novel as that of a stranger—it came to pass, that the two, after the first joyous effusion, stood silent, and mutely gazed with the inward eye upon the ghosts of bygone days.

A third person, superficially acquainted with the histories of the two men, would probably have felt, however, that, although both might be excused a momentary thoughtfulness, only one of the middle-aged pair had any just cause for regretting lost youth and fair opportunities.

Lindsay was poor, in feeble health, and a bachelor. Who could blame him if he looked backwards with a natural twinge to early years when hopes were high and friends were plentiful? Who could not pardon the involuntary sigh which escaped at the sight of the comfortable home on whose threshold his old friend now met him as a host? And who could not readily forgive the gentle, unsuspected pang, which the sound of children's voices on the staircase gave to his affectionate heart?

He possessed no such compensations for the good gifts whereof the ruthless years had robbed him. This world had offered him nothing in exchange for his merchandise; even its purest joys had been withheld; and had it not been that, by the grace of God, he had been early led to look for happiness, where true happiness alone is to be found, and to place his treasure and his affections in the one safe spot, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal;" he must indeed have now felt himself to be desolate and empty-handed, and have looked back upon his fifty years' battle with life as so much useless and unprofitable labour.

Balancing the gain with the loss, it must indeed have seemed that he had gained nothing, and lost everything; but Lindsay knew better. He had

not come into the world to take to himself riches, nor to make a name, nor to spread himself like a green bay-tree, beloved and honoured in the domestic circle; he had come following in the steps of that Blessed One, who said, "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God," and as that Will manifested itself, so he bent before it in cheerful submission, accounting trials, disappointments, loneliness, and poverty, as nothing compared with the hope set before him, and beholding with calm and serene eye dreams of youth vanish, and chances slip away; whilst few of those he had known as competitors at the beginning of the race in life, but had outstripped him speedily; he had "come" for this, and there was One above who knew that he had done so.

Lindsay was satisfied; and seldom, indeed, was there a shade seen upon his brow. The emotions which the meeting above alluded to stirred for a moment within his bosom, were subdued almost ere they were felt; the sigh was succeeded by a smile; and putting at once out of sight, as selfish and unworthy a Christian, all inclination to contrast his lot with one apparently so much more enviable, he cordially shook his old friend by the hand.

For William Middlemass had indeed every apparent cause to be congratulated.

True, he was no longer a buoyant, careless youngster, with hungry appetite and sleepy head; he could no longer run and jump, and bend his back to the oar, as he had done in the days when he and Lindsay pulled stroke and bow, and scarcely cared how the miles went; neither was he now disposed for wild expeditions over hill and dale, freaks of venture, and tests of hardihood: no, no; those had been left behind, it was true,—but then, instead of being an insignificant underling, inhabiting a dull lodging and living on scrabby fare, William had blossomed out into the master of an establishment, the partner in an excellent house of business, the father of a family,—somebody at home and somebody abroad. Black locks had given place to gray, and the slight figure had rounded out, and there were lines in the broader, redder face; but with these had come an accompaniment of honour and prosperity, home ties and home pleasures, which was not to be lightly esteemed.

"Yes indeed, yes indeed, Robert," he said himself, in reply to an observation of the kind made by his friend. "What you say is very true. I have every cause to be thankful, and I hope I am thankful. The hand of Providence has prospered me in my business and in my family."

"'Even as thy soul prospereth,' I trust, William?" rejoined the other, pleasantly. "'The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.' Every other blessing has some mitigation, I suppose."

"It has," assented Middlemass, with emphasis. "It has, Robert; and none knows that better

than I. But come," shaking off the gravity which had, to a certain extent, overcast the countenances of both as they thus spoke; "come, we will not enter into all our affairs the first moment we come together again after all these years. They can 'bide a bit,' eh, Robert? The point now is—" as with a sudden recollection—"we—we hardly expected you so soon; so you and I will just sit quiet by ourselves for a little, and Mrs. Middlemass will be down presently."

"I am so glad to be here," said Lindsay, recovering his cheerfulness also. "It does my heart good to see you standing there, William, hale and hearty, with all your household gods around you, and the olive-branches overhead,"—smiling responsively to a din of merriment which came down from the upper regions,—"*it is a pleasure, such as has not befallen me for a very long time; and I cannot thank you enough for thinking of your old friend, and asking me out to-night. You knew how I should enjoy a Sabbath with you and yours.*"

"Yes, yes, I did," replied Middlemass, rather hurriedly. "Just so, Robert; just so. That was what I said to my wife as soon as I heard you were in the city. I said, 'We'll have him here, and he will escape a noisy hotel to-morrow—'"

"Thank you—thank you——"

"But—but," continued the host, without noticing the interruption; "you did not get a second note from me before starting?"

"A second note? No. I only got the one. I trust there is nothing wrong?"

"Not wrong; certainly not wrong; a little mistake, that is all. I can't think how it came about, I'm sure. My wife does not exactly care to be taken at unawares, you see, Robert,"—cautiously—"one of your great housekeepers, you know,"—with a little laugh—"and of course she would have wished to be at her best before you. The truth is, the butcher hasn't been," he suddenly blurted out, "and Jenn has got me to say there is to be no cooking on a Sunday, and that's at the bottom of it all!"

Lindsay had no time to consider or inquire what the ominous "*it all*" might portend, ere the door was sharply opened, and a tall, sparely-fashioned dame, in a stiff black silk, evidently put on for the occasion, entered with a somewhat aggrieved and dignified air. There was no mistaking that this was the mistress of the house.

"Well, Mr. Middlemass," she said, addressing her husband, even as she held out a frigid hand to his guest, "you see I was right after all. I told you that note would never be in time,—that new boy is the idlest, laziest creature about the place,—and here is Mr. Lindsay, that I would have had everything nice for, just come on a day when the whole house has been in an upset, and nothing comfortable, all because you will have people about you who have no notion of doing what they are told."

"We must inquire into it, my dear," replied her

husband, in a tone that was intended to pacify, but which appeared to have rather a contrary effect. "We must certainly inquire into it, and if it is the boy's fault——"

"If it is!" retorted the lady; but here Lindsay interposed, begging the two to understand that he had left his last night's quarters early that day, and had not returned thither before finding his way out to Laurel Grove, therefore the messenger might have been trustworthy, and still might have been missed by him. He concluded by hoping his arrival was not inopportune, since it was now obvious that the note which had been despatched, and had miscarried, had been intended to forbid or delay his approach.

It appeared, however, that he was very welcome, only he must remember that he was premature. He had in the note been put off until Monday, and on Monday they could have received him in better style; but if he would take things as he found them, and put up with any inconvenience he might experience, they were sure they would not mind, and were—dubiously—"glad he had come." So, at least, alleged the hostess, and having thus set up a preventive vindication of her housekeeping, with some relaxation of feature, and increase of cordiality, she rose, as she graciously intimated, to give further directions concerning the spare room.

Laurel Grove boasted a spare room, as well as the innumerable bedchambers required for the young people, and, as the smaller dwelling in which Mr. Middlemass had passed most of his wedded life had possessed no such luxury, it was a secret source of complacency to his wife. The move to their present home—an excellent villa three miles out of town—had not been made long enough for the family to become accustomed to it, nor, to tell the truth, for them to forget that it was promotion. Mrs. Middlemass could still feel her irritation at the unlucky invasion of her husband's friend, whom she had particularly desired to inspire with awe and envy at the outset, but who had unconsciously defeated the intention,—she could still feel her annoyance soothed, by reference to the spotless chamber over the porch, and by the recollection that she had no need to do more than give orders concerning it; and the children still revelled in the novelty of a landing on the third story, and bannisters whereon to alide.

Their voices were audible anew in the lull consequent on the departure of their mother from the room in which the two friends sat.

"Ah! the young folks again!" exclaimed Lindsay, not sorry to open a topic which, he felt sure, must be agreeable to the paternal mind. "How many of them are there, William? And of what kind? Lads or lasses?"

"Both, both, and plenty of them," replied Middlemass, shaking his head. "We'll fit you to any size or any age, Robert, from the oldest, who is turned nineteen, to the youngest, who only got

upon his feet last week. Ay," rubbing his hands gleefully. "Hear to them, the rogues, hear to them, and I doubt they are not all there, either. The boys are rampaging about the garden, or down at the pond, I'll warrant them; they are not likely to be content with a play indoors on a Saturday afternoon, wet though it is."

"What boys have you?"

"Let me see," said Middlemass, counting on his fingers, with a half-comical, half-serious face. "We'll begin with the youngest, in case we forget him altogether by the time we get his length. He's just a twelvemonth old—his birthday was on the first. That's Robbie, one; then comes George, he's another still in petticoats—that's George, two; then Davie's three, and Wat's four. One, two, three, and four, and Jem on the thumb—that's as it should be, for I aye count Jem like the rest, though it's very fitting he should be on the thumb—and that makes the five. Five lads, and as many girls, and maybe more to follow, who knows! What do ye say to that, Robert? That's a bad look-out for a man, eh?"

"You'll never make me believe you think so," said Robert, smiling; "and the more the better, I say, too, so long as they are of the right sort."

"Well, well, I'll not deny they bring their own welcome," rejoined Middlemass; "but still it's a handful, and in these days it's no joke to get them all started in life. The start's the thing, I say; give them a fair start, and the rest is in their own hands. Those are my sentiments, and I mean to act up to them, let it cost me what it may. My boys, be they ever so many, shall all share and share alike in what I have to give them; a good education, and—as I say—a start abreast."

"Very good," said Lindsay, "very good, as far as it goes, William. Add to it that you mean to train them up in the fear of God, and you need no more."

"Oh, of course, of course," replied Middlemass, somewhat shortly; but after a moment's pause his look softened, and his tone changed from that of the confident, successful man to one more congenial to the ear of his friend. "I mean to do my duty by the lads, and I trust to be forgiven for that portion of it wherein I fail. God knows I am not all I ought to be; but perhaps He also knows, better than any one else does, the temptations which beset men in my position, with all the cares, and the worries, and responsibilities, attaching to it."

"The briars and thorns," murmured Lindsay under his breath.

Middlemass, however, caught the word. "That's it," he assented, with a sigh. "What with one thing and another—my people to look after all day, and a big place like this to come home to of an evening, what with complaints of the servants, and bother about the children—I'm not grumbling, I'm not saying it shouldn't be so,—a man must face his

own burden, and take the evil with the good—but I do say, Robert, ay, Robert," mournfully, "I do say that many a time when I bend the knee at bed-time, or listen to our good minister on Sundays, I wish my conscience was as clear, and my heart as warm, as in the old days when you and I read our Bibles together by the light of a farthing candle, and walked off on the cold, dark, winter mornings to a church, four miles off, where we knew the gospel and sound doctrine would be preached. I doubt my minister had needs come to me now—and we are fortunate, very fortunate, in having an excellent man close by; but for all that, the young blood and the young zeal that were once here"—touching his breast—"is hard to stir again, and, do what I will, I find myself gradually dropping back into the old way after every revival. If it were not for Jem"—he broke off abruptly—

"Well, Jem?" nodded his friend, listening. "If it were not for Jem? What has Jem to say to it?"

"You asked about my children, Robert, and the children are all very well, I suppose; troublesome, of course, and mischievous, and whiles wrong-headed, but nothing much amiss with any of them. They are good enough bairns—very much like other bairns, I fancy. But look ye here,"—a sudden light filling his eye, and his whole countenance changing,—“look ye here, Robert, there is such a thing as having an angel in the house, isn't there? And folk have entertained angels unawares, haven't they? That's what *she* does—my wife—I'm thinking. She does not know what I know, and little does she desire to know it, either. Why, that boy Jem—God bless him—is one of hundreds of thousands of boys! That lad is the conscience of the house, and the comfort of my life. I don't always think of it, mind you; when I'm brisk and well, and all going smoothly in my affairs, Jem is only one like the rest—a good boy, a boy who gives me no trouble, but nothing further; but when my heart is heavy, and there's a secret canker gnaw gnawing at the bottom of it, warning me of the day to come, and of the years that are gone—and I've no one else to understand, no one I can talk to—why, I don't need to *talk* to Jem at all! He just seems to know all about it, and I feel he's with me in spirit. That lad never preaches, and never sets up to be better than his father. That lad holds his tongue, and lets his life speak. That lad prays. And if there is any blessing on this roof, any peace and comfort within, it's not I, nor my wife, nor the heedless young ones, that have brought it, I fear, but only my boy Jem, my poor Dinah's son."

Lindsay rose, and silently grasped his friend's hand.

"Ay," continued Middlemass, wiping his eyes, "that's what it is, Robert; and now you know it all. I have not said as much to any human being until now, but you were always my better self, and somehow I," with a faint smile, "I have come to confession with you all at once, you see. Perhaps

I have been too hasty—but you will excuse it. To-night you will see the lad for yourself, and you may judge if any father might not be proud to own him for a son."

"I scarcely need to see him before deciding on that point, William. But," said Lindsay, "one thing you said just now puzzled me. 'Dinah's son'—you have other sons, are they not Dinah's also?"

"No, none of them."

"Whose, then?"

"My present wife's, of course. That was why I said it was curious that Jem should fall on the thumb, when I was counting them up upon my fingers. He's a finger and yet not a finger, d'ye see? He's my son, but he's not my *present* son. That's to say—stop a bit—he's one of my family, of course, but not one of *this* family. A kind of—well, I suppose, he's the same to me, but not the same to *them*. Did you not know I had been married twice?"

Lindsay did not, and all was thus clear.

"Oh yes, poor Dinah—ah, she was a pretty creature, and gentle as a lamb—she was soon in her grave," said Middlemass, in a tone befitting the subject, "and I was hasty, Robert—ahem—I was lonely and unhappy, and soon re-entered the married state. Wat—he's sixteen—he is just two years behind the first-born, though they are but half-brothers; and the others come thick and fast following. Wat's a loon of mettle, never out of one scrape before he's into another, and Davie's a stupid, that thinks of nothing and cares for nothing beyond the length of his own nose,—but Jem can manage them both. He has learning too," added the speaker, with fatherly pride. "He is a scholar and a student, and will make his way in the world, I can tell you, Robert. All the brains of the house are in the one noddle, I sometimes declare; maybe they are not, but whiles it looks like it. What do you think," in a prodigious whisper, "of his getting leave from me to sit up and study at nights, after his step-mother's gone to bed!—*she* does not know, or there would be a fine rumpus about the candle. What do you think of his saving up his money to buy a case of instruments that he might have whistled for, if I hadn't helped him on the sly; bless my life, I thought I would have boxed his ears when he thanked me out before them all, never guessing it was a secret! However, that breeze has blown by now, luckily, and the last thing is"—looking over his shoulder and lowering his voice still further, until it was almost lost in his ample neckcloth—"the last thing is, an *electrifying machine*!"

"That's grand," responded Lindsay, heartily. "That's what I like to hear of; a decided bent of the mind in one direction is a wonderful help in advancing a boy's future; but though it's good to know of brains and energy at work, it is better still to hear of the Holy Spirit abiding in the

heart. To have a clever son is a justifiable source of delight to a father, but to have a pious, God-fearing one, is a treasure no one need ever fear to over-estimate. And to have such a one as you describe for your *eldest*—with my whole soul, William, I give you joy."

"Ah, but wait till you see him," said William, astutely.

END OF PART I.

Falls of Bible Saints.

"And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin."—2 SAM. xii. 13.

THESE sins and falls of Bible saints! the scoffer may sneer at them, and even the Christian will sometimes ask—Why are they so minutely recorded? For the same reason that you buoy floats above the sandbank at the entrance to the harbour; a ship went aground there, and some of the crew were lost. The buoy tells the story of the wreck to the passing pilot, and he will steer wide of the danger. So you and I, my brother, coasting along the sea of the seen and temporal, where the big waves of temptation break, or the mists of passion rise into air, may always be guided aright by consulting the heavenly chart. Do circumstances prompt you to deny that you know the Lord? Yonder is Peter weeping bitterly. Does selfishness provoke the lying lip? Behold the funeral of Ananias and Sapphira. Does Delilah lure with subtle art? Look at Samson amid the ruins of Dagon's temple. Think also of David's retribution, and "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." If you have fallen, learn from what you read, that it is not your Father's wish nor will that you continue in sin.

"Return this ring to me when trouble comes upon you," said Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Essex.

"Send this prayer to Me when you have fallen," saith God to you and me—"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. A broken and a contrite heart Thou wilt not despise. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit."

WM. J. THOMPSON, Hoy.

PENNY SAVINGS.—An esteemed correspondent suggests, with reference to our article in November on Penny Savings Banks, that the new Government plan of receiving twelve penny stamps as a deposit, in place of the shilling formerly required, should be noticed here. Forms for the affixing of stamps till the amount reaches one shilling, are issued gratis by the Post-Offices.

Midnight.

A LEGEND FOR A NEW YEAR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IT was the last night of the year. As Wilfrid walked along the snow-covered streets he did not feel the cold, and he knew not the lateness of the hour, for his thoughts were absorbed by the remembrance of the gaming-table at which he had been seated. He thought of the heaps of gold which had rolled before his eyes, and which, in the midst of the darkness, seemed yet to sparkle before him, and to say, "We are joy, we are happiness, we are power." All at once, half-hour before midnight struck slowly. He was in Prague, and a church rose in the midst of a cemetery on the banks of the Moldau. By the pale light of the moon, Wilfrid saw, standing upon the summit of the edifice, the gigantic statue of Saint John Nepomucene, the patron of Bohemia, in the garb of a priest, and crowned with stars.

The door of this church was open, and Wilfrid, feeling fatigued, entered. Guided by the glimmering light of a small lamp which burnt upon the altar, he directed his steps towards the choir, and seated himself in a stall. Scarcely had he rested a minute when the door of the vestry was opened, and a priest came forth, clad in his vestments, and carrying in his hand a golden chalice. On coming before the altar, the priest stopped, and looking around him, said with a loud voice, "Is there anyone here who will assist in this holy service?" No one replied; his voice resounded through the darkness of the church, awakening the echoes sleeping in the tombs, as if the angels of marble placed upon their entrances had sighed and groaned. He repeated the question, but in a sadder tone. Nothing yet! A third time he inquires, still more sadly. Then Wilfrid rose up and said, "I am ready!" The solemn rite was finished, and the priest, turning to Wilfrid, said, "My son, as a reward for the good help thou hast given, I warn thee thou shalt die in a year. Adieu, then, till we meet at the judgment-seat of God!"

Wilfrid remained alone; in the morning he arose and returned to his home, but a great change had taken place in him. His conscience, awakened by the certainty of death being near, cried aloud. "You must," said she, "restore your ill-gotten gains, you must forgive that enemy whose ruin you have so often sworn, give up your wicked or frivolous acquaintances, renounce your criminal pleasures, your projects of pride and avarice. In short, you must be converted!"

Wilfrid agreed to everything; eternity alone should occupy his thoughts from henceforth.

Eight days passed, and notwithstanding the terrible warning, he had already returned to the world; and to the prickings of his conscience he replied, "I have a whole year before me, six months may well suffice for my conversion; I may

enjoy life and its pleasures during half my remaining time; in six months shall my conversion be!"

The six months passed as quick as lightning. Wilfrid awoke one morning. Winter had given place to summer, the corn was turning yellow on the fields so lately covered with snow, and the ardent sun of July was traversing the sky. "There still remain six months for me," said Wilfrid, "but is so long a time required for a change of heart? Three months will be sufficient to reconcile me to God, and to purify my conscience. Let us enjoy ourselves yet; let us crown ourselves with the roses which last but for a day. In three months my conversion!" Plays and feasts carried these three months on their wings. The yellow leaves strewed the paths, the heavy bunches of grapes were already heaped upon the basket of the vintage-gatherers. Then Wilfrid said to himself, "Still three months! But what need have I for such a long preparation? Are we not told of the great mercy of God, and that a single act of repentance will efface the sins of a whole lifetime? I shall feel death approaching, and then, then I shall convert myself!"

Winter came. November with its dark days. December with its frosty mornings, and nights of feasting. Christmas passed. Eight days flowed on. The last night of the year came, and Wilfrid hastened to a ball, given by a rich man in order to bring in the New Year joyously. He gamed, he danced, he laughed as usual, stopping occasionally to cast an uneasy glance at the clock, over the face of which the hours silently glided.

Eleven o'clock!!

"Think of the judgment of God!" said his conscience.

"Wilfrid, will you take a hand?" said a gamester. Wilfrid turned towards the table where rolled the gold, the cards, and the dice. "I only require an instant to be reconciled to God," said he to himself. Never was a ball more spirited, never was play more deep. The half-hour before midnight struck, no one took any notice of it. Wilfrid, leaning upon the table, his eye fixed, his chest heaving, followed the turning of the dice, which every minute increased or diminished the pile of gold before him. *What day, what hour is this!* he knew nothing of it! All at once—he shivered, his tongue became frozen, the first stroke of twelve struck, he clasped his hands in despair, and—

He awoke!

The Church of St. John, where he had slept, was calm and silent: night reigned there; there was neither priest nor chalice, ball nor gaming-table. This fleeting year, this terrible awakening, were all a dream. Wilfrid, filled with terror and with joy, threw himself on his knees, prayed, and from that moment was converted. He died long years after, in peace with God and man, happy in not having postponed his conversion till his latest sigh; for it is written, "*The Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.*" D.

Of Life.

I. WHAT ALWAYS HANGS OVER IT.

IT is not because you feel that you and those who started with you have come a long, long way; though the years behind you are growing many,—more than once seemed possible: It is not because you are getting tired; though you sometimes feel just a little wearied in the greatness of the way: It is not because you are feeling less interested in your work; for you may perhaps be able to thank God that your interest in it is always growing greater: It is not because you feel less fit for your work; for both body and mind may still be serving faithfully, and you may be doing your work as well as ever, and possibly with less effort than in past years: It is not because of these things that the habit is growing upon you of holding the End in view, and thinking of it and of what lies beyond it. It is rather because when you read the biographies of men who did good work in their day and generation, you remark how many of them lived no longer than you have already lived; and how some of the greatest among them had a shorter time than yours; that you are coming to feel the Great Change, and what is beyond it, looming bigger and more real: very often present to serious thought; always latently more or less present; as it did not use to be.

And thinking of this, do you not wish sometimes that there were more frankness between dear friends as to that change, and the manifold great changes which may come after it? Not that you would talk of it to everybody; any more than you would talk to everybody of your worldly concerns. But you know that it is pleasant to open your heart to a tried friend placed like yourself as to the work you both do: to have a talk with a tried friend of about the same worldly means as to how you both arrange your expenditure and manage to make the ends meet. You have found such interchange of confidence a great help and comfort, in days when these matters lay heavier than perhaps they do now. You will confess, readily, that it has sometimes been a very sensible relief, to be assured that though the pinch was sharp, yet nothing had come to you but what is common to other folk like you. Now I am coming to think that we might comfort and help each other if we were more outspoken in the way of comparing thoughts and anticipations and feelings as to the great Conclusion which is always hanging over our life in this world. I mean, of course, that this should be done within right limits, not nourishing anything morbid either in thought or in feeling. I mean, of course, that this should be done only between those bound together by special affection and confidence.

Things are changing, as to such confidences: as to such exchange of thought. There was, years ago, the old conventional silence. That silence is broken now, so far. An old lady once told me how

when she was a girl, staying in the house of her uncle, a sweet little cousin, a little girl of ten years, died. It was an awful blow to all the little circle out of which the bright face and figure went. But, after the funeral, the uncle, the head of the household, said, "Now, remember, Mary's name is never to be mentioned again:" and it was not. The familiar name died out of the current speech of the family: it ceased to be a household word. The idea was that death was a horrible thing, which must not be alluded to. The idea was, too, that as for the departed, the sooner they were forgotten, the faster you would get over the blow of their removal. Possibly, with some, this was so. The name was forgot: the features grew indistinct in remembrance: and out of sight was out of mind. Certainly, with others, this peculiar treatment would not be successful. You remember the famous phrase, *Conspicuous by Absence*. The name that must never be mentioned was all the more constantly in the memory. The thoughtful little boy or girl would get away alone to some quiet place, and sit down, thinking, thinking. The looks came back, the tones came back, the soft cheek and the solemn eyes: and you cast yourselves down upon the earth in an agony of tears. It went, no doubt, that first overwhelming anguish: in some kind of way you had to face your life and work again. But let no one dream that by commanding that a thing be not spoken of, you make sure it shall not be thought of. Anything but that. You have been told how, in one of the last years of Dickens, a certain man, one of the scores of thousands whom he had made kinder and better, wished to give him some grateful gift: and gave a beautiful piece of plate to stand on his dinner-table. It was to have represented the *Four Seasons*. But the giver said, "I could not bear to offer him the bleak and cold one." And so there were but the three figures, the types of Hope, Beauty, Bounty. The great genius was touched, and he received the gift thankfully. But he said, more than once or twice, "I never look at it but I think most of the winter."

And while it serves no good end, in any way, to keep this entire silence: while it has now come to be, in many homes, that those who have gone are spoken of familiarly and continually: I think that even yet there is a needless reticence, in the confidential talk of those very dear, concerning what lies before each. For there is not here the pudency which makes one keep silence as to one's personal religious feelings and emotions, even one's religious convictions, in all ordinary cases. For divers reasons, that silence is good. It is a fact, that it comes of the very make of the very best of the Race; without reason formally assigned. But there are reasons. You may talk away reality. Such talk tends to egotistic conceit: to self-consciousness: to self-puffery: to insincerity. All confessionals are commonly bad, save between the soul and Christ. But why, between those who understand each other,

and trust each other, and love each other, and are continually together;—who talk frankly of all worldly plans, hopes, and fears;—why this strange reticence concerning what must needs be often thought of: concerning what it can do no harm to speak of freely: concerning what it may greatly help and comfort, to speak of, freely? Why is so little said of the Outlook: why is that little so general, so vague?

Indeed, it is so. "Father, we'll meet again:" that was all that a lad I knew well said as he was going. It was all he had ever said. "Will you gie me a bit kias?" was all a poor young labouring man, by whose bed I was waiting, within an hour of the end, said as farewell to his little boy. Then he closed his eyes, and the tears ran down his cheek: but he said no more. In the memoir of that most lovable man, the late Bishop Ewing of Argyll, you may read some account of the departure of his wife. The lives of husband and wife had been bound together in one. Yet she left a mark in her *Christian Year*, wishing thus to let her husband and children know what her feelings were. And her last words were to her husband and her daughter, "We shall all meet in a better place." You would not speak thus vaguely of all being together in Perthshire: why in Heaven? Before this she had sent for little Sam, and made him say, "The Lord's my Shepherd:" and as he said the last lines, dear to every Scotch heart, she kissed him, and without a word made a sign that he might go. The little boy, if he is living, must be a man now. For his mother's sake, I say, God bless him. I do not know any mortal to whom I feel kinder, this moment, than to that unknown little boy. "I think," wrote her husband, "she did not feel the pangs of parting so much as we did; but we cannot tell." More touching words were never written; and true.

No doubt, at the last, the faculties are numbed. You will be too weak and weary to say much. You know this well, if you have already been brought very low. But you will know, too, if you have been brought to the Threshold, and then allowed to come back to work for a while, how much you wished to say; and to arrange: what a sense there was that it had come so hurriedly: you fancied you would have had longer time to think of it, to make up your mind to it, to resign yourself to leave hold of everything here, and to face what is behind the Veil. Surely we ought many times to think of all this, and speak of it, calmly, as a thing sure to come; when all is well with us, when there is no hurry, when there is time to arrange our thoughts, when immemorial days of common life are passing over us, when we are *free from pain*. And I think this is coming: greater frankness between the dearest, between dear friends a little farther off, as to the Outlook. Yes, even beyond the grave.

You know how fully and frequently you talk to

your boy, going away from home, of all he is going to. You speak of every little detail: you try to see it all clearly. It will comfort him some little, when far away, among strangers, finding out for himself the strange possibilities of human experience, to think, "We have talked over all this. It is what we expected,—or it is not,"—as the case may be. You picture out the journey, each small particular: you repeat again and again every bit of information and counsel which may be of use. Who does not understand it all?

It would smooth our way if there were more of this, concerning solemn things coming to us all. It would lighten the solitary burden we sometimes bear. It goes without saying, that we should keep away, carefully, from all morbid broodings. For it is God's plain intention that often, and for long times together, the thought of what is coming should be no more than latently present with us, amid our hard work and worry. But sometimes it should be plainly spoken of, as other serious possibilities in our life are plainly spoken of. Let it be spoken of calmly, and when we are in our best mood for thinking of serious things. It is wrong, surely, to train ourselves to this: that our attitude towards anything God has appointed us should be, "I will not allow myself even to think of that: I will not have it spoken of." The thing *must be faced*: and it will be faced more easily if it do not come as something quite unnamed in our ordinary talk. The voice may break, and fail, as you try to say, "Now, one of us will see the other dying; will see the other dead." And when it comes, it will be very strange: words are vain to tell what it will be. But we are, all of us, too much alone in some of our most serious thoughts and anticipations. By our make, we must needs be alone so far; but we make it too far. We think of many things of which we talk to none: not one. As for varying moods, the soul's cloud and sunshine, it is probably better that we keep these to ourselves. But let there not be this dead silence between Christian folk and their nearest as to what must come; what is hanging over us day by day. And I do not mean merely the change itself: I mean what lies beyond it. We have kept close together, here, in this stage, in this mortal life. We should not care for any future life if we were not with those who were with us here: and we never will forget, anywhere, or in any time, our life here; what we did and cared for, where we lived; no matter how God may educate and form us in places and times as yet unknown. We will keep together in sympathy as to the last things: in the anticipation of them: in the preparation for them: in some humble comparison of our experience in the respect of our fitness for them.

Yet, when all is done and said, one thinks of Pascal: *I shall die alone!* But there is One who can still be with us (O for more faith!) when every other fades from our sight and sense, and we must

go on by ourselves. How diversely good Christians picture what shall be entered on then! "How busy he will be," was the reflection of those who sat the evening he died round the mortal part of Sir David Brewster, speaking of that in him which had gone. "She's at rest," was said to me by one of the best of men, as the tight look went from his daughter's worn face, and the last breath went, and she suddenly looked younger than for years. One thing is sure: just one: Christ is there. It is to depart and be with Him.

As good Bishop Ewing wrote to his daughter:

"One day we must all go away from one another,—you from me, I from you. Remember, my dearest child, that whoever may go first, God is better, really better, than we are: and that we go to God, and shall find one another, and all whom we love, ever and always, in Him."

It was a stern man, and a keen, not easily touched, and not outspoken (his name was John Gibson Lockhart), who, thinking of such things, wrote:

"That creed I still will keep: That hope will not forego:
Eternal be the sleep, Unless to waken so."

To which I say, Amen. Amen.

A. K. H. B.

Night.

* "Where shall I go?"

"WHERE shall I go?"—Where shouldst thou go, my boy,
But from the darkness forth into the light,
From life's poor finite to death's infinite,
From earth's brief anguish to Heaven's endless joy;

Forth from the feeble grasp of human love,
That holds its dearest but an hour at best,
Within the Everlasting Arms to rest,
All human sin and suffering far above!

So dear thou art, I would not keep thee here,
To smirch with earthly mire those stainless feet,
That yearn to run thy beckoning Lord to meet:
Then go, my darling, thou hast nought to fear!

Morning.

* "I've won the race!"

Yea, thou indeed hast conquered in the race:
For thou this morn hast touched the eternal goal,
Hast grasped the palm—a bright enfranchised soul—
And seen thy Lord and Saviour face to face!

Wildered amid the darkling ways of life,
We toil with tottering knees and falling breath,
Thou, seated on the tranquil heights of death,
Hast done with all earth's turmoil, pain, and strife.

With robe unspotted of the world, with heart
Unwithered, thou thy bright, brief course hast run;
In life's fresh dawn the victor's prize hast won.
Exult, young Conqueror: thou hast done thy part!

N. P.

** His words.

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

I.—JERUSALEM TO HEBRON.

By the Right Rev. the Moderator, ARCH. WATSON, D.D.,
Dundee.

FROM Jerusalem to Hebron does not seem at first to promise much. It is a journey from a city which everybody knows to one which is comparatively little heard of. Everything in sacred history leads up to Jerusalem; but after Jerusalem there are many places full of associations; and one of these is Hebron. Hebron, like Jerusalem, is accounted sacred by Christian, Jew, and Mussulman; and they are the only two cities in the world in which all three claim an equal interest, and which all three associate with sacred thoughts. Some places are sacred to one, and others are sacred to two of these religions, but Jerusalem and Hebron are to all three full of holy memories.

The distance between Jerusalem and Hebron is under twenty miles, and in our own country the journey might easily be accomplished in less than an hour; but in Palestine twenty miles is a long journey, for the country is hilly and stony, and the roads are merely bridle-paths, and in many places not so well defined as a track across a Highland mountain or moor. Indeed, you have often nothing better to walk or ride on than what looks like the bed of a dried-up stream, filled with stones of all sizes, which you have to step over or go round about as you find easiest. And, at the best, the route from one city to another can only be followed on foot or on horseback. I believe a bit of road has recently been made from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but with that exception there is hardly a yard of ground on which a carriage could be moved along in all Palestine, and you may travel from Dan to Beersheba without seeing a cart or even a barrow on wheels. When I say, then, that Hebron lies only eighteen or twenty miles south of Jerusalem, the distance is one which is not to be measured by milestones. It is much better than many roads, but even it is measured by jolts, by lurches, by nervous shocks, and aching bones, as the horse trudges slowly and bumpingly for seven or eight hours. The time will come when the civil engineers will put all that right, but meanwhile, the distance from Jerusalem to Hebron is a hard ride of seven or eight hours.

But why does the traveller take that route, and what does he go to see at Hebron? I need not answer this question, for every route in Palestine has some spot of interest on which one would wish to look. It might be enough to say that Hebron was the oldest city in that country, built long before the Israelites entered Canaan, built, says the historian, seven years before Zoan in Egypt. But I do not go to see an ancient town; its site is changed, its houses are modern, and there is really no ancient town to see; and certainly I do not go to see

the Hebron which now is. Neither do I go to see where David was first crowned king, and where he reigned for seven years; still less do I go to see it because there Absalom set up the standard of rebellion. I am drawn to it by its associations with Abraham, the founder and father of the Hebrew race. The city, with a population of eight or ten thousand, is known to the Arabs by the name of El-Khelil, which means the Friend of God. From first to last it is Abraham that is most in one's mind in this city, and on the journey downward. The whole way is, indeed, full of points where one halts and ponders. The dead men of the past seem to live, and the history of old days seems to be passing before one's eyes. The events, indeed, which are connected with Hebron do not come later down in Scripture than the time of King David. It is not mentioned by the prophets or in the New Testament at all. It was one of the six cities of refuge, and as such had an important place in the list of Jewish towns; it was no less conspicuous in the older days of Canaan, it had its king and its army in the wars of Joshua, and that king and army perished in the memorable battle of Bethhoron—one of the decisive battles of history; and Hebron, after Joshua's death, was itself taken and given to Caleb, one of the two faithful spies amongst twelve; but whilst we do not forget these great events, the eye travels over them, and if you are going to Hebron as I am, you have one great personage in your mind; the recollection of his journey down this road, of his experiences at the end of it, and finally, the connection which this spot has with his death and burial, all crowd upon you, and as you rest at Hebron, Abraham is all around you; the air breathes of patriarchal times, and the later events which transpired at Hebron seem to vanish from the view.

But as we pass along this road, let us not lose the thoughts which rise up at every step. We have quitted the city of Jerusalem, with the hope of pitching our tent in the evening near the cave of Machpelah at Hebron, but we must keep our eyes and ears open all day long, and as we must miss nothing for the want of inquiring, we shall take care that we do not pass a stream or ridge, a pillar, a village, or a well, a clump of trees or an old wall, a tower or a pond of water, without asking its name, that we may call up old remembrances, and identify what we now look on with some event which has been familiar to us from childhood, and which used to appear to our youthful imagination as part of an older and a holier world. Following up this purpose, you have just emerged from Jerusalem, and you inquire what that old tank is, now empty, and you are told, "That is the pool of Gihon," and you remember it was hereabout where Solomon was anointed king. And what is that valley on the left? "The valley of the son of Hinnom;" and the cruel rites of Moloch, which this valley has often witnessed, rise up before you, and you remember the

stern words of Jeremiah, as in this valley and with its terrible memories before him, he proclaimed the ruin of Jerusalem for its idolatry. These things are filling one's thoughts; but after a little, and within an hour, you catch sight of a little village on the top of a hill to your left, and half carelessly and in a spirit of pure curiosity you say, What town is that up there? And when the reply comes, "That is Bethlehem," you feel a thrill which moistens the eye and almost stops your breath, and you stand still, as if you had seen a vision. "Bethlehem?" you repeat, almost in a tone of incredulity, and your guide, without a particle of emotion, answers, "Yes, that is Bethlehem." It is enough to make one hesitate whether he should go farther, or whether he should not at once turn aside and enter this city of David and of David's Lord, before passing down to Hebron; but we travel on, and, strange to say, among the groups of people we meet, here is one which seems to have come down from an old picture of the Holy Family, and I almost question my own sight as I pass an old-looking man riding on one ass, and his wife by his side on another. She is much younger, blooming, and looking wonderfully happy; her face is turned towards the soft saddle on which she is seated, for there a little child is resting, and mother and child are to one another all in all. It is a sight which one may see any day, and in every part of Palestine, but seeing it near this sacred spot for the first time, it came home to me so vividly that I do not recollect whether I ever saw it again.

As I journey on, I observe a short track rather more distinct than usual, as if better frequented, going off to the right, and I am told it is the road to Gaza, and I almost expect to see the Ethiopian treasurer and the evangelist Philip as they conversed in the chariot. I do not stop at the tomb of Rachel, though the pathos of that scene when she breathed her last arrests one's steps and makes one feel that days are wanted instead of hours to drink in all that rises up on one's way. Onward towards Hebron; and before we reach it, we have to pass through a valley rich, fertile, and beautiful beyond any I had yet seen in Palestine; the hill-sides are cultivated and terraced with vines, the vineyards are enclosed with walls, and a square house like a tower is built in every second or third field, for there the inhabitants of Hebron, to whom the fields belong, come in the season to live and watch their vines. This is the Valley of Eshcol, noted now, as it was three thousand years ago, for its delicious grapes. Proceeding onwards, we turn a corner of the hill, and there is Hebron. Our thoughts have been very full these last seven hours, but we have never forgotten Abraham. In my sympathy with him as he journeyed down this road, I felt now, and at this point of the journey, that as he looked before him, he must have said to himself, "Here is the end of my pilgrimage." It looks so like an end to a long journey. There

are many scenes in Scotland which might be taken for the Vale of Hebron. Think of one of our Highland glens opening out before you, and closed in the distance by the all-embracing hills spreading out their arms to receive and welcome the weary traveller. All nature here speaks of repose, of a journey accomplished, of a problem solved, of a reply to him as he journeyed, not knowing whither he went. Here for a time he rested. Here is the scene of that mysterious visit which he received with the noble hospitality of a noble nature, and he found that he had entertained angels unawares; here is the scene of that marvellous story which brings heaven to earth, and raises earth to heaven, when Abraham interceded so earnestly and said, "Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once." These are the bright skies on which he looked abroad, I say to myself, as I come out in the evening, and somewhere not far off he received the vision of a great future, and these crowded and clear heavens on which I look up spoke of his uncounted posterity. Near where I now am I can almost overhear Sarah in her laugh of doubt as she stands in the tent door. All the incidents come up fresh and clear. But the great event with which Hebron is for ever associated in one's mind and sentiments, is that great stroke which fell on the patriarch, when, at a later day, and after many wanderings, Sarah, the mother of Israel, the apostolic model of all wives and mothers in the Christian world, died in Hebron. That huge wall which you now see on the hill-side, and which is composed of immense stones and encloses one of the most sacred spots on earth, was, in that old day, unbuilt. Its site was then a wooded field with a cave in the centre, and the aged patriarch fixed on it as ground in which he would inter his dead. After a long and characteristic interview with the owners of the ground, during which you see Oriental civility and courtesy on the part of the sons of Ephron, mingled with a lurking love of gain, Abraham, who is in no mood for chaffering, buys the field and secures the titles, in terms which seem modern, and there the body of Sarah was laid. After a time he himself was buried in that field in the cave of Machpelah. It was the first ground he possessed in the land which was one day to belong to his descendants; it was the only spot in the whole country which he could call his own; and in a special sense it is his to this day, for there, undoubtedly, he was buried, and his grave has remained, and remains, well guarded and undisturbed. There Isaac is buried, and Rebekah and Leah; there Jacob, as he was embalmed in Egypt, lies, doubtless preserved in outward form perfect as the day when Joseph and a great company laid him there. A mosque is built over the tombs, and is preserved from the intrusion of all foreigners. The Prince of Wales, nearly twenty years ago, with much difficulty obtained permission to enter it, the first Christian who had done so for seven hundred years; an interesting account of the

event is given at the close of Dean Stanley's first volume of Lectures on the Jewish Church. In this mosque he and his fellow-travellers saw the cenotaphs below which the tombs of the patriarchs are, but into the cave itself they were not admitted. I could only reach the outer wall, but it was something to feel that I was so close to the spot hallowed by old memories, and that, on this very ground, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, when they had served their generation, were laid to sleep. I turned and departed, with other thoughts too, reflecting that whilst I was within a stone's throw of the dust of the patriarch, thousands of faithful men and women, who had never seen Hebron, might be nearer Abraham than I.

(No. II., *The Lake of Galilee*,
by Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., in our next.)

A Model Missionary.

By Rev. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., New Greyfriars.

IT is to pay a well-deserved tribute of respect to the memory of a very noble Christian labourer, that the following sketch is written; and if some few of the parishioners of New Greyfriars still remain who remember Andrew Orr, they will warmly welcome this little narrative.

In 1845 Andrew Orr was in the employment of the Post-Office as a letter-carrier. But, while so engaged, his heart was in missionary work, and to this he gratuitously devoted his leisure hours. His delight was in the homes of the poor. In that year I became acquainted with him, and engaged him to labour in my parish. He entered on his duties with remarkable energy and devotedness, so that he speedily won not my confidence only, but my love and admiration. He was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, an educated man. He wrote, however, an excellent hand, read correctly and easily, and possessed great fluency of speech. Above all, he was intimately acquainted with the Word of God. The Bible was his one book, his chief if not his only study, which he regarded with deep reverence and love as the foundation of all his own hope, and the armoury whence he derived all his spiritual weapons. He was a man, moreover, of great natural shrewdness, quick insight into character, and remarkable mental and bodily activity. His piety was deep and powerful. He was a keen total abstainer, and he succeeded in making many converts to his own views on this point. He had an intolerant hatred of the drinking habits of the country, which was intensified by what he witnessed of their ruinous consequences in the families of the Grassmarket. He was called by those who knew him best a model missionary; and so he was. His whole heart was in his work. He seemed to have no thought or care for anything in the world besides. How highly he valued it may

be understood from the following circumstance:—When absent on one occasion in England, I received a letter from him expressing great regret that he had not an opportunity of consulting me on a subject about which he stood greatly in need of advice. He had been offered the charge of one of the great Edinburgh cemeteries, with a salary far beyond what I had the power to give. The very idea of quitting his work in the Grassmarket was most painful to him, but he had a wife and two children for whom he was bound to provide. He was in a state of distressing uncertainty. Next day's post brought me another letter, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow that, as he expressed it, he should ever have entertained the thought of abandoning the charge of living souls in order to take charge of dead bodies. His ordinary course of life was as follows:—He rose early, generally before six. He spent one hour alone with God. Immediately after breakfast and his home duties he issued forth to his work, to which he devoted the whole day and often great part of the night, sometimes not returning to his own house for rest or food until night. He called on me every morning to receive instructions, to give me information, or to carry me with him to visit some families where he thought my presence might be specially beneficial. On our way he would inform me of the circumstances, character, and spiritual condition of those he required me to see, so that I might adapt my counsels, rebukes, or encouragements to each special case. Oh how I used to delight in those visits under his superintendence! There was no loss of time, no uncertain beating of the air, but every word going direct to the point. He attached very great importance to the visits of the parish minister, and showed great anxiety to bring them to bear on the families we visited as directly and efficiently as possible. With a remarkable forgetfulness of self, his continual aim was to make me useful. The parishioners soon found that it was useless to attempt to escape him, as some of them often desired to do. Whom he could not find by day he found by night, and sometimes some reluctant individual, who had been successful in evading his day visits, would find the inevitable missionary at his bedside in the earliest hours of the morning. From any other, such untimely attentions would have provoked irritation and rudeness. But I do not believe Andrew Orr ever encountered anything of the kind. He was too much beloved and respected, and, in a sense, feared. He was, indeed, strangely reckless of convenient hours and seasons. I well remember one occasion when, far on in the night or morning, I was awoke out of sleep that I might accompany him to visit a poor man dying of typhus fever. He led me by the hand up one of the steepest, loftiest, darkest of common stairs. It was perfectly dark, but even at that hour we heard, as we passed the various landing-places, the voices

of drunken men and women, mingled with curses both loud and deep. The object of our visit was a godly Irishman, whose wretched room at the top of the stair was separated from others by a wooden partition, which permitted the violent or profane language of his neighbours to have free ingress and disturb his last moments. Such earnestness and devotion could not fail of success. He left his mark on the parish, which, very much owing to his labours, was altered to an extent hardly credible in so short a time. There were other agencies at work, no doubt, which powerfully aided this man of God, such as New Greyfriars Ragged School, and above all, a numerous and vigorous Visiting Association (ah, these were the palmy days of our Congregational work and Parish Mission!); but the mainspring of the whole was Andrew Orr. And as he lived, so he died. A virulent typhus literally ravaged the parish. His ministrations by night and day were called for to an extent which, no doubt, impaired the power of resisting infection in his vigorous constitution. A poor woman, forsaken by all besides, lay a-dying under the worst type of the deadly epidemic. He sat down by her bed, ministered to her, and tenderly nursed her till she died. He seems to have anticipated the result. That night and next day we were visiting together. "I feel that I have received my death warrant," he said to me. And so it was. His illness was a short one. He knew from its commencement that his hours were numbered; but without a moment's interruption he experienced the peace of God which passeth all understanding. To the very close there was a calm, deep joy, which seemed to make his face to shine. When the end was drawing near, he held out his hand to me, saying, "Let us shake hands before I go;" and then, as I was on the point of doing as he desired, suddenly recollecting the infectious character of his disease, he covered himself with the bed-clothes, exclaiming, "No, no; I forgot. One of us at a time, one of us at a time." Shortly after, when I had bidden him farewell, and was moving towards the door, he called me back, and with a countenance radiant with a joy unspeakable, he said, "Mr. Robertson, I wonder if there is such another happy man as I am in the world." These, I think, were the last words I heard him utter. Next morning early the message came to me that Andrew Orr had passed into the unseen. Surely it might be said of him, in a nobler sense than of the steel-clad warrior of old, "He died in his steel harness right knightly." Safely might such a man adopt the words of that great spiritual warrior, who said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." I felt on that sad morning as if the right arm of my ministry had been broken.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THIS family was not only Thorogood, but thorough-going. The father was a blacksmith, with five sons and one daughter, and he used to hammer truth into his children's heads with as much vigour as he was wont to hammer the tough iron on his anvil; but he did it kindly. He was not a growly-wowly, cross-grained man, like some fathers we know of—not he. His broad, hairy face was like a sun, and his eyes darted sunbeams wherever they turned. The faces of his five sons were just like his own, except in regard to roughness and hair. Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and Bob, and Jim, were their names. Jim was the baby. Their ages were equally separated. If you began with Jim, who was three, you had only to say—four, five, six, seven—Tom being seven.

These five boys were broad and sturdy, like their father. Like him, also, they were fond of noise and hammering. They hammered the furniture of their father's cottage, until all of it that was weak was smashed, and all that was strong became dreadfully dented. They also hammered each other's noses with their little fat fists, at times, but they soon grew too old and wise for that; they soon, also, left off hammering the heads of their sister's dolls, which was a favourite amusement in their earlier days.

The mention of dolls brings us to the sister. She was like her mother—little, soft, fair, and sweet-voiced; just as unlike her brothers in appearance as possible—except that she had their bright blue, blazing eyes. Her age was eight years.

It was, truly, a sight to behold this family sit down to supper of an evening. The blacksmith would come in and seize little Jim in his brawny arms, and toss him up to the very beams of the ceiling, after which he would take little Molly on his knee, and fondle her, while "Old Moll," as he sometimes called his wife, spread the cloth and loaded the table with good things.

A cat, a kitten, and a terrier, lived together in that smith's cottage on friendly terms. They romped with each other, and with the five boys, so that the noise used sometimes to be tremendous; but it was not an unpleasant noise, because there were no sounds of discontent or quarrelling in it. You see, the blacksmith and his wife trained that family well. It is wonderful what an amount of noise one can stand when it is good-humoured noise.

Well, this blacksmith had a favourite maxim, which he was fond of impressing on his children. It was this—"Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, doing it as if to the Lord, and not to men." We need hardly say that he found something like this maxim in the Bible—the channel through which wisdom flows to man.

Of course he had some trouble in teaching his

little ones, just like other fathers. One evening, when speaking about this favourite maxim, he was interrupted by a most awful yell under the table.

"Why, whatever is the matter with the cat?" said the blacksmith in surprise.

"It's on'y me, fadder," said little Jim; "I found hims tail, and I pulled it *wid all my might!*"

"Ah! Jim," said Mrs. Thorogood, laughing, as she placed a huge plate of crumpets on the table, "it's only when a thing is *right* we are to do it with our *might*. Pulling the cat's tail is wrong.

"When a thing's wrong,
Let it alone.
When a thing's right,
Do it with might."

Come now, supper's ready."

"Capital poetry, Old Moll," shouted the blacksmith, as he drew in his chair, "but not quite so good as the supper. Now, then—silence."

A blessing was asked with clasped hands and shut eyes. Then there was a sudden opening of the eyes and a tendency in little hands to grasp at the crumpets, buttered-toast, bacon, and beans, but good training told. Self-restraint was obvious in every trembling fist and glancing eye. Only curly-haired little Jim found the smell too much for him. He was about to risk reputation and everything, when a glance from his father quelled the rebellious spirit.

"Come, Jim, fair-play. Let it go right round, like the sun, beginning wi' mother."

Then silence reigned for a time—a profound silence—while upwards of two hundred teeth went to work. Ere long most of the children were buttered to the eyes, and their rosy cheeks glistened like ripe apples. Soon the blacksmith drew a long breath and paused. Looking round with a benign smile he asked little Jim how he got along.

"Fuss rate," said Jim.

"How I wish," said Dick, with a sad look at the toast, "that we might go on eating for ever."

"Is it right, daddy?" asked Tom, during a pause, "to *eat* with all our might?"

"Certainly, my boy, till you've had enough. After that it's wrong to eat at all. 'Enough's as good as a feast,' you know. Now, Old Moll, one more cup to wash it all down, and then we'll go in for a confabulation round the fire.

Now, nothing rejoiced the hearts of that family so much as a confabulation round the fire on a winter night, or under the great elm in front of the forge on the village green in summer.

The table was cleared as if by magic, for every member of the family helped. Soon, little Jim was sleeping as sound as a top in his crib, and Mrs. Thorogood, with her knitting, joined the others at the fire, by the light of which the blacksmith made a little boat for Harry, with a gully knife and a piece of stick.

"It's a stormy night," said Mrs. Thorogood, as a violent gust of wind came down the chimney and rattled the window-frames.

"Ah, it was on just such a night that my dear old father and mother were burnt out of house and home," said the blacksmith; "well do I mind about it, for I was over ten years old at the time. We never found out what it was that set the house alight, but when it had once caught, it fetched way like lightning—the wind was so high. The first thing that woke me was sneezin' wi' the smoke. Then, I'd just opened my eyes when I saw the head of a ladder come crash through the window. It was the fire-escape. Father tried to save mother, but he was lame, and fell down half choked. I tried to help him, but I was too young. Then a strapping fireman stepped in at the window, as cool as a cucumber, pitched us all into the escape, one after another; and so, through God's mercy, we were saved. I've loved the firemen ever since. They are the boys to show you how to do things well; to do things with might and main, and to submit to discipline without a word."

"Oh! father," cried Harry, with blazing eyes, "I should dearly like to be a fireman, an' go fighting the flames."

"And Dick?" asked Mrs. Thorogood, "wouldn't you like to be one, too?"

"No, mother. It's very grand, but I don't like smoke. I'd rather be a lifeboat-man, to fight wi' the storm, and save people from the roarin' waves."

Tom glanced at one of his toy ships, and said he'd like to fight the battles of his country on the sea. Bob looked affectionately at a wooden sword and gun which stood in a corner, and thought he'd prefer to fight *his* battles on the land.

"You're all for fighting, I see," chimed in soft-eyed Molly; "I wonder what little Jim would like to be, if he was awake."

"I know what battles *I* would like to see him fighting," said Mrs. Thorogood.

"Why," exclaimed the blacksmith in surprise, "I thought you hated fighting of all kinds."

"No, not all kinds. I should like to see little Jim fighting the battles of the Prince of Peace."

Of course there was a clamorous questioning as to what that meant, but we must not devote space to this subject. Neither can we afford to follow the history of each member of this family step by step. We will grow them up at once, and tell you what came of all their enthusiastic desires and lofty aspirations in succeeding chapters.

Only thus much will we say in conclusion; when the blacksmith said it was time to be off to bed that night, the children rose *at once*; gave and received a hearty kiss all round, and went off to "turn in," as sailors express it, "with a will." They had learned *obedience*—the most difficult lesson that man has got to learn—the lesson which few learn thoroughly, and which our Lord sets us as a test of our loyalty to Himself, when He says—"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

To be continued.



To a September Robin.

LITTLE bird,
My eyes are full, my quiet heart is stirred;
Amidst these days so bright
Of ceaseless warmth and light—
Summer, that will not die,
Autumn, without one sigh
For sweet hours passing by,—
Cometh that tender note
Out of your tiny throat,
Like grief, or love, insisting to be heard,—
O little plaintive bird!

No need of word,
Well know I all your tale, forgotten bird!
Soon, you and I together
Must face the winter weather,
Remembering how we sung
Our primrose fields among
In days when life was young.
Now, all is growing old,
And the warm earth's a-cold.
Still, with brave heart let's sing on, little bird:
Sing only. Not one word.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."



NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



FEBRUARY 1881.

Sermon.

By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., St. Outhbert's,
Edinburgh.

"*The Word of God.*"—1 THESS. ii. 13.

"**T**HE Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him." These Scriptures we have in our hands. They have been translated, the one from the Hebrew, and the other from the Greek, into our plain and massive English tongue, and form a book which is the well of English undefiled, and which has long been regarded by the people of this country as their very best possession.

How did we get it, and are we sure that we have got it right? Let us take the New Testament. It is composed of a number of Books written by different men. Now we know of these books, with a degree of certainty which cannot be predicated of any other ancient book whatever, where they came from and how they came. We can read them with the highest certainty that what we read is, to all intents and purposes, exactly what has always been read as the New Testament. There was a time known as the dark ages, when almost all ancient books were more or less lost sight of. But the books of the New Testament were never lost sight of. For this simple reason: along with the book there were always the people of the book. Since the day Christ died there has never for one moment ceased to be somewhere on the earth a Christian Church, by whom these books were held as specially sacred, and preserved with the utmost care. We can follow them and their history backwards age after age, till we come to a time when the separate parts were gradually gathered together and formed into one, a time sufficiently near the apostolic age to make sure that we have the identical documents regarding Christ and Christianity which were written in the first century by the apostles and followers of our Lord.

Now in this Book constant reference is made to another Book, without some knowledge of which the New Testament would be to a great extent unintelligible. So much, indeed, is the one bound up in the other, that had the earlier volume perished the later would be an insoluble enigma. This earlier volume is the Old Testament. Its

composition stretched over a period of more than a thousand years, and was completed four hundred years, at least, before the birth of Christ. Its earlier portions are probably the oldest of all extant writing (the only possible exceptions being portions of the Hindoo Vedas and some of the Egyptian Hieroglyphs), and are universally admitted to be productions of extraordinary beauty and excellence. It consists of history and biography, books of law and travel, of the records of royal and priestly houses, of poetry and prophecy. At first sight it looks a mass of heterogeneous treatises written by men of different temperaments, of different degrees of culture, of different stations in life. Some were shepherds, some were kings. And yet, widely different in character though its compositions are, written by men in ages and in lands far removed from each other, there is an extraordinary unity pervading the whole.

Now, with regard to this elder volume, just as with regard to the latter, we have the highest possible certainty that what we read in it is just what our Lord and His apostles read in it, neither more nor less, and what men who must have known their own language a very great deal better than the smartest critics of modern times read in it for hundreds of years before His time. For this sufficient reason among others: the Old Testament is to-day, as it has always been, the sacred Book of the Jewish people, who are, and have always been, bitterly hostile to Christianity. They have carried it with them in all their wanderings, and have guarded it with the most scrupulous care as God's greatest gift to their race.

These two distinct and separate volumes are yet *one Book*. The same circle of truth is unfolded in both. The same God speaks in both. The same tone and character pervade both. There is a difference, no doubt, but it is a difference only of development, the same difference which is found between the child and the man. From Genesis to Revelation one increasing purpose runs, ever more fully unfolded with the successive ages, till the whole cycle of revealed truth ends where it began, with the tree of life in the midst of the Paradise of God. The Book is organically one.

This Book is best known among us as **THE BIBLE**. This is the very first word in the Greek New Testament, and means *The Book*. This, its

most familiar name, expresses this great fact about it, that it is *unique*. It stands alone. Apart from all theories about its origin, its age, its inspiration, its authority, its truth, it is unique. The world has never produced a book like it. In itself, in its subject-matter, in its structure and style, in the character and circumstances of the men who wrote it, in its hold upon the human heart, in its lasting influence on the world, in what it is, what it has done, what it has the promise of still doing, it is the most extraordinary of all literary productions. It is the Book of one people, and it is their *one* book. It is Eastern in its origin, colouring, and style, and yet it reads smoothly in every tongue.

No one who is capable of comparing them would, for one moment, think of putting it on the same level as the Vedas or the Koran, as the Iliad or the *Æneid*, or that greatest of all human poems, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. One who has done as much as any living man to make the Vedas known has given this verdict,—that “no one can tell what Christianity really is unless the men who have examined the other religions of the world, and none can join with such truth and sincerity in the exclamation of the Apostle, ‘I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.’” As one gets older his increasing acquaintance with the vast field of human literature only serves to deepen the chasm which is felt to lie between the Bible and all other books. There is something in it which is not in them. It is worse than ludicrous to say of the greatest efforts of human genius that they are comparable to it. Passing from an Epistle of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, to the writings of the earliest and purest Fathers of the Church—say, an Epistle of Clement or Ignatius—is like passing from light to darkness. You feel at once that there is a great gulf between them.

But that is not all. It is to-day, as it has been more or less during the last 1700 years, the object of bitter attack by able and scholarly men. It has been examined in every portion of its wide territory with microscopical minuteness, and by trained and hostile eyes. It has been held up to the ridicule, and even to the detestation of mankind, as the worst enemy of human progress. The intellectual arsenals of Germany, richly supplied with the most formidable weapons which profound scholarship has been able to invent, have been hammering at its contents for several generations, till the wonder is that a solitary fragment of it remains. Scrapings from these great German workshops have been brought over to this country, and are being industriously sold in retail, as something new and wonderful, with great noise, and not a little success.

And what is the outcome of all this? That Book has a stronger hold upon the world to-day than it ever had before. Its circulation is greater to-day than it was yesterday, and it will be greater

to-morrow than it is to-day. It is the most priceless possession of millions of the human family, many of them amongst the most cultured men and women of our race. It is their strongest incentive to duty here, their only hope of a better life hereafter. It is a book full of wonders, but there is almost nothing in it more wonderful than its own success. No book has passed through so many hands; no book has touched, gladdened, purified so many hearts.

In the extent and persistency of its influence on the world it is *the Bible, the Book*.

Now all this is not a matter of opinion, it is a matter of fact. How are we to explain that fact? Here is an effect before our very eyes which must have an adequate cause. What is that cause? Of course we must turn to the Book itself for an answer. The answer must lie in what the Book is, what it says, what it contains, what it claims to be. Open it, and you will find that from beginning to end it claims directly or indirectly to “contain *the word of God*.” It claims to be the word of God in a sense in which nothing else is His word; to be a direct and special revelation from God, telling us of Him what it greatly concerns us to know, what none but He Himself could possibly make known, and what we could not learn of Him by the use of our own unaided faculties.

That claim is either true, or it is not true. If it is not true, then the Bible is the most inexplicable phenomenon in the history of the world. If it is true, then this explains the facts, and that is the highest thing that can be said of any hypothesis. Now it is not antecedently improbable that the claim should be true, or rather, I should say, there is a strong antecedent presumption that it should be true. For what are the facts? The proposition that the very highest of our needs, the most irrepressible of our yearnings, is the knowledge of the God who made us, of His thoughts, purposes, will regarding us, is a self-evident proposition. But does not God, it may be asked, reveal Himself in nature, in history, in the human soul? Is not every good book, every wise saying of great and good men, a word of God, and is not all this enough for the spiritual needs of men?

The answer of human history, human experience, the human heart, is an emphatic No! What did the world know about God, about salvation, about futurity, the day Christ came to it? What does it know about God to-day in lands outside the influence of the Bible? Let us suppose this book unwritten, and what do we know about God? I turn to nature and ask, Is God Love? The answer is No, God is Law. I turn to human history with its long trail of blood and its wail of unutterable agony rising through all the centuries to the throne of the Eternal, and does it answer that the God who sits thereon is a God of mercy? I ask, Is man something more to the heart of Omnipotence

than the worm which crosses his path? The heaven above and the earth beneath answer No. I ask, How can I get deliverance from the curse of sin? Is there a life beyond the grave? The only answer is, Who can tell? No sane man has ever yet said, I can discover by the light of my own reason and that of my fellow-men enough to satisfy me regarding God, my soul, and my hereafter. At some time or other, and in some form or other, the cry to know God and to be made good has risen, I believe, from every human heart. I confess that of all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, the mystery of the unseen, whence we came, of the visible, where we are, of the unknown, whither we go, the very greatest, the most intolerable, and the most inexplicable of them all would be the steady refusal of the great God to make Himself known to us and to tell us whither we are going. If there be a God, what worse thing could we say of Him than this, that He left that human soul, the fairest and most wondrous of all His earthly handiworks, after all its pitiful cries after Himself, naked and shivering on the eternal shores, not knowing whether before it there was blackest night or brightest day; whether, when it went down the slopes of the great darkness, it was passing into or out of the light of God for ever and ever? If there be a God, what worse thing could you say of Him than this, that He has steadily refused to gratify a noble craving, which none but Himself could have implanted in the bosom of His children—for the desire to know God can spring from no possible source but God—and that when they cried for bread He gave them a stone?

That, to me, is the most incredible of all propositions.

But in the measure in which a revelation is *a priori* probable, a supernatural element in that revelation is also *a priori* probable. For the one involves and implies the other. If God has spoken to man through other than the ordinary and natural methods of communication, He must have spoken through the extraordinary and the supernatural. The supernatural element in the Bible, therefore, is not a presumption in favour of its falsehood; it is a presumption in favour of its truth.

The case, therefore, stands thus. Inasmuch as practically the question does not lie between the Bible as a revelation of God and some other book or books, but between the Bible and none, there is a very strong antecedent presumption that the claim which it makes to be the Word of God is a true claim. That presumption becomes a certainty when, on an examination of its contents, and taken as a whole, we find that it contains such a revelation of God as fully meets our spiritual needs. Of such a Book the clear verdict of our reason must be, that it is the Word of God, and as such, "the only rule which He hath given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him."

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART II.

"THERE HE IS!"

ONE thing was evident from the conversation recorded in the last chapter. Middlemass, with everything to his mind, and in the midst of every outward prosperity, was not altogether easy in his conscience as regarded the life he led, and was sensitive on the point. There was a sore spot beneath the smiling surface, and he could not bear to have it touched.

He had said that his son "never preached," and Lindsay had fancied a peculiar significance in the tone and look by which the words were accompanied. They seemed to indicate that although the speaker might occasionally, upon impulse, unbosom himself of secret uneasiness, and feel for the moment relieved by having thus, as it were, brought his burden and laid it down at the feet of another, he was by no means always either in the mood to give his confidence, or in the temper to be reminded of having done so.

The meeting with his old friend had lifted the veil of reserve with which all deeper emotions were habitually cloaked, and had called forth some which had not seen the surface for so long that their possessor was himself surprised to find them still extant. He had not felt himself so stirred for years, and, in truth, the expression which those years had stamped upon his countenance was, as a rule, singularly unlike the softer cast it had taken during his interview with Lindsay.

The frown upon his forehead meant intentness, promptitude, decision, and it meant also that those excellent qualities were reserved for buffeting his way onwards through a troublesome world, but with little regard to a world where troubles cease,—while the more genial curves around the eyes and mouth betokened a lurking love of ease and luxury by no means incompatible with the energy which made these obtainable. He was, he owned, a prosperous man, and although the cares and responsibilities attaching to prosperity were in the same breath brought forward and lamented, it could not be hid that the reflection was one on which he could dwell with delight when unchecked by the presence of others, or the almost stifled whispers of the still, small voice within. The world was full of objects for him. When he turned from one consideration, one scheme teeming with contingencies, to meet which diplomacy and skill must be set to work, his fertile brain would invent another,—or, as by magic, one would rise to view of its own accord. When the interests of business were not prominent,—and how many and

varied were they, and how much they seemed to embrace!—when these, however, were for the moment settled, there would be the important subject of Jem's future, or Wat's profession, or Davie's education, ready to fill the vacant place; or, those in abeyance, a host of smaller concerns rushed into the breach. The house would need papering and painting by and by; would it be worth while to enlarge it a bit? He knew the exact place where a wing might be added with effect; and one room above—opening out of the drawing-room, which was certainly too small for the house, as his wife was always saying,—one room at the side, with an archway between (not too broad, lest it should interfere with the solidity of the building, but of course he would get an architect's opinion before setting to work)—well, that below, would give them two nice bedrooms overhead, and an attic for lumber above that again.

There was also the want of a better stable, and the consideration as to whether the coachman's lodge, which was in projection at one of the gates, might not be commuted into a room or two, with an outside entrance, over the coach-house and harness department. He would wake up with a start from such musings when the Bible was closed on the pulpit cushion at the end of the morning's discourse, and wonder with a momentary pang how it was that he had allowed himself to get so deeply absorbed. The reverie had been involuntary (he trusted also unobserved), but still he was annoyed, even though it might have been no fault of his that he had been unable to control wandering thoughts. They would come; he was sure he did not invite them, but they would rise to disturb and engross his attention just when least wanted.

He could not get his head clear, he would complain, not aloud, but inwardly, when tormented by the monitor's mournful remonstrances; he was not answerable for all the buzz that went on in his brain when it never had any rest. And the old excuse of want of time would be further alleged, and other pleas put forward, till, soothed and lulled to sleep by the terrible narcotics, the sting of the moment was felt no longer, the aspirations after better things faded away, and Middlemass remained as he had been before.

Something of this was apparent to the mild eye of Lindsay, who, uninfluenced by any previous knowledge of his friend's career during the past twenty years, and consequently unbiassed by prejudice, was nevertheless tolerably well able to fill up the blank page in the outward history of the busy, flourishing merchant, and to form sorrowful conjectures regarding the life within, from the mere hints and references thrown out by William at the outset of this renewal of their former intimacy.

William had not said much, but what little had escaped was pregnant with significance, and, joined to the expression of his quick, imperative glance,

his healthy jocund cheek, self-satisfied smile, and somewhat consequential tread, gave a very fair idea of what he was, and what he was not. All meant ease, industry, enjoyment of the world, and resolve to obtain from this life the best it had to give. Middlemass worked hard and lived soberly—he had a right to expect his reward, and such as it was, he had it. In the main he was accordingly well contented with his lot, and the placid conviction that it was a fortunate one was written on his face. The early impressions of piety which had once seemed implanted in his breast, but which, having no root in them, had dried up and withered away, were too seldom renewed to have now much of a disturbing influence; the good resolutions, ere while so frequently made, had been broken too often for them to be formed again with anything like ardour; and it was only the moisture of the eye, the tremble of the lip, and alteration of the tone when speaking of his eldest son, which gave any hopes to Lindsay. He saw that the man's heart was not altogether dead to the joys and hopes it had once nourished, when he could recognise and reverence these in another. William might no longer experience a Christian's solicitude and a Christian's solace within his own soul, but he could still rejoice to find the light shining before men in the person of his firstborn; and when that was the case, who could say that a glorious beam of truth might not even now illumine the darkened tenement wherein a fictitious glow had once been?

That glow had indeed mainly owed its existence to the influence of Lindsay himself; and, as of old, the presence of his guide and counsellor told upon Middlemass now. Instinctively he had recognised from the first moment of their re-union how hollow, and false, and worthless, would seem to his friend the greater portion of those hopes and interests which animated his daily existence, and formed the basis of innumerable day-dreams. The castle-in-the-air which charmed him to sleep at night were—or would seem to Lindsay's view—as poor and paltry as the anxieties which ever and anon would overcast the narrow range of his horizon. He was conscious of no high aims, no broad desires,—and for the moment perceiving this, he had intuitively been on his guard against self-betrayal, keeping out of sight whatever was likely to be distasteful or contrary to Lindsay's avowed opinions, and putting forth only such sentiments as were praiseworthy, or at least innocent: he had even, without himself being aware of it—for thus deceitful is the human heart—hoped to impress his companion favourably by the contrition he evinced, and the sense of shortcoming he expressed, when the question of religion could be evaded no longer.

Middlemass was, as we say, ignorant of all these hidden workings of the mind, and would have been amazed and confounded beyond measure by the revelation, had any such been possible; but as the motives of each one of us are often a great deal

more intelligible to those around than to ourselves, so it needed no remarkable insight into character for Robert Lindsay, who from the background of life—that post of observation—had often gazed at leisure and with thoughtful scrutiny upon the players playing their parts—it needed no special gift of penetration for him to suspect the source whence sprang that temporary effusion, that brief, ephemeral longing after a higher and holier life, and to feel sadly sure that it was a counterfeit; it was not due to the fountain of God's grace springing up within the heart, a well of living water, but to a host of shallow rivulets, all emanating from and tending to self alone.

Lindsay had felt chilled and sorrowful, but comfort had arisen with the mention of "Dinah's son."

There was no pretence here. The father's voice took a new tone in speaking of his boy; and so promising was the portrait drawn, so wholly satisfactory sounded the description, that his auditor, mentally chiding his own want of faith and belief in the power of the Holy Spirit to work by any means and at any hour, felt himself cheered anew, and lifted up his heart in thanksgiving.

He gladly prolonged the subject.

"Oh yes, Jem will be in soon," said the host, glancing at the clock. "It wants only ten minutes to the time, I should say; and he has to be punctual, whether he will or no, for the omnibus he takes home starts sharp at half-past five. We can reckon on his appearance at a few minutes before six, and then you will see what you will see. Perhaps, however," laughing, "I should rather say 'you will hear what you will hear,' for that's more to the purpose. The children will pull the house down about our ears some of these days when Jem comes home! There is such an uproar goes on as you never heard the like of! I often say I wonder the neighbours don't complain."

"Yes, yes," he continued, in answer to Lindsay's commonplace observation that such affection was rare among half-brothers and half-sisters. "Yes, yes; I know that. That's true enough, Robert; and it just shows they have good hearts at bottom, every one of them. Sure enough, it's not common; and, between ourselves"—softly—"it's not precisely shared by some one else I could name."

"Indeed! That's—that's a pity," replied his friend, somewhat at a loss for an answer to the wink of intelligence which accompanied the information. "That's a pity, certainly," he murmured, "but"—understanding very well to whom reference was made—"but, perhaps, it is hardly to be expected." He was conscious that he was stammering foolishly. He was not a ready man, and felt somewhat afraid, if the truth were told, of being made the recipient of an uncomfortable confidence.

It had been different when Middlemass spoke of himself, of his affairs, or even of the fluctuations

of his inner life; on all of those matters his friend could feel at home; but Lindsay was, it must be remembered, a gentle-minded bachelor, and he would have preferred not to have to talk about a woman.

And then we must also confess that he had not, so far, been charmed with Mrs. Middlemass.

Her touch had been cold and her eye hard, and he thought he had never beheld such an uncompromising black silk as that she wore. It had seemed to protect and hedge her movements in, whichever way she turned; and had enfolded her, when she sat down, with an air of solemn state that said to all beholders, "Stand off," as plainly as either the looks or manner of its wearer had done.

Lindsay had acquiesced only too willingly in the edict, and had, indeed, felt no inclination for a closer fellowship with the haughty dame; but if he were to be now called upon to discuss her character and pass judgment thereon behind her back, he hardly knew by what means to escape from such an ordeal.

Middlemass, however, who now appeared more at his ease than he had done during the whole of the previous interview, saved him all trouble on this head by taking the conversation into his own hands; and, in reply to the hesitating observation above recorded, dashed into the heart of the subject without further circumlocution. "Step-mothers are all alike, they say, and will be to the end of time. It's instinct, I suppose,—else she's a good woman, and does her duty to the lad in the main,—means him no harm, and would be heartily sorry if any real evil befell him. But there it ends. As long as all is well with us all, and we are living under one roof, it's a constant bickering—or would be a constant bickering, if Jem took it up. He does not, though,—he knows better. The house would never hold them both if she got as good as she gives; and Jem, between ourselves, knows when he's well off, and has no mind to leave me and the young ones. It's wonderful what he stands, though,—it really is, now I come to think of it. Poor woman, she can't help herself—at least we'll hope she can't,—for 'tis but reasonable to suppose she would if she could. We are but frail, human creatures, eh, Robert? The best of us are but frail, human creatures, and have no business to be throwing stones about at each other. I wash my hands of it all. 'Fight it out between yourselves,' I say, 'for I have enough ado with my own plagues and worries without being pestered by those of other folks.' But I can tell you, Robert," laughing, as at an excellent joke, "upon my word, I do assure you, that sometimes I have to stop my ears and run out of the room till the storm is over! That's what I did yesterday; for we are pretty bad just now, and I may as well tell you before you find it out for yourself. She has taken up the notion lately that I mean to make an eldest son of Dinah's boy—in my will, you understand. The will had a trifle of alteration made to it the other

day," continued Middlemass, with the unction many rich men have for such an allusion, "and I had my joke about it—the merest joke in the world, but my good lady took it as seriously as if it had been read aloud at my funeral. She's been at me one way and another to find out what was up ever since—Ha! ha! ha! She don't know William Middlemass yet, that's all. Make an eldest son of any one of 'em! Catch me! That's not my way at all. Share and share alike; a fair field and no favour; that's my style. But Jem——" He stopped short, with an inexpressibly guilty and sheepish air.

The door had slipped ajar unperceived by either of the two, engrossed as they had been, and as each one was at the same moment aware of the presence of a third person, so with an electrical flash of perception both were conscious simultaneously of being caught handling an awkward topic.

"Pray, Mr. Middlemass, if you wish for private conversation with your friend, sit a little farther away from an open door, and don't speak at the top of your voice," said his wife, blandly, but not without an undertone of reproach. "I could not believe you were still within the room, your voice was so plainly heard upstairs."

"Indeed, my dear!" replied he, somewhat crest-fallen, and, as it seemed to Lindsay, with more of an apologetic air than might have been expected from his own account of the attitude he assumed in the family disturbances—"Indeed? Well, I daresay it's no great matter. We were only having our chat, Lindsay and I, and I was telling him about the boys and Jem."

"About the boys and Jem; oh, of course," said Mrs. Middlemass turning to her guest. "The boys—and Jem. I hope you observe the difference, Mr. Lindsay; I hope you perceive what that means. No doubt Mr. Middlemass has told you before now what he thinks of his son; and indeed," with an angry laugh, "I always say it's a wonder there is any room in his heart at all for me and mine. He thinks more of that one, than of all the rest put together! We might every one of us starve, so long as Jem fattened!"

"There's no question of starving here, at any rate," retorted her husband good-humouredly, as the door was opened at this moment, and a chubby little curly-headed urchin ran into the room fearlessly, as if secure of welcome. "Jenny, go and shake hands with the gentleman. What? Didn't know he was here? What for did you come down then? And as spruce as can be too;" holding her admiringly at arm's length. "Oh, I say! What a grand new frock, Jenny!"

"Dear me, Mr. Middlemass, what a fuss about nothing! One would think the child was never fit to be seen, by the way you go on. Mr. Lindsay will wonder at you," said the lady, with a toss of her head. "Grand new frock, indeed! They have plenty of others every bit as good as that!"

"Jem gived it me," said the child, nestling to her father's side, "and I'm to say my Sunday text to him every week when I put this frock on. Nurse knows about it, and she brings out the book."

"And is that the book in your hand?"

"Yes, this is it," said Jenny, producing a tiny volume from beneath her pinafore, and eyeing it with affectionate pride. "Isn't it a beautiful book, father? And hasn't it a beautiful cover!" holding up the outside. "And it's just full of beautiful hymns and poetry that I'm to learn, too;" turning over the leaves to show their number.

"Can you say one to me, little one?" said Lindsay, holding out his hand to draw her towards him.

"If you can start me," rejoined the child.

"There's for you, Robert," laughed his friend. "Jenny will think you are a very bad boy if you can't set her going, somehow or other. Now, can't you?"

"You can't, father," nodded Miss Jenny, sagaciously, "I know you can't, for I have tried you ever so often. And mother can't."

"No; nonsense; of course I can't," interposed Mrs. Middlemass quickly, but still with less asperity than might have been exhibited had another been the person to be answered, for Jenny was her mother's especial darling; "I have other things to do besides learning children's hymns. I am sure you have enough lessons with Miss M'Candlish without anybody's setting you more," she added, after a moment's pause. "I am sure I don't know what your governess comes here for, if it is not to give you all the teaching you need."

"But this is not a *lesson*, it is a *hymn*, and Miss M'Candlish never teaches us hymns," explained the tiny pupil, regarding her book with eyes of love. "Jem gived it me, and I do like it so much, I mean to know every single thing in it. Jem learns them too, and he can start me at any one I want. I do so wish Jem would come home."

The wish was gratified on the instant, for the little girl had barely finished speaking, ere the ring of the door-bell made father, daughter, and friend all exclaim together, "There he is!"

It seemed that others had also come to the like conclusion. A tumultuous uproar from without, as of children pouring downstairs in headlong haste; thumps, bangs, shouts of welcome, forming one deafening *feu-de-joie*, distinctly proclaimed that the event of the day was at hand.

"There they come!" cried Jenny, rushing out herself.

"And what a noise they do make!" muttered Mrs. Middlemass under her breath. "Always the same, whenever they get Jem to back them up. It is he who sets them on; they were quiet enough before."

"Quiet enough? Well, I don't know about

that," said her husband, shaking his head. "If Mr. Lindsay hears you say that they were quiet enough just now when we were talking, he will wonder whether there is ever such a thing as peace or rest in this house! Somehow I think the echoes that came down to our ears from the top landing were not altogether lamb-like, eh, Robert? They were not entirely sweet music, to my ideas."

"A good cry does a child no harm, they say," replied Lindsay, laughing, "and one had scarcely time to hear it before it was hushed again."

"All very well for you; you have not to be under the same roof with them from year's end to year's end. Bless my life! I don't know what we should have done, my wife and I, if we had had to live on in that little bit of a house in James Street; there would have been no getting away from the noisy monkeys there. Here, one can at least pack 'em upstairs when they get too obstreperous, and they can't do much harm there, even if they do fly out on the rampage. Grand nurseries they have here; very different from the stuffy little rooms that you couldn't swing a cat in, which was all we had to give them before. Laurel Grove is a good-sized place, you see, Robert—a good deal larger place than you would imagine, merely from seeing it on your first approach; many of the best rooms are at the back."

"I thought it seemed a very good size, indeed;" but Lindsay was not allowed to proceed further.

"Bless you, my dear fellow, it looks no size at all from the drive. The drive is abominably managed; it is one of the very first things I mean to alter. My idea is——"

"What can they be doing out there?" muttered Mrs. Middlemass, half aloud. "Tramping about all over the hall! Why don't they come in?"

"Eh, what's that? 'Why don't they come in?'" repeated her husband, catching the words. "Why don't they come in? I'll warrant I know why they don't come in. Some of them, I'll wager, guess well enough that they only need to make their appearance to be marched out again in double quick time; and the consequence is, that not one will advance without the other, and that we shall not see the face of a boy or girl we have without Jem heads them in. When he is ready, we may expect the whole bag of tricks."

And, as if in corroboration of the statement, there entered at the moment the entire rabble, headed by their monarch, round whom they were pressing, clinging, and surging, in a state of excitement and ecstasy which made all other presences invisible, and all other considerations secondary.

On his shoulder, perched aloft, sat Queen Jenny; two other sisters, aged eleven and eight, struggled for the nearest neighbourhood on each side; in front the boys walked backwards, facing the procession, and the rear was brought up by the eldest girl, who followed more quietly than the rest, since she was lost in the pleasures of a parcel evidently

just brought in, whose string she was busily untying.

With this single exception, each one was talking louder and faster than the other.

Lindsay looked, and could hardly believe his eyes.

The Coming of the Lord.

THE traveller o'er the Pampas wide,
Without a track to mark his way,
Takes the bright heavens for his guide,—
The starry Cross begins his day:
Wake! brother, rise! let alumber end—
'Midnight is past: the cross begins to bend!'

Watchmen of faith, and prayer, and hope,
How wears this weary night away?
Must the world still in darkness grope,
Nor see of coming Christ one ray?
Stay, brother! patience till the end—
'Midnight is past: the cross begins to bend!'

Church of the Lord! be ready aye!
Sorely bereaved, and far from home,
Mourning apart, till God shall say,
'The Marriage of the Lamb is come!'
Pray, Bride of Jesus! for the end—
'Midnight is past: the cross begins to bend!'

Dull, chill, and cheerless is the night,
Cloudy and cold these morning skies;
When shalt Thou come, and there be Light?
O Morning Star! arise, arise!
Hush! brother! God will Jesus send—
'Midnight is past: the cross begins to bend!'

The darkest hour precedes the dawn,
That hour for earth has surely come;
The world in unbelief goes on,
The Church is broken, envious, dumb!
Peace, brother! these must bring the end—
'Midnight is past: the cross begins to bend!'

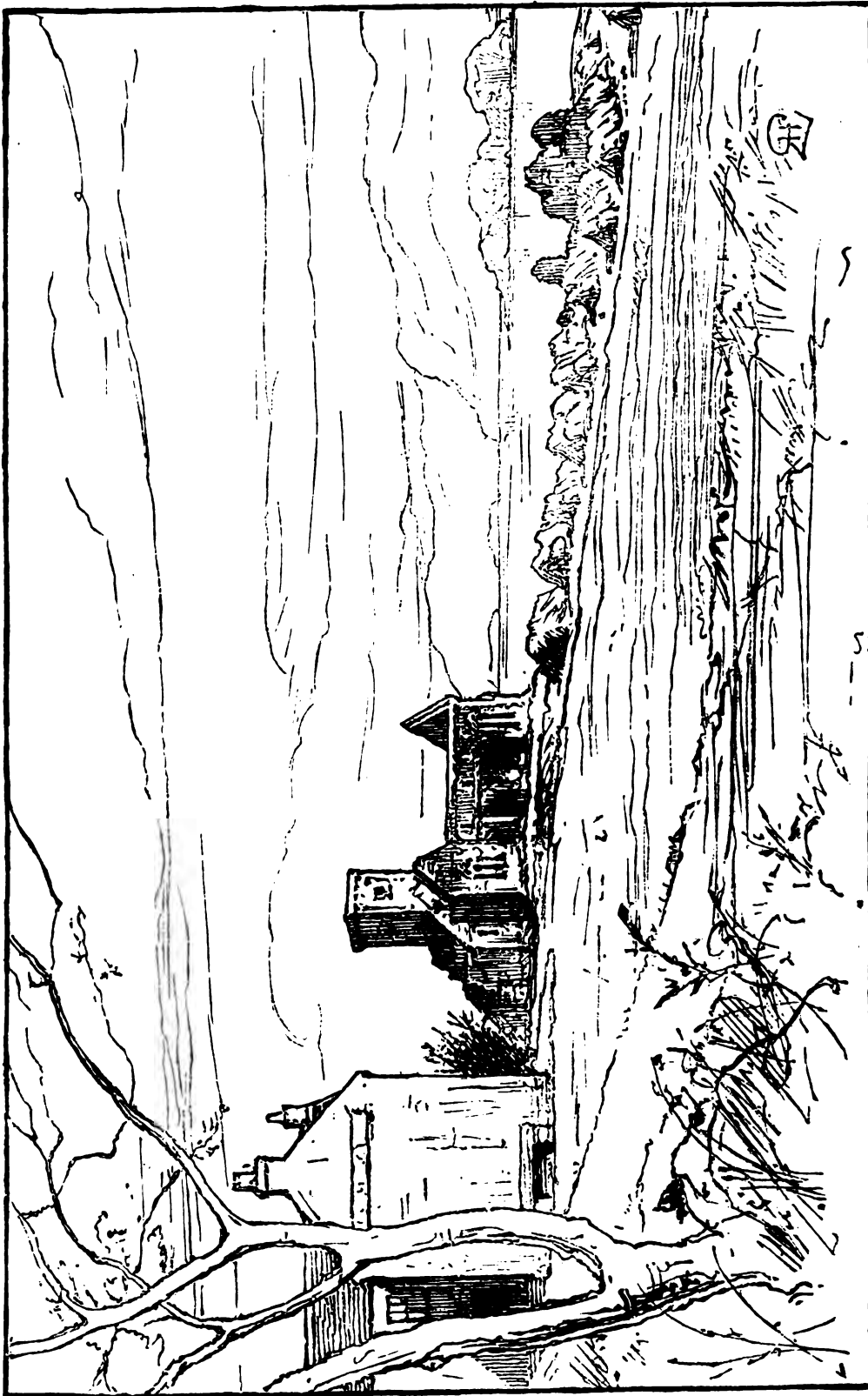
Q.

* "From the sixteenth century the European colonists have used the constellation called the 'Southern Cross' as a species of clock."—Humboldt, C. R., III. 223. See also Alison's *Hist. Europe*, vol. ix. p. 160.

Don't let your children need to go from home for their pleasure. Let them have it frankly, ungrudged, beneath your roof, under your eye. We all need the time to play. Would I hang the heavens above us with crape, and bid all be sombre and dull, as if life were only a funeral procession! . . . There is a fine ring in one of Dr. Norman Macleod's poems—that in which he describes the old man cheering on the romp, concluding:—

Thus a gray-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hand and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.
Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin;
Well he knows the race before them—
What's to lose and what's to win.
But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres;
In his father's heart it echoes,
So he claps his hand and cheers.

From *Heaven and Home*,
By Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D.



Presented by ROBERT HENDON, Esq., R.S.A.

IONA.

"Come sit on this sea-clinctured spot awhile
With me, and know what wonder-working seel"

Of truth was cherished in this lone green isle,
Fruitful in lofty thought and gracious deed."

Short Papers on Family Life.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

II.—THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN this paper we do not write to the boys and girls who read "Life and Work." This is not a children's page. It is a page to fathers and mothers concerning their children. We have in our mind those of the family who are not more than fourteen years of age. The interests of the sons and daughters who are above that age will be considered in another paper. We begin by urging fathers and mothers to regard their children as a trust from the Lord. We remind you of the ordinance of their baptism. In that ordinance you presented them to God; He received them and gave them back to you to be trained for Him. You accepted the trust, and therefore you are pledged to make the will of God the law by which you mould their character and regulate their life. Your children are a very honourable and a very impressive stewardship.

In asking to build up the character of your boys and girls according to the will of God, there are certain things which we advise you to keep steadily in view. Remember that *truthfulness* is the very foundation of good character. If you can get your child to realise that a lie, in word or deed, is to be detested above all things, and to be feared more than a ghost or a whipping, simply because it is a lie, you have accomplished a great achievement in his education. In a child's nature there is a love of what is striking or exciting or marvellous, and this tempts him to little exaggerations in telling what he has seen or heard or felt. You must watch carefully this tendency, and seek to impart a love of strict and sober truthfulness, not only because of the consequences of falsehood, but because veracity is right and beautiful in itself. You must also aim at fostering in your child the virtue of *self-control*. The neglect of this virtue in childhood is one of the most fruitful causes of the vices of maturity. It leads to evils that few fathers and mothers think of. The medical officers of the asylums for the treatment of the insane tell us that many of those who come under their care have been ruined by self-indulgence in childhood; that unrestrained self-indulgence in dress, in food, in toys, in amusements, has laid the foundation of that lawlessness that has resulted in shattering mental and moral health. Seek, then, in all your dealings with your children, to limit and regulate their impulsive desires by enforcing obedience to righteous authority and just laws, and the graces of self-denial and self-control will blossom out in their young lives and bear most precious fruits in riper years. Remember also that the virtue of *thrift* is a companion to the grace of self-control, and ought to be fostered with great care in the early life of your child. If your child

is allowed to throw away his unbuttered crusts, to waste his dress without rebuke, to break his toys with wanton delight, and to spend his little gifts of money with thoughtless selfishness, you cannot wonder if he becomes a spendthrift in after years. Most children have little inborn sense of the value of things,—hence you will be richly rewarded for any care and labour you may spend upon the teaching and enforcing of thrift and economy. We would also urge you to aim at the development of a sense of *personal responsibility* in your child. You cannot, if you would, put your child entirely under the restraints of external authority. He has a freedom of thought and action that asserts itself very early in life, and you ought to aim at bringing this freedom under the control of the child's own conscience. The great ideas of right and wrong are capable of being impressed upon a very young person, and when these are rooted early in the mind, conscience comes into exercise, and the child begins his life under the influence of a realised responsibility. When you can trust your child, not merely because he loves you, but because he knows and loves what is right, and acts under the sanctions of conscience, you have the highest possible guarantee for the future welfare of your little one. It is also of great importance to aim at bringing your child into *individual relation with God*. A child's conception of the unseen world is doubtless formed by what he sees and hears everywhere as well as by definite instruction; and the growth of his spiritual ideas seems sometimes to follow a law that is beyond our comprehension. But you can aim at impressing your child with the conviction that he has an open access to God, and that his heavenly Father is not One who merely frowns on him when he is naughty, and punishes him for doing wrong, but One who loves him and watches with approval all his efforts to be good, and who is constantly helping him to live a beautiful life. This will take away from religion the hardness of external rule, and give your child a sense that piety is a loving obedience to an ever-present and loving Father. Above all, let it be your desire and aim to impress upon your child the conviction that he has been brought into the world *to be useful*. It is not difficult to teach your child this; for benevolence is always among the first impulses of a child's nature. He takes pleasure in pleasing others. But this instinct that seeks to please needs careful guidance to the higher work of doing good. Try to make your child feel that all he learns is designed to make him helpful and useful to those around, and that his fellow-creatures may be the better for the service even of his childhood. By keeping such ends in view in the training of your children, others will be suggested to you by your own experience and your desire to be worthy of the great trust God has put into your hands. You have a first place among God's workers. Your work comes very near the divine work of creation. God entrusts you with the

plastic materials of moral and spiritual character. Strive to be worthy of the high honour He has conferred upon you.

We would ask you to be as careful of means as you are of ends. We cannot in this short paper even mention all the instrumentalities within your reach for the education of your children; we shall refer to some of the most powerful and most important. We would ask you to give the highest place to your own *sympathetic authority*. All the laws of earth and heaven are embodied in your authority over your child during the first years of his life. Try to make that authority like the supremacy of God. The divine supremacy is a blending of love and righteousness, so that your parental influence must include both of these virtues. If you rule in righteousness without love, your child will grow hard and reserved and distrustful; if you rule in love without righteousness, your child will grow lawless and self-willed. But if your authority is made up of the strictness of justice and the tenderness of sympathy, the very highest and healthiest of human influences will be the result, and you will be to your child the true representation of God. You must also keep in mind that the imitative faculty is among the first developments of childhood; and therefore *your own example in word and deed* is an important means in his education. And your example must not only tell in the things that immediately concern your child, but in every phase of your own life. Your child will be swift to detect the unreality of a good advice or a good example in the matter of truthfulness, when he sees you transgress, both by word and deed, in the matter of temper or intemperance. One need not dwell on the public school as a means in the training of your children, but one would strongly impress upon you the influence of *the school at home*. The public school is designed to be a help to you, and not a substitute for you, in the education of your children. The regularity and the punctuality of your child's attendance is in your hands, and the home interest in the school lessons has even a greater and more lasting influence than the repeating of these lessons to the public teacher. If you can only make your child as anxious to secure the reward of your approval for diligence in the preparation of lessons at home as he is to gain high marks in his class, you are bringing him under one of the most effective educational forces. You have within your reach another means of education in *children's books*. We hope to deal with the family library in another paper, but here we would urge you to stimulate and superintend the home-reading of your children. The selection of suitable books is not without difficulty, but this general principle is a good one, that, while you do not despise such as interest and develop the imagination, you should mainly select those that deal with the facts of history in an attractive way. A love of reality is one of the

highest attainments in life, and ought to be fostered in your child's reading. An exclusive reading of story books irritates the child's mind, and gives him an excited and unhealthy view of life. Another means that you must attend to is found in the *play-ground* and the amusements of your child. Toys may teach design; a pet in the household, tenderness; a healthy game in the playground, courage and self-restraint and honour; but the good influences of the playground and the home amusements depend upon your interest and care. Never think that it is beneath you to stoop in sympathy and interest to the level of your child in healthy amusement. His pleasures may be made a great means of promoting the growth of good character. *The Sunday school and the public worship of the church* are among the effective means for the training of your children. But the Sunday school in which you take no personal interest will do little good; and if you are not careful to help your children in the duty of public worship, they may attend ordinances and receive little benefit. When the young are taken to church and taught to sit quiet and behave properly, without having any intelligent interest in the service, they are apt to form a habit of inattention, which may be a loss and a grief to them in after years. Be careful to explain the nature of the service, and, as far as you can, the subject of the sermon, and strive to make your children intelligent worshippers. In writing of the above means of educating your children, one is not overlooking the fact that the air of a well-regulated home, which cannot be defined or described, counts far more than any distinct effort, in the moulding of the character of the family. The air of a home that is pure with family honour, and sweet with the fear of God, will nourish the young life in uprightness and piety, and your children will grow good as the lilies grow beautiful.

We shall conclude this paper by a word of warning against deteriorating influences. Beware of *favouritism*, because this is not only a violation of domestic righteousness, but a pernicious influence on your favourite child. Let the mother be careful to guard against *concealing a fault from the father*, in order that the defaulting child may escape chastisement. When your boy or girl discovers this want of confidence between father and mother, a very serious loss of parental authority will be the result. Take care not to foster in your child what may be called *old-manishness*. For, though fathers and mothers are proud of precocious children, it is foolish to fly in the face of natural development. It is foolish and wrong to foster fruit in the season that nature has designed for blossom. Beware of *punishing your child in anger* or in a fit of temper; and be careful to restrain the impulsive endearments that may come after your anger has passed away. In all your dealings with your family, be careful to keep both your anger and your love under the restraints of righteousness.

Of Life.

II. WHAT IS ALWAYS PRESENT IN IT.

"THE great characteristic of Modern Life is Worry."

It is rather more than twenty-one years since I first read that sentence. I see again the two handsome Volumes, fresh from the Publisher, sent by the Author. I see the thick, cream-laid leaves, as I cut them. I am aware of the pleasant fragrance of a new book, dear to some as the smell of hawthorn blossom. I catch my first view of the large clear print. And the short sentence which (as befits its importance) was likewise an entire paragraph looks me in the face as it did then.

The writer of it was Arthur Helps; a wise, sweet-natured, good man. His books are wise, kindly, charming: but he was better than his books. I see the beautiful face, sad, humorous, thoughtful, anxious. He was the best and most lovable man I ever knew.

"The great characteristic of Modern Life is Worry." There is something in temperament: something in surroundings: and peaceful seasons come (God be thanked!) in the life of most. But the statement is true to the experience of most. It was true to the experience of the man who made it. I think I may say it is true to yours, my friendly reader, though I never saw you and never may. Just once, a few years ago, a worthy mortal who is now far from worldly trouble said to the writer, that he "preached too much about Worry." I looked in the worthy mortal's face. It was worn and lined with care, which had spoiled his nerves and his temper as well as lined his face: and a little before he had told me that certain vexations in his lot were breaking his heart. "Is there more of Worry in my preaching than in your lot?" was all my answer: and the good old man shook his white head and said no more. Not but what he retained his opinion. For there used to be folk who thought that there was something wrong about sermons which treated of realities in their homes and hearts, and which (in fact) they could understand and feel to be true. And the right sermons were those which dealt with mysteries which neither preacher nor hearer could comprehend, and which had no bearing on actual life and well-doing.

You know what Worry is. It is a little thing, sometimes a very little thing: but it is a continual thing. And you have found that a load which is not in fact very heavy grows very heavy to one's feeling if you have to carry it a long way; if you can never lay it down. When our experience of life is short, we think to ourselves that we are much worried now, but that the circumstances are exceptional: all this will blow over; and days will come in which there shall be no little cross-accidents, irritations, disappointments. But you learn,

as you go on, that as it is the unexpected that mostly happens, so it is the exceptional that generally abides. In cheerful moods, when bodily and mental health is high, you smile at Worry and make little of it: you cannot imagine how you let it worry you so much. In desponding moods, when you have run down, when the constant work which keeps you on your feet has ceased for a too brief blink of rest, when you are weak in body and soul, you break down under Worry: you burst out into the cry that you cannot stand this any longer. For perhaps as many poor human beings wish (like Elijah) that they were at rest under multitudinous and ceaseless Worry, as under single great and overwhelming trials.

Worry is a little thing, it was said. You do not call it Worry when death is in the house: when some dear member of the little household must go far away: when sickness and pain lie heavily on yourself, and all your worldly work is laid aside and most of it quite forgotten: when you are thinking anxiously of the future of your children: when the awful sorrow comes of one of them choosing evil and not good. God forbid this last bitterness should be sent to any reader of this page! Yet every Black Sheep was once somebody's dear little boy. These are things which rise high above the mark of that which we call Worry. But it is worry when the post fails to bring the letter you had specially looked for, and counted on without a foreboding of failure. It is worry when some stupid servant spills a pan of burning coals (which should never have been there) on a carpet which is irreplaceable and which has grown into a remembrancer of the *Auld Lang Syne*. It is worry when a friend borrows a handsomely-bound book, and after long delay restores it with the binding scratched and several of the leaves loosened: It is worry when the friend never returns the book at all, but lends it to somebody else, who lends it to another, who passes it still farther on, till it enters into the unknown, and returns to you no more. I know few things more worrying than the carelessness and dishonesty of many folk as to books: and I take this opportunity of stating that I never will lend a book to any mortal (with just two exceptions) any more. It is worry when your horse falls lame just when he is specially needed: when your water-supply fails just as the house is to be filled with guests: when some ill-set and thick-skinned person persists in harping upon a disagreeable subject, or repeating to you some unfriendly remark which was never intended for your ear. This last, it may be remarked in passing, can be stopped; and ought always to be stopped with a firm hand. Then, Stupidity is a great fact, and factor, in human life: sometimes one thinks there comes an Epidemic of it, during which nearly everybody misunderstands what is said, goes and waits at the wrong place at the wrong hour, conveys a message exactly the opposite of that given

him to deliver, keeps in his pocket for a week the letter given him to post. Let it be repeated here (it was said elsewhere), He who posts his own letters is possibly a good man, but certainly a wise one. Now, in the course of Providence, the punishment (in inconvenience or absolute suffering) which follows a stupid mistake, is many times very heavy and sharp; more so than in the case of a moral offence: and the sting which is felt through all a sensitive nature in such a case is Vital and Essential Worry.

Do you think I am handling my subject lightly? You are mistaken, my friend, if you do. Do you think I am treating it ill-naturedly? In that case you are mistaken too.

Now, Worry is disagreeable. It is a thing you don't like. And, roughly speaking, Everything you don't like is a temptation. I recall, vividly, over many days, the true saying of a very little girl: "I'm always good when I am amused." The saying sets forth a large and serious truth. Now (1) Anything you don't like tends to make you bad: and (2) Whatever tends to make you bad is a temptation. Well, Worry tends to make you snappish; discontented; irritable; hasty of speech to servants and to children; disagreeable to any poor visitor who comes with a long story of trouble and looks for sympathy and help. Worry tends to make you chafe at the arrangements of the Disposing Hand above you: It is all pushing in the direction of *Ours God and die*. You know it is. I therefore say that Worry does not directly tend to make you good, but rather bad. If we are to do anything that is pointed at by the serious counsel *Grow in grace*, we must resist the primary tendencies of Worry. We must counterwork them: evade them: somehow get the better of them. All this is one step in what I wish to say to you, unknown friend.

Here is another step. God sends us all such a deal of Worry: God so plainly intends each of us to have so much Worry: Worry goes so much to form, in this life, the character into which we are growing, and which we must take with us when we go into the unseen world: that any one who really can trust God (and this means can trust our Blessed Redeemer, can trust JESUS CHRIST) would feel perfectly sure that there must be a way of taking worry rightly, so that it shall do us good and not harm. Worry, rightly taken, should train to quietness, humility, patience, gentleness, sympathy. It ought not to eventuate (though it naturally does) in making others suffer because we are uncomfortable: in making us a source of painful worry to others because we are worried ourselves.

Now for my next step. The good qualities we attain in best measure are exactly the good qualities to whose opposite bad qualities we had naturally the strongest tendency.

The most fluent speaker I almost ever listened

to (I heard him times innumerable: he became Lord Chancellor) was in his early manhood a stammerer who could not say a sentence without being pulled up. But he set himself to fight against the infirmity (*This one thing I do*): and he became literally *more than conqueror*. He not merely corrected the fault: he attained the opposite excellence.

By God's grace: by hard work: by long perseverance: by many prayers: by *attending carefully to every little physical and spiritual help*: each of us Christian folk may really do as concerns all our faults and failings that which Lord Chancellor Truro did as concerned his infirmity of speech. We may grow strongest where we had been weakest. We may put down the fault and gain the opposite excellence. If we were hasty-tempered, we may grow conspicuously patient and forbearing. If we were very easily worried, we may attain a placidity marvellous to ourselves. I will admit that the tendency to be easily worried founds so much on our bodily constitution, on the framework of our nerves, on the quickness of our brain (all of which not even the Holy Spirit can reach directly, nor tries to reach directly), that God's grace has in some a vast deal to do in the way of spiritual strengthening (the Psalm says "strengthenedst me with strength in *my soul*"), before the physical temptation and hindrance can be faced with any kind of success. But then God's grace is able to do a vast deal. Its power is limitless: or (if you will be precise) limited only by the need for it. The sweetest-tempered and gentlest human beings I have ever known were such as had bad tempers naturally. But they took the temptation in hand and mastered it. The most resigned and cheerful workers in a humble sphere have been those who once had more than the ordinary share of ambitious stirrings and desire for fame. But they tried after something better, and they attained it. I have even known a man whose face flushed up to fury, and who howled inarticulately, when you praised excellence in any mortal but himself, partially cured. He never quite left off frantically seeking to put a spoke in the wheel of any acquaintance, it must be confessed. Nor have I remarked that ingrained insincerity was ever quite cured. But then the insincere man did not try to be cured. He had found that Dishonesty was the best Policy: at least, that it did very well as concerns this world. Unscrupulous pushing and self-seeking, combined with judicious trimming, often gain considerable worldly advantages. And though the truthful man would not have them at the price, we have known such somewhat embittered by facts which he had come to know. But I put all this aside, meanwhile. I have something to say about it, elsewhere. It ought to be said: and it shall be.

What I wish to say now is, that we must take Worry in hand, with determination. And this is just what in fact we fail to do. There are many

folk who will pray earnestly for God's grace, and put their whole moral nature upon the stretch, in the matter of what they think greater duties and greater temptations, who, as for Worry and its tendencies and forming influences, let themselves slide: and this does them the greatest harm. It is the besetting sin that we are specially bound to resist. It is the atmosphere we are breathing hour by hour that it most concerns us to see to that it be healthful. And the moral atmosphere in which most professed Christians of middle age must needs live in this Nineteenth Century, is the atmosphere of Worry. The sins which do most easily beset most professed Christians in these days are the sins to which Worry is the great temptation.

You agree with me, I think, that if we are not spiritually to deteriorate, between each Communion, probably each month, we must quite resolutely take Worry in hand. And my next step is to ask, How?

A. K. H. B.

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

II.—THE LAKE OF GALILEE—A PALESTINE SKETCH.

By Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., St. Giles', Edinburgh.

I HAVE often been asked if I was not disappointed in my visit to Palestine, but am always most truly able to reply that I was not—no, not one bit. Perhaps this was because my imagination had never pictured the scenes of the Holy Land in any gorgeous form previous to my visit. A friend of my own, a minister much given to pictorial preaching, who had often depicted the grandeur of the Hebrew mountains, the verdure of the plains, and the glory of the sunsets, when he saw the reality—the dirty towns, the squalid people, the barren hills, the wretchedly cultivated fields, was so utterly disgusted, and felt so painfully the contrast between the ideal land of his fancy and the miserable land of his travels, that he devoutly wished he had stayed at home. He came back thoroughly disillusioned. He never could preach the old pictorial sermons again. Certainly, there is a great deal to disgust in Palestine. It is, particularly, a country terribly given up to lying and imposture. When one sees the "pious frauds" that are everywhere current, and accepted with implicit faith by multitudes, the impression produced is very revolting. But, so far as my own experience goes, I am bound to say, that if a traveller visits Palestine with his Bible in his hand, to see how it is illustrated by the scenery of the country, he will not be disappointed. He may turn away sadly from the doubtful "Holy Sepulchre," from the mummeries of the *Via Dolorosa*, the palpable impostures of Nazareth, the water-pots of Kefr-Cana, and the thousand and

one sacred relics pointed out by monkish hands for his devout inspection; but he will be amply rewarded as he roams over the Mount of Olives, rides through the valley of the Jordan, stands between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, sits upon the broken parapet of Jacob's Well in Samaria, or drinks from the fountain of living water at the gate of Nazareth. The natural features he looks upon, will bring the Scripture scenes before him with a vividness and reality of which he could previously have formed no conception. Constantly, when reading some passage in the Old Testament, or some incident in our Lord's history, my thoughts at once go back to what I saw in Palestine; the well-remembered mountain, glade, or river is present to me, and the sacred page seems to glow with a life and freshness imparted from these associations. No! I can't say I was disappointed with Palestine. The remembrance of my travels there is a source of perpetual instruction and joy.

There is, I think, no part of the Holy Land which brings home to one the Scripture story more vividly than the Lake of Galilee or Sea of Tiberias. Many of the miracles, parables, and words of our Lord, have here their locality, and it is marvellous how a visit to the scene helps to realise and bring them vividly before one. It was on a Saturday evening when I and my friends got there. We had a day of hard travel. In the morning we had left Nazareth; at noon we had climbed Mount Tabor, amid a crowd of Russian pilgrims; all the afternoon we had toiled along the great plain, from the centre of which rises the saddle-shaped hill, pointed out as the Mount of the Beatitudes; it was almost dark when we came to the edge of this plateau, and looked down into a wide fissure, at the bottom of which gleamed water, touched by the setting sun. This was the Lake of Galilee. A race down the steep bank, and we find our encampment at an old bath-house, built over a hot spring near the water's edge. The place our servants had selected was simply perfect. We could see almost the whole extent of the lake from where we rested; not a ripple broke the surface of the water which reflected, as in a mirror, the steep cliffs of the opposite shore. It was a delightful place to spend Sunday in, and that "day most calm, most bright," which we passed there, will long remain in memory, one of the happiest of the days of rest "threaded together on time's string."

What is the lake like? Let me try and tell the reader. It resembles one of the English lakes, more than the Scotch, the Irish, or the Italian. There is something of the same greenness and softness in its surroundings that we admire in Derwentwater and Buttermere. It measures thirteen miles long by about six in its broadest part, and the river Jordan flows into it and out at its lower end, on its way to the Dead Sea; on one side the beach is slightly shelving, and of gravel; and on the other, there are somewhat precipitous cliffs,

which are pointed out as the steep place down which the herd of swine ran into the sea. On Sunday afternoon, one of my friends and I took a quiet walk to the spot where the Jordan leaves the lake. We kept close to the water the whole way, without meeting a single human being; and after a good "stretch," saw the great muddy river, fringed by long spear-headed reeds, begin its rapid course down the valley. At another time we went along the lake in the opposite direction, so that we saw a good deal of it while there. There were two features that struck me personally as belonging to it. The one was its tropical character. Hot springs abound along its margin. Earthquakes are frequent. Plants grow here that grow nowhere else in Palestine. There are some groups of palm-trees, and birds of bright plumage flash about. The other feature is its loneliness. There is but one inhabited town upon its shore with an earthquake-shattered wall round it, the town of Tiberias, a holy city in the estimation of the Jews, but extremely unclean to Gentile eyes, of filthy, narrow streets, and squalid, poverty-stricken inhabitants. There was only one boat upon the lake—a cranky, leaky, much-patched-together tub, for a sail in which the navigators wanted us to pay a considerable sum, in addition to risking our lives. A gentleman whom I afterwards met ventured upon a voyage in this vessel. One of those sudden squalls, common here, came down, and the boat nearly went to the bottom, and reached the shore half-full of water. It was difficult for us to realise that this silent, sailless sheet of water was once the seat of many industries, and that round it had once clustered a teeming population. It was so in the time of Christ. I have heard the idea propounded from the pulpit, that Christ frequented the lake for solitude and meditation. The very reverse is the case. In His time, all the stir and life of Palestine centred here, and when He came down from Nazareth, the change was in its way as great as if one came out of our Highland glens into a manufacturing district. "Nowhere, except in the capital itself," as it has well been said,¹ "could Christ have found such a sphere for His works and words of mercy; from no other centre could His fame have so gone throughout Syria; nowhere else could He have drawn around Him the vast multitudes that hung on His lips. In that busy stir of life were the natural elements out of which His future disciples were to be formed. Far removed from the capital, mingled with the Gentile races of Lebanon and Arabia, the dwellers by the Sea of Galilee were free from most of the strong prejudice which in the South of Palestine raised a bar to His reception. He came to preach the gospel to the poor, to the 'weary and heavy laden,' to seek and save that which was lost. Where could He find work so readily as in the ceaseless toil and turmoil of those teeming villages and busy waters? The

¹ Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*.

heathen or half heathen tax-gatherers would be there, sitting by the lake-side at the receipt of custom. The Roman soldiers would be there, quartered with their slaves to repress the turbulence of the Galilean peasantry; and the hardy boatmen, filled with the faithful and grateful spirit by which that peasantry was always distinguished, would supply the energy and docility which He needed for His followers." That is most true.

As we five Scotchmen sit by the lake-shore in the Sabbath eventide, we tell one another with something of a feeling of awe, how the old familiar stories have come back upon us during the day. How along this broad margin, formed by the beach, He walked, followed by His disciples. From a boat out there He preached to the multitude on the shore. In that plain above us, spangled with spring flowers, He spoke of the "lilies of the field." In that bare stony field, the sower may have been sowing, and the wheat and tares growing, when He looked upon them and drew forth their eternal spiritual meaning. "Where do you think," says one of the party quietly, "it was that the disciples saw Him standing alone in the early morning after His resurrection?" We were silent, too deeply solemnised to speak, but the mind of each of us went back to the fire of coals, and the group around it, and the gentle voice that said, "Lovest thou Me?"

After a short stay by the lake, we broke up our encampment and rode along the shore northwards. We passed ruined towns, known by name to every Christian child. Magdala is a collection of two or three wretched huts. A fountain overshadowed by a fig-tree, and surrounded by ruins, marks the supposed site of Capernaum. "Exalted unto heaven," said Christ, "thou shalt be brought down to hell." A little bay with a stream falling into it, at the mouth of which a large shoal of fish was playing, still bears, in a corrupted form, the name of Bethsaida, or, "the house of fish," the town of Andrew and James and John. Two naked Arabs, who had pitched their tents there, and were busy mending their nets, were the only sign of life I saw. "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida," are the words of Christ, that come home to us as we pass them. Farther along, we reach a vast mass of ruins, some of them the remains of very fine buildings, if we may judge from the carving of the stones scattered about, evidently once a great rich city, though now without inhabitant. This is probably Chorazin, say explorers. If so, the doom of Christ has fallen indeed. At this point we left the lake, and proceeded on our way with the snow-capped summit of Hermon gleaming before us, and as we mounted a hill, had a view of the land of the Gadarenes and the plains of Bashan, rolling away into the far distance. Do you think any one who saw what we saw has a right to come home and say "he was disappointed with Palestine"? I think not. But there are some people ill to please.

The Tempted Christian.

CHRISTIANS are beset with temptations to things which are, in themselves, glaringly sinful. The heart is so deceitful that we think ourselves pure and spotless until we stand face to face with a fascination which allures to destruction, and, bit by bit, resolutions, vows, principles—in one weak moment—are swept away. Oh, why is this? It is because we have relied on *ourselves*, our own strength, our own ability to conquer sin; we think we are safe, and so we fall.

There are temptations which visit God's people to purify them. "He knoweth the way that I take; when He *hath tried me*, I shall come forth as gold." In long sickness there are temptations to murmuring, discontent, rebellious feelings. But there are, on the other hand, precious lessons of waiting, resting, trusting, to be learned at the Saviour's feet. Hours of forced retirement from the world are seasons when His voice is more distinctly heard, "*Learn of Me*." He was meek, lowly, resigned, obedient. Loss of wealth brings peculiar temptations. It is hard to be deprived of what seemed necessary to the enjoyment of life; but our Father has a bank which never fails, and He is able "to supply all our need." Is your heart torn with grief at the death of some loved one? "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." He took the pruning knife and cleansed you, in order that you should bring forth "much fruit" to His glory. Whatever be your special temptation, there is a "needs be" for the trial, and there is a way of escape. Christ is able to succour the tempted. And He was alone in the Via Dolorosa, alone on the Cross, while we are never left alone to battle against temptation. We have His sympathy, His upholding strength and presence, the consolations of His Spirit, the promises in His Word.

M. S. S. HERDMAN.

Faded Leaves.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISA. Lxiv. 6.

FADED leaves, faded leaves!
Lying knee-deep in the wood,
Whirl'd about by breezes rude,—
These but yesterday were seen
Hanging lightly, fresh and green;
Now they lie, all brown and old,
Mingling with the kindred mould,—
Poor faded leaves!

Pictured here, behold our life,
Past in peace or tost in strife,
Laughing, dancing on the bough,
High a moment, fallen now.
Should we cling with slender stay
Until autumn fade away,
E'en till winter spend its rage,
No new spring revisits age.
To part the cord of feeble old
Needless shall the storm be swelled;
But, to join old friends around,
Softly, gently to the ground,
Fall the faded leaves.

N. KENNEDY MACKENZIE.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER II.

IT was what sailors call a "dirty night." When you looked out upon the sea it seemed as if there were nothing there but horrible darkness. If you went down to the beach, however,—close under the fishing-village of Sunland—you found that there was just enough of light to make the darkness visible.

Tremendous waves came rolling madly into the bay, their white crests gleaming against the black sky until they came down like thunder on the sand. The wind roared and whistled over the bay, cutting off the foam-tops of the billows and hurling them against the neighbouring cliffs. Mingled rain and hail filled the shrieking blast, and horrid uproar seemed to revel everywhere.

"God have mercy on those at sea," was uttered by many a lip that night. It was a most suitable prayer! Some there were, doubtless, who uttered it with a little shudder as they turned in their beds, but said and did nothing more. Others there were, weak in body, perhaps, but strong in spirit, who reflected, with some degree of comfort, that they had given of their gold to help those whose business it is to help the perishing. And there were others who had little gold to give, but who gladly gave their strong, stalwart bodies, and risked their precious lives to save the perishing.

Many of these last were on the beach at Sunland that night, with oilskin coats and caps, cowering in the lee of boats and rocks, or leaning against the furious gale as they tried to gaze out to sea through the blinding sleet and spray.

Among these fishermen were two young men—tall and strong—who seemed to despise shelter, and stood at the very edge of the raging sea. One was a black-bearded man of the Coastguard. The other, as his dress betokened, was a Jack-tar of the Royal Navy.

"There, she shows a light," said the naval youth, as a flame, like that of a blazing tar-barrel, shot suddenly up against the dark sky and showed the rigging of a wreck, far out in the bay where the war of wind and waves was fiercest.

Scarcely had this light appeared when the Coastguardman laid his hand on the young sailor's shoulder and pointed towards the cliffs far away to the left of the bay. There a rocket had cut the heavens with a line of vivid fire. While they gazed, another sprang up into the sky.

"A vessel on the rocks!" said the Coastguardman (he had to shout in the other's ear, so loud was the gale); "my duty lies there. Will you go with me, or stay to see the lifeboat start?"

"I'll stick by the lifeboat," shouted the man-of-war's man, and they parted.

Ah! it was grand to see that lifeboat go into action. She could be easily seen, though the night was so dark, for she was painted pure white and bright blue, with a scarlet stripe round her—a "thing of light," but by no means a light thing! She was so large, and stout, and heavy, that she required a strong carriage on four wheels to transport her from her boat-house to the edge of the sea, which foamed, and hissed, and leaped up at her bow as if to taste the morsel which it hoped soon to swallow.

While the boat was yet on its carriage, her stout coxswain, or captain, clambered in.

"Now then, my jolly volunteers," he shouted, "jump up, and on wi' your life-belts."

At that word our handsome young sailor laid his hands on the edge of the boat and vaulted into her as if he had been made of india-rubber. Ten more men followed his example, and quickly put on their belts.

"Nobody allowed to go off without a life-belt," said the coxswain to the young sailor, "besides, it's against rules to let you go."

"How's that?" asked the youth; "you called for volunteers."

"Yes, but our volunteer-crew is already made up, so you must jump out. Thank you all the same, my fine fellow."

The man-of-war's man was too well disciplined to think of resistance, even for a moment. With a look of disappointment and an active bound, he leaped out upon the sand.

At that moment one of the men raised an oar, which was blown round by a sudden blast, and its end struck another of the crew on the temple, rendering him almost insensible. He had to be put out at once, and another volunteer was called for. Like a flash of light, our youthful seaman again vaulted into the boat. His services were now accepted, and a cork life-belt was given to him, which he quickly put on.

Meanwhile crowds of men, and even some women and boys, stood ready at the launching-ropes. The word was given. There was a strong and a long pull all together, and the lifeboat sprang into the sea as if it had been alive, with her crew seated and the oars out. A huge wave caught her bow and raised her up almost perpendicular. She seemed as if about to dance a reel upon her rudder. Our man-of-war's-man had rowed in many a wild sea, but never before had he seen the like of that. Nevertheless, he clung to his seat like a limpet, and pulled at his oar with all his might. The others were more accustomed to that special work. Just as she seemed about to topple over, the boat dropped forward and plunged out to sea. The next wave caught her in the same way, but with less power. Another stroke of the short, stout oars, and they had got fairly off into deep water.

Then did the heart of the young sailor beat

wildly, for, besides rejoicing in that fierce struggle with the storm, he knew that his mission was one of mercy as well as danger. But how much more wildly did his heart beat when he reached the wreck, and, by the light of the blazing tar-barrel, beheld about twenty human beings—some of them women and children—clinging to the wreck, which was buried in foaming water by every sea.

One by one they were got into the lifeboat with great difficulty. Then the boat was pushed off and rowed towards the land. What a deep-toned shout there was on shore when her light form was dimly seen coming in on the crest of a great billow! And what a mighty cheer rang out when she drew closer, and the man at the bow-oar stood up and cried "Thank God, *all saved!*"

Just then a monster wave fell on the stern of the boat and filled it. One little girl was swept overboard and went away with the backward rush of water, as the boat was hauled out of danger. Every one saw this, and a terrible cry went up, but only one man moved. Our young sailor sprang after the child. He knew that it was almost certain death to enter that surf without a rope, but a spirit of self-sacrifice—founded on the great example of Jesus—urged him on. He had no time to think—only to act. He caught the child and was dragged along with her into the wild sea. At that moment another Coastguardman, who chanced to be a friend of the man-of-war's man, came upon the scene. Seeing what had occurred, he seized the end of a rope which some men had just brought down, tied it round his waist, dashed into the sea, caught the sailor and the girl in the wide grasp of his strong arms—and then all three were hauled to the land in safety.

The poor child was nearly insensible, and had to be carried to a neighbouring cottage; and the young sailor staggered so from exhaustion that his friend and another man were obliged to support him as he went.

"Who is he?" inquired one of the fisherwomen, as she followed behind.

The Coastguardman looked over his shoulder with a proud glance in his sparkling eye, and said aloud, "His name is Richard Thorogood."

A statement which was received with three loud and ringing cheers. *[To be continued.]*

THE COMMITTEE are taking into consideration the financial position of the Magazine, so as to decide in what way they can best give to those who take parcels of the Magazine a share of the results of its prosperity.

Two courses have been suggested to them—(1) To pay expense of carriage, by railway, steamer, coach, or carrier, in so far as that expense is not covered by the discount allowed. (2) To bear part of the expense of printing Local Supplements, the number of which it is so desirable to increase.

They do not know the facts so fully as to decide; and they therefore request Ministers to send them a note stating (1) the amount, if any, which they have had to pay per annum for carriage *in excess of the discount*; and (2) the amount they have had to pay in the year for a Supplement, if they have one.

All letters to be addressed to the Secretary, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

No action will be taken until the information is received.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



MARCH 1881.

Sermon.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

By Rev. JOHN MACLEOD, B.A., Govan.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—MATTHEW xxviii. 19.

THE doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a deep mystery. But in what sense? Not as being contrary to, albeit immeasurably above, Reason. No doubt it may easily be so stated as to give ground for such an imputation, as, for example, when the word *Person* is used as if intended to convey the same meaning as when we speak of an individual, or member of a species, or as when the Eternal Three are apparently affirmed to be One *in the same sense* in which They are Three. This, however, is not to state but to *mis-state* the Faith.

The doctrine of the Trinity is a Mystery principally in two aspects. First, as being incapable of apprehension by mere natural Reason, or otherwise than by the illumination of the Holy Ghost, now abiding in the Church as the Body of Christ. "*No man knoweth the Son but the Father, and no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him.*" Again, "*No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.*" The eternal and co-equal Son, even Jesus, God incarnate, alone reveals the Father. The eternal Holy Ghost, co-equal with the Father and the Son, and dwelling personally in the Church as the Spirit of Christ, is the alone Revealer of Jesus Christ, the Son, and through Him of the Father also. Further, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a mystery, as, however apprehended by the spiritual, incapable of being *comprehended* by any. Incomprehensibility belongs necessarily to the conception of Infinite Being. To say that the faith of the Trinity is a mystery in these aspects is not to admit any presumption as to its incredibility. Religion presupposes our communion with the Infinite. No religion, therefore, which professes to be void of mystery can be true. What then

(I.)

is the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity?

The subject is to be approached with awe. "*Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord.*" It is, however, an encouragement to remember (1) that it is *necessary* to contemplate what God has been

pleased to reveal of His Being. "Man's chief end is to glorify God." But God cannot be glorified except as He is known. For this very end, or, at least, for this, primarily, among other ends, *that He may be known*, God hath revealed Himself. And (2) our supreme blessedness is in the vision of God as so revealed. "*This is Eternal Life, to know God.*" Every sectarian error may be traced to defective conceptions of God, or misapprehension of the verity of the Holy Trinity. In like manner the comparative superficiality of our modern religious life is probably due in no small degree to neglect in the concentration of the gaze of the spirit upon the Triune God.

In asserting the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity we must use the terms which the experience of eighteen centuries has proved necessary. These terms may at first only seem to create confusion, *but they come gradually to yield up an ever-deepening meaning.*

First, there is affirmed the *Unity of Godhead*. In Israel, God deposited a testimony to His unity. —"*Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.*" The Christian religion not less clearly makes the same affirmation, "*To us there is but one God, the Father.*" God is one, not in a numerical sense, as when you speak of one of several; but *absolutely and by nature*. Infinite Godhead cannot be divided: and therefore there cannot be but "only one living and true God."

Secondly, it has been revealed that there is *Tri-Personality in Godhead*. The mystery of the tri-personality of the Godhead is not greater than that implied in any conception of an Infinite Being. But it needs more guarded statement. The place whereon we here stand is indeed holy ground. When we speak of the three Persons of the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we have to guard against a twofold liability—on the one hand, the liability to substitute for the conception of *Three Persons, eternally subsisting as such*, that of *One Person known in three modes of manifestation*; and, on the other hand, the liability, while confessing the Faith of the Three Persons, not merely to distinguish, but mentally to *divide*, the *One Substance of Godhead* from the *Three Persons subsisting*. The Substance, or Being, of Godhead exists not, save in the three Divine Persons. All the properties of Godhead are Personal, and can only belong to Persons. It is affirmed, then (and

affirmed because most surely revealed), that there are to be adored *Three Living Ones*—the *Eternal Father*, the *Eternal Son*, and the *Eternal Holy Ghost*, in each of whom subsists *the one Substance or Being of Godhead*, and each of whom is distinctly the One God,—“*distinctly*, for each is not the other, and yet *indivisibly*, because each is the same One God : and the Substance of the Godhead cannot be divided.”

Thirdly, there is an *Eternal Order in the Divine Persons*. The one God, the Father Almighty, is, Personally, of none. The Son receives from the Father by eternal “generation” (which term is used to set forth an everlasting action internally fulfilled, and inconceivable by creature thought) the One Substance of Godhead, in receiving which, as “the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father,” He is such as the Father is. Thus, there exists in the Godhead *Eternal Fatherhood* and *Eternal Sonship*. The Holy Ghost, again, is such as the Father is, and such as the Son is, in eternally deriving the One Substance of the Godhead by “Procession” (a term used to distinguish the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Father and the Son from that of the only-begotten Son to the Father, but necessarily leaving incomprehensible to us what the relation involves) from the Father, and therefore from the Son, who is “the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of his Person.”

Fourthly, it is affirmed that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, thus *eternally* subsisting in the Godhead, *have been historically revealed*: the Father, as the Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who, as *our Father*, hath given to us the adoption of sons in Christ Jesus ; the Son, as our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom all things were made, who, for us men, and our salvation, came down from heaven, and BECAME MAN ; and the Holy Ghost, as the blessed Comforter, who came forth on the day of Pentecost, as the Spirit of Jesus glorified, to form, vivify, organise, endow, fill, and glorify the Church as the MYSTICAL BODY by which the Lord fulfils, and will for ever fulfil, all the acts and functions proper to Him as the Christ of God. And,

Finally, whatever distinction of order may eternally subsist between these Three Persons, and whatever relation of subordination may be apparent in Their Personal acts in the economy of Creation and Redemption, it is still affirmed that They are yet, *being the same in Substance, EQUAL in Power and Glory*.

Such, in outline, is the Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity. Wherein lies

(II.)

The necessity of holding it fast ? This is too large a subject to be entered upon here. But the following statements may be quietly pondered. Certainly it has not been zeal for inquisitive reasoning

or metaphysical subtlety, but an *inspired consciousness of its fundamental place*, which has led the foremost in the Church, of all generations, to cling immovably to the Confession of the true Faith of the Holy Trinity. For,

(1.) Except as we hold fast the Faith of the Holy Trinity *we cannot conserve any adequate conception of God*. Only One, a Person, who is Himself God, can truly reveal true Godhead. If Jesus, God incarnate, is not to be acknowledged as *Personally* the *Eternal Son*, our ground of faith in true (i.e. eternal) Love, Fatherhood, and Personality as existing in Godhead, disappears. “*Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.*” If the Holy Ghost, now abiding in the Church, is not *A Person*, and *Personally* the *co-equal of the Father and the Son*, the acknowledgment alike of the Father and of the Son becomes an impossibility. For faith in the Divinity of Jesus (through whom we know the Father) is not a product of argument, but an acting of God the Holy Ghost. God must, therefore, be confessed as *Triune*, or remain unconfessed, because unknown, as truly “one God, the Father Almighty.”

(2.) Unless we hold fast the faith of the Holy Trinity, *the record of Revelation becomes unintelligible*. This is so, not merely because the Trinitarian Faith is implicitly contained in the entire record, from the first page of Genesis, wherein God is recorded to have said, “Let us make man in our own image,” to the last Book of Revelation, wherein One is described as sitting upon the throne, “who was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone,” while “round about the throne there was a rainbow like unto an emerald,” and “before the throne there were burning seven lamps of fire, which are the seven Spirits of God.” Nor, again, merely because it is a record (in certain aspects) of the successive manifestations of the Persons of the Godhead : but emphatically because *every supreme divine act in the history of Creation and Redemption involves a testimony to the Tri-Personality of Godhead*. This is sufficiently clear in the record of Creation, and it becomes increasingly so when we pass to the incarnate Life of Jesus, and to the history of the Church. And,

(3.) Except as we hold fast the faith of the Holy Trinity *our personal salvation is left without basis or reality*. Our salvation has its origin in the Love of the Eternal Father, rests on the Incarnation of the Son, has been procured by the consequent merit of His Atoning Sacrifice, and consists in our Participation of the Divine Nature, through the indwelling in us, as members of the Mystical Body of Christ, of the Holy Ghost.

In answer

(III.)

to the question, *How we may grow in our apprehension of the Triune glory of God*, I offer three hints.

First, *Exercise your spirit in acts of Adoration.*

"This is the Catholic Faith, that we WORSHIP one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity." Every time you set yourself to contemplate God, every time you kneel at His feet, every time you even reverently say, "*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,*" you gain, albeit perhaps unconsciously at the moment, a deeper sense of the majesty and glory of the Eternal, Triune Being.

Secondly, *Submit yourself in will and heart to the ordinances of the Lord Jesus.* As God Incarnate JESUS is the HEAD of the Church, His Mystical Body, of which we are members. Therefore the present mission of the Holy Ghost, abiding in the Church, is to glorify Jesus. "He shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak." "He shall glorify Me." "Lord, how is it," inquired one of the Apostles, "that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" Jesus answered and said, If a man will love me, HE WILL KEEP MY WORDS, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our abode with him." Oh the preciousness of the One Mediator between God and man, the MAN CHRIST JESUS! Look then unto Jesus. Realise your union with Him. Abide in Him. Do all in His Name. Keep His words. Honour His ordinances. Live by Him, in the continual communion of His Body and Blood. No man cometh unto the Father but by HIM.

Lastly, While you search the Word, *pray for the illumination of the Holy Ghost.* The Inspirer of the Word is also its Interpreter. He of whom Jesus spake when He said, "He will guide you into all truth," who was then about to be sent, and who is the Spirit of the Father and the Son, *has come.* Grieve Him not. Confess the sin wherein we all lie in setting Him aside. Pray for His Enlightenment. Inquire how you may receive, in fuller measure, His anointing. Yield yourselves to His inspiration.

Thus shall we advance, step by step, in the knowledge of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, WHOM to know is LIFE EVERLASTING. Amen.

"Lord Jesus Christ, pour into us the Holy Spirit promised by the Father, that He may give us life, and teach us the fulness of truth in the mystery of the blessed and undivided Trinity; that our salvation may be perfectly accomplished by His Gift, wherein consists the perfection of all virtue."

Amen.

The Snowdrop.

A FLOWERET, waking, pierced the wintry ground,
Raised its meek head, and timid looked around;
Alone it found itself amidst the snows,
So took their tint, the fairest thing that blows.

A. M. B.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART III.

"THAT'S THE SORT OF RELIGION FOR ME!"

LINDSAY had expected, although he could have given no definite reason for having done so, that in the person of the son whom the father still fondly reverted to as "Dinah's," he should have beheld a delicate, mild-eyed youth, with a pale cheek and pensive expression; he had conjured up in the short time during which leisure had been afforded for the process, an image of meek, enduring woe, or if this is too strong an expression, at least of a silent peacemaker, to whom anything would be preferable to discord, noise, and confusion.

He had, we repeat, no just cause for such anticipations, and certainly the din of welcome offered by the youthful half-brothers and half-sisters, which was manifestly an everyday affair, and in no wise uncongenial to the recipient's taste, might have dispelled the illusion, but he had not had time to reconstruct his phantom ideal ere Jem in the flesh stood before him. And such a Jem he was!

Lindsay had risen on the entrance of the children with their leader; but although he was of average height, there towered over his head the straight-backed, deep-chested, brawny, muscular figure of his host's firstborn. A voice, not too low, and full of tone and strength, saluted his ear. A hand, whose grip was that of a giant, enclosed his own.

He rubbed his orbs of vision and feebly stared at Jem.

"Ay, look at him, look at him; he's worth looking at, now, isn't he?" chuckled Middlemass, rubbing his hands with exceeding glee, as he marked the impression made. "Keep back, children, and let your brother speak. Does not take much after his father, eh, Robert? I never could come my six feet, even with my boots on, but that rascal stands it in his stocking soles! Hey, now, you monkeys"—to the boys, who were now alive to the presence of a stranger, and were pressing rudely and curiously forward. "You, Wat and Davie, what's all this about? You have let me be in the house long enough, and never come near me! Here, shake hands with this gentleman, and then clear off. And put her down, Jem, put Jenny down, will you?" as Jenny now clamorously persisted in putting her hands over her brother's eyes, and preventing his seeing to whom he was speaking. "Put her down, man, and let Mr. Lindsay see you," reiterated Middlemass, involuntarily letting slip the thought which was uppermost in his heart at the moment, and as he spoke, he himself pinioned the boys, and held them in the background.

"Come to me," said a feminine voice at the same moment; but though less peremptorily uttered, the command had a thrill of repressed bitterness in its accents, which told plainly of what was passing within. "Come to me. Cannot you see that your father is not to be troubled with you just now? I would not put myself where my presence was not required, if I were you."

"Neither they do, poor old chaps," said the big brother, pulling towards him the two somewhat crushed and crestfallen youngsters, and at the same time politely addressing his father's guest. "It's not that they mean any harm, you see, sir; they are only bits of bears. Aren't you, you Wat and Davie? They have got no manners as yet, but they are going to begin to learn them straight away at a charge of a penny a head. Now, then," making the couple of rough, untidy-looking heads bob merrily towards the stranger, and restoring good humour all around by the contagion of his own infectious laugh.

"Ay, they are a couple of nice young scamps," allowed Middlemass himself, with something more of paternal tolerance in his air than he had hitherto evinced for the pair, who were, to tell the truth, not in any way distinguished-looking at the best of times, and whose appearance, on the present occasion, was rendered almost desperate by an afternoon's skylarking in the muddy precincts, and a total abstinence from soap and water subsequently. "They are a brace of nice-looking young gentlemen to come into a drawing-room, aren't they, Robert? Nice clean boots for their mother's new carpet, you see. And pretty hands"—catching hold of one which was trying to disappear into a trouser-pocket—"pretty hands to turn the handle of the door!"

"They had no business to come down at all," said Mrs. Middlemass, sharply. "I never saw such a mess in my life. Go upstairs at once, boys, and don't appear again till you are fit to be seen."

"Ay, go along, and I'll come to you," whispered Jem. "Look here, put yourselves straight, you know," nodding. "Look sharp, and I'll be up in five minutes."

"All right!" said Wat, cheerfully. "Come on, Davie," laying hold of his brother, and beginning to move off at once, Davie only turning round to petition, with a somewhat rueful and anxious eye, "I say, you won't be long, then, will you, Jem?"

"Never do you mind that. That's not your look out."

It was their father's voice which spoke, and the result was an immediate halt, and the probability of an altercation, had not Jem himself interposed, with a low aside of, "Don't bother them, father," first, and secondly with the open, "Get along, I tell you it's all right," which renewed confidence, and sent the pair on their way rejoicing; while Lindsay, no less content, sat a silent but much interested spectator of the scene.

"I hardly expected you home to-night, Jem," began his father, presently. "I had fancied you told me of some scientific concern, some lecture or meeting, or something of the kind, you had in hand. To be sure, I had forgotten about it just lately, but this morning there was a talk of it, was there not?"

"Grayson wanted me to go," said Jem.

"Ay, that was it; he was in the office asking after you. Well?"

"I thought I would come home instead."

"You did not consider the affair worth going to?"

"Oh, very well worth going to. There could not be a better man for the post than the one they have got. But I thought you would want me, father," said the young man, simply, "and besides it's Saturday night."

"Saturday night! And what if it be Saturday night? You don't mean to tell me that you did not think it right to go to a sober, respectable, astronomical lecture upon a Saturday night! Not go to hear about the glorious firmament above, the works and wonders of the Almighty's hand, because the next day is the Sabbath! Come now, I call that carrying things too far."

"Oh you mistook me, sir, I did not mean that," replied his son. "It was only that I thought the girls and boys would be expecting me, and they would have made a to-do if they had had it all their own way."

"They would that!"

"And as Mr. Lindsay was coming," said Jem courteously, "I knew you would want to be left in peace to enjoy his company."

"So that was it? I might have known as much. Thank ye, my lad," rejoined the father with a hearty hand on his son's shoulder. "That's the sort of religion for me. None of your Puritanical straining at gnats, and pulling down of mouths. Show me the young man who consults his parents' comfort, and makes the little ones happy, and there, I say, is the one who deserves God's blessing. Nay now, don't turn away, don't mind Lindsay, he knows it's only my way. I always say out what I feel. William Middlemass never was a hypocrite, whatever else he might be. And so, eh—well—what is it?" taking notice at length of innumerable small endeavours to attract his attention which he had hitherto successfully ignored. "What's the matter, Maggie? There's no getting rid of the bairns! I thought we should have had a chance of quiet when Wat and Davie were disposed of."

"You are keeping Jem," said Maggie, reproachfully.

"Keeping Jem, am I? And who should keep Jem if I shouldn't, I'd like to know? And what have you to do with Jem, Miss? He's off to your brothers when he has done with me."

"But we are going too," replied Maggie. "And

it's getting late for Jenny to be up. Please let Jem go, father."

"Please let Jem go, father,"—mimicking—"well, let him go, then. There will be no rest till he does. So, Jenny, still here? How have you kept quiet all this time, I wonder?"

There was a general titter.

"I'll tell you why," whispered the next sister, laughing roguishly, and looking at the now bashful and anxious Jenny out of the tail of her eye as she spoke. "I'll tell you why, father. She's afraid she'll be sent to bed if she makes a noise! It's tub-night, but nurse lets her sit up a little, because of the class."

"Class, eh? Oh, I know. That is what the hymn was for? And so Jenny is in the class too?"

"She can't stay up for it to-night," Mrs. Middlemass was beginning hastily, but she was interrupted.

"O Mama, she'll cry," warned two of the sisters, with simultaneous horror, for indeed the symptoms were imminent. "She'll cry ever so," added one, emphatically. "She has been learning her hymn so hard, and——"

"And she shall say it too," asserted Middlemass in the "I will be master in my own house" tone, which no prudent wife ever disputes; "she shall not be balked of her reward after she has tried to earn it. Run away, little lass; stretch the leggies, and see how fast they'll carry you upstairs."

"Shoo! fly!" added Jem, pursuant, and in a trice the room was cleared.

There was no need for Middlemass to ask his friend what he thought. He could interpret without difficulty the smile on Lindsay's cheek, and the light in his eye, and, gratified that at least from one quarter so favourable an impression had been made, he now gave himself up to hospitable cares with more zeal and zest than he had thought it possible he could have done, when first informed of the inopportune arrival.

Smaller matters also contributed now to make all go smoothly.

It appeared that the tardy butcher had not left them in the lurch after all, and that his arrival had certainly been "better late than never," for though severe misapprehensions had been entertained, no real harm had been done.

He had brought the cutlets for the side dish, and the proper joint for the bottom of the table. Mrs. Middlemass would not be under the necessity she had dreaded of changing the seven o'clock dinner, on which much of her pretension to gentility rested, into a miserable makeshift tea with roast fowls. With suitable top and bottom dishes, with soup, and an entrée of cutlets, she felt that Mr. Lindsay could do without fish, and she had accordingly arranged all to her satisfaction when she came down the second time, and had been prepared for benignity and affability, when unluckily the scrap of her husband's conversation which her ear

had caught on entering the room had put all wrong again.

A few words had brought back all black surmises.

She had distinctly heard the expression, "eldest son;" and the "share and share alike," which, followed in connection with the final "but Jem," had seemed to make all clear to suspicion already on the alert. "Share and share alike" alluded to the younger boys, *her* boys; and "but Jem," pointed to exception in the case of Dinah's son.

It was ominously conclusive—or so the poor woman thought,—and the idea that such sinister designs had been already confided to Lindsay—to Lindsay, who only one short hour before had been nothing to her husband, and whose untoward appearance at Laurel Grove he had even joined her in deploring—the thought of this, joined to the impossibility of giving it vent, lay at the bottom of her knitted brow, and was, perhaps, some excuse for it, on the evening in question.

She could not have made herself agreeable to save her life.

She possessed neither the nobility of soul to have risen above her grievance, nor the advantages of good breeding, which would have enabled her to conceal it.

She sat and fretted; and Lindsay thought he had never seen so forbidding a countenance.

On the lady's husband, however, the effect was not so serious as might have been anticipated. Apparently Middlemass had acquired the habit of letting his wife alone when in such a mood, and now found himself able to take it philosophically, and not permit his good appetite and digestion to be disturbed in consequence. In spite of cold silence or snappish rejoinders, he partook with equanimity of an excellent dinner, and enjoyed his easy chair and sociable evening afterwards; and by the next day the aspect of the hostess was less sullen, and her tongue was more loquacious. It is possible she had had her say out, and with satisfactory results. It certainly seemed as if she took some pains to make amends for former delinquencies towards her guest; whilst sundry attentions were also rendered to Middlemass himself, which were not lost on Lindsay. He beheld her now in her normal state, not wholly selfish, nor wantonly mischievous—not wanting in humanity or benevolence, provided the right spring were touched—but with an ill-regulated, undisciplined mind, and without the support of good humour to carry off manifold infirmities.

It was not from her, Lindsay saw, that William must ever expect guidance or counsel in the tangled web of life.

Should he, by God's mercy, late though it was, even now set out on a heavenward pilgrimage, fleeing from the wrath to come, he must set forth alone, and, at best, be but followed by one who should have been a helpmeet; and though further

acquaintance with Mrs. Middlemass certainly showed her to better advantage than the first interview had done, and though she was rather at her best on Sundays, when her table, her equipage, her dress, and her family, were all to her mind: still, Lindsay could perceive, and had already perceived, enough to convince him that it was to the eldest son of the house he must alone look, humanly speaking, for any alteration in the state of the father.

The more youthful members of the family were not, so far as he could discover, above the average run of boys and girls, with the exception of Nora, who came next in age to Davie, and who appeared to have a character of her own. This, although it manifested itself principally in reproofs of the younger ones, and smart corrections of any mis-statements—or what she fancied mis-statements—made by her elders, was still metal that might be moulded into more attractive form. What Nora said was usually shrewd, and sometimes true—only it was not her place to say it. Lindsay, however, observed the girl, and took an opportunity of drawing her out when no one but her eldest brother was by.

He and Nora were examining the gift which had been brought her on the previous evening, and the peculiarity of its nature—it turned out to be the first Book of Euclid—excited the curiosity of their father's friend.

"She has a turn for mathematics," explained Jem, "and I have promised to take her in hand."

"And do you really care for a dry book like this, full of nothing but bits of lines, and circles, and A's and B's and C's?" said Lindsay to try the little girl. "That's a queer taste, Nora. When I was thirteen I liked a good, old-fashioned story-book—"

Nora laughed.

"Oh, we have story-books for the children, sir," interposed Jem quickly. "Nora is getting on to be a woman, and wants to know about things. Just put it away for to-day, and we'll set to work in style to-morrow, Nora;" then, as his sister moved off, he turned to Lindsay with, "You see, sir, that's the way to take her. She's a dear, good girl in her way, but she is not quite so easily managed as the rest of them; and, of all things, she dislikes to be treated like a child. Her mother——" he paused.

"Can't understand that, I daresay," said Lindsay, comprehending what was meant.

"That's it, and perhaps you will kindly not take any notice. The poor girl does so dislike to be noticed."

Lindsay promised, aware to what allusion was implied; Nora had, according to her mother, been very naughty indeed the night before, on being sent to bed before what she reckoned was her rightful hour. She had argued the point, and had proved it to her own satisfaction, and to the amuse-

ment of her father; but no effect had been made on Mrs. Middlemass, who had not cared whether she was right or wrong, but had simply exercised her authority and insisted on obedience.

It was plain that such a course was not usual, and that submission was only exacted by fits and starts—for the rebel, stubborn to the last, could scarce be brought to give in even when hope had fled, and on going out had slammed the door. She had been brought back and made to shut it properly.

The scene had been painful, and Lindsay, however much he might feel that the sobbing, indignant girl was to blame, still suffered for her in her disgrace. The look of love, of almost passionate adherence and devotion, which she cast upon her half-brother as she hastened now to execute his wish, and then returned eagerly to his side, told its own tale, was a key to the warm heart within—and their visitor, as he saw the two presently intent upon a folio of somewhat intellectual sermons—Nora's arm round Jem's neck, and his enclosing her waist—felt the immediate conviction that the volume had been chosen because the youthful reader would like to know that it was not above her capacity—not a mere child's book—and saw the wisdom of the choice.

All through the day Jem's quiet influence was felt.

He it was who took the lads for their Sunday afternoon's walk, and brought them in orderly and cheerful at tea-time—he who amused the young ones in the dusk with stories and singing till Jenny fell asleep on his knee—he who got his father roused up from his nap to attend an evening service which was to be held in a church close by, and which, being a special one, he artfully insisted was sure to be specially interesting—and he who persuaded even his wavering step-mother to be of the party, by insuring her against all chance of rain to spoil her velvet bonnet, and promising that by the aid of his lantern she would step unspotted over both the muddy crossings.

Lindsay heard him pleading for two of the maids to go, provided they kept close behind their mistress—and he prevailed even in that.

With delight the older Christian beheld and marked it all. His heart swelled with emotion. It seemed to him as though, throughout the day, he could almost hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," of an approving Master.

Of Life.

III. HOW SHALL WE TAKE ITS GREAT CHARACTERISTIC?

TO begin with, Seriously. Seriously; and quite resolutely.

It will not do, to let ourselves slide. It will not do, to fretfully mean that our temper is getting

spoiled, our views jaundiced, our whole nature soured : to declare that we were far more amiable, cheerful, hopeful, trustful, ten years ago ; but that our burden has been too heavy for us. It will not do, to take for granted, in a vague general way, that all this moral and spiritual deterioration, all this sorrowful coming downhill, is somebody else's fault, or is nobody's fault, or comes of circumstances and surroundings. No doubt, if you, toiling, anxious man, had been given a more managing wife : If you, diligent housewife, had been given an energetic helpful husband : it would have been far easier to be good, or to *seem* good, than it is now. More of this by and by. But we must not just yield to the evil tendencies and influences of our worldly condition. Put this in other words, and it turns to a truism. *We must resist temptation, and not yield to it.* I have known good folk who, as concerns their worldly lot and its trials of temper and heart, seemed to have utterly forgot this primary truth. If you go where temptation pushes you, there is no doubt where you will go. You will go downhill. You will go to the Bad, in temper, in character, in mood. You will always grow more disagreeable, and more unhappy. I use worldly words, of purpose : they express the fact. But it is just as sober fact I express, when I say in other words, *You will always be getting farther from Christ.* Now this concerns every mortal who will ever read this page ; and me who write it. Don't fancy that I am writing for outside sinners, worse than myself. We are going to try, please God, to help each other. We all need it sorely. Sorely.

We must fight the Natural Tendency of Worry. We must resist Worry : not its coming (it is sure to come), but what it tends to make us when it comes. We must circumvent it, and counterwork it, wisely. There are two ways of resisting any influence or pressure upon us. One is, to go straight against it. The other is, to turn its flank, to counterwork it. You know the different ways in which a steam-ship and a sailing-ship vanquish a contrary wind. The steam-ship goes right up against the contrary wind : defies it. The sailing-ship sets her sails so skilfully, and tacks so skilfully, that she makes the contrary wind (in the long run) bear her in just the opposite direction from that in which the wind was pushing her. Now, worry is (morally) a contrary wind. Now and then, we may be enabled bravely to make head against it. More frequently, by skilful management, and by God's grace, we shall be enabled to make worry give us spiritual help : beat up against it by tacking : get an influence, naturally pushing us away from Christ, into a cold region of discontent, fretfulness, and all evil tempers, to drive us nearer to Christ, into a region of humbleness, resignation, weanedness from this world, kindly sympathy. Ay, by the help of the Blessed Spirit ; and by continual watching and managing, and putting our moral nature on the stretch ; finally, let it be said,

by continual prayer : we shall *turn Worry into a Means of Grace.* And grander thing never was done by poor human being. It is terribly difficult. But it can be done. I have known people, men and women, who had done it. And I thought of *more than conquerors* ! For the sublime words of our English New Testament were literally true. I know the Greek, small scholar, and what has been said of it. But I will not give up the translation as it stands.

"If we are not spiritually to deteriorate, between each Communion, probably each month, we must quite resolutely take Worry in hand. And my next step is to ask, *How ?*"

My last little essay closed with these words.

Now, if we are really anxious, for our own practical guidance, to get an answer to a question, it is very discouraging if the answer proves very long, and very roundabout ; and if (in fact) we get no direct answer to the question at all. That shall not happen here, be sure. Therefore, though I have a great deal to say before I am done, concerning the Christian treatment of worry ; and though I cannot say it all very shortly and don't want to do so ; yet (all the more because these chapters must be short through the exigencies of this little Magazine) I wish to give you at once a brief view of what I am going to say at greater length. I will show you the line of country over which I hope to take you, by and by, in leisurely saunter, but seriously too. Serious need not mean dull.

How, then, are we to take Worry in hand ?

I. *Reason with Worry.* When some vexatious thing happens, try to get it in the right point of view. Then you may see that you have less reason to complain than you had fancied : perhaps that you have no reason at all. There is a way of putting things, which makes them look quite different. There was a man, eminent in his vocation, who, through that which we call *Ill-Luck* (there is no such thing) failed to obtain its rewards. God kept him back from honour. Perhaps it would have turned his head. When an unwise friend once lamented to him that he had not been so successful as Tom, Dick, and Harry, though he had deserved success far more, he said, good-naturedly, "Well, I would rather people should wonder why I did not get that little decoration than why I did." Another man in the same vocation, with much less reason to complain, went about bitterly bewailing his ill-luck, and severely commenting on the deficiencies of luckier men. I never spoke to that man but once ; yet on that solitary occasion he did all that to me. If you could, by remotest possibility, imagine who he was, and where he was placed, I should not say this. If any reader fancies he knows what I am referring to, I tell him he is mistaken. But you see what I mean by *Reasoning with Worry.* Talk with some folk, and you find they have got all their little troubles in the aspect

in which they look ugliest : like one of those gutta-percha faces which were common a few years since squeezed into its most hideous grin. It may take time to get a worry in the right and healthy aspect. You may have a sleepless night : a fractious forenoon. Twenty-four hours : three days : a week even. And for any sake don't go brooding upon it till you make it worse. Reason with it to the end of making it look better ; not worse.

II. *Work against Worry.* I mean, keep yourself healthily busy at worthy work. Many folk are more worried than they need be, because they are idle. They have too much time to think of little things better forgot. Luther was a man easily worried. Be sure, he was very much worried about something when he said, "I rush out among my pigs, rather than sit still." And you will pardon the homeliness of the Spanish proverb for the sake of its practical good sense, and for the help it will give you : "The dog that is hunting does not feel the insects." He has something else to think of. His attention is diverted. So be it with you, good friend, who have your cares. Don't sit and brood over them. Go and work hard. It will be against the grain to begin : but in a quarter of an hour you will be in full train : and little irritations mainly forgot.

III. *See carefully to your bodily health.* Not of expediency, but as matter of Christian duty. You are just as much bound to make the best of your health, as of any other talent God has given you. We are done with that old idiom, that you could help the soul by harming the body. Of course, rigorous Temperance in all things is, when you have reached middle age, the great secret of bodily health. Specially beware of all those things (men call them Stimulants) which lift you up for a little and then drop you a good deal lower than they found you. Dyspepsia and nerve-weariness make little worries lie heavy, which when in good health you would put aside with a smile. A great secret of cheerfulness, amiability, goodness, is health. High health has been able to keep very bad folk cheerful. The Borgias were an infamous crew. But they enjoyed such magnificent health, that they were always cheerful and good-natured. More was the pity. For sometimes really good people, in miserable health, are very fractious and disagreeable. One has known an eminent theologian, a sincere good man, who in his household was as a sort of negative Sun, diffusing darkness instead of light.

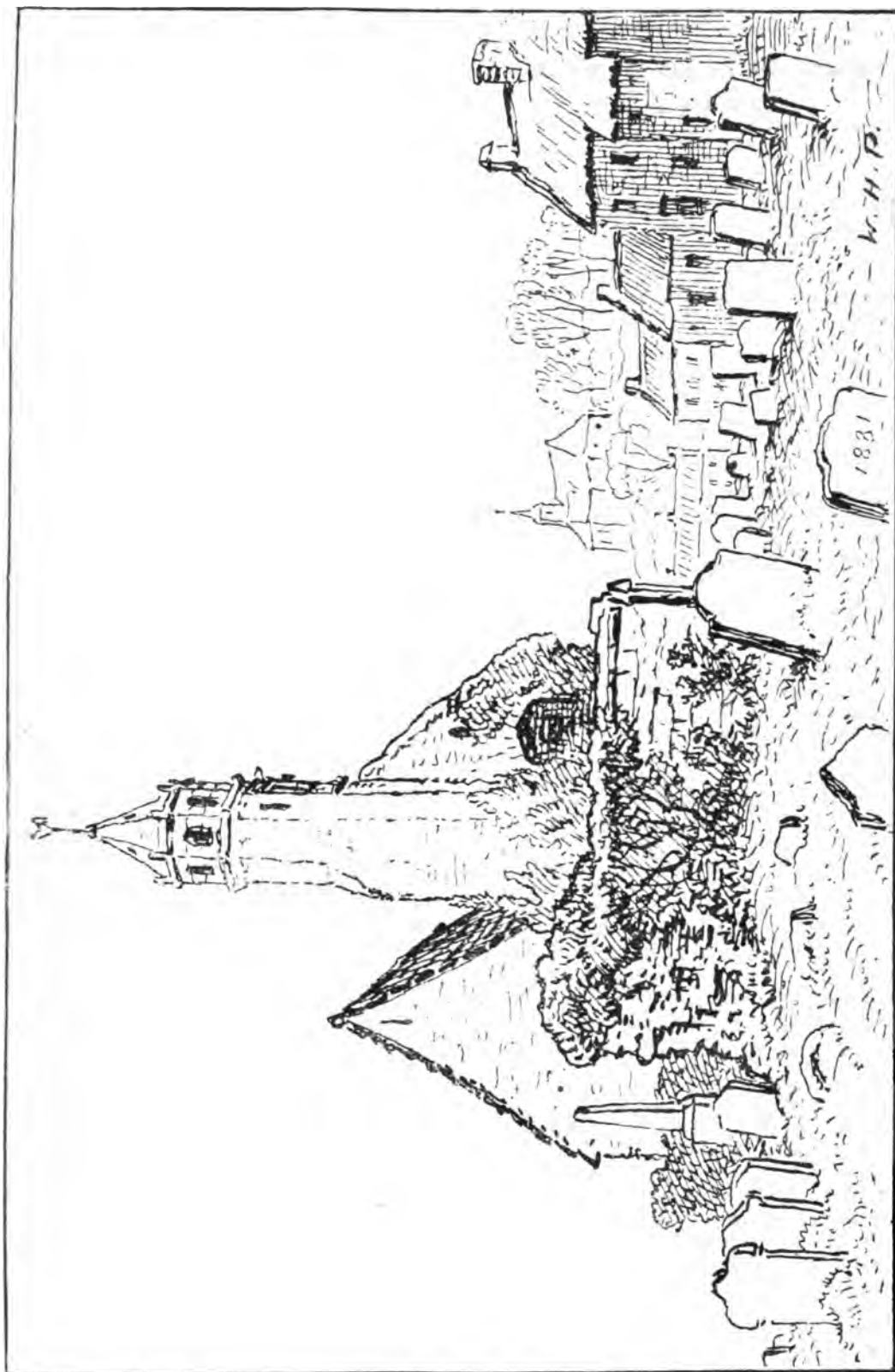
IV. *Pray over Worry.* This habitually. After all, Worry is the great discipline which is forming your character. It is making you, here, what you are like to be for ever. And I suppose you believe we are in God's School. "It is all Education, it is not Punishment : " one of the saintliest of men said that to me of all worldly troubles, greater and less. But it depends on how we take them. And we are not able, without help, to take them rightly.

Now, let us take all our worries to Christ. It will make Prayer a very real and continual thing, if we pray for the things we really want : if we tell our Saviour (Who knows already) what is really in our heart, not what we think ought to be. Get rid of the heathenish notion, that there are troubles, and temptations, too little to trouble Christ with. Anything that is big enough to interest you, will interest Him. Of course, there are things to be kept for the closet, alone with Him. We should not like anybody, but Him, to know what little things worry us : to know exactly what we are thinking of, and anxious about, many times. But we have no secrets from Him. And if we go and tell Him all that is in our heart (the telling of it may often be that which we call Confession of Sinfulness or Weakness) : and ask Him to pity us, strengthen us, advise us, see us through it all, give us the Holy Spirit to make it do us good and not harm : I would much sooner believe that Black is White than that He would send us away none the better. That is, in His own time. "It may not be my time : it may not be thy time : But yet in His own time : the Lord will provide." So much is sure. There is much to be said here ; but not now. For we must cease. One word yet :

V. *Bear Worry.* Bear it patiently. Ask help to bear it patiently. You know how often people try to say something with a smile, that comes from a bleeding heart. So it was that Charles Kingsley wrote to a dear friend of the trials of his lot. "It's all Toko," he said, "and you'll not be good for much without Toko." *Toko* is a school-boy term, extremely familiar south of the Tweed ; and it conveys the idea of Disciplinary Suffering. In graver words, St. PAUL had said just the same thing : "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Ay me ! Young preachers write on that text, little knowing the awful thing they are writing about. Now, you must bear worry as long as God thinks right : you must dree your weird. Don't fancy you will certainly get rid of it by prayer. You may : but likelier, you will *get the good of it*. It will stay : and be very trying : but it will do you good if you struggle hard and pray often. God will no more take away mental pain because you ask Him, than He will take away bodily pain. I know (God be thanked) mental pain is such in its nature, that at the throne of grace, casting yourself on God with the *Fiat Voluntas Tua*, the burden may quite fall off ; while the Fever or the Inflammation which has the body in its gripe must run its course, for all prayer. We do not look for physical miracles now. But do not be surprised if God lets you bear the pain of Worry for a while : a long while.

Thus, reader, you have, shortly, what I desire to say. But abridgments lose a great deal. And though the exigencies of the fashion in which I speak to you make me give you this, I want your company a good while longer.

A. K. H. B.



Presented by WALLER H. PATON, Esq., R.S.A.

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, DOUGLAS, LANARK.

Robert Burns and the Cottar's Saturday Night.

By the Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

III.—THE POEM.

THE poem so well known as the "Cottar's Saturday Night" is a picture drawn from Scottish life of a hundred years ago. It describes the last evening of the week, as it was wont to be, in the house of a worthy labouring man of the time of Burns. How he came to make this the subject of a poem we are told by his brother Gilbert. "Robert," he says, "had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" It was not then so much that he chose the subject as that it took hold of him. The "venerableness" he felt in the call to worship, and the scene by the humble fireside, urged him to give it expression, and the rest of the poem is written in order that this central scene may be viewed in its proper setting, surrounded by the family life of which it formed a part. He composed it in the end of 1785, when he was still quite an unknown man, probably while the November winds were blowing round him in the field as he ploughed for winter wheat on the farm of Mossiel. His habit was to make his verses at the plough, and afterwards write them out at the window-shelf of the little garret bedroom which he and his brother occupied, and in this winter I have mentioned were put on paper poems which are the nucleus of his fame. I shall suppose my readers and myself to be perusing the poem together. Before or after each stanza (or verse) I shall put some comment—hardly of a literary kind, but such as may serve the purpose of making us linger in thought over the poem, and giving time for its successive scenes and the whole fashion of life it describes to make their due impression on our minds. The interest of the poem is even more historical than literary. We study it not as a fine ideal imagined by the poet, but as a faithful description, given with a poet's insight, of a real manner of life that commands our respect, and has a right to our interest as belonging expressly to the soil of Scotland.

The first verse I omit here. It is a dedication to a friend afterwards prefixed, which would have been better kept by itself, so as to leave the poem with the decided opening which it originally had. In this he carries us at once into the midst of the familiar rustic sights and sounds of a November nightfall. He chooses this wintry time, "the dark hollow of the year," because it is the time when the domestic life he is to describe is at its fullest, and because the gloom out of doors well prepares

the reader to relish the fireside brightness that is to come. If we were to give the verse a title, it might be this—The Chill and Toil of the Outside World.

"November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cottar frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."

Before the next verse I may remind my readers of the great ash tree or oak they have often liked to see beside a cottage, sometimes such trees remaining long after every vestige is gone of the cottage itself; as Robert Nicoll says,

"As aik tree, or maybe twa,
Among the wavin' corn,
Is a' the mark that time has left
O' the toon where I was born."

The verse that follows might be entitled, The Welcome Home and its Magical Power.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things toddlin' stacher through,
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kinaug and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil."

Already, perhaps, this is one of the verses which, as Burns himself confesses, "made him greet whiles, when he was at the writing of it." I read once that in some mining districts in England the first thing a man would probably do on coming from his work would be to caress his dog, the next to curse his wife. What a contrast between such a meeting and the one described above! What a distance in rank between these two families, a distance not made by wealth, but by character and self-control. What this man is in habit and temper we guess already from his children's gleeful rush to meet him. And the wife, on her part, does not meet her husband with a pouring out of troubles and vexations. She has swept away the dust, and banished the darkness, not only from her dwelling but from her heart and countenance. And this smile of wife and joy of children do for the man what great wealth fails in thousands of homes to do—it utterly banishes the cares. Such powers belong to God's high ordinance of family life when it is rightly used.

Next, in the verses that follow we see the family gathering completed, and how they spend the evening together:—

"Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin'
A canny errand to a neighbor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.
" With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mither, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due."

Let us note what are the features of this family life which Burns would have us admire. Let us see what things he selects to dwell on.

First, there is *industry*. All are doing some useful work. Some people are ashamed of work, ashamed to be caught doing anything but what is trifling. They think it fine, and a gentleman's or lady's privilege, to be idle. It is no privilege or honour, and it is no man's right to be idle. A man of wealth may have it in his power more freely to choose what he will work at or study, and to time his work according to his liking : but it is a dishonour to be idle. The world has been likened, with grim expressiveness, to a great hand-barrow, with a handle at it for every one, and needing every one for the lift ; but some, instead of taking their handle heartily, even throw themselves on the barrow, and add to the weight which the others have to carry. There is no honour in that. So Burns, in describing a family which he wishes, in spite of its lowliness of rank, to invest with all dignity, is careful to picture every one at some useful work. Even the younger, too young to herd, "tentie rin a canny errand to a neibor town." His picture here reminds me of words in which a great Englishman's home was described by one who had visited it—"a temple of industrious peace."

See next, in his picture, *mutual affection*. See it in the "spiering" when they meet. See it in the daughter who is at service putting her wages into her mother's hand to lighten some cost that had been hard to meet. See it almost more in their spending the evening together, happiest in this, and their pleasure not in the "uncos" (news) they tell one another so much as in seeing one another's faces, hearing one another's voices, and watching their mother's busy needle and shears.

Notice, also, in this family, a virtue of a humbler kind, which we cannot quite omit, as several times in the poem Burns brings it in—the virtue of *thrift*. He brings it in, no doubt, because it was so characteristic of worthy families of that time, and because it was no mean or sordid thing, but part of that battle against straitened means in which the Scottish people have so often been honourably victorious. I have wondered to myself how much has been effected in our country by one happy touch in the verse above, how many a saving people have been merry over, instead of sad, as they recollected the words—

" The mither, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new."

Another feature still in this family life is given in the verse we come to next, namely, *righteousness*. We begin now to find how well this father fills a father's place. He is not stern—so far from this, that his children have felt his presence no restraint on their happiness, and have been merry with him. But see in this next verse how seriously and expressly he counsels them. In the second half of the verse he speaks of their morning and evening prayers. He calls this their "duty," and I have a liking for the word, because it belongs to that reserve which is characteristic of us in Scotland. Especially in religion more is meant by a Scotsman than is said. It is part of his reverence for the holiest things not to name them too bluntly. But what is chiefly to be noticed in this verse is the emphasis with which the father lays it on his children to be upright in their common duties. Will my readers observe, in all that he says about their work and their employers, the remarkable absence of a thought which in our day generally comes first? He says nothing of "liking." He does not ask if they liked their place and their work. I don't say he was hard or indifferent about this, but he does not fall into the weak habit we have now-a-days, in all ranks of life, of putting first about everything the question, "Do you like?" a habit which fosters a pitiful selfishness. This father's first concern for his children at their daily work is that they be upright in it. Righteous, himself to the core, he cannot bear that his children should be as rotten wood.

Here follows his "admonition due :—"

" Their master's and their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out of sight, to jauk or play :
'And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright."

Before we read the next verses, let me ask that they be read with *reverence*, although they tell of a courtship, and although the maiden's name be plain "Jenny." Yet I hardly need to ask this, for Burns tells it with a reverence which every reader must feel. There is not a touch of jest here, but all the delicacy he can put into his lines. And I am glad he had the wisdom and the courage to put a courtship into his picture. He was on the way to describe the worship of God in the form that had most deeply impressed him ; but a right instinct told him it was not unfit that love, if pure and true and honourable, should go along with it. His description here is indeed homely. The people and their ways are simple. The incidents and talk are true to the humble actualities of a cottage ; but in all that is below the surface, in the sensibilities of the heart and in the wise

parental concern, it is as truly refined as if it had happened in a castle.

"But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless
rake.

"Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-taen;
The father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave."

Next the poet stirs himself to express the sweetness of what he calls in another place, "the sacred lowe o' weel-placed love."

"Oh happy love!—where love like this is found!
Oh heartfelt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale."

But (awful truth!) the highest in man is ever in proximity to the lowest. The finest instincts are those which become most base and terrible in their corruption. Burns could not forget how this passion of love,—source, as he said, of the highest earthly happiness, had been, and might be in thousands of lives, a spring of fearfulest sorrows, all unlooked for. So he goes on in changed tones,—

"Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, enamoring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!"

In how many other forms might an alarm be sounded in this truly sacred region of the life! Alas for the maiden who allows the great gift of her love to be won by any except a man whose instinct it is to be a protector of woman from every approach of dishonour! And what a loss that man makes who forgets that only a well-kept heart can give a warm affection, or who yields to any passion of love which he does not feel to be—what it is ordained for—a purifying fire in his bosom! But the poets here are the true preachers; so let another¹ of them speak and give us this example of a pure and unselfish love:—

¹ Mr. Coventry Patmore.

"And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear;
Thanked God, who had set her in my path;
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be; I ne'er would blend,
With my delight in her, a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend;
And, if she wished it, would prefer
Another's to my own success;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficial tenderness."

In the next verse of the poem we are to look on at the supper. Some words in it I may do well to explain. Burns, it will be observed, does not write continuously in Scotch, but passes from it to English to suit the subject. Things of deep and serious feeling he gives in English mostly: his Scotch comes in for what is familiar, homely, or humorous. In the latter style he tells of the supper. A word first meets us in it which, I suppose, is well enough known. I will not explain the word "parritch." That would be an insult, indeed, to my readers; and yet some say this dish is going out of fashion, which would be a great pity and a poor account of us. I hardly think it can; it has too many good qualities, and the Queen herself (they say) has it on her breakfast-table. "Hawkie" for "cow" will also, I suppose, be easily understood. "Hallan" is a word not used in any district of Scotland I am familiar with; but I believe it means "partition," and the description here belongs to the time when cottages in Scotland were so humble that but a partition of wood separated the end in which the family met from that in which stood the cow. All understand what a "kebbuck" is; but how many know what is a "fell" kebbuck? I had one listener, in reading this verse, who did. He was heard to whisper, "It's the nippy kind!" The last line of the verse is a favourite with some, and I confess to liking it myself more than I can well account for. The goodwife names a crop in it little grown now in Scotland—I recollect seeing it only once—and reckons the age of her well-kept cheese from the time when, a year before, the flax was in flower.

"But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soups their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell."

Of this supper I shall only say that health was its cheer, love its wine, and that the simple board was free of the vulgarity of gross display.

(To be concluded.)

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

III.—JEZREEL TO TABOR.

By Rev. JOHN ALISON, M.A., Newington, Edinburgh.

ONE is struck with the smallness of the Holy Land in travelling through it. However familiar with it on maps, one somehow has an idea that the field of so much momentous history must have been larger. In any other country long journeys must be made between the points of historical interest; but in Palestine several notable places may be found in a single day's ride; indeed, every step may be on memorable ground. Not only so, but some localities are like those old parchments in which one record has been written over another. Associations have been deposited like so many successive strata.

It is peculiarly so from Jezreel to Tabor. In the route there is a commanding point from which the whole may be seen at once. It is the western shoulder of the ridge, known as the Little Hermon, or Jebel ed Duhy. It is supposed to be "the hill Mizar" of the 42d Psalm. A fresh meaning came into the Psalmist's words as we recalled them there. One could understand perfectly how, when his soul was cast down within him, it helped to restore his cheerfulness and confidence to remember God from "the hill Mizar," so much being in view to recall His help in earlier times. Layers of fresh interest have been deposited even since the psalm was written.

We had encamped beside Jenin (Engannim), on the northern skirt of mountainous Ephraim, where it meets the rich plain of Esdraelon. Next morning the mules and donkeys with the baggage were sent direct across the plain to Tabor—a distance of fifteen miles, while we turned slightly to the right, towards Jezreel. One cannot but be struck with the richness and depth of the soil in the plain. Palestine in general, especially in the south, has shallow and stony soil, and crops consequently are light; but the plain of Esdraelon, like the plain of Sharon, consists of rich loam, which needs only to be ploughed deeply enough to be most productive. As it is, the Arabs simply scratch the surface with a rude wooden plough, which is carried home on the shoulder. The plough is drawn by two very small cows. The gigantic thistles, and other long-rooted weeds, show the capability beneath.

We soon cease, however, to speculate on the possible produce of the soil,—Old Testament associations so crowd on us. There, to the left, on the skirt of Ephraim, are the towns of Taanach and Megiddo; beyond them is the ridge of Carmel, at whose base are the swamps of the Kishon. One seems to see the forces of Sisera swarming down into the plain from the south, with their war-chariots, while an army of footmen, led by Barak, and inspired to holy patriotism by Deborah, is advancing from Tabor to meet them.

Across that plain, from near the western end of Carmel, Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab, after the memorable sacrifice on Carmel, and the slaughter of the priests of Baal at the Kishon.

To the south, we can see a mountain shooting up its gray peaks above the hills of Ephraim. That is Ophrah, where Gideon lived. About this very place his army of thirty thousand volunteers must have gathered to sweep the Midianites with their black tents and camels from the plain, which they devastated every year. Yonder is the encampment of a tribe of their successors—the Bedouin. They come across the Jordan in spring, turn out their cattle on the pastures, and, when they have taken all they can, return to their homes beyond Jordan. The Turkish Government seems unable, or unwilling, to protect private property.

On the southern slope of this spur of Gilboa before us, out of sight of the Midianites in the valley beyond, Gideon made the first sifting of his followers, and sent home twenty thousand. The ten thousand remaining then marched over the ridge, and halted beside the remarkable fountain of Jezreel, now called Ain Jalud, which flows in a full stream out of the northern base of Gilboa. There the peculiar test was applied, by which the three hundred that lapped the water with their hand in drinking were chosen. Tortoises creep about in the bottom of the clear pool, under the arched limestone rock, which is covered with masses of maidenhair fern. How real the events of the following night become as we look down on those clover fields, where "the Midianites, and the Amalekites, and all the children of the East, lay along in the valley, like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels were without number." One seems almost to hear the wild sounds of the confused fighting in the darkness, and the fugitives hurrying down the valley, past the fortress of Bethshan, to the ford of the Jordan.

In following Gideon's army, we have passed the modern village of Jezreel, on the western spur of Gilboa, which rises from the plain at first with an easy slope, but terminates in gray peaks of limestone, amongst which, on the very summit, are two villages scarcely distinguishable from the rock. Most of the towns of Palestine have been set, for security, on hill-tops, but these are two of the highest and most picturesque. The people literally have their dwellings "in the clefts of the rocks, and on the tops of the ragged rocks."

Jezreel is a wretched place; no trace of its former splendour remains; only an old square tower tells that it must once have been a place of some importance. The houses are rude hovels, the streets narrow, irregular and filthy, and the people inhospitable looking; so we ride on, and halt to observe and reflect when we have got clear of the town. The ground which slopes gradually from the south, makes a steep descent northward into the branch of the great plain which leads down to the

Jordan, and is known as the plain of Jezreel. That squalid town was once the seat of the government of Israel. At least, Ahab and Jezebel had a palace there, while the place must have swarmed with the priests of Baal and Ashtoreth, eight hundred of them maintained at royal expense. We speculate where Naboth's vineyard may have been, where the prophet Elijah confronted Ahab like an "incarnate conscience." It has been assumed that it would be on the plain, but vineyards are usually planted on slopes. The matter has been settled recently. Lieut. Conder, the energetic and accomplished director of the Palestine Survey, informs me that they found traces of vineyards and of a wine-press on a slope facing eastward, some distance up the side of Gilboa, above Jezreel. A depression runs across the mountain, and on the lower side are the vineyards.

Before us is the memorable battlefield of Gilboa, part of it the scene of the earlier victory of Gideon. On that ground facing us and sloping upward to Little Hermon, the army of the Philistines was planted; its rear resting on the town of Shunem, the lords of Philistia commanding their several divisions. On this slope of Gilboa was the army of Israel commanded by King Saul. On the plain between, the first shock would take place, but as Israel retreated, one can imagine the fierce fighting on this steep ground. Somewhere between us and those gray peaks Saul fell; and that round hill down the valley, with some Roman ruins on its top, is Bethshan, to whose walls the Philistines fastened his body.

But where is Endor! On the other side of that ridge of Little Hermon. To reach it, Saul, on the night before the battle, must have left his army here, and gone round the eastern shoulder of the ridge. We found it convenient to approach it by the western shoulder, that we might visit on our way the village of Shunem, hallowed by associations of Elisha. At Shunem there is no trace of anything ancient except the old well, which here, as elsewhere throughout Palestine, has determined the site of the Arab village. No house of importance suggests the abode of the good woman who had a chamber on the wall for the prophet; but as demand creates supply in such things, we may expect the house to be found by and by! On that cultivated slope, the boy, her son, had the sunstroke when following the reapers; and Carmel, whence the prophet was brought to restore him, is in sight to the west.

Endor is nearly equally wanting in old remains. We have no reason to suppose that it ever was a place of any consequence. Its sole interest to us is of a weird sort, derived from the fact that there the woman lived who had dealings with spirits, apparently very much after the manner of mediums nowadays, and that Saul, consciously cut off from fellowship with God, sought her counsel on the night before the battle of Gilboa. The village consists of about twenty houses, built on the northern slope of Little Hermon. There are several caves in the rock above

the village, and one of these, with a trickling spring in it, and hung round with profusion of maiden-hair fern, like the fountain of Jezreel, is pointed out as the abode of the witch. I felt most drawn to the clear spring and the ferns. They seemed to witness to the simple living truth of God, as probably they were doing on the night of Saul's visit. This was the only place where we were called "Christian dogs," and had stones thrown after us, by the youths of the village.

From Endor our way leads direct across the northern branch of Esdraelon to Tabor, at whose foot we intend to spend the night; but we must double back on our way, about three miles, to speak of a village which has a tender association in the heart of the Christian Church. It is the town or village of Nain. It is less than an hour's ride from Shunem, over the Little Hermon. We had sat, however, for fully an hour, beside a Mukâm or Moslem saint's tomb, with some hovels beside it on the ridge, that we might have the comprehensive sweep of view from that hill Mizar. Our eyes dwelt most on the hills of Galilee, a little way off, across the plain, with Nazareth hidden somewhere amongst them. As we descend on Nain, we feel that now we may trace with certainty some of the footmarks of Jesus. The place retains its old name; and, as at Shunem, the old deep well remains. One's thoughts are all of the widow's son. Where may Jesus have met the funeral procession? He was coming from Capernaum farther north. His way would be past the base of Tabor, which stands out from the hills of Galilee, and rises steeply from the plain. The chief remains of rock tombs are at the base of the ridge, rather behind and to the right of the village. It has been generally assumed that the funeral company was going thither, but one can scarcely see how, in that case, Jesus should have met it. Traces of an old burying-ground were found by my friend Dr. Lansing of Cairo, on a mound a little way off in the direction of Tabor. I mentioned the point recently to Lieut. Conder, and he confirmed my belief that the mound in the plain has been a Jewish burial-place, and that Jesus must have met the funeral party on their way to it.

As we sat in our tents in the evening beside Dabourieh, at the foot of Tabor, we had more fresh food for thought than can be told in this paper.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc

CHAPTER III.

BUT what of the wreck under the Sunland cliffs, which had sent up rocket-signals of distress on that same dismal night?

When our Coastguardsman with the black beard reached the scene, he found, as he had expected, that his comrades of the Coastguard had

not been idle. They had brought down the famous rocket apparatus, with which so many lives are saved every year on our stormy shores.

The wreck was in a very different position from that in the bay. Instead of being far away from shore, among rolling billows that raged over the flat sands, this vessel, a brig, lay hard and fast among the rocks, not a hundred yards from the foot of the cliffs. Against these frowning cliffs the wild waves thundered as if they wished to beat them down. Failing in that, they fell back and seemed to go mad with disappointment; leaping, hissing, and whirling among the rocks on which the brig had been cast. The brig was so near, that the men on shore could see the forms of her crew as they clung to the rigging, frantically waving their arms and sending up shrieks of despair and loud cries for help. Truly there was urgent need for help, for the sea broke over the vessel so furiously that it was evident she must soon go to pieces.

There was only one little spot of partial shelter, at the foot of the cliffs, where man could stand on that fearful night. Here the men of the Coast-guard had set up the rocket apparatus. The rocket was in position, and about to be fired, when our black-bearded Coastguardsman arrived. The light was applied. Suddenly the group of spray-washed men, and a few pale-faced spectators who had ventured to descend, and part of the overhanging cliffs, burst into intense light as the great rocket went out to sea with a wild roar. It was like a horrid fiery serpent, and carried a line tied to its tail! It plunged into the waves, and all was dark again, but there was no cheer from the wreck. The aim had not been good, and the rocket-line had missed it.

"Fetch another! look alive!" shouted our black-bearded friend, as he seized, set up, and aimed a second rocket.

Again the light burst forth, and the rocket sprang out in the teeth of the gale. It fell beyond the brig, and the line caught in the rigging! The wrecked crew seemed to understand what was required of them at first, for they immediately began to haul on the rocket-line. To the shore end of it was fastened, by the men on the rocks, a block or pulley with a double line or endless line, called a "whip," through it. When the men in the brig had hauled this block on board they fastened it to the stump of the main mast. Then the rescuers on shore tied a thick cable or hawser to their double line and ran it out to the wreck, but when this thick rope reached the crew, they did not seem to know what to do with it, for it was not hauled upon, but continued to hang loose.

"They must be foreigners, and don't know what to do next," said one.

"P'rhaps they've got too cold to work it," said another. "I wish we had a little more light to see what they're about."

"We can't afford to wait," cried our friend

Blackbeard, quickly throwing off his upper garments; "run me out, lads, on the whip. There won't be much risk if you're quick."

"Risk!" exclaimed one of his comrades; "it will be certain death!"

But the daring Coastguardsman had already seized the thin line and plunged into the boiling surf.

His anxious comrades knew that delay would only make death more certain, so they hauled on the endless line as quickly as they could. Of course, being rove through the block before mentioned, the other half of the line went out to the wreck with the gallant rescuer holding on. And what an awful swim that was! The line pulled him out, indeed, but it could not buoy him up. Neither could it save him from the jagged rocks that rose out of the sea every now and then, like black teeth which were quickly re-swallowed by each crashing wave. It was more like a dive than a swim, for the seething foam burst over him continually; but every time he rose above the surface to gasp for breath, he sent up a great shout to God for strength to enable him to save the perishing! Those loud prayers were drowned by the roaring tempest, but, though unheard by man, they did not fail to enter the ears of Him who rules in earth and heaven.

Once the hero was thrown headlong on a rock, and so severely bruised that he lost hold of the rope, and when swept off again was left floundering in the foam. His comrades could barely see that something had happened to him, and a loud cry of consternation arose when they felt the line run light and slack. But our hero caught it again, and the cry was changed to a cheer as they ran him out to the vessel's side.

He was soon on board, and saw at a glance what was the matter. The crew of the brig, being benumbed by long exposure, had not strength to tie the heavy cable round the mast. This the Coastguardsman did for them at once, and, as he did so, observed that there were two little girls among the crew. Then he gave a well-understood signal with a ship's lantern to the men on shore, who fastened a slung life-buoy to their whip line, hung it by a block to the thick cable, and ran it quickly out to the wreck.

There was no time to lose now. Our hero seized the two little girls and put them into the bag which hung from the circular life-buoy.

"Take care of my darlings," gasped the captain of the brig, who clung to the ship's side, almost quite exhausted.

"Come, get into the buoy and go ashore with 'em yourself," cried our hero.

"No. The three of us would be too heavy; send the steward. He's a light man and brave," replied the captain.

The steward was ordered to jump on the buoy and cling to it, so as to guard the little ones and prevent their being thrown out.

A signal having been again given with the

lantern, the lifebuoy was drawn swiftly to land. It was a terrible passage, for the brig had begun to roll on her rocky bed, and at every roll the hawser and the lifebuoy dipped into the sea, or were jerked violently out of it, while the risk of being let drop on the black rocks that came grinning to the surface was very great.

But all went well. The three were received on the rocks with cheers, and conveyed up the cliffs to the Coastguard-house above, where warm welcome and shelter awaited them. The cheers were not heard by those in the wreck, but the reappearance of the lifebuoy proved that the children had been saved, and a deep "Thanks be to God!" burst from their father's lips.

Still the captain refused to go, when urged. "No," he said, "let the men go first."

So, one by one, the men were safely hauled on shore.

"Now, captain, it's your turn at last," said our hero, approaching him.

He still hesitated. Then the stout Coastguardsman absolutely lifted him into the lifebuoy.

"No time for ceremony," he said, with a smile, giving the signal with his lantern, "the brig's going fast. Tell 'em to look sharp on shore, for I'm gettin' used up with all this work."

Away went the captain, and in a few minutes back came the lifebuoy. Not a moment too soon. Blackbeard sprang in as the 'mizzen-mast snapped with a report like a cannon, and went over the side. The next wave broke up the wreck itself. Before the lifebuoy had gained the shore it was plunged into the sea, out of which it no longer rose, the support of the wreck being gone. The men on shore now hauled on the rope with desperate energy, for a few minutes more would be sure to settle the question of life or death. Through the surging breakers and over the rugged rocks the lifebuoy was dragged, and a shout of relief arose when the gallant Coastguardsman was seen clinging to it. But he was insensible, and it was with difficulty that they loosened the grip of his powerful hands.

Then they bore him up the cliffs and laid him in his own bed, and looked anxiously upon his deadly white face as they covered him with blankets, applied hot bottles to his feet, and chafed his cold, stiff limbs.

At last there came a fluttering sigh, and the eyelids gently opened.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly.

A young man, having the appearance of a clergyman, laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

"All right, Tom!" he said; "through the goodness of the Lord you're saved, and fourteen souls along with you."

"Thank God!" said Tom Thorogood fervently, and, as he said so, the tide of life once more coursed strongly through his veins, and brought back the colour to his manly face.

[To be continued.]



Kissing through the Chair.

PEEP-BO, peep-bo!

Kissing through the chair.

Mamma has kissed Baby

Twice, I declare!

Like a little poker

Stiff, Baby stands;

Stamps with his tiny feet,

Pushes with his hands.

Peep-bo, peep-bo!

What a big chair!

Baby is as tall as

Mamma, standing there;

Quite upon her level,

And so very grand,

He might be the Prince of Wales,

Or King of Eng-land.

Peep-bo, Peep-bo!

Just another kiss!

Then, he may run away

After some new bliss.

So wide his world is,

So long his year,

Baby has no end of joys,

Mamma's joy is *here*.

THE AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



APRIL 1881.

Sermon.

By the Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D., Glasgow.

"The Eternal Purpose."—EPH. iii. 2.

IN the passage of which this text is part, the Apostle Paul declares the object of his life to be the making known "THE MYSTERY" which from the beginning of the world had been hidden and unknown. It was "the mystery" of God's wisdom; the mystery of "the Eternal Purpose;" the mystery that was in Christ, and was now to be made known through the manifestation of Christ. It was "unsearchably rich" in wisdom; but "the fellowship" of it was now to be made known to angels, and to be both known and shared in by men. For the mystery of "the Purpose" includes us; the thing that lay hid was a purpose concerning us! And hence, in treating of such a theme, we may feel, and ought to feel, that we have a vital interest in it; it is no matter of mere speculation, much less of dry controversy; it is no dead theology, but rather the opening up of a sealed Deed of Gift, entered into before our birth: in which our Father has writ down His love for us ere we yet were, and His gracious intentions concerning us. Glory be to His name that we are permitted to see it, and to find our names there! Reverent and humble be the spirit in which we read and meditate upon it.

I. Now, then, let me say, first of all, that no being possessed of Reason enters on any work whatever *without laying down beforehand the plan or purpose of it*. This is so plain in human affairs that I need not spend time in its illustration. The more complicated the work, the more careful is the plan; and those affairs are most wisely conducted which conform most closely to the plan laid down. Much more, then, must this be true of any work of God. For there is one difficulty which besets the human agent, and often baffles his wisdom, which has no place in God's work. We cannot read the future. The unforeseen enters largely into all our labours; it is the unknown quantity which modifies all our calculations. But to God's eye the sphere of future activity is open as fully as the past; and when God begins any work, and lays down His plan or purpose beforehand, He does so with the fullest knowledge of what is to happen. The purposes of God are complete. Nothing is left unprovided for, because nothing is unknown. He does what we would do if we were able. He

arranges for everything before it comes. From the first moment in which He conceived the intention of creating the world, He formed its plan. It was "the Eternal Purpose" of God!

II. My next remark is that this Purpose of God embraced the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ.

You will see that this was so on a moment's reflection. God was perfectly aware of what would happen after man was created. Is it possible to suppose that God did not know that Man would fall into sin? That was as well known to Him in eternity as it is now. He made him in the full knowledge that one of his earliest deeds would be to disobey and rebel. And can any one suppose that God had not decided beforehand what in such a case must be done? The purpose of Redemption was made as early as the plan of Creation. You may remember a beautiful proof that it was so. In the very hour that Eve's sin was detected, when God pronounced sentence, He added at once the promise of a Redeemer. There was no delay; the remedy was ready. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." The second Adam was prepared for the fall of the first. Redemption was not an afterthought; it was part of the Divine plan of Creation.

III. The next question which I wish to answer is, How far did God's Purpose extend? And my answer is, that the Purpose embraced everything; it was co-extensive with the world and human destiny. But this needs explanation, lest it be misunderstood.

It was not God's *wish* that there should be sin on the part of Adam or any other man. Man was created in possession of a moral nature, such that he had it in his power to rebel against God; and he retains that nature and that power. Therein lies the mystery of sin; the mystery of its beginning; the mystery of its continuance; the mystery of its eternity! The creation of man meant that possibility! The Purpose of God did not make sin; but seeing that it would be, it arranged what to do with it, how to remedy it, how to save man from it. Excepting, then, this existence of sin, which is against God's will, His Purpose embraces everything, reaches all individuals, goes into all details. The universe hangs together as one plan. The little things are as needful as the greatest. The life of the most important and influential man has often

depended on the trembling of a finger which fired the murderous weapon; and the ultimate development of character and destiny has rested on a hundred trifles. The Purpose of God would have been in vain had it not extended to all details, and arranged for all occurrences. And so it is that we find our own names written in the plan of the universe. He foresaw our being from the first. Nay, I might go further; for the same divine foreknowledge which made our being its object, also went down into the minute ways of our daily life, took up their concerns, "appointed the bounds of our habitation," and provided for our eternal state. So marvellously does "The Purpose" of God embrace in its sweep the whole world, and at the same time touch the cares and the joys of our individual existence!

IV. My next remark has reference to a less extensive field. Leaving out of view the case of the heathen, on which it is impossible here to enter at all, and speaking of the nations of Christendom only, I remark that "The Eternal Purpose" of God contained in it *the universal offer of the gospel*. What I mean is, wherever the gospel is made known, it carries with it the universal offer of salvation, and that this offer has been provided in the Eternal Purpose of God.

That such an offer is made in Holy Scripture is perfectly clear. I do not see how it can be disputed or denied by any one who seeks to ascertain the meaning of God's Word. If there be anything to which the word of God is *pledged*, it is His willingness to accept of any sinner, however guilty, who in the present life casts himself on the atoning work of Jesus Christ.

And that this, which is a leading provision of Redemption, must have been part of "the Purpose" of God, I need hardly say. It was from the beginning arranged that Redemption should include this. When Jesus Christ was, in the counsels of eternity, appointed the Saviour of men, it was determined also that He should freely be offered to all. So that it is *on the Purpose of God* that the offer of mercy rests. So far from being opposed to it, or shutting the door against it, it is this Divine Eternal Purpose which arranged for the universal and unlimited offer of the gospel to every man who reads this page!

V. But I go on to make another statement as to the Eternal Purpose, which goes deeper into the mystery of Christ; and it is that the Eternal Purpose includes God's choice of His people.

We read that of old God "chose" Abraham to be His friend; He chose Jacob; He chose the people of Israel out of all the nations of the earth. St. Paul says of all Christians, "God hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world" (Eph. i. 4). And this teaching of Scripture is borne out by the consciousness of Christian men. Ask any Christian how he came to repent, and he will answer that it was not his own doing, but that

he was graciously moved to it by the Holy Ghost. Had he been left to himself he would never have come, he would have continued in sin. This is the great doctrine of salvation by grace. Chosen of God; "not of works, lest any man should boast," but altogether by grace, and by the mercy of God! Now, this being true of every Christian, it has been provided for in "the Purpose" of God, before we were in being. St. Paul tells us this in the 8th chapter of the Romans, vv. 29, 30: "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son. . . Moreover whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified." The great plan of God reached to the individual man, took in his whole history, began with him at birth, brought him to Christ, kept him by grace, and landed him in glory. This is not more mysterious because it was in the Purpose of God. Whatever God does, He purposed from the beginning; and whatever He then purposed, He now does.

But the question will recur to many, as it has ever done, How can this be reconciled with what has been said as to the universal offer of the gospel? I therefore proceed to say next,

VI. That *no man can justly complain of being left out of "THE PURPOSE" of God.*

The truth might almost be put practically in this homely way: *If any man wishes to be brought into God's Purpose, he may be brought in; and if he wishes to be left out, he will be left out.* That may not seem a logical way of putting it—but practically, it is entirely true! Let us see. Is it to you, a sinner, a matter of concern and trouble, lest God's plan of salvation may not have embraced your name? In other words, are you concerned because you are not already a forgiven and a saved soul, through "the Blood of the cross"? Then, in that case, I have to say that the mercy of God is *open to you—now—at once*, as fully as it has ever been to a saved soul! If you really care for it, and wish to be forgiven, *God is willing now* to forgive you for Christ's sake. You have only to accept the offer of Christ; to take what God gives, eternal life, without condition, and without price. It is yours *now*, if you will have it; "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). The willingness to accept the gospel will prove to have been the movement of the Spirit of God. If you refuse to come, and under any plea or excuse continue in rebellion against God to the end, then you will be condemned! But you will be condemned, not because you were left out of the Plan of Redemption, but because you would not accept of Redemption when it was freely offered you! No man therefore can complain of being left out of the Purpose of God. He needs not be left out, if he cares to enter!

VII. Once more, I remark that no Christian

dare abuse God's Eternal Purpose, so as to justify presumption or carelessness of life!

A man only knows that he is within the Divine Purpose of salvation, by the test of personal holiness. If he has not that, he has every reason to conclude that he has been miserably deceiving himself, and that he is not one of the true people of Christ. The Purpose of God includes not only salvation from future punishment, but also the present holiness of all Believers. "Whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: *hereby know we that we are in Him*" (1 John ii. 5). These two are the only true ways of knowing that we are in Christ—keeping His word, and perfecting His love in us! So that no Christian dare presume on the mystery of the Eternal Purpose, and make it an excuse for an encouragement to, any manner of sin!

But how wonderfully this truth tends to the humbling and to the melting of the Christian's heart! If any Christian wishes to be made to lie in the very dust, he has only to realise that all he has of sin is his own, and all he has of good is from God; that without grace, he were the veriest sinner on the face of the earth; that without grace, he would go back to-morrow to the worst of his old sins; that he cannot "keep himself" even for a day, much less make progress in the life divine! It is all of grace; all by grace; and all to the glory of grace!

And if this doctrine humbles, does it not also melt the Christian's heart? I know almost nothing more overwhelming as a proof of God's mercy to me, than that my name was writ down by God in eternity as the object of His love! That "the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid" should be the mystery of His love FOR ME! One can never rise to the marvel of that fact! The love of God—*such* love of God—"passeth knowledge"!

I conclude this whole subject with a practical word. Not to dwell on the fact that every *prediction* and that every *promise* is made possible only by the Eternal Purpose of God, I wish to remind those who are troubled by some of the difficulties which surround this subject, that every Christian who has ever been saved has had the same difficulties to meet and contend with. *You* are not the first to reflect on such things. Every one of us now in Christ had to face such questions before we went to God for pardon. We had to settle whether we would take God's word for it, or let such questions keep us in unbelief. We all passed through them. We simply accepted the gift of God—free salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ; and we all offer you this result of our experience, that *we found God's word true*; that to accept of Christ is the way to peace; and that to accept of Him is also the way to holiness. Therefore it is that we now glorify and rejoice in "The Eternal Purpose" of God.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART IV.

A SCREW LOOSE.

IT was some time before Lindsay again found his way to the home of his old friend, but on receiving an invitation to spend the following Christmas at Laurel Grove, he gladly agreed to do so, and anticipated the day fixed upon for his visit to begin with considerable interest.

This time there was no mistake about his arrival; no note had been despatched to put him off; and the house was in apple-pie order, and host and hostess at the door to bid him welcome as the fly drew up.

The mild courtesy and benevolence of the amiable Lindsay had, in spite of the unfavourable auspices which had shrouded his first introduction, won upon Mrs. Middlemass by imperceptible degrees. The satisfaction, so evidently sincere and so warmly expressed, which the sight of his friend's prosperity afforded him, so far touched her worldly heart that she experienced a feeling of pity for his humbler lot; and the notice he took of her children, together with a few little gifts made them at the close of his stay, which at once evinced that he had noted and desired to gratify their several tastes, further enlisted her goodwill. She spoke of him with compassion instead of contempt.

Accordingly, when Middlemass, at the expiry of a year which had seen him advancing steadily in his business career, sound in health, and fairly well at ease in his domestic circle—when, out of the fulness of his good-humour, he proposed to throw out a hand to "that poor waif Lindsay," and draw him within the radius of his Christmas joviality, his wife made no objection. She, too, had her sources of complacency. Her household had, by this time, adapted itself to its enlarged sphere, her children had passed into the hands of a governess who understood the art of management, and her husband had begun to talk of Wat as well as of Jem.

Wat had done well at school, and was now at college. The place and prizes he had taken at the former had been no small source of astonishment and gratification to his father, who, although he had spoken of the boy to Lindsay as "a loon of mettle," had not expected the mettle to be manifested in the intellectual line; whilst his mother, resolutely shutting her eyes to the fact that her prodigy had been tutored, coached, and crammed by his half-brother, lost no opportunity of drawing comparisons. She could not, indeed, say that the younger had surpassed the elder, but she could aver that they were in all respects equal; she could

repeat the complimentary jargon of commonplace acquaintance in a manner that made the phrase worth hearing; and she could remind her husband in private that, much as he had boasted of his first-born, he would yet have cause to be prouder of his second.

Middlemass would cry "Pooh!" but he was not ill-pleased. He was ready to be proud of them all, he would aver, if there were the slightest chance of their giving him cause to be so. He made no distinctions—share and share alike—one was as good as another; those were his sentiments.

He was, however, brought to allow that Wat had done his best, and Wat had a gold watch and chain in consequence.

It was the hope of exhibiting this award to Lindsay which, perhaps, more than anything else, lay at the bottom of the cordial reception he now met with from the lady of the house. She had observed that her husband's friend shared William's own foolish predilection for "Dinah's son," and looked forward with a flush of pardonable pride to the triumphs of displaying what *her* son had also by his merits earned, or, as she put it to herself, had wrung from his father in spite of his teeth. Mr. Lindsay should see that there were other geniuses than one in that house.

Wat, altered more by the force of circumstances, by the exalted position so recently attained, and by the necessity for keeping up his dignity which it entailed, than by the eleven months which had passed by since he last appeared in these pages, now made his bow to Mr. Lindsay of his own accord, and a pair of very clean red hands, joined to a spotless collar and cuffs, attested that he no longer considered himself fit for presentation in the drawing-room when fresh from the duck-pond.

His round, open face shone and glistened from a soaping, and so bright also was the handsome ornament of his waistcoat that it is probable a polish had been further added there.

"You will hardly remember Wat," said Mrs. Middlemass, with an evident hope that the Wat of old would thenceforth be forgotten permanently; "he has grown into quite a man since you were here last, Mr. Lindsay."

"Tops his mother now, you see, Lindsay," subjoined Middlemass, rubbing his hands and laughing. "The way the youngsters spring up on every side is enough to take away one's breath to think of! They are like mushrooms—thick on the ground before you know where you are. However, we shall be rid of this pair of compasses before long,"—alluding to the long legs on the hearth-rug—"he will stand on his own feet before he is five years older if what I hear is true. If he does as well at college as he did at school"—too full of the last family news to keep it another minute to himself—"why, we shall have him starting on his own account, with M.D. after his name, in a jiffy."

"Ya, we were much surprised—at least *I*, that is *we*, were not surprised, but I fancy some of our friends were, at the place he took at school. Mr. Middlemass had letters——" began his wife.

"Letters! He had something better than letters from me, I can tell you," struck in Middlemass, afraid she would get it out first; "I did the thing handsomely when I was about it, and he has as fine a watch and chain as any student of medicine or student of anything else in Glasgow. Take it out, Wat—what, you young rascal, you are too big a swell to show more than a couple of inches, are you? What is the use of my giving ten pounds for a chain if the half of it is to be hidden away out of sight? If anybody had presented *me* with anything half as good—now then, Lindsay, there's a tickle for you. Keeps time like a railway clock. Good English works, none of your foreign trumpery,—good solid case, break him before he breaks it. Jem has not as good a watch, and, as for me, I find the old silver turnip that you remember so well, answers the purpose yet."

Lindsay admired the gift, and said a word or two of its being well deserved.

"Why, ay, he has worked for it," replied Middlemass, "and they tell me he had some fellows to contend with who are not to be sneezed at either. For all he looks like a ninny"—with a shrewd man's appreciation of his son's awkward attitude and sleepish air—"he has won his spurs. Talent will out, eh, Lindsay? That's a fact now, is it not? Jem did not take the place in mathematics Wat took."

"It was Jem who took it for me, all the same."

Lindsay started at the abruptness of the speaker, who himself, apparently put out of countenance by the gruff tones of his own unmanageable voice, ceased as suddenly as he had begun.

"He helped you, I suppose?" suggested the visitor, encouraging further confidence.

"Of course he did. Father knows. Why, he sat up with me no end of nights, and worked like a black, bothering it all into me."

"It is dressing time," said Mrs. Middlemass, rising.

Jem had arrived when the party reassembled before dinner, and Lindsay, with all his former impressions strong upon him, hastened forward with outstretched hand and eager greeting. But to his surprise, although responded to with all due civility, there was scarcely the heartiness, the fervour, about his young friend which their former intimacy and congeniality had warranted him in expecting. Nothing could have exceeded his own warmth, and it must be confessed that he felt somewhat disconcerted and taken aback by the absence of an answering glow of welcome. Yet there was nothing to which umbrage could properly be taken. There was nothing in the minutest degree impolite or churlish about young Middlemass—there was only a certain quietness, a repose of manner, which in no

one else would have been observed, but which was new in "Dinah's son," and, to confess the truth, it was so new and so different from what poor Lindsay in his kindly bachelor's heart had craved for, that he fairly sat down, mute from disappointment.

There followed a few ordinary questions and remarks. He was interrogated as to his journey, the weather was commented upon, and the verdict of the thermometer announced; then the young man subsided in the most natural manner possible into the background. It was all very well—very well; but somehow there rose before the mind's eye of one of the group, the vision of a bygone scene, of his first meeting with Jem Middlemass within those identical four walls, nearly twelve months before; of the shouting crew who had hailed their leader into his presence; of the merry monarch himself, with his laughing eye and ready hand, and he missed something, he could not have told what. "Are we not to see the children?" he inquired, as a resource.

"They will be here presently. They are with their governess just now," replied Mrs. Middlemass, pleased that he should inquire. "Nora, however, will be with us at dinner; she has no business to dine downstairs at her age, but I have yielded the point to please her father." (Lindsay thought he knew to whom she had in reality yielded.) "And so, as he wished it—oh, here she comes—"

Nora stepped brightly in. She, as well as Wat, was changed for the better; her pretty hair was nicely arranged, her countenance was cheerful and attractive, and she went up to Lindsay with a quick step and a smile.

Her entrance made a diversion, and produced at once the proper flow of talk desirable to keep attention off the clock, when the dinner hour, but not the dinner, has arrived. Wat drew up his chair, and instituted a fire of brotherly mischievous commentaries; Lindsay interposed, carrying on in reality the harmless jesting; Middlemass and his wife put in an occasional, amicable word—and all went forward smoothly, Jem alone taking no part.

There was nothing ungracious in the young man's aspect. He appeared to listen absently, and more than once his features relaxed with an expression that was almost tenderly indulgent of the simple nonsense. Further, he hastened with a start and alacrity that indicated no brooding ill-humour, to render his stepmother some little service required; it was to lower a lamp which her quick eye had detected flaring.

But the operation over, Jem drew back into his shell again; motionless, thoughtful, abstracted, he leaned against the mantelpiece, and continued in the same attitude until the gong sounded.

"Wake up, Jem; what's the matter, sir?"

It was Middlemass who at last put his hand on his son's shoulder, and gently shook him. "Don't fall asleep before your dinner, my boy—that's a worse business than napping when it's over. A bad

enough habit that, or so the doctors say. Doctors talk a lot of twaddle, but we have got to swallow what they choose to tell us, in default of any other way of mastering the intricacies of the human frame. The medicos have us at their mercy on that score. Your lawyer has you in his hands when you have a grievance, and your doctor, when you have a finger-ache. Wonderful how down in the mouth one becomes directly the smallest portion of this queer body of ours is out of sorts. I had a livery turn lately—What! oh, dinner. Now then, Lindsay, take my wife, and if you are not ready for your dinner, I am."

Had nothing occurred to renew or deepen the impression of an alteration in his young friend which had been made on the mind of Lindsay, it would soon have passed, and he would have thought no more about it; but as his visit wore on, every day only served to convince him more thoroughly than the previous one had done, that something was amiss.

Jem was not the Jem of old. He was moody and silent for hours together. He proposed no jaunts, originated no Christmas sports. Instead of being the centre of every group, he appeared to wish only to be let alone.

"Can't think what is the matter," confided Middlemass to his friend at length, the two being by themselves, and the opportunity favourable. "Can't make it out at all. He has been like this for some time past, just glooming and moping—and, instead of getting better, he grows worse. You remember, Robert, what Jem was a year ago—the life and soul of the house—the last person in the whole world one would have expected to get hipped. You see what he is now? Punch and Judy would not make him laugh. He's as different from what he was as chalk from cheese, and we may depend upon it there's something wrong at the bottom. Maybe he has fallen in love. That is what I say to my wife, though, between ourselves, I don't find that idea solves the problem at all. Jem is as straightforward a fellow as ever lived, and so, when I say to him, 'Is it a love secret, sir?' and he says slap out, 'No, it is not,' I am bound to believe him, am I not? To be sure young men will say anything when it comes to that pass, 'all's fair in love and war, you know,'—and certes, if my father had put any inconvenient question to me on that head, it's odds but I'd have shuffled out of the scrape at the expense of strict morality. But I thought that Jem——" he paused, and Lindsay understood the pause. Jem had stood on a higher level in his father's estimation than poor Middlemass himself had ever aspired to, and between his doubts and surmises he hardly knew how to take away the pedestal.

"Depend upon it, you may trust your son's word, whatever you have it for," said Lindsay with readiness. "To confess the truth, my suspicions jumped with yours until now, and I was wondering who the very fortunate girl could be——"

"Ah, but we don't want any fortunate girls just yet. The lad has his way to make in the world—not but what I could come down pretty handsomely if all was to my mind—but a boy of twenty has no business with matrimony. He has no right to hamper himself with a wife and a parcel of children at that age. However," rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "that's neither here nor there, if we are to take Jem at his word. He owns there is a screw loose somewhere, he can't deny that, but when I naturally enough ask where—all I get for answer is that my gentleman would prefer not to tell me. That's his meaning anyway—that's the upshot of it. No, no; the boy is not impertinent, Jem never is impertinent, but there is a way of standing on the defence—I wish I knew of *any* means of breaking it down."

"You have asked him to be frank with you?"

"Asked him? I've asked him a dozen times—that is to say I *spoke* to him once, and he knows I would have done it again if I had dared. Any one can see that. He says he is afraid of giving me pain. Giving me pain, forsooth! As if it does not already give me pain enough in all conscience, to see him that used to have the nicest, merriest laugh in the world, and the pleasantest ways, going about with a face it sets one's teeth on edge to look at! I'm sure I don't know what he has to complain of," fretfully. "*She* is better to him than she used to be—a deal better; and yet he managed to put up with her little bit of temper before. Then he is well enough, I suppose. There is nothing wrong with his health, eh? I say! Robert," with a sudden flush and start, "what if it should be that? Now that I come to think of it, he does *not* look up to the mark, and his appetite has gone to the dogs. My poor lad," his voice trembling, "I—I have heard of youths of that age having heart complaints—pooh, not sentimental ones, but the *real* thing, and—and——"

"And you are not going to work yourself up into a fever over what may prove to be a supposition entirely groundless," said Lindsay, kindly. "Take heart of grace, William; to my eye, there are no symptoms of any kind of disease about Jem. Of course," raising his hand to check the response he saw was coming, "of course it *may* be so. Many maladies are invisible, and are only suspected by the sufferer himself"—Middlemass groaned—"of course, I say, it *may* be so with your son, in which case, God help you both," proceeded his friend, in a resolute, cheerful voice; "but, until we have a surer foundation for thinking so than at present appears, I would not, if I were you, meet such trouble half-way. Another idea has struck me whilst you were speaking, and it is one which would ease you of all your present anxiety, should it prove to have hit the mark."

"Ah?" said Middlemass, lifting his head.

"But, as I think—nay, I feel certain that you would put no faith in my skill until it has been

tested, I will, if you please, speak myself to Jem, without delay, and let you know the result then, instead of communicating my opinion now."

"Ay do you tackle him; that will be the best plan, sure enough," rejoined Middlemass, all himself again. "Dear me, what a load you have lifted off my heart, Robert. When I thought it might be consumption—or—or worse,—well, we won't talk of it. You take Jem aside quietly, and see what you can make of him. And do implore him to have it out, for better, for worse, and make a clean breast, whatever comes of it."

Lindsay's idea was one that made his own slowness of comprehension seem blameworthy, in that he had not grasped it before. He was a Christian, and as such, surely, he need not have been perplexed to find a brother-pilgrim on the same Zionward path labouring under seasons of spiritual depression, or, perchance, beset by spiritual enemies. Who could, indeed, say that Lindsay himself had not been specially directed to the side of his young friend at a time when godly aid might be sorely needed and if so, blind and deaf indeed had he been, to stand back so long. To Middlemass, however, anything of this nature must necessarily be incomprehensible; and had it been mooted, Lindsay well knew that the parent's respect for his son's character and principles would make the notion more than unsatisfactory, literally absurd.

Jem be uneasy in his mind! Jem have internal struggles, anything wherewith to disturb or reproach himself!

Lindsay could almost hear the amazement of his friend's voice, and see the incredulous arch of his eyebrows.

He was, however, nothing daunted, himself, and an opportunity shortly offering, to the relief and comfort of the somewhat timid elder, his young companion embraced with readiness the prospect of giving his confidence.

"But that I did not like to trouble you, sir, you should have had it before now. I was longing for some one," said Jem, and stopped.

"Your father?" murmured Lindsay, as in duty bound. He understood pretty well that the father was not the one for the post, but felt as though he ought not to show this.

"You may believe me, Mr. Lindsay, that in keeping back anything from my father—who has always been the kindest and best of fathers to me—I meant him no sort of disrespect, but only I knew that he could do no good. He does not think as I do, he could not understand——"

"Yes, I know," said Lindsay, softly. "Well?"

"How could his advice be of any service to me, when it is a matter of conscience? In these matters a man must judge for himself," said Jem, almost impatiently. "I had to decide; and until I could decide, where would have been the good of distressing my father? Besides which, he would have tried to influence me, and I was not going to be

influenced. My dear father!" softening. "I doubt whether I am telling the truth, Mr. Lindsay; I think I was afraid lest I might be persuaded, after all. I would do almost anything for my father; but this I cannot do—give up what I see to be right."

"Certainly not," said Lindsay, heartily, and with an internal sigh of relief. The affair, he thought, might soon be righted now.

"Well, you see, it has been in my mind for some time, giving me no end of trouble. And there is plenty of that in store yet," he added seriously. "However, I have come to a decision at last, and now I mean to abide by it. I am not to be shaken. My father, of course, will call it folly. He will think me mad. But you, sir, can understand that; it will not seem strange to you. Oh, I forgot though,—I have not told you yet. The fact is, I—I am going to change my plan of life. I intend to be a foreign missionary."

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

IV. THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

By Rev. W. ROBERTSON, D.D., New Greyfriars, Edinburgh.

EVERY spot on earth trod by those blessed feet nailed to the bitter cross for us a holy ground. From Bethlehem to Nazereth; by Jacob's well; by the Lake of Galilee; by Nain and Bethany to Jerusalem and Calvary—we trace His footsteps without doubt or difficulty. We traverse the sacred soil as in a dream, where the bright visions of the past strangely contrast with the cold realities of the present. But no place stirs the heart more deeply or recalls memories more dear to the pilgrim than the Mount of Olives—*τὸ ὄρος τῶν ἐλαιῶν*! The very words breathe sweet and solemn music.

A ride of three hours from Bethel had brought us to Jerusalem. I gladly found a respite from tent life in the hospitable home of good old Bishop Gobat, from whom, and his dear lady, I met an affectionate welcome, of which I retain a very loving recollection. They are both now in the Jerusalem above. Next morning, following the advice of my friend Dr. Norman Macleod—"Let your first visit to the Mount of Olives be alone"—I apologised to my companions for my apparent unsociality, and ordering my horse to be brought to meet me at Bethany, I hastened forth alone. Following the line of the city wall as far as St. Stephen's Gate, then descending into the valley and crossing the brook Kidron, I began the ascent of the Mount of Olives near the traditional Garden of Gethsemane. The valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows the Kidron, divides the Mount from that on which stands the Holy City. It is called in the Book of Kings "the hill that is before Jerusalem," a graphic

expression, for, as Porter observes, it is before one's eyes from almost every part of the city, and forms the most striking object in every view around it. It rises abruptly from the valley, and as the hill on which the city is built is still more precipitous, it is but a narrow ravine which separates them. Three paths lead to the summit, diverging from each other near Gethsemane. That farthest to the left on ascending is the way by which David fled to escape from his rebellious son. That on the middle is a precipitous track leading direct to the top. The third sweeps round the southern shoulder of the hill, and is the main road to Bethany and to Jericho. On this concentrates the chief interest of Olivet. It is the path so often trod by the Lord Jesus to and from His quiet home in holy Bethany, where He habitually sought repose from the violence and strife of the Capital in the bosom of the family whom He loved. It is the path also of His triumphal approach to Jerusalem, so graphically described by Dean Stanley. Here, at least, there can be no doubt that we are on holy ground, treading in the very footsteps of Jesus. Whatever of things on earth I may forget, may I never forget the blessed hours of one sweet Sabbath day I spent, as usual alone, on this Mount of holy memories. I had just worshipped with my friends in our little English Church within thy walls, O Jerusalem! I had received the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus from the hands of the venerable bishop. Immediately after I repaired alone to the Mount of Olives, and spent the remainder of the day recalling the wondrous scenes which, eighteen hundred years ago, had been transacted here. I ascended the steep path of which I have now been speaking, the Hosanna Road as it is sometimes called, from the Hosannas of the excited multitude which hailed our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Turning a few yards to the right of the path, I reached a place where the rock crops out from the greensward, which is besprinkled with red anemones, poetically and beautifully called the blood-drops of Jesus, directly facing the Temple area, where stood the House of God, where stands the Mosque of Omar! How often may the holy One have sat on that very rock, nay, how often *did* He and His twelve apostles sit there! Of this there can hardly be a doubt. They could hardly frequent the Mount of Olives without making this a frequent resort. The magnificent view it commands, its position precisely opposite the Temple of Jehovah, its partial retirement, being a little removed from the thoroughfare, and even the accommodation of the flower-besprinkled sward for a couch for the weary, and the rocky platform for a seat, presented then, as now, singularly exceptional attractions. No thoughtful man, at the present time, can pass this spot without lingering there to read, to think, to pray.

There, where I was sitting, on that very rock,

my Saviour often sat with the twelve, discoursing to them of the things of the Kingdom, revealing to them the speedy destruction of that splendid city, and of that holy Temple before their eyes, and yet more tremendous events at the end of the ages. To this very spot was He wont to retire at eventide, on His homeward way to Bethany, to refresh by meditation and prayer His wearied spirit, harassed and saddened by the opposition and contention He daily encountered in the city.

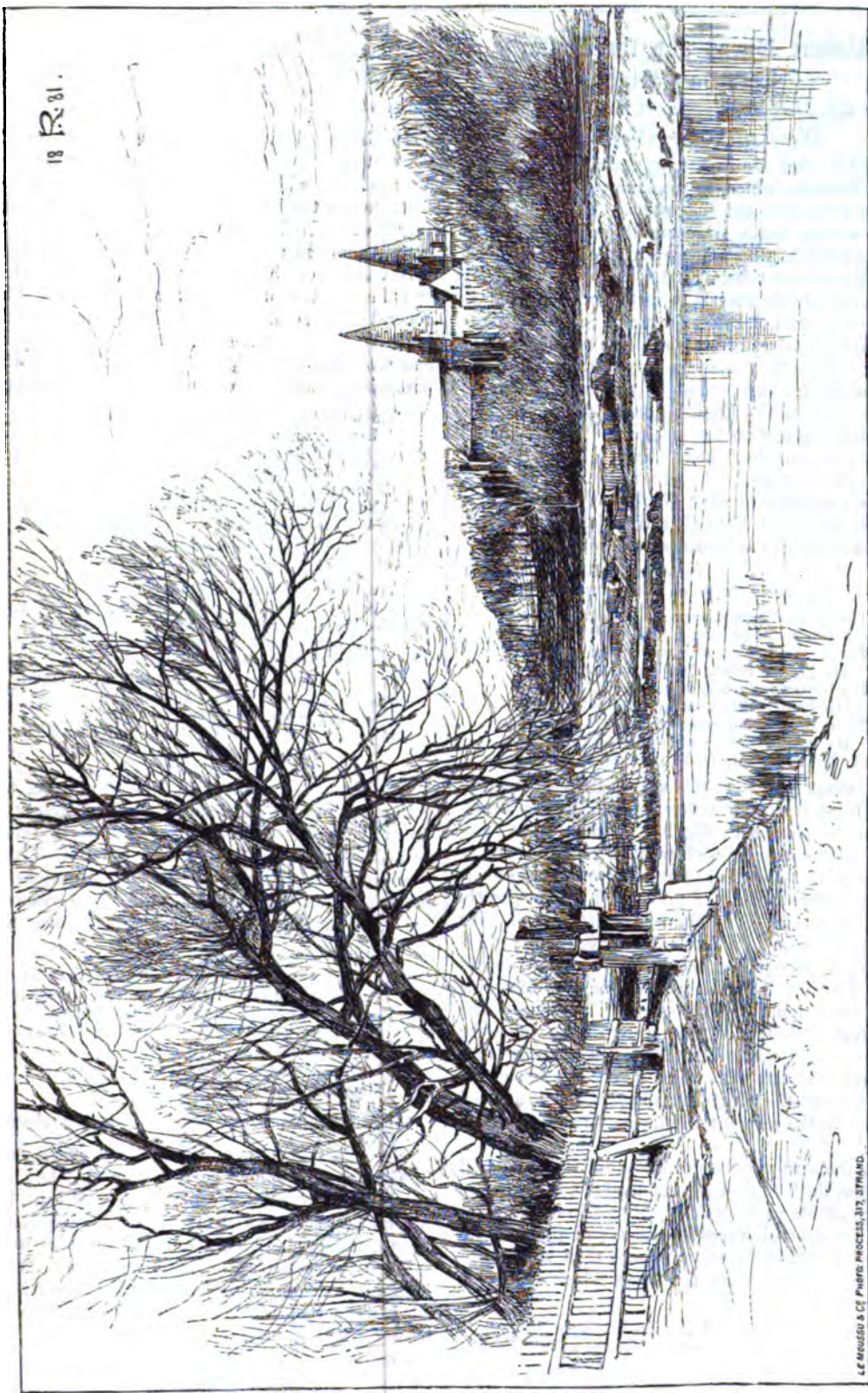
And here also, I confidently believe, occurred that moving incident which stirs every heart when reading St. Luke's account of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. "It is hardly possible to doubt," says Dean Stanley, "that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and 'He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.'"

A strange coincidence meets us here, if what Baronius relates be true, that on this very spot, where the destruction of Jerusalem was foretold, and where the Lord wept at the prospect of the coming desolation, the Roman conqueror pitched his tent and planted his standard when he came to fulfil the prophecy.

These may be considered nearly certain, but as we proceed to ascend the mount we find sacred events receiving from tradition a local habitation of a very questionable character. A little higher we come to what appear to be the ruins of a cistern, where we are assured the Apostles composed the Creed (which, in point of fact, they never composed at all). A little higher, again, are the remains of a small chapel, where it is said Jesus taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer. An interesting tradition this, that here, almost on the same holy spot, were delivered the future creed and the future prayer of all mankind! A few yards farther we reach a small octagonal mosque, built, it is said, on the spot whence the Lord ascended to heaven, in evidence of which there remains to this day the print of His foot stamped on the rock as He rose from earth. Pilgrims, from earliest days, have kissed the sacred footprint; St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Sulpitius, and the Venerable Bede, confirm the holy tradition; the Empress Helena built a church over it, of which the little mosque is all that remains. Further, St. Jerome informs us that the vault of that church, right over the spot of the Ascension, never could be closed, and the Venerable Bede relates that, in his time, on Ascension Eve, and during the night, the sacred spot was seen enveloped in lambent flame. We bow before such high authority, but we shall be pardoned if we remain sceptical. Anciently, it is said there were the impressions of both feet on the rock, but one of them was stolen by the Jews—a remarkable performance, truly! At present, the mark in question has not the slightest trace of a human foot, but it is confidently asserted that the footprints were once so distinct that the precise position of

the Saviour in the act of ascending might have been ascertained by examining them. At that moment, it would appear, His face was turned towards the north, as if to reject the unbelieving south, and to invite to the faith the northern warriors who were to overthrow the temples of the false gods, and to plant the standard of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem. It is a very ancient Christian tradition which identifies this spot with the place of the Ascension, but it is hardly reconcilable with the holy record, which says, "He led them out as far as to Bethany." Now Bethany is considerably higher, and it is probably in some retired hollow close to the summit, and above the village that we are to look for the true scene of this last and most wonderful of the Lord's miracles, where "He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." And Bethany, holy Bethany, the home which Jesus loved! What disappointment awaits the pilgrim here! How unlike the sweet village which a fond fancy pictured! A wretched little dirty hamlet, but still bearing traces of better days in the remains of cultivated terraces, and in the massive stones of which it is built—obviously the relics of ancient buildings. But, changed in all respects except situation, the name of Lazarus clings to it still. It is no longer Bethany (*the House of Dates*,—not a palm-tree is now to be seen on the mount), but El-Azariyeh, the Town of Lazarus! It stands in a sheltered hollow a short distance below the summit. It is screened from the view of Jerusalem, but commands an extensive view of the wild and desolate wilderness of Judea, and of the road to Jericho, or rather a spot immediately outside the village does so. Thither the mourning sisters often repaired to watch for His coming, straining their anxious eyes to catch the first signal of His approach.

The day had been excessively hot, and glad was I to meet at the entrance of the village a servant with my gallant gray. I mounted, and refusing to be inveigled into the pretended tomb of Lazarus (I hate such impostures), I rode round the village to impress the situation on my mind, and thence to the mosque on the summit of Olivet. From the remnant of this mosque a splendid view is obtained of the city and its surroundings, of the "mountains round about Jerusalem," of the savage wilderness of bare and rugged mountains, the supposed scene of "the Temptation," the descent to the deep valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea gleaming like polished metal in the distance, and the yellow wall of the Mountains of Moab beyond. Farewell, glorious Olivet! A vain farewell! "There can be no farewell to scene like thine." It will be held fast and cherished as long as memory remains. May God strengthen and fructify every sacred impression there made on the heart, and answer in His great mercy the prayers there offered up! Amen.



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THE SPIRES OF ST. MACHAR.

Presented by GEORGE RUD, Esq., R.S.A.

Robert Burns and the Cottar's Saturday Night.

By Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

IV.—THE POEM—(Concluded).

NEXT after the supper we come to the Family Worship, which, as we know, gave the whole poem its motive and suggestion. The order of it, as a service, Burns gives exactly according to the custom of his father's house and of similar Scottish families of that time. First some verses were sung from one of the Psalms in metre, printed then as now at the end of Bibles for use in Scotland. Next a chapter was read from the Old Testament or the New. Then they knelt in prayer, the head of the household leading. Most of this is told here in grave and noble English, only two expressions needing explanation for any one—"lyart haffets" for "gray temples," and "beets" for "*fans* the heavenward flame." In such a stanza as this that follows we discover what dignity may invest a man whom we saw at first only a tired labourer, gathering his mattocks and spades, and how, also,

"Verse may build

A princely throne on humble truth."

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air."

I cannot pass from this verse without observing how filled it is with reverence, and, just in consequence of this, with dignity. Strangers to Scotland often charge us with want of reverence in our worship, and are shocked at the appearance of our congregations in time of prayer. I do not greatly wonder at this. As I think how little sign I have sometimes seen in a Scottish congregation of their joining in the prayer themselves, I cannot defend us. But in this fireside worship see how every line and every touch is expressive of reverence—the reverent circle formed, the reverent book which the old man uses, the reverent baring of the gray head, the reverent care with which he chooses among the Psalms, and the "high humility," which so affected Burns, in the reverent summons, "Let us worship God."

In the next verse we overhear their singing, and feel the thrill from it of that tone of heart-worship which affects us more deeply than all musical skill. The old Scottish tunes he names and praises were sacred to Burns for other reasons than their musical value; they were the tunes which alone his father used.

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,

Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

In the two following verses we hear the single voice of the "priest-like father" as the Scriptures are read. It will be seen that a glance is taken first through the Old Testament and then through the New. The New Testament is, indeed, very happily summed up; four lines telling of the Gospels, one line of the Acts, another of the Epistles, and the last three of the Book of Revelation. The general effect is to dignify still more the humble home by the great themes that echo through it, and the humble family by the great men of the past with whom they are brought into communion.

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command."

The prayer comes last, and, as they kneel together that one pang of happiest family hours—the dread of change, the fear of what years will bring—is given away. As they look up to God, the dwelling-place of His people in all generations, a happy assurance fills their hearts of permanent union, permanent blessing, and victory over all troubles.

"Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Here the poet pauses to reflect and judge, and in the verse that follows he does it well. Let his words sink down into our ears; for here, at least, he was true prophet as well as poet. Let his judgment be ours, and nothing seem so miserably poor as worship that is but display, or rhetoric, or pomp. And even when we rightly care for seemliness in worship, let us not forget the perilous connection there is between pomp of method and pride of heart.

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The power, incens'd, the pageant will desert;
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol."

Now the happy circle is dispersed, and the narrative part of the poem ends with one more glimpse of the holy simplicities of the cottage,—the secret prayer which the parents offer for their children.

"Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And offer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside."

It has been said by a historian of eminence, that if we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number, have scored a deeper mark in the world's history, than ours of Scotland. Whence, now, had this poor and unfavoured country so great capacity to nourish men of noble qualities ? How has she gained such a name and praise ? Is not this the answer, that a godly family life is the soil and atmosphere in which all that is best is rooted and grows ? Such, anyhow, is the answer given in the verse that follows ; and it is, I think, the abiding vindication of our Scottish Reformers and Covenanters, that they are undoubtedly the spiritual ancestors of this family life, which has been the glory of Scotland—not that all Scotland was ever like this ; but in no country was so large a proportion of the poor raised to so high a level.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God ;'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !"

The spirit of this verse is noble, but it has defects. I wish he had given us a line of his own, instead of that which he quotes from Pope, about an honest man. It is not a very high thing to be an "honest man," as some men count honesty. "The saint, the father, and the husband" here, was far more than an honest man, in the vulgar sense. I wish Burns had told in language of his own, this truth which was so dear to him, that nobility of soul is higher far than nobility of rank. And, though I thank him for the scorn with which he speaks of "wickedness refined" (wiser far than that blind leader who said, "Vice loses half its evil when it loses its coarseness !") yet I wish he had withheld the claim he makes for the cottage over the palace. I wish he had left unwritten what he says, partly because it is not always true ; and still more, because

the cottage life he has described in this poem needs no disparagement of others to vindicate its worth.

The poem ends, with a fitness both of art and feeling, in a fervent and patriotic prayer for Scotland. The things he asks for his country are among the best and highest,—simplicity, virtue, content in her poor—and these great gifts of God to a people, patriotic leaders and high-souled poets. That this prayer of his was sincere, as well as fervent, may be judged from an incident we are told of his visit to the English Border. At Coldstream bridge one of the party suggested that they should cross to the other side, in order that Burns might plant his foot on English soil. They did so, and there, suddenly, his friends perceived him on his knees, with uncovered head and uplifted hands, repeating aloud with extreme emotion, as he looked towards Scotland, these two last verses of his poem, as a prayer for his country and solemn blessing upon her.

"O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content :
And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

"O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
Oh never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !"

This ends our study of the poem ; but I should like to add yet, what hope and aim I have had in writing these pages of comment upon it. It has been my wish, first of all, that the poem thus studied should stir in my readers an honourable pride. Especially, I have wished that it should give to every man of humble rank and Scottish birth the sense and the impulse of a high descent. I am far from blaming a man whose ancestors have been named in history, if he thinks of them with pride, and feels that something high is demanded of him by his family name. The French put this in the form of a proverb—*Noblesse oblige* ; and in an address I once heard of Mr. Froude to young Scottish students at St. Andrews, he quoted it in a striking manner. "I suppose," he said, "if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant, or to be the heir of an Indian Rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer ; we should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed that would have sold his birth-right for them. Well then, *Noblesse oblige* ; all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it." May I not say this in all gravity to my

readers? No one, surely, can read this poem without feeling that though he can claim an ancestry only of Scottish peasants, it is one to be well content with, and that lays no small demand upon him, to maintain the honour and worth to which it has reached.

A second aim I have had in these pages of comment. I have wished to hang up this picture before my readers, that it may shine over their path of life, as an ideal peculiarly theirs. I have wished to do something, that this nobleness of the past may not be lost to Scotland, and that many who are debarred from seeking for themselves great things of this world, may feel that a higher aim is open to them, that, namely, of realising in the life round their firesides, the charm, the sacredness, and the dignity which are the theme of this poem.

Scotland has altered much since that eighteenth century. Wealth has vastly increased. Inventions have changed the whole aspect of our country, and in much that belongs to the comfort of life, the advance has been great. I believe, too, that in more important things—in conduct, morals, and public life—there has been, in many directions, real progress. But with all this, can it be other than serious, if far fewer families can now be found quite according to the stamp and up to the level of this we have been reading of? And it is, I fear, the fact that family worship in cottage homes, like this described in the poem, once was general, and now is rare. I have myself been told by one who was born at a farm in the pariah in which I write, more than seventy years ago, that he remembers in his boyhood, if he happened to be out in the dusk of a summer evening, he would hear rising from cottage after cottage the sound of their evening psalm. It is common, also, to hear people of middle age tell with pride how constant family worship was in their parents' house. But what if the children of the next generation will be unable to bear this witness of us? We have in almost every house in Scotland a family Bible. Cost has not been spared on it. So far, we have followed our fathers' example; but what if it is not used as they used it? That costly Bible, in many a house laid by in a chest, its pages not dimmed by daily use, seems to me, after reading the "Cottar's Saturday Night," a disquieting sign and suggestion. Is Scotland to lose her name and rank as "mother of heroes, famous nurse of men"? Is that form of life passing away,—that form of life, poor, yet rich,—which gave to the world men of letters like Burns and Carlyle; men of science like Hugh Miller; missionaries like Duff and Moffat; and last, not least, the heroic Livingstone, who counted it one of the privileges of his life, that he was born of "poor and pious parents."

Let my younger readers, who have life before them, whose home and fireside of their own are, as yet, things only of fancy and hope, but nevertheless dear and sweet, resolve to be content with nothing lower than this pattern and ideal which

has such claim on all Scotsmen,—this manner and stamp of family life so warm in affection, so strong in uprightness, and resting on so holy foundations. And let us agree that thanks are due, even at this distance of time, to Robert Burns, who has, in his poem, so pictured that life, that its lustre dims, by comparison, the false ideals of the world. Had he written nothing more, he would here have fulfilled that aspiration of his youth, which he thus describes:—

"The wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book might make,
Or sing a sang, at least."

Of Life.

IV. OF WORRY AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

I SAID, a little ago, that though Worry is naturally a temptation, we might so take it in hand that it should prove just the opposite of a temptation: to wit, a *Means of Grace*. And my last essay was given to sketching out, in a general way, the manner in which we ought to take Worry in hand that it may help us and not hinder us. We are going on to have some further talk as to the details of the manner in which this is to be done. One feels that here is a case in which the details are everything. And these pages are meant to help you who read them. I shall not have done what I desire if I only get you to read them with interest, and then put them aside and think no more of them. There are pages which have done their work when they lighten a half-hour. But if these do no more than that, they are a dismal failure.

We are going into details. But before we begin, there is something (in the nature of a large principle) which needs to be said. And here is the place to say it. Unless we take it with us, we shall make a great, all-pervading mistake. And we shall not get the good desired.

"By the help of the Blessed Spirit: by continual watching, and managing, and putting our moral nature on the stretch: finally let it be said, by continual prayer; we shall turn Worry into a *Means of Grace*."

The last little chapter contained these words. We must be sure of the meaning of the words.

What is a *Means of Grace*? Something that makes grace in us grow stronger.

This is quite self-evident. Yet if we kept it with us, it would greatly change our ways of thinking and talking about the *Means of Grace*.

For sometimes we call a thing a means of grace, not because it makes grace in us stronger, but because it enables us to get on comfortably and to be pleased with our religious state, when grace is in fact very weak in us.

Think of your bodily strength. A thing may be truly said to strengthen us, if when we are weak it makes us stronger. Change of air, tonics, nourishing food, sufficient exercise, are means of strength. But to lie in bed, which keeps us unaware how weak we are; which enables us to fancy ourselves strong when our head would whirl and our limbs tremble if we got up; is not a means of strength. It is a means of self-deception. It is something to help us to fancy ourselves strong when in fact we are weak.

This is a lovely morning, one of the first of September: and this is a beautiful country. The farmers are having the first fine harvest for a good many years: and all about here one sees what they are having. There is nothing pleasanter to look at than a great golden field, where the abounding sheaves are still standing, while the hedges and trees around are yet green as at Midsummer and have not dropt a leaf. And one recalls the soaking, heart-breaking harvest days of departed years. Everything is beautiful: is quiet: is cheerful and hopeful. No smoke darkens that blue sky, with the fleecy clouds: not a suspicion of the East wind blurs the sharp outline of those green Highland hills. It is the Holiday-time: Here is Rest. It is not work to write these lines, but helpful recreation. They have been such to the writer, though they should never be so to any one else. And there is nothing to worry: truly nothing. Of course, under such circumstances it is easy to feel very thankful to a kind God: very peaceful and contented and kindly-disposed to every mortal. One is ready to fancy that trust in God is strong; and resignation to His will complete. One is ready to say, Ah, this lovely morning and these pleasant surroundings,—all the inexpressible charm that breathes to every sense this day from incomparable Perthshire,—all these things are gentle but powerful Means of Grace! That is, one feels the better for them: more Christian; more devout; more trustful; more kind.

Now, no doubt it is very pleasant if God makes it easy for us to be resigned, cheerful, undreful, kindly. But in such a case it befits us to be very humble as well as very thankful. All this pleasurable and amiable condition of heart and mind (which may not last very long if something comes to ruffle) gives no assurance earthly of the strength and stability of our Christian principle and character. The fact simply is that when everything is in your favour, all things seem easy. You get along beautifully with wind and tide in your favour. The fact simply is that on such a day and amid such surroundings, you can do with very little grace: with much less grace than when you are tried. It is not that grace is stronger to-day, but that emptation is weaker and work lighter, and you can do with less grace. It is not much in your praise to say of you that you don't go wrong when there is nothing to lead you wrong. It is not much praise

to say of a horse that he never shies when there is nothing earthly to shy at.

The test of a Means of Grace is not that it makes you feel a better Christian, and fancy yourself a better Christian. It is that it makes you in fact grow a better Christian, and abide a better Christian. This is the point to which I have been trying to bring you. You think it all very true, and quite plain. A great deal of the talk of good folk goes on just the contrary notion.

You go to church. It is a bright Sunday morning. You are in good health: all in your house are so. Every household arrangement has gone smoothly: there has not been jar nor friction in the working of the domestic machinery. You have had a quiet hour after breakfast. You did not cook your breakfast, nor clear away the breakfast things. You glanced, as you sat in your easy chair, into some volume in which a sympathetic hand touched you, finely. You are all ready in good time. The bright little faces look their brightest. They never grew thin with want: they never were pinched with cold. You arrive at church: it is conveniently near. It is a beautiful church: everything rubs you the right way in its decorous arrangements. There is lovely music, and hearty; the psalms and hymns are well chosen, and the tunes: every one joins who has a voice: you are *lifted up*. Many a one has been, who could not translate *Surreum Corda*. The church is quite full: the congregation is devout, and intelligent, and silent: coughing and sleeping are unknown. The prayers are prayers: devout, adapted to place and time, quiet, short. You have the sermon from a charming orator; whose voice is music and whose genius gets straight to your heart, holds it and speaks to it: such a thing has sometimes been. And people say, What a privilege his congregation enjoys! On such a Sunday morning (the like is given to some, not many), you say, What a privilege it is to worship here: what a helpful, blessed Sunday morning it has been: what favoured folk we are to be surrounded by such powerful Means of Grace!

In fact, it has not been so. All this has been simply a means of self-deception. Everything has been so enjoyable, so soothing, so lifting-up; that you feel yourself good and kind and devout and trustful, because there is nothing whatsoever to make you anything else.

If you had risen in a frowsy, comfortless home; if your heart had been heavy with sordid calculations coming of narrow means: if it had been a windy rainy morning and you had walked three miles over muddy roads: if you had entered into the kind of church I have seen, joined in the kind of singing I have heard (I forbear description of either, though it is at my pen's point), and listened to the homely preaching of a good worthy man who is not a great genius at all but just a faithful hard-working parish-minister; you would not have

been warmed and stimulated and lifted up in the least degree; you would not have talked about privileges and means of grace: you would not have been enabled to deceive yourself into the comfortable delusion that you are a devout, gracious, gentle Christian. But you would have learned some humbling truth about yourself and your spiritual condition which might have driven you in penitence and humility to Christ in prayer. And so the disappointing Sunday and its disappointing worship might have been in truth what you called the other: a Means of Grace.

Ay, it is what makes you a Christian that is properly called a Means of Grace: not what helps you to fancy yourself a Christian when possibly you are none at all.

A sterner discipline, far less pleasant to go through, which humbles us in the very dust under the fear that we have been deceiving ourselves and have no life in us whatsoever, may really do far more to promote the growth of Grace in us, than the soothing and pleasing influences, working on mere nature through mere nature, which we often call Means of Grace. It cannot be good for us to think far better of ourselves than we ought to think: far better than the fact. Our spiritual nature needs something that is analogous to the rude wind that roots the pine-tree firmer on the rock. Worry, that calls for patience and wisdom: Burdens, that call for strength: Disappointment, that calls for resignation, and the long struggle against bitterness of spirit: Takings-Down, many, that painfully purge away the hateful self-conceit: all these, and more, diverted from their natural tendencies by God's Holy Spirit, constrained by God's Holy Spirit to push and drive in just the opposite of the natural direction, may be the great Means of Grace after all. For they will make us know ourselves for the poor weak creatures we are: they will keep us humble, and *that* is a thing of necessity: they will send us continually to Christ: they will make us pray without ceasing, pray everywhere.

We must not think, unless we be favoured as few have been, that we shall easily and pleasantly grow in grace, entirely by help from without, and apart from conscious, prolonged, painful effort.

I daresay St. Paul often thought to himself (for though Paul, he was also a man) How much pleasanter in temper he might have been, and that without effort, if his nerves had not been continually jarred and his whole nature tried by the bitter thorn in the flesh. *That* would have been nothing. The thing is to be meek and pleasant in temper when the nerves are jarred and the whole nature tried. *That* is Grace: and strong Grace: and Grace about which there can be no mistake.

"The Word, Sacraments, and Prayer:" I know, friendly reader, you have thought of these, thus thinking of the Means of Grace. So have I. Every Scotchman ought. But that we be driven to these,

under the deepest sense of need, and sometimes with all but a breaking heart, surely Christ sends us all-pervading, inevitable, stinging Worry!

A. K. H. B.

Questions for disappointed Sermon-Hearers.

"Take heed how ye hear."

By REV. MAXWELL HUTCHISON, B.D., Kirkmahoe.

1. **I**S the Gospel a subject that is attractive to you? Go into a political meeting, and you will see men intently and excitedly listening to a speaker who has by no means the graces of an orator. They are interested in the topics on which he is addressing them. If men were as earnest about religion as they are apt to be about politics, they would be more easily pleased, and more frequently profited by what they hear from the pulpit.

2. In what spirit do you hear? Many are critical. They are interested in the treatment of the Text. They are curious about the manner of the Preacher, or they are watchful of his doctrine. But when a General addresses his army before the battle the soldiers are not attentive chiefly to his manner and style. Listen as one who desires to gather from the sermon something to brighten his faith and guide him in daily duty.

3. Do you pay attention all through the sermon? If you allow your thoughts to wander to other things, and merely listen, as it were, by fits and starts you do not give yourself a chance. And the more closely reasoned and logically consecutive the discourse is, the less good will it do you. If you took up a book and read a page here and a page there, you would hardly be justified in condemning the author of it as one that had no power of lucid exposition. Yet how many listen for a few minutes now and again to a sermon, and then go hometo say that it did them no good. You may indeed reply that your not listening was the effect of the drowsiness of the sermon. Yes, but admitting that, your inattention did not help to mend matters.

4. Do you prepare yourself for hearing? Your minister takes pains to fit himself to address you. But however good the seed be, and however skilfully it be sown, it cannot enter the ground and bring forth fruit, unless the soil has been made ready. The ship will not make much way unless the sails be hoisted. On Sunday morning you fit yourself for appearing, properly attired, among your fellow-worshippers. Do not neglect to prepare your soul also for appearing before God in His holy house. Pray that you may be enabled to worship aright. Pray that your pastor may be guided by the Spirit in his ministrations. Pray that you may hear, not to your condemnation, but to your good. And you will find your sermon-hearing will become more instructive, elevating, and profitable.

Before the End.

THEY are all coming back to me radiant and strong,
 The feelings and fancies of far-away years;
 They are flooding my soul like an exquisite song,
 Through summer airs borne from the halcyon spheres!
 The glow of romance, the old poesy's fire,
 The passionate longings that never find rest;
 They are darting and flashing up higher and higher,
 Like birds of gay plumage that sing in the west!
 Oh! the grace and the glory were crushed out of sight,
 'Neath the dust and the turmoil of life's stifful noon,
 But the spirit, defiant of waste or of blight,
 Looks up like the tree blossom-laden in June.
 They are all coming back with the scent of the flowers;
 My fancies are leaping to light with the streams;
 'Mid the purple and gold of the long summer hours
 I am floated once more to the Eden of dreams:
 Yes: the feelings that crowd our life's morning are those
 That sleep through the burden and heat of the day,
 To awake with fresh brilliance and fire at the close,
 Ere we drop at death's portal our garments of clay.
 They are all coming back as I near the far land,
 From which children we came, and as children depart;
 Let me go holding fast the Invisible Hand,
 With peace on my forehead, and love in my heart.
 JANE C. SIMMONS.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
 "Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE great city was sound asleep. It was the dearest hour of the night, if we may apply that term to three o'clock in the morning, the hour at which most people have sought and found their pillows. Late revellers had ceased to shout and sing, early risers had yet a good hour of rest before them, if not more. Of course there were many wakeful sick folk—ah! how many in that mighty hive called London! But these did not disturb the profound quiet that had descended on the city; only a few weak but steady lights in windows here and there told of their existence.

Among the sleepless, on that calm dark night, there was one man to whom we draw attention. His bronzed cheeks and tall muscular frame told that he was not one of the wakeful sick, neither was he a sick-nurse, to judge from things around him. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped, gazing into the fire and meditating—perhaps building castles in the flames. His eyebrows were very bushy and his looks stern, but there was a play of gentle, kindly feeling round his mouth. He was one of a gallant band of picked men whose duty it is to do battle with the flames, a member of the London Fire-brigade. Two other men like himself lay on two little iron beds sound asleep with their clothes on. There was the difference between them, however, that the wakeful man wore brass epaulettes on his shoulders. Brass helmets and axes hung round the room. A few of boots hung in a rack, a little telegraph instrument

stood on a table near a map of London, and a small but sociable clock ticked on the wall.

That clock had quite a lively, cheerful tick. It seemed to talk to the fireman with the bushy brows until he smiled and looked at it.

"Tic-tic-tic!" said the man, "how low and gentle your voice seems to-night. Everything is so still and quiet, that you appear to be only whispering the flight of time."

"Tic-tic-tic," replied the clock.

But the fireman heard no more, for just then a faint, far-distant sound broke upon his ear. It drew near, like a rushing wind. Then like the noise of hurrying feet. The man rose and nudged one of the sleepers, who sat up and listened, after which he got up quickly, reached down his helmet, and awoke his companion, while the first fireman went to the station door. Some one ran against it with fearful violence as he laid his hand on the lock, and the alarm bell rang a tremendous peal as he threw it open.

"Fire!" yelled a man who seemed all eyes and hair.

"Just so; where is it?" replied the fireman, calmly glancing at the clock.

"Fire!" again yelled the man of eyes and hair, who was for the moment mad with excitement.

"You've said that twice; where is it?" said the fireman, seizing the man by his arm, while the two men who had been asleep slipped out like fleet but quiet ghosts. One called up the sleeping firemen, the other got out two horses which stood ready harnessed in their stalls.

The fireman's grasp sobered the madman. A street was named. The outbreak of the fire was instantly telegraphed to head-quarters, and thence to other stations concerned. Round came the horses; in flowed the roused firemen, buttoning their garments as they ran each to his own peg for helmet and axe. At the same time two or three hauled out the steam fire-engine and yoked the horses. Three minutes from the first shout of fire had barely elapsed when the whip cracked, eight or ten helmeted men sprang to their seats, the steeds bounded away and tore along the no longer quiet streets, leaving a trail of sparks behind them.

Haste! haste! was the one idea. One minute saved may be matter of life or death in cases of fire.

Constant training, stern drill, made every man act like a calm, cool, collected thunderbolt. No fuss, but tremendous energy. No noise, but now and then a deep bass roar when any vehicle chanced to get in the way, and a quiet smile when the danger was past.

Thus they rushed along, like a fierce fiery monster, until they reached a square in the great city which was bright as with the sun at noon-day. A mansion was blazing from cellars to attics!

Our engine was soon at work. Other engines, whose stations lay nearer to the scene of action,

were already pumping volumes of water into the flames. A strong force of police kept back the vast crowd, so as to let the firemen do their work undisturbed. It was deadly work they had to do! Not only were flames spouting from every window, but masses of brickwork and blazing beams were falling in various places, rendering the service full of danger. A London crowd is usually well-behaved, but there are sometimes a few forward geese in it who think they can do things better than other people. One such, a huge man with a foreign accent, became excited, shouted, "Oh! vy don't you put 'im hout?" broke through the crowd, and rushed among the firemen.

Our friend with the brass epaulettes and bushy eyebrows chanced to pass at the moment.

"Vy you not put more vatter on 'im?" shouted the foreigner.

The stern countenance of the fireman relaxed, and a humorous smile lit up his countenance for one instant; but he took no other notice of the foreigner, who was quickly collared by two policemen as strong as himself, and thrust back into the crowd, where he was received with laughter, and presented with much good advice. One little boy advised him seriously to go home and ask his mama to put him to bed—a remark which was received with great delight by the bystanders.

But there was not much laughter; for the fire was very terrible, and there was a report that some of the inmates had not been rescued by the fire-escape men.

Meanwhile, our fireman with the epaulettes, who was foreman of that district, went about like a general in action, watching the flames sternly, —giving a quiet order to one, pointing out a point of vantage to another, giving a helping hand here and there with the hose, answering a quick question promptly, and doing his utmost to dispose his force in such a way as to quell the raging fire. All this time he moved about among smoke and flames and falling materials as if he bore a charmed life—which, indeed, he did; for, as he afterwards said himself, the hand of God shielded him, and nothing on earth could kill him till his work on earth was done; and nothing on earth could save him when his time to die should come. This sentiment was, partly at least, the secret of the fireman's cool courage in the midst of danger.

But the enemy was very strong that night, and the brigade could make no impression whatever on the burning house, the inside of which glowed like a smelting furnace.

"Try the drawing-room window, Jim, wi' the fire-escape," said our foreman to one of his men.

He helped Jim to push the huge ladder on wheels to the window mentioned, and placed it in position. While Jim ran for a nozzle and hose, there was a great cry from the crowd. A woman had stepped out on the parapet of the house from

an attic window, and stood there shrieking and waving her arms, while the smoke curled round her, and the flames leapt up at her. She was high above the head of the escape; but there were fly ladders which could be raised above that. These were instantly hoisted, and our foreman sprang up to the rescue.

The danger of the attempt lay in this—that, though the lower and upper parts of the escape were comparatively free from smoke, the middle was shrouded with a dense mass, through which now and then a lurid red flame burst. But our hero thought only of the woman. In a second or two he had disappeared in the smoke.

Two of the firemen stood below holding a nozzle of the hose and directing it on a particular spot. They did not dare to move from their post, but they could see by a glance upwards what was going on.

"Fred," said one to the other in a low voice, "he'll save her, or there'll be a man less in the brigade to-night. He never does anything by halves. Whatever he undertakes he does well. Depend on't that Harry Thorogood will save that woman if she can be saved at all."

As he spoke Harry was seen emerging above the smoke, but when he reached the top of the highest ladder he was fully six feet below the spot where the woman stood.

"Come! girl, come!" he shouted, and held out his arms.

The terrified creature hesitated. She was afraid. She doubted the strength of the escape—the power of the man.

"Come! come!" again he shouted.

She obeyed, but came against the fireman with such force that the round of the ladder on which he stood gave way, and both were seen to go crashing downwards, while something like a mighty groan or cry rose from the multitude below. It was changed, however, into a wild cheer when Harry was seen to have caught the head of the escape, and arrested his fall, with one powerful hand, while, with the other, he still grasped the woman.

"God favours them," said a voice in the crowd, as a gust of wind for a few seconds drove smoke and flames aside.

Our bold fireman seized the opportunity, got the woman into the shoot, or canvas bag under the lowest ladder, and alid with her in safety to the ground.

The pen may describe, but it cannot convey a just idea of the thrilling cheers that greeted the rescued woman as she was received at the bottom of the escape, or the shouts of applause and congratulation that greeted Harry Thorogood as he emerged from the same, burnt, bleeding, scraped, scarred, and blackened, but not seriously injured, and with a pleasant smile upon his dirty face.

(To be continued.)



MAY 1881.

Sermon.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

By Very Rev. Principal PIRIE, D.D., Aberdeen.

ISAIAH xlv. 18.

IN all sciences the most obvious phenomena first attract our attention, and as our intelligence progresses, we trace them backward to their causes. Accordingly, as the most obvious phenomena of Christianity are those prominently set forth in the record, to them the attention of Christians was in the first instance directed. It was only when these were found insufficient in themselves to constitute a definite system, that Christians began to discover, throughout the whole of Scripture, a continuous reference to some prior revelation, upon which this new revelation partially rested for its proof, and in connection with which it could alone be adequately appreciated.

Many well-meaning Christians are, however, even yet unwilling to admit the authority of this prior revelation, as if it derogated from the completeness of Scripture—which is just as absurd as to maintain that it derogates from the completeness of mathematics that its conclusions cannot be proved except by founding them upon definitions and axioms.

From this misconception we can understand the growth of such a variety of sects in the Christian world. It was the same in the physical world so long as the foundations of physical science were merely hypothetical. Unless we rest, in spiritual as in physical science, upon principles discoverable from the constitution of things, it is impossible to prove its theory, or thoroughly to appreciate its object. We should have a science without any foundation in principle, recorded in an unknown language (for the words used in Scripture are unintelligible apart from the teaching of natural religion), which we should be required to translate without an interpreter.

The primary theory assumed in Scripture from natural religion is the creation of the universe by an intelligent Power. We say assumed, because Scripture makes no attempt to prove it. It is everywhere assumed as *portion of the Gospel Scheme*, needing no formal proof, as being already discoverable from the constitution of the universe. This is the proof exclusively appealed to in Scripture,

and is the only one upon which it is necessary for us to insist, because *it is perfect*. That objections have been taken to its validity arises from this—that the precise ground upon which our belief in it rests has been by many misconceived, and by others left undetermined.

It has been misconceived in so far as our belief in it has generally been ascribed to experience. "All objects," it has been said, "which include combinations of parts, each part being more or less essential to the constitution of the whole, we know from experience to have been contrived by intelligent beings. From this *experience* we are entitled to conclude that when we find similar phenomena exhibited in the universe in an infinity of minor objects, and in the union of these in the constitution of the universe itself, both the parts and the whole must have been contrived and adjusted by a wisdom corresponding to the complication and magnitude of the results." But so far as we are from knowing by *experience* that adjusted combinations having a definite purpose are contrived by intelligent beings, that we have *no experience of such a thing at all*. The very reverse is the truth. We only know that our fellow-creatures are intelligent in consequence of *discovering from their words and acts* that they can contrive and adjust; for we never saw a human mind contriving, nor indeed did we ever see a human mind at all. If our belief in the argument from design is rested in *any measure*, therefore, on our supposed experience of the action of other minds, it is manifestly untenable.

The ground of our belief has been left undetermined in so far as others have ascribed such belief to some principle of the human mind, the nature of which they have been unable to explain. A doubt has thus been cast upon the proof, as if it rested on a mere analogy. This doubt, although it could not entirely supersede belief in a conclusion which the consent of all ages proves that men *feel* to be true, even when they are unable to analyse the process of their conviction, has unquestionably weakened its practical power.

Yet the ground of our belief in the argument from design admits of neither doubt nor difference. For design is merely the power of foreseeing what will be the effect upon one another, and on other things, of the organised adjustment of two or more parts, and our knowledge of the working of our

own minds gives us the fullest assurance that this power is a characteristic of intelligence. In other words, our knowledge of our own intelligence gives us absolute assurance that nothing save intelligence, or some equivalent power, can contrive and arrange parts which have each a definite and a common purpose with reference to the realisation of the object of the whole. Hence, when we perceive our fellow-creatures arrange such parts, each part having its special effect in producing a common result, we *at once and necessarily, and on no other ground*, come to the conclusion that they are intelligent beings like ourselves.

It is by the very same process that we are assured of the intelligence and power of God. As upon perceiving the comparatively trifling objects and machines organised by our fellow-creatures, we necessarily conclude that they have a measure of intelligence corresponding to our own, so, on perceiving the innumerable adjustments of the universe, and the combination of these into one magnificent whole, we are compelled, on the very same principle, to conclude that all this demonstrates the existence of a wisdom and power proportioned to the complication and magnitude of the results. We have thus exactly the same assurance of the existence of an intelligent God as we have of the existence of intelligent fellow-creatures. There is not the slightest difference. *If we dispute or deny the one, we must necessarily dispute or deny the other.*

There seems to be no possibility of evading this conclusion under the ordinary relations of things; but it has been suggested that the universe may be eternal. Be it so. We do not argue as to the time the world has lasted, but as to the *cause* of its organisation. This cause we *know* to be an intelligent Power. If the world is eternal, this intelligent Power therefore must have been contemporaneous with it; or, in other words, must be eternal too.

It has also been suggested that there may have been an eternal succession of Gods, and that the universe may have been created by one of them, who has somehow perished. But these Gods could only be a series of organised beings; and we thus come back to our former argument—that they must have had an intelligent cause existing through eternity. Go back as far as we may, we are always compelled to return to the same conclusion. It rests upon our knowledge of the nature of our own intelligence, and cannot by any process be superseded.

Another suggestion has been made, that, in the case of our fellow-creatures, we perceive the instrumentality employed. This is true. We perceive the hand by which human intelligence acts; but it will not be argued that *the hand is the contriving intelligence*.

We know of no other attempt to meet this argument, which, therefore, seems not only to be im-

pregnable under the ordinary relations of things, but is strengthened by a fair consideration of the difficulties which have been suggested with respect to it.

That the world was made “out of nothing” is also a conclusion of reason. For, if the qualities of atoms have been so constituted as to suit the organisation of the universe, the same argument applies to them which demonstrates that the universe itself must have been contrived by an intelligent Power. It cannot admit even of a doubt, unless human intelligence be a delusion.

Thus far in regard to Creation. The other fundamental doctrine which Scripture assumes from natural religion is God's Preservation and Government of the universe which He has created. That He does preserve and govern the universe is certain, since creation is simply the organisation of parts under those laws which connect them with one another, and under which they thus work together for the attainment of a common purpose. Now, from the moment we come into existence we become conscious, under one of those laws, that we are weak and dependent. To this, we find that the relation in which we stand to our fellow-creatures is, in so far, the co-relative; for, by another law of nature, our fellow-creatures are led to afford us a certain measure of aid and protection. But experience soon teaches us that all that our fellow-creatures can do for us is insufficient to meet our *primary* expectations. There are essential wants which they cannot supply, and evils which they cannot remedy. Thus, when distracted by fear, or agonised by suffering, we instinctively and *of necessity* direct those appeals to which our fellow-creatures can no longer effectively respond, to that supreme Intelligence of whose existence we are as much assured, even before we can analyse the process of reasoning, as we are of the intelligent existence of our fellow-creatures.

Here, however, we are met by the first serious difficulty which natural religion presents to us. When we appeal to our fellow-creatures, they answer. But we have no answer from God. We know that we have received from Him innumerable blessings *in the course of nature*, but we have no means of knowing that He answers our *special* appeals. Hence, when we consider how often our appeals to God are not, as we believe, answered, it follows that if, under the teaching of natural religion, we trust in God at all, our trust must originate in a sort of compulsion. It must arise from our despairing of any other means of escape from those difficulties and fears with which our very natures encompass us; giving us, on the one hand, assurances and hopes, which are baffled by doubts and perplexities on the other.

It is this consciousness of our need of communion with God, if the intuitions of our nature are to be realised, that has everywhere given rise to some form of revelation. So much is this the case, that

every tribe and nation which has not received a true, has been compelled to invent a false, revelation. In all of these we find that a certain intercourse is supposed to have existed between God and man; but not one of them, save Christianity, approximates to a discovery of the cause which interferes with our receiving answers from God to our special prayers, or consequently proposes a mode by which communion with Him can be realised.

It is at this point, where natural religion fails, that Christianity interposes. It teaches us the cause which has interrupted our communion with God, and the mode in which this communion may be renewed. This, we are told, is effected by a manifestation of love so wonderful as cannot fail to arouse, if we believe it, some measure of that trust in God which we feel to be so weak and ineffective when we are left solely to the teachings of natural religion. We are told that God has sent One who is called "His dearly-beloved Son," to die in the flesh for our sakes; giving us thus the most irresistible assurance that He has not forsaken us. In practically accepting this testimony of God's love by striving, as He has commanded us, to do His will, we are still further assured that in this very striving, God will make us sensible of direct communion with Himself, by working through His Spirit a felt change upon our characters.

Now, this is a form of communion which, if realised, must be far more intimate than any which can exist between us and our fellow-creatures; for with them we can communicate only by inference, through words or signs; whereas, if the Spirit of God communicates with us, it must be by direct action upon *our* spirits. In this way we necessarily realise a practical faith, which infuses into our souls, even here, that sense of ineffable peace which gives a foretaste of growing happiness hereafter. This is the happiness of heaven begun upon earth.

We have thus endeavoured to *demonstrate* what it is in the present day so important to appreciate, that God is not only the Creator and providential Governor of the universe, but that Christianity is so far from being inconsistent with reason, that it has, on the contrary, adopted the legitimate conclusions of natural religion, not merely as part of itself, but as its very foundation. It is only when natural religion is found to leave us without any definite guidance for ascertaining our relations either to God or man, that revelation intervenes to supplement it, by developing thoroughly the relations and obligations under which we are bound to our fellow-creatures and our God. We have thus, in the union of both, not only a perfect philosophical system, but the only system *ever proposed* under which we can regard the moral universe as anything but a mass of contradictions, in which our so-called duties would imply no real obligation; and the desires and tendencies which nature has implanted in us, having no co-relatives, could only be regarded by us as delusions and lies.

"Lux in Tenebris."¹

DARK and silent is The Valley
Where the brooding shadows dwell,
Where the withered leaves lie scattered
In each dim secluded dell;
With the dented armour broken
In the sore unequal fight,
Ere the conquerors left The Valley
For the Land of shadeless light.

Down the sad and solemn Valley
Glides a maiden all alone;
Vain the mother's anguished crying,
Vain the father's stifled moan.
Yearning heart and strong hand, longing
To support her through the gloom,
Cannot follow their dear pilgrim
Past the portal of the tomb.

How her timid feet do falter
As they tread the unknown way;
And the fear that fills her bosom
Almost stills the power to pray;
And the weakness that is human
Bids her shrink with mortal pain
From the terrors of that Valley
She will never tread again.

Ah, the touch of Death has wrapped her
In a dim and misty shroud;
And her Shepherd's face is hidden
In the glory of a cloud.
So she scarcely feels His presence,
Or the Hand which clasps her own,
And the dark and solemn Valley
Still she seems to tread alone.

Slowly, from the maiden's shoulder,
Falls the hindering mortal dress;
Slowly, from her path, the shadows
Fade into the wilderness;
Slowly, on immortal vision,
Dawns the light of Glory-land;
Slowly, to her timid fingers,
Comes the pressure of a Hand.

Shrinking, fearing, hoping, wondering,
Maiden-meek she lifts her eyes,
Then her soul, unveiled, awakens
With a startled glad surprise.
One Divine is standing by her,
Through her being thrills His gaze,
And she knows Him, King and Brother,
As He leads her from the maze.

Oh, the rapture of that knowledge,
As she issues from the night
Which encompasseth the Valley,
And beholds the Light of light!
Oh, the joy of recognition!
All forgotten every care;
Clings she to the Hand that holds her—
Which *had* held her unaware.

All along the solemn Valley,
Shepherd-like, He had been near;
Through the shadows, through the waters,
Sharing all her pain and fear.
Thus He helpeth *every* pilgrim
Through the terrors of that night
Which enshrouds the lonely Valley
Where the Christ is all our Light.

JESSIE M. E. SARGE.

¹ A picture by Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A.

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

V.—JERUSALEM.

By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., St. Cuthbert's,
Edinburgh.

JERUSALEM! "The joy of the whole earth . . . the city of the great King."

"Of earthly sights," wrote Arnold, "Rome ranks as the third, Athens and Jerusalem are the other two; the three peoples of God's election, two for things temporal, and one for things eternal." "For the Law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." In the fulfilment of that old prophecy, and in Him in whom it was fulfilled, lies the great city's perennial charm.

It is a very long and toilsome ascent from the Plain of Sharon up through ravines that wind among rounded and picturesque hills, with here and there a glimpse of the distant sea, till you reach the table-land on which the city stands. The sky line keeps ever nearing and receding, the interest ever growing in intensity, till there comes, somehow or other, the conviction that one height more will be the last. There are times when one likes to be alone, and this was one of them. Our party, originally of three, had grown considerably. To get rid of the ceaseless chatter of our attendants, a friend and myself rode ahead of the party through what seemed one of the most dreary parts even of Palestine (and what a weary land in many ways it is!); bleak and barren hills all around, the ground strewn with huge boulders, our horses floundering knee-deep in mud. We rode on for a little in silence, and then instinctively paused and uncovered, for there, a little more than a mile away, lay the earth's most memorable city, dear alike to Christian and Moslem and Jew, or to nearly the half of the world's population. I should not like to have him for a friend who could look for the first time on those massive old walls, with the gray houses beyond, without grateful emotion. That first view to one approaching from the west is said to be disappointing. It was not so to me. The remarkable position of the city, high up on the backbone of the country, and yet not perched on a hill-top like Mizpah and Gibeah, but occupying the corner of a plain or plateau, which, on three sides, sinks abruptly down into deep ravines; the Mount of Olives embracing it on the east; its turreted walls perfect as the day they were built; and above all, the long blue wall of the Moab mountains, seen from every point in the neighbourhood, rising high above the surging sea of hill-tops, and changing in colour and apparent distance with every change in the atmosphere—all this invests Jerusalem with a certain charm which the baldness of the landscape in other respects does not destroy. You feel in a moment that as in its history, so in its situation and look, it is unlike any city you have ever seen; of all cities, though not

actually surrounded by a mountain-chain, still the most mountainous. From whatever point you look on the surrounding landscape, the eye takes in nothing but hills, here and there covered with patches of olive-grove and cornfield, but generally presenting that bare, gray, withered look, so unfamiliar and so dreary to our northern eyes. No one knows what the wonderful *green* of our country is who has not travelled much abroad.

The irregular plateau on which the city stands contains about a thousand acres, and slopes uniformly to the south-east. It is girded on three sides, east, west, and south, by the deep ravines of Kedron and Hinnom, which rise close to each other on the watershed, and not far from the walls, at an altitude of 2650 feet above the level of the sea, and which, after embracing the city in two deep gorges, join each other a little to the south of it, their point of junction being 670 feet below their original starting-place. There was yet another valley or ravine, called the Tyropoeon, which, commencing near the Jaffa Gate on the west, ran due eastward between Zion and the upper city, till it struck the middle of Mount Moriah, and then, turning at right angles, ran down southward past the Temple wall, and joined the Kedron at the Pool of Siloam. This central valley is now no longer a ravine, but a mere depression, being filled to the depth of 80 feet with the rubbish of the city's numerous overthrows. These ravines gave its character to the city. To them it owed its existence. Its site was chosen for purposes not of commerce but defence. Viewed from the south-east, it seems to rise out of a dark abyss. No line of traffic ever led past its walls. A single glance shows the desperate resistance it could make against an enemy, and the bloody history of which it has been the theatre.

Entering by the Jaffa Gate, we pass along narrow, steep, and winding streets through what seems a city of ruin and desolation, our jaded horses stumbling on the slippery pavement, which is as smooth as glass. We were fortunate in securing apartments at a private hotel kept by a Jew of the name of Duchart, at the very moderate sum of eight francs a day for food and lodging. But that is now a long time ago. Duchart's house was a very pleasant one, with a sweet garden just underneath the western wall of the Haram, or Temple area, the entrance to which was but a few yards beyond the low gateway which led to our abode; and ever as we approached our temporary home, we could see through the narrow opening the beautiful slope of Olivet, crowned with the Church of the Ascension, now clear in the strong moonlight, with every olive and pomegranate standing out in sharp relief, now dim in the evening's gathering gloom. Passing under the arched gateway, we found ourselves in an open space surrounded by walls, and covered with green corn, and one or two respectable trees. There was a pleasant air of quiet seclusion about the place, which made it

very restful after a day's sight-seeing. A tall and beautiful minaret rose a little behind. As we go out to enjoy the cool of the evening and the bright moonlight, we hear from that minaret the shrill wailing sound of the muezzin summoning the faithful to prayer. It was always pleasant, after a hard day's sight-seeing, to mount the quaint outside stairs of Duchart's, and to gather in the large dining-room, and recount to one another the various incidents of the day. I know no city of the world where sight-seeing is attended with so much fatigue.

By a happy coincidence our arrival was on the night of the Jewish Passover, and the moon was full. It was at or near this very time, and at or near this very place, that our Lord partook of His last Passover. Next Sunday was Easter. We had just passed along the Via Dolorosa. There were the gray Temple walls, silvered by the bright Paschal moon. There were stones in that wall on which His eyes had doubtless often rested. The place and the time were full of Him. Need you wonder that we gathered there that night, "in an upper room," a little company of Christians, some of whom are gone to their rest; and with the dust of travel still upon us, partook of the Lord's Supper? Our host supplied us with the same bread and wine which were used for the Paschal Feast. One of our friends began the service with the Lord's Prayer. Another, after a simple address, dispensed the elements; and another gave the concluding prayer. It was a blessed Communion,—a happy beginning of our seventeen days in Jerusalem. We have scattered far and wide since that night. Some of that little company have years ago entered into their rest; but neither *there* nor *here* can any of us forget that Supper in an upper room in Jerusalem.

I have another very pleasant memory. Next Sunday was our Communion Sunday at home. Making allowance for the difference of time, a dear friend who had assisted me at many a Communion, went with me to the Garden of Gethsemane; and there, under the shadow of a very large and ancient olive, we sat for some hours reading together the story of the agony and death, and holding communion with Him and with them who were remembering Him far away. Though close to the city, the quiet was wonderful. It was quite a solitude. No human being came near us all the time. We could understand how the Saviour so often retired to this pleasant spot when He wished to be alone. It is the first and the last place the stranger is sure to visit.

That is a memorable moment when you stand for the first time at St. Stephen's Gate, and look down on the Kedron valley, and up the green and pleasant slopes of Olivet, the tombs of the Mussulmans stretching along by the walls, and those of the Jews by thousands on the opposite slope, and see the little walled-in garden, which tradition marks out as the scene of the agony; for you know that somewhere within your eye is the place where, "being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly."

The interior of the city presents much the same miserable aspect as the country which surrounds it. With its steep, narrow, dark, slippery streets, its empty spaces, its masses of ruin, its fields of corn and cactus, its wretched dwellings, and still more wretched inhabitants, the silence and solitude which reign everywhere, save among the bazaars, the filth which meets the eye and the nostrils at almost every step, it presents little or no resemblance to the Jerusalem of the days of David or of Christ. The city of those times is far beneath our feet. Zion, once its glory, has been shorn of its summit. The valleys have been filled—in some places to the depth of 125 feet—by the rubbish of its seventeen overthrows. "The river whose stream once made glad the city of our God,"—"the brook that once ran through the midst of the land,"—still runs after rain along its ancient bed, now forty feet below the surface of the ground. The city of old times is literally far beneath our feet, and, with one grand exception, hardly a stone of it stands upon another. Hardly an inch of its territory but has been changed and changed again. So great are the gloom and intricacy of the streets, which in many cases are arched over and covered with mouldering earth, with crops of corn growing over them, that after wandering about among them for more than a fortnight, I had always the greatest difficulty in finding my way from one place to another. Our space forbids any allusion to the three holy places connected with the three great religions of which Jerusalem has been, if not the actual birthplace, at least the chosen home and the special shrine. In view of the light that has been thrown on them by recent discovery, these would each need an article to itself.

The Gordon Mission, Natal.

IN May 1879 we were enabled to give our readers a picture of "Mission Life on the border of Zululand," in extracts from letters placed at our disposal by the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen. The Mission, which is a medical and industrial one, under the superintendence of Dr. Dalzell, was founded by the Aberdeen family in memory of the Hon. James Gordon, elder brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen. Our account closed with the escape of the Mission families after the battle of Isandlwana. It is pleasing to report now—from letters again kindly communicated, which space does not permit us to print—that the Mission did not perish, and was never even discontinued, Dr. Dalzell having remained throughout at his dangerous post. And at present, when, for many reasons, sad and anxious thoughts are still turned to Africa, it is specially gratifying to add that in this Mission fidelity and prayer have just been crowned with blessing. Many baptisms have taken place—thirteen on one day in January last—most of them interesting cases of converts old enough to be baptized on their own profession. From an address by a native who was formerly in the Gordon Mission, the following is an extract:—"No church, no school, no missionary, no teacher, no Christians—nakedness, heathenism, sin: a desert *then*. Now a church, a school, missionaries, teachers, Christians—yourselves clothed, your children taught: a river is flowing through the desert; it is beginning to blossom as the rose."

A Talk with the Farm Servants.

NO. VII.—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I wish to meet you again in our Magazine, that we may have another talk together. And this month it shall be about courtship and marriage. Rather a ticklish topic, you think;—rather a difficult and delicate subject to talk about. Well, it may be so: yet we must talk about it; because it is a subject of *unspeakable importance* to you. Your weal or your woe for this world and the next depends very much upon your courtship and marriage. Very earnestly, therefore, do I call upon you, as before God, to give this matter your serious and thoughtful consideration.

I may say, at the outset, that I take it for granted that courtship and marriage is a natural and right and God-intended thing. I have been sometimes amused at masters and mistresses holding up their hands in amazement and indignation at the thought of their lads and lasses meeting together, as if some strange thing had happened to them, which, with all speed and might, must be put down. Now we should not be at all amazed at this, but should regard it as the most natural and common thing on earth—a thing that always has been, is, and shall be. Ay, and very possibly has been in the case of these same masters and mistresses—even *they* may have courted and married. So we should not get amazed and indignant over this matter, and vainly try to stamp it out; but we should count upon it as a matter of course, and do what we can to regulate and make it right.

Now then to our subject. What is Courtship? or what *ought* it to be? Courtship is that acquaintance and intercourse between a man and a woman who, in the journey through life, have met and feel somehow and somewhat drawn to each other—that acquaintance and intercourse whereby they are, first and foremost, to find out whether they are fit or unfit for each other;—whether they can rightly, reasonably, and with the approval and blessing of God, commit their life's welfare the one to the other.

Well, my farm-servant brother, when you feel thus somehow and somewhat drawn to a woman, you are, at the commencement of your courtship, to pull yourself sharply up over this business, feeling that it is a business of the utmost concern to you;—you are to pull yourself sharply up over it on this wise: "Here is a woman outwardly becoming, beautiful, attractive; at least, she is so when I see her. But is she *always* so? Then the *outward* is only one thing, and not, by any means, the chief thing. What about the *inward*? What manner of spirit and character is she of? Has she those moral and spiritual beauties and adornments

which are, in the sight of God, of great price; and which will stand the wear and tear of the married life, and come out all the purer and brighter from that wear and tear? I am to marry for love, it is true; but what is the nature of my love? what is it founded upon? I am to marry for love, but I am to see that I love what is lovely. Have I the loveliness of genuine womanliness here, to which I can, with open eyes, bind my life for better for worse? I must, at the very outset, set myself with all my might to ascertain this. In order to do so, I must first and over all and in all take the matter to my God and Father, honestly seeking His light and direction, and calmly and resolutely using the reason and common sense He hath given to guide me."

And you, my farm-servant sister, have equal, if not more, need to do likewise at the outset of your courtship. When you meet with a man who shows you attention, and to whom you feel attracted, set yourself with all earnestness to settle this question: Is he worthy of my love? Look around among your married acquaintances, and see how the married life goes on there. You will likely find, in too many instances, that it is very different from what you were inclined to imagine. You will see many who, as young lads in the *courting days*, seemed so agreeable, so loving and lovable; but who, as husbands in the *married days*, have become so changed, so disagreeable, so sour, sulky, rough, unkind. Take good care that *your* young lad be not of this stamp. See that your sweetheart is not, at the bottom of his character, a *sour*, selfish heart. Don't let your affection blind you, but use your keen, sensitive, womanly discernment, and look his love through and through, and find out of what sort it is. He may appear exceedingly nice *just now*, caressing, professing, promising fine love and all fine things; and when the wedding day comes he may readily promise, before God and the witnesses around, that he will love and cherish you till death do you part. Ah, but *will he do it*? Do what you can to find this out ere it be too late. Is he a noble, pure, manly, godly fellow, unto whom you feel sure you can entrust your life's happiness? It will be a sad day and doom for you if, after your fate is fixed and bitter tears have washed your eyes and cleared them of the delusion and deception, you see clearly how the matter stands. See this now, then, before your fate is fixed. Do you also most especially lay this matter before your Heavenly Father, and earnestly seek His guidance. All through your courtship and marriage take Him along with you. Whether you have an earthly father or not to give you away on your wedding day, make sure that you shall have your Heavenly Father with you then. Make sure that you take that most momentous step leaning on His arm, with His smile and blessing upon you.

Such is what courtship ought to be at its commencement—viz. the opportunity of finding out whether or not the two may become no more two

but one—one in love, in sympathy, in joy, in sorrow, *one in the Lord*.

Well, but should the courtship stop when this is found out? Yes—as a general rule—yes; if it is seen in the light of reason and in the light of God that the two *cannot* become one. What reason and God have put asunder, let no man or woman join together. In that case stop the courtship. But supposing it is found, at the commencement of the courtship, that the two *may* become one, is the courtship to stop as soon as this is found out? No—as a general rule—no. Be in no hurry to stop your courtship. If the courtship is what it ought to be, the courting days will be quite as happy as the married days. Especially as regards you, farm-servants, I am persuaded that you, as a general rule, make a great and serious mistake in stopping the courting and marrying too soon. When you have, at the beginning of your courtship, ascertained that you suit each other, and are worthy of each other's love, let the courtship go on for the purpose of strengthening, deepening, rooting and grounding more and more the mutual acquaintance, affection, love, and esteem, which is the right preparation and foundation for a rational, godly, happy marriage. You cannot store up too much of these. You will find the married life will require all you can possibly lay in. Let the courtship go on for the purpose also of giving time for your saving and laying by, between you, as much money as shall enable you to marry and set up house full, comfortable, free of debt, and something over to wait a rainy day. Oh, my dear friends, I am sure you, in too many instances, sadly err and darken your married life by stopping the courtship and *marrying too soon*. Think of this; and court on, and don't marry till you hear from the "Old Farm-servant" again as to when you ought to do so.

In the meantime, let me sum up what courtship and marriage *ought to be*.

It ought to be a *rational* thing. It ought to be entered upon, carried through, and carried out in a wise, judicious, rational way. The comfort and well-being of your temporal and eternal life are bound up in this business. Surely, then, when it involves such momentous consequences, it should be made a matter of serious deliberate thought, of calm, close, cautious consideration and calculation.

It ought to be a *godly* thing. Oh, surely you cannot and will not keep away your God from your courtship and marriage—from the most important connection and step and stage in your life's history and destiny! "Marriages are made in heaven," the proverb says. Well, shall it not be your first and chiefest concern that *your* marriage shall be made in heaven before it be made on earth;—that your courtship, from beginning to end, shall be under the eye of your God and consecrated to Him;—that your marriage shall be a marriage in the Lord,—in His light and love, with His approval and sanction?

Such is what courtship and marriage ought to be. Now, farm-servant men and women, with all affection and sincere desire to help you—let me ask you this question: Is this the style of *your* courtship and marriage? Are your courtship and marriage of this rational and godly sort? Are your courtship and marriage according to the will and description and ideal of God, Who bids you marry in the Lord, and makes the marriage union the type of that most close and holy and loving and heaven-made union between Christ our Lord and His own true disciples? My dear friends, I fear you must answer No. As a general rule, your courtship and marriage are not of this rational, pure, and godly sort. How do I know? I see it in our Birth Registers—in the deplorable amount of illegitimate children registered there. I see it in our country Kirk-Session Records. What are these Records? They are little else but sad and sickening revelations of courtships and marriages defiled and darkened by sensuality. I know also, from having been for years among you as one of yourselves, seeing and hearing how you feel, think, speak, and behave, as lads and lasses. Oh, right well do I know, and the knowledge grieves me to the heart, and makes me very earnestly pray and strive to get your courtship and marriage, and all your intercourse as men and women, elevated, purified, lifted up out of the pollution in which it is degraded, into the chaste, pure, bright, and blessed thing that God who made you male and female desires and intends it to be.

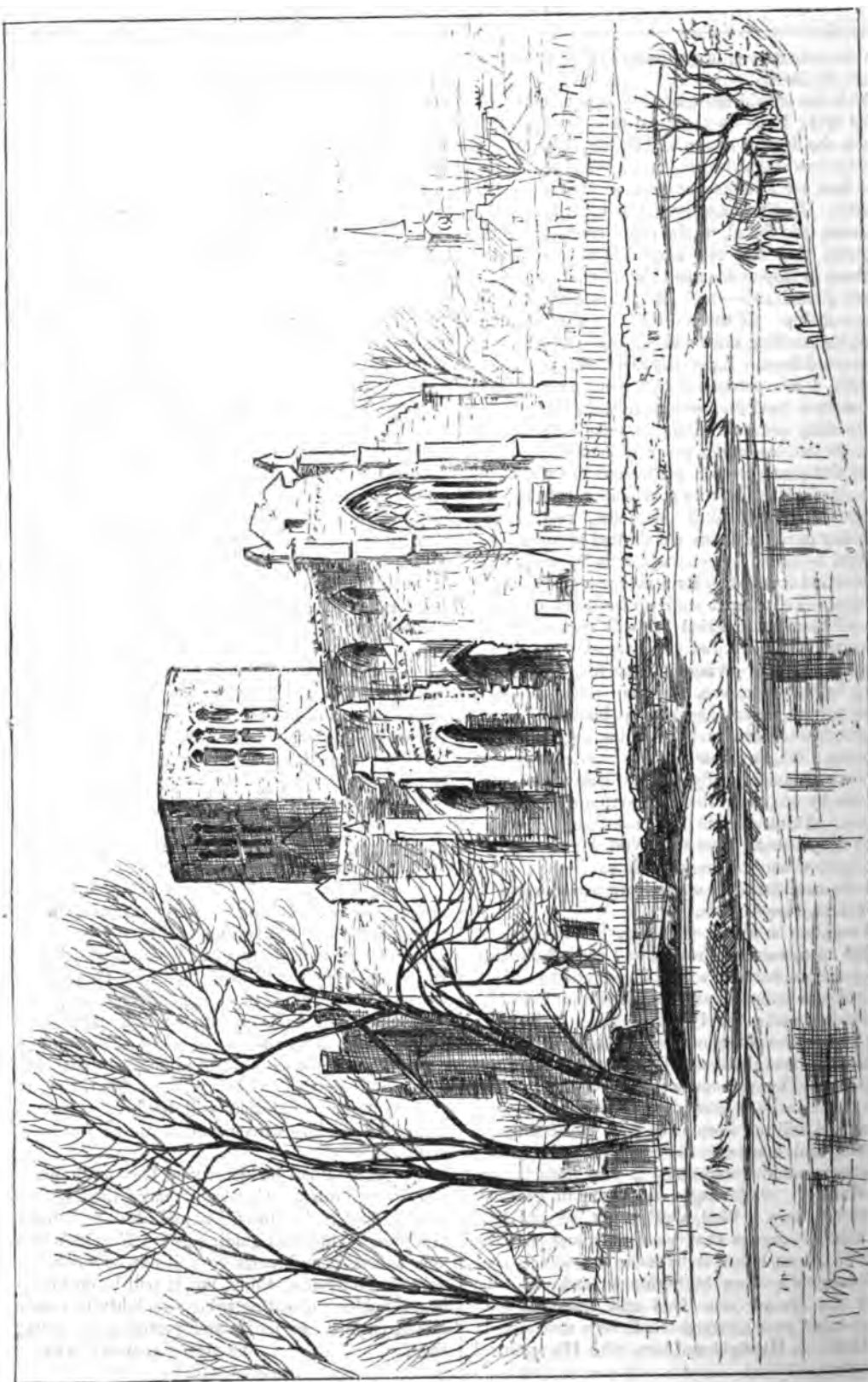
Young men, I say unto you: Arise and assert your manhood. Vow before your God that in all your intercourse with women you shall think and speak and act a pure, noble, manly part; that neither your own life nor the life of any woman shall be defiled and darkened by you.

Young women, I also say to you: Arise and assert your womanliness. Arise, arrayed in all the chastity and purity and beauty and loveliness wherewith your God intends to endow and adorn you; and then you will be clothed with the mighty, elevating, ennobling, purifying, sweetening power your God hath made you to wield;—then there will emanate from, and encompass your person and presence, an influence and an atmosphere that will scorch and scathe and scare away from you all that is impure, and that will mightily draw towards you the love, esteem, and devotion of genuine manhood.

Young men and maidens, your God hath made you for each other. Court and marry, then, but do it according to His intention and ideal, and under His pure, loving, and guiding eye. Then and thus your courtship and marriage will not be a defiling, debasing, darkening thing, but it will be an inspiring, ennobling, elevating thing;—mighty to steady and strengthen, to purify and protect your young lives.

AN OLD FARM-SERVANT.

(To be continued.)



Presented by W. D. McKAY, Esq., A.R.S.A.

THE LAMP OF LOTHIAN. (HADDINGTON CHURCH.)

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."
TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART V.

"I INTEND to be a foreign Missionary." The speaker, Jem Middlemass, looked his companion, Lindsay, full in the face as he uttered the words.

Lindsay started, and could not forbear an exclamation.

"Why should you be surprised?" said Jem, abruptly. "Surely there is nothing to astonish you, or any other follower of Christ, in my wishing to act in obedience to His commands? I only wonder at myself for having hesitated so long. I fear I am but a half hearted sort of fellow, after all. My poor father will naturally demur, and they will all think me foolish and—and miss me, perhaps. But you—I had expected nothing but encouragement and sympathy, I must say, Mr. Lindsay, from you." He looked hurt.

"Your mind, then, is quite made up?"

"Quite. That is to say, my conscience is. Look here, you see the sort of fellow I am, big, strong, fit for anything,—yet here I go on from day to day, plodding round and round in an easy jog-trot, while some that I know, poor puny delicate creatures, with not half my backbone, are working and toiling away from all they love, having left their homes and thrown up their prospects for the sake of the Master they serve. Why am I not with them? Why is my hand not at the plough? I tell you, Mr. Lindsay, when I think of what others have done, and what I have left undone, I am filled with shame and sorrow. If I do my utmost, what is it compared with what is being done daily by men we never think of? They give up all, whereas I——"

"Give up nothing?" said Lindsay with a faint smile.

"Comparatively speaking, nothing. I have a home, it is true, but I am not necessary to it: I am not the bread-winner of the family. And as for prospects, my father can give me something,—a very little will suffice. I have friends"—his eye sparkled, his cheek glowed, "I have friends, Mr. Lindsay, who have literally given up *all*—not merely the chance of riches, but of a roof over their heads—depending on nothing—on no one, but on the God above for daily bread; and they have gone forth, like the Apostles of old, bearing neither bag nor scrip—which in these days means money and influence—and with no hope that they will ever be repossessed of such."

"You would emulate them?"

"I would do what I could," said Jem modestly.

He was modest, but he was very firm. It soon became apparent that whatever wavering or uncertainty there might once have been in a mind that was almost invariably clear and resolute, there was none now. It almost seemed to Lindsay, indeed, as though there never had been any, and that when the young man referred to himself as having erewhile not arrived at a decision, he was merely shrinking, as many another might have done, from announcing his decision to the world.

Now that the ice was broken, Jem spoke long and eloquently upon the subject, pouring forth in one unbroken stream all the ardent longings and aspirations which had in secret been gathering during the past months, and on which both heart and soul had been feeding when deaf to outward circumstances.

Lindsay gazed with admiration on the fine manly form before him. Fire lit up the youth's eye, ardour and devotion loosed his tongue. He spoke as he had never before spoken. He unclosed his dearest hopes and visions. He drew a picture of a future noble and glorious enough to have aroused the soul of any fellow-creature on whom the breath of life Divine had been shed.

It was not in human nature to resist the impression.

At first, as we have seen, Lindsay had experienced a considerable shock of surprise and doubt. This was not what he had foreseen, and, truth to tell, it was more than he had bargained for. He had expected some knotty point of theology to be broached, or some scheme to be started, to which it was expected Middlemass would make opposition. But it was to have been some trifling scheme, some little vague disagreeable, which, in the state of mind in which both father and son were, had been exaggerated, and given an importance and prominence which were not its due. Such being the case, Middlemass would now assuredly give in; and Lindsay had, as we know, drawn a breath of relief at the prospect of so happy a termination to a threatening breach.

Accordingly, Jem's blunt avowal of something so different, of such an infinitely greater magnitude, for a moment staggered him. He had felt a chill of uncertainty, and suspicion of mischief. He was conscious of wishing with all his heart that no such vagary had ever entered the young man's head.

But as Jem Middlemass talked on, the feelings of his auditor underwent a sensible change. He suspended his judgment. He stood still to listen. The torrent swept him away, and he too caught the enthusiasm of the moment.

Opposition thereafter he offered none, beyond an occasional mild reminder, or remonstrance, which, in the very ease with which it could be set aside, served to strengthen the opponent's cause,—and indeed, at the close of the interview, both were entirely of one opinion, and it only remained to be seen who should break to Middlemass the news.

Eventually, of course, Lindsay was the one, and the result justified every prognostication.

Twenty times a day did the father vow that his son should not, could not, durst not dream of such a thing. So long as he, Middlemass, were alive to command obedience, Jem should not make a fool of himself. He argued, implored, swore (when Lindsay was not by), quoted Scripture (when he was), but all in vain. Jem was very quiet, behaved very well—but he stuck to his point. His father, he said, could not see things as he did, for which indeed he was sincerely sorry; but it could not alter his views that they were not shared by his family. He was a man, and must think for himself.

Middlemass in despair tried every *ruse*, now on the score of expediency, anon on that of religion, inserted "Honour thy father and thy mother" into half his arguments, and hunted his Bible in search of others to the point—but he made no way. It ended thus; he was, at the close, vanquished, broken down, and blubbing like a baby.

"My Dinah's son," he sobbed, "my lad that's all the world to me, it's hard, hard of the Almighty to have pitched upon him for the sacrifice. Why should he be the one, and none of the others? Ay, that's it, the best is wanted, always the best. I am but a sinful man, and don't pretend to understand what's too deep for me, nor to live up to all the gospel teaches, but I never interfered with Jem—never. He had his own way in everything, Lindsay. I declare to you I would not have that boy crossed in anything he had set his heart upon, whoever fared the worse for it. He knows I speak the truth—"

"Yea, father, yea." There were tears on other cheeks now.

"And, to think that after all—well, well, I did not mean to set you off too. Come, my boy," said the father mournfully. "Come, this won't do. I'm wrong, I suppose, as I always am—and you are both thinking me an old reprobate. Why, Jem—there now, that'll do, that'll do. Say you forgive me, for I feel as if I needed forgiveness somehow, though it's hard to say for what. Give me your hand, boy. You have done your duty as a son and a brother; and though I am now to lose you against my will, against my judgment, and against my conscience—ay, for I have a conscience too, as well as you,—yet I'll not stand in your way if the two can't be made to fit each other. I don't give in, mind you,—that's to say, I do give in, but in deference to you and Lindsay only, not that I'm convinced by any of your specious plausibility; but, however, let that pass. You must go, I suppose. And so," gulping down a variety of emotions, "so we must make the best of it. Give me your hand, sir, and—and God bless you."

Then each turned away his face from the other.

Neither was the grief and opposition of his

father all that Jem Middlemass had to encounter in the path he had chosen. Little as Mrs. Middlemass cared for her stepson, and willing as she would have been to be rid of him in any convenient, or, she would have phrased it, decent manner, she was scandalised at the prospect of having any one belonging to her running such a rig. What next? Who was to say where it would end? What would be working as a navvy, Davie as a street scavenger, soon! This was what came of herding with low Methodistical people, who liked bringing everybody down to their own level, and who would think it a fine thing to have one of Mr. Middlemass's sons turning himself into a common missionary. Had she been his father, no persuasions should have induced her to listen for a moment to the craze of a lad who had always been ridiculous in his notions, and who had no business to throw up the good opening made for him, just because he took the fancy. Mr. Middlemass had been too soft with Jem all along, and she had seen what it would lead to; but, of course, no one would listen to her; and a pretty way his father was in now, when it was too late, with more of the sort.

She even went so far as to accuse her stepson of ingratitude; but she took care not to repeat the charge.

Middlemass blazed into a passion which was the natural outcome of affection, grief, and indignation mingled, and for which he was ready to find any vent. He vowed that no one in his presence should dare to say such a word a second time. No one should speak against Jem when *he* was by. None of them were fit to wipe the dust off the boy's shoes, who was the finest, the noblest, the—the—the most dutiful lad, and the best Christian he had ever known, and who should have his father's blessing, even though he broke his father's heart. Jem ungrateful! He laughed an angry, scornful laugh. The boot was on the other leg, he took it. It was they—himself and his family—who were a parcel of ungrateful creatures, to whom the boy had devoted himself, body and soul, ever since he had been born, and who now raised an outcry because he wished to leave them and see something of the world. And why, pray, should he not? What? Did they want to tag on a whole tail of unmannerly children to the poor young fellow before he had any of his own? It was odd, indeed, if a son of his had not liberty to do as other young men did—travel, and see foreign parts. He hoped there was money enough in the bank for that. If there was not, it was a queer thing. He had never brought up Jem to be a drudge; sure enough, he himself had moiled and toiled, but those days were past; his son should be a gentleman. . . . So he would ramble on, caring little who heard, anxious only, it seemed, to ease his own heartache.

One word let drop, however, was of service to his wife. Travel? Ah! to be sure, she had not thought of that. Travel! Well, if his father

approved, she had nothing to say. She supposed it was natural; the young man wanted to have his fling, and when that was over, he would no doubt return and settle down; he would tire of life abroad.

"Tire of life among the savages; speak out, ma'am, when we are by ourselves," rejoined her husband, roughly. "Put it as you please to other people"—regardless of having himself started the idea—"but we'll have no shams in private. Lindsay knows the whole" (Lindsay being present); "and all I have to say, is, he'd best tire of the natives of Fiji before they tire of him. Good heavens! That I should have such a thing to say!" the perspiration starting from his brow. "It unmans me, Robert, that's what it does. It is what I never expected; I made as sure of my young ones growing up around me, and of ending my days peaceably among them—oh, I know it's done, it's done every day; there's Gilmour, his sons come and go like migrants—one day here, the next at the antipodes,—but that's not my style; I have set my face against that sort of thing all along. I had settled it all, Robert," plaintively; "Jem was to go in for science; I would have spared nothing to push him up the tree; Wat, he's for medicine, and you know how well he has started; then Davie, he's to be my man, step into my shoes when I'm laid on the shelf; and George and the baby—that's Robbie, as we call him now—both of them will be provided for before they come to the front. To be sure, we are told not to boast ourselves of the morrow; but still, one may have one's plans without any disrespect to Almighty God, and that was how I had arranged it all. Now Jem fails me! Which will be the next? If I could have depended with absolute certainty upon any one of the five, it was upon Jem. Oh," with a groan, "I wish that Purvis and Fiji, and everything connected with him or it, were at the bottom of the ocean!" He judged aright in attributing to Purvis the sowing of the seed which had borne such fruit.

Purvis was a gifted youth of high intellectual attainments, delicate physique, and ardent piety. He had long coveted the glorious self-sacrifice of a missionary's lot, and there was no reason why it should not now be his. In all respects he was eminently qualified for the arduous position; he had a natural turn for the acquirement of languages, a proficiency in various branches of industry, an agreeable conciliatory temper, and no ties of any special nature to bind him to his native country; it was felt, moreover, that, while gratifying his pious desires, he might also preserve and benefit his health.

But young Middlemass had also zeal and devotion. He, too, burned to distinguish himself in his Captain's service, and he learned with a thrill of generous envy and emulation the prospects of his friend.

Purvis, poor weak Purvis, going, and he left

behind! Purvis about to encounter hardships, dangers, and exile, while Jem Middlemass remained in inglorious ease at home! The thought was galling; he felt rebuked and ashamed; he was a reproach to himself.

We have seen that Lindsay, to whom this was primarily confided, made but a faint resistance to the young man's will, but, nevertheless, he did offer a few points for consideration. "Your family circle?" he suggested.

"And very dear they are to me, and very hard it will be to me to leave them," replied Jem. "But what then? 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me,' and our best affections here are surely not given to be a snare to us? It was a struggle though," he added slowly, "when I thought of the boys and Nora especially—poor Nora, what will she do?—but strength will be given her to bear it, and perhaps when I am gone they will all draw together more. I—I don't know but what I am in the way sometimes," said Jem, looking at Lindsay. "You see, sir, they all come to me when they are in trouble or anything, and perhaps they should go to their father and mother, don't you see? If it should turn out that I had been only a hindrance——"

"You need not fear that, I am sure," said Lindsay.

"Well then, you see, I am not married."

"Nor likely to be so, eh?"

Jem shook his head. "No sir, not in the least likely."

"Why, to tell you the truth, my young friend, your father and I had been giving you credit for something of that kind."

Jem laughed. "Oh yes, I thought as much. My father was quite convinced I had been falling in love, and was put out altogether when I confessed that so far I had had no experience whatever in such matters. He told me," laughing again, "he told me that he had had a dozen love affairs off and on before he was my age."

"Evidently he thinks you remiss."

"If so, Mr. Lindsay, what must he think of you?" said Jem archly.

But the smile died away from his lips as he noted the effect produced, for Lindsay had started at the bantering word, and the colour had mounted to his cheek with a rapidity that showed it at once to be a home thrust.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered the young man, vexed with himself. "I beg your pardon. I have said something I ought not. Pray forgive me."

"Oh, I forgive you; I forgive you with all my heart, my boy,—that is if there be anything to forgive," replied Lindsay, recovering himself and endeavouring to take the matter lightly; "you touched an old wound, and it smarted for the moment, but it is all right now. 'Tis a very old one, Jem, and

does not hurt at all, except under pressure. The girl I loved is still alive, well, and happy,—so am I. Neither of us ever doubts that all has been ordered for the best. We have nothing to regret—*she* has nothing, at all events—and I—no, I cannot have either. I will recognise no agency in our separation; it was the will of God. 'The strongest Hand is on high,' and no hand below can do aught but work out Its designs. Well then," in a brisker tone, "to return to you. Let me hear more of this scheme of yours."

He had then heard all, and had fallen in with it, as shown in the last chapter.

Others, however, were by no means so easily reconciled. The two next in age, the brothers Wat and Davie, were wild with impotent wrath against everything and every one whom they could in any manner connect with the terrible disclosure. On Lindsay's suspicion first fell. Of course the two, unreasonable themselves, were proof against the reasoning of others. *They* knew. *They* were not such fools that they could not see how it was. It was the old gentleman's doing, of course. Was it likely they were going to be put off with a cock-and-bull story of Jem's having had to combat Mr Lindsay's scruples? Bosh! What should Mr. Lindsay have scruples about? *He* was not going to have his brother taken away from him; it was no business of his, anyway. Mean, artful, sneaking, old rascal, to go and get over a poor young fellow because he was religious and that. Jem had never done anybody any harm with his religion, and it was a beastly shame not to let him alone. He was none of your canting hypocritical whiners, he was as good a fellow as ever lived. It was a shame—a shame.

Wat actually sobbed, as his father had done, while Davie, less impetuous, manifested that the sentiments expressed by his brother were shared by him by "sheering off" in his own phraseology directly Lindsay appeared, or, if this were impracticable, by preserving a sullen and repellent silence in his society.

Nora, however, was the one of the whole family who was most to be pitied.

She said less than any, but her large, dark, stag-like eyes took a new expression, and her small, tightly-compressed lips were forced to part and quiver when the most casual reference was made to Jem's departure. To this departure Mrs. Middlemass—now anxious to gloss it over, as being a pleasant trip and quite the theme for conversation—was not slow to allude in her husband's absence. When he was by the subject was, by command, tabooed,—but there were plenty of opportunities when it could be introduced at odd times, and by and by, though she could never be brought to use the *word* missionary, she found herself able to endure the *idea*. Indeed, in her secret heart, she soon began to feel a new complacency. There were reasons why the young man's whim need not

be so very much deplored after all. Look what an uproar had been made about it! Think of all she had had to put up with for many a past year! No one had ever had a chance with Jem in the family favour, and it would really have been ridiculous if that sort of thing had gone on for ever. She knew better than to let slip a suspicion of such reflections, but they were there,—and Nora guessed as much. She almost hated her mother at this time.

Nor would the poor child open her heart to any one.

In vain her half-brother made attempts to effect a renewal of their former loving intercourse. She shunned his presence except in public; put to him none of the interrogations wherewith he was assailed by the little ones; betrayed no apparent interest in the cheerful and elaborate answers which were intended to infect Jem's audience with something of his own animation; and maintained an obstinate silence whenever the subject was started. It was evidently a pleasure and a relief to the young man to be able to talk of his work, his hopes, and projects. Little Jenny soon knew all about the little black children whom he was going to teach, about the strange trees and birds he would see, the house he should have to build, and the journeys he expected to make. She listened with delight, begging that her own hymn-book and Testament might be taken and made of use. She thought Nora a very silly person indeed, and naughty too, to be so unkind as not to wish Jem to go.

Once the brother and sister met point blank on the stairs, no one else being about. He caught her, and would have carried her off, as he had been wont to do, for private confab, delightful and sacred, but she wrenched herself from his brotherly hold, and fled without a word.

"Can you speak to her, sir?" Lindsay was appealed to at last. "She will not give me the chance, and I can see the poor child is fretting her heart out. Do see what can be done for Nora when—when I am gone, Mr. Lindsay. My father will listen to you, but if I were to speak to him now, it would only give him grounds for setting up a new front in opposition. But I wish I could get at my poor little sister. It would comfort her just to have a good cry. She is such a curious reticent creature that I do not believe she has mentioned the subject to any human being."

Nor would Nora mention it. She eluded Lindsay as she had eluded Jem, and kept her grief unflinchingly locked within her own bosom. She was in agonies, as any one could see, but she looked with contempt on the scowling Wat and lugubrious Davie. They might care—but not as she cared. Maggie and the children might ask their innocent terrible questions, whilst she held her breath and wrung her hands beneath the table; they might ask them with reproachful impatient gaze—but they smiled and laughed the minute after. Middlemass

alone his daughter compassionated. Her watchful eye took in the slower step and drooping arms. When he came home of an evening she would stand beside his chair as she had never done before, make a shy remark or two, and, when these were left unnoticed, taking no offence, would seem only the more drawn towards the silent figure with head resting on the hands, which was so unlike the Middlemass of old. On him, therefore, furtive glances of love and sympathy were cast, but towards every other member of the house there was turned a mask impenetrable.

Of Life.

V. THE DIVERSE MATERIAL GOD'S GRACE MUST WORK ON.

THERE is another general truth of which we must take account.

It is one which we ought to see and know from the first; but which in fact we take in only through much experience.

At first, dealing with human souls, we think, vaguely, that what will do for one will do for all. We think that what will do for the average of the Race, will do for every one; forgetting how exceptional most people are, both in their nature and in their experience. Now, nearing the end, we see that no two human beings are really very much alike. Now, we recognise the need of the most diverse treatment for diverse souls.

There are rough causes which act equally upon all. There are rough means which apply equally to all. Dip any human being in water, and it is sure to make him wet. Make any human being walk a great many miles; and he will be tired. It is quite different when we come to spiritual causes and effects. The soul is a strange, wilful, complex thing, and refuses to be reckoned on. Send a heavy disappointment on each of two men. They may take it and feel it quite differently; they may be influenced and formed by it quite differently. A wise pastor (that is, wise comparatively, for no mortal is really wise) going about among the sick and suffering: some know what diverse views of God's truth he feels are the right thing in this house of sorrow and in that,—are the opportune thing, the thing for the time and the place. Say two men have been cheated grossly. One smiles and puts it by: the other is fevered by it for a week: it burns inwardly like inflammation. Say the terrible trial of bereavement comes: the bitterest of all bereavement. One sits down by the fireside, beaten. He suffers in silence: God only knows how much. But one of another temperament is eager; is flurried; has very much to say. I have seen it all: I knew I never in this world had seen a more stricken soul.

Now, about the meeting and taking of Worry. I am sure I pointed out what is in the main the

right way for all to meet it and take it; and to be the better for it if that may be. But it falls very differently on different souls.

It is discouraging to a poor worried creature to think, Ah, no one but myself and Christ knows how hard I am trying to take this as I ought: yet there is no success. It is easy for others, so tried, to be patient, to be trustful, to be amiable. They don't inherit my sad constitution in body and soul. A great writer, you may remember, makes a jest of the troubles of a poor woman who (as he says) came of the Mount-Fydeget family. But, seriously, there is nothing to laugh at in the sorrowful inheritance of an uneasy organisation, moral and physical.

We recognise, at once, the awful differences between human beings in nature and temperament. It is part of the mystery of the diverse ways in which God treats His poor creatures. To some, He sends such an easy and prosperous life: to others, such a hard and bitter and degraded one. There are poor souls whose worldly condition makes them think ill of themselves, and wish to slink by and creep out of sight. A certain man, to whom God gave wonderful success (it does not matter in what walk of life), speaking of his wife's being taken from him, makes mention in an easy way of the *bright life* she lived; notably, always in the enjoyment of *ample means*. All this is spoken of as though it were quite a matter of course. And if the good man, in writing the words, remembered how much better he and his wife fared than the overwhelming majority of humankind, how much better they fared than they in any way deserved at God's hand, he certainly did not say that he was remembering these truths. No right-thinking Christian man or woman grudges the worthy couple what they got. But a great many right-thinking Christian men and women, reading the history, have sadly shaken their heads, and sighed a weary sigh, and said to themselves silently, *How unlike me!* Yes; and have thought what a difference it would have made to their children had just about a hundredth part of that overflowing worldly prosperity been sent their way: and how differently the work of life would have been done, and its troubles faced, had it not been appointed to live under the cold shade of poverty, and under the pressure of constant care. *Anxius vixi*: the great Mediæval scholar wrote: writing therein the experience of most men and women who will ever read this page. Think what it might have been, had the story been summed up by saying, I lived a bright unanxious life; I never knew a heart sick with sordid calculations; I met honour wherever I went; a word from me was taken as a high reward by mortals far nobler and better than myself. Let it not be doubted that such a life has its peculiar temptations. But, assuredly, it is delivered from divers temptations to dark moods of soul which fall to the common lot of us poor weary disappointed anxious folk.

Yes, it is easy for some people to be good: that

is, it is much easier than it is for others. To be cheerful, hopeful, patient, contented, is plain sailing for folk all whose surroundings go straight to make them so. And though all eyes can discern the help which comes to one from the outward lot, or the hindrance; not all can see, and not very many remember, that there may be something within which will be a far greater help or hindrance than all things without put together. The constitution you inherit will (in a true sense) never be quite changed. No, not even by the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit will not give any mortal a new nervous system. It is not in that sense, that any one will ever be made a *new creature*. But the Holy Spirit, acting directly on the soul not the body, will (if you faithfully try) help and enable you to make a greater effort to resist and put down the temptation that comes to you of the constitution which came to you from your father and mother. All the same, the greater effort will be needed. It may cost you twenty times the effort and strain to take Worry rightly as from Christ's hand, that it costs your next neighbour. And the upshot of all the strain and effort may be something very poor. You carry a drag-weight which holds you back in running the race which is set before us: and nobody sees it. You know it bitterly, yourself: but you sometimes think nobody else knows. Aye, and more trying still. It may be that such as see that you are indeed fighting the good fight at sad disadvantage, instead of being sorry for you, are angry with you. "An ill-conditioned, unamiable creature," they say: "a wrong-headed, crotchety creature, who twists things, and takes everything in an evil sense." "Look at the sour face of the creature: Really I have no patience with such *thrown* beings." Did not I, just yesterday, in a long day's parochial visitation, sit down by the cold fireside of a poor lonely woman, who has quarrelled with every friend: and looking at the morose features, listening to the harsh voice telling a complaining story of sorrows in which according to her own showing she was utterly in the wrong;—did not I, after all these years of dealing with my fellow-creatures, tend to get angry: when I ought to have felt the deepest sorrow and sympathy towards one whom it has pleased God to visit with a heavier burden than any bodily disability or deformity could be? Every one feels for the poor soul with the twisted body. But it takes both experience and sweetness to feel for the poor creature with the twisted mind. Of course, you can fight, and you ought to fight, against the promptings of the twisted mind: while the disabilities of the body you must just bear, and make the best of. I remember this, vividly. All I ask of you to remember is, that with certain tried mortals the mental drag-weight is there. And it is far harder for them, through this, to run the race, to fight the good fight. Perhaps I am wrong, my reader, in thus taking for granted that you are among the happy ones to whom birth gave a sweet

and reasonable nature, the congenial material for God's grace to work upon. Possibly you know within yourself, though you would hardly say it to any other, that you are of those who must carry weight in life, and fight as with crippled hands. Just a cheering word. Do not fancy that no one knows how hard it is for you to keep in any measure in the right way. "He knoweth our frame," Who gave it us. "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." We have no secrets from Him. And we do not want to pass ourselves off upon Him for anything stronger and better than we are. We all know well, that we are very poor creatures. But we do not say that to everybody. In plain fact, we do not tell the whole truth concerning ourselves save to ONE.

It fell to me once, on a beautiful day in May, to fly, steam-spiced, through the beautiful suburban district that lies South of London, in company with a very dear friend, whose burden of duty is very heavy. That morning he was sad, and silent: till suddenly he said, "I have seven separate worries gnawing away at me this morning." He had; and they were heavy, and implied much anxiety. But they were all public matters, and they arose out of the place he held, which is a high place. It seemed as though such dignified worries could have been better borne, and more easily, than the humbling troubles, arising in their own lot, which ordinary mortals know. Doubtless this is delusion; and it comes of the certain fact, that only the wearer feels where the shoe pinches. Still, that was not my first reflection. It was, what a nature the Man of the Seven Worries had started with. They saddened him, but they could not sour; could not irritate. And one thought, with a remorseful envy, how extraordinarily disagreeable one had many times been under half the provocation. Nor was it specially comforting to reflect that this was because one is naturally so disagreeable. And yet, from earliest youth, one could not but think that the behaviour of dogs (according to good Doctor Watts) in the respect of Barking and Biting, is palliated as well as accounted for by the suggestion that "God has made them so." That is, if the fact be as stated.

You say to a fellow-creature of a peculiar temperament, Train yourself to kindness in your estimate of those around. Don't be sharp to see stupidity or lack of truthfulness in others. Don't dwell upon little provocations, and so stick the dart further in and twist it round, and get yourself into a fever. Ah, we have all known folk, and Christian folk too, to whom it was quite vain to address such counsel. Most striking instances are pressing themselves upon me at this moment. You would smile at some, if they were recorded: though it was no smiling matter to any one when they occurred. And as for recording them, that is exactly what I am not going to do.

Then are we to make up our mind that our faults in temper and temperament are never to be cured? I trow not, unless we are to make up our mind likewise to go utterly to the Bad. It may never be so easy for you to resist the terrible temptations of daily *Worry*, as it is for others more favoured by their birth, and from their birth. And you may stumble often to the last, and have good reason for shame and for penitence. But I will not believe that by faithful endeavours and by the grace of God we may not in the long-run overcome any temptation whatsoever. You remember how one, in old days, who pretended to judge of men's character by their face, had a swarthy ill-looking Satyr set before him; and was asked what-like man was that: and gave a most condemnatory estimate. The ill-looking satyr was the purest and noblest of all the millions of the Race that never heard of Christ: it was *SOCRATES*. The bystanders laughed and jeered at the wrong judgment. But Socrates staid them, and said, "He is right: I was all that, but Philosophy has cured me." Philosophy, he said. I will not doubt that God's grace was there: has been in all that ever was good in human being. The Sage said all he knew. We know more and better: for which God be thanked. We know where to look: every means else would be a failure. As holy Biahop Andrewes said, "If Christ, and the Holy Spirit, take us not in hand, all cures else are but a palliative."

But we shall ask, many times daily, to be taken in hand. And we shall do our own utmost and best.

A. K. H. B.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER V.

WE turn now to a battlefield, but we won't affect to believe that the reader does not know who is one of the chief heroes of that field.

Robert Thorogood is his name. Bob does not look very heroic, however, when we introduce him, for he is sound asleep with his mouth open, his legs sprawling, his eyes tight shut, his bed the ground, his pillow the root of a tree, and his curtains the branches thereof. The only warlike point about Bob is the trumpet-sound that issues from his upturned nose.

Bob's sentiments about soldiering are queer. His comrades laugh at him a good deal about them, but they never scoff, for Bob is strong and full of fire; besides, he is a pattern of promptitude and obedience, so they respect him. Moreover, he is a kindly and jovial man, therefore they are fond of him.

The battlefield of which we write was in the East. The fight had been between the British and

Russians. The British had been victorious, and slept on the field.

When the bugles sounded the next morning they stopped the nasal trumpets everywhere, and Corporal Robert Thorogood was the first man of all the host to "fall in"—which he did by himself. But he was not long alone; others quickly joined him.

The companies were soon numbered, proved, formed into column, and marched off. Then there was a short halt for breakfast.

"Why, you're not half a soldier, Bob," said a hearty young comrade, while hastily eating his rations. "I saw you spare a Russian officer yesterday after he had cut off the little finger of your left hand."

"What good would it have done to have killed him?" asked Bob with a smile, as he looked at the bloody stump, which had just been dressed by the surgeon; "the poor fellow's leg was broken by a bullet the moment after he had done it, so he could do us no more harm in this campaign. Then, his death would not make my little finger grow on again. Besides, I don't like killing men."

"Why did you join the army, then, if you did not do so for the honour and glory of fighting (which means killing) our enemies?"

"Ah, you may ask that indeed! I mistook my profession, I suppose. However, I'll do my duty while I remain in the service."

As he spoke, firing was heard in the distance, and the men were ordered to fall in hastily before breakfast had been quite finished.

The firing increased, and soon the advance guard was seen falling back in good order over the brow of a small hill or slope. Rifle balls began to fly overhead, and a few to drop unpleasantly near the troops. Suddenly our Corporal was startled by an appalling cry behind him. He turned quickly, and saw the young soldier with whom he had been so recently conversing lying on his back stone dead, with the blood oozing from a hole between his eyes.

There was no time to think, however. His battalion was ordered to the front to defend a narrow rocky pass which the enemy were attempting to carry by storm. Twice already they had made the assault, and had almost succeeded on the second attempt. A third assault was being made when Thorogood's company came up. They rushed forward just as the Russians crowned the heights and were driving the British back. The reinforcements checked them, but did not turn the scale at first.

There was one gigantic Russian who stood towering above his fellows with clubbed rifle, furiously knocking down all who came within his reach, like Horatius or one of the other heroes of ancient Rome. At him Corporal Thorogood sprang, grasping his rifle by the muzzle as he ran, and whirling it on high. The Russian saw him coming. The two rifles met with a crash, and flew into splinters.

Bob dropped his weapon, grasped his adversary by the throat, thrust him back, and bore him headlong to the ground. This incident turned the scale. A cheer followed. The British swept forward with such irresistible fury that the men in front were thrust upon the foe in a mass, Bob and his enemy being turned heels over head in the rush. A well-sustained fire scattered the foe like chaff, and those who had been thrown down were taken prisoners. Among them was the gigantic Russian, with the Corporal still holding his collar tight in his iron grasp.

"Well done, my man!" said the Colonel of the regiment as he rode past Bob.

The Colonel was a man of few words. He said no more on that occasion, but every one knew that he would not forget the man who had so bravely turned the tide of battle that day.

Bob, however, did not escape altogether unhurt. He had been rather severely wounded, and afterwards had to spend a considerable time in hospital. As his wound did not prevent him from moving about, he soon became a valuable assistant to the surgeons and nurses in the hospital.

"Ah!" said he one night, when smoothing the pillow and attending to the wants of a severely wounded soldier, "this comes more natural to me. It suits me better than fighting."

"I wish you were one of the regular nurses, Corporal," said one of the surgeons heartily; "you do everything so thoroughly, and with such a will."

But Bob was not allowed to remain long at his peaceful work. Being a healthy and temperate man, he soon recovered, and ere long found himself in the trenches before Sebastopol.

It was winter. One bleak, raw morning, just before daybreak, Bob plodded down with his party through slush and mud to take his turn of fighting before the great fortress. It was bitterly cold and dark. Some of the men were grumbling terribly.

"Ah, then, won't you shut your 'tatie traps?" said a big Irishman, who had won the Victoria Cross the week before for conspicuous gallantry.

"We engaged for this sort o' work, lads, when we 'listed," remarked Bob, "an' are paid for it; so let's stick to our bargain wi' the Queen, an' do our duty well."

"Troth, that's well said," remarked the Irishman. "'What's worth doin' at all is worth doin' well;' as my ould grandmother used to say when she whacked me."

There was a faint laugh at this, and the grumbling ceased.

When day broke the Russians commenced firing, and every now and then a shell would pass roaring over the men's heads. Sometimes one would drop in amongst them. When this happened the men fled right and left, or threw themselves flat on their faces until the shell had exploded.

On one of these occasions a shell dropped close to

a wounded man, to whom Bob was giving a drink at the time. The men near it sprang away or lay down as usual, but the wounded man lay in such a position, with his shoulders raised by a little knoll of earth, that he could not escape, and had not strength even to move. With a look of horror he gazed at the hissing shell. Bob Thorogood saw this all at a glance. In a moment he had the live shell in his arms, rushed to the top of the earthworks, and hurled it over, only just in time, for it burst as it reached the ground, and blew the spot on which Bob stood, with Bob himself, back into the trenches, where the big Irishman received him in his arms.

"Not hurt, darlin', are ye?" he asked anxiously.

"No, thank God, only shaken a bit," answered the Corporal.

Next day, however, our hero was not so fortunate, although he gained a reward for which many of his comrades panted.

He was on duty at the time in the trenches. The Russians had been pretty quiet that night, but just before daybreak they made a sortie in considerable force. Our Corporal's company had to bear the brunt of the fighting, and suffered much. It was broad daylight before the Russians were driven back. Some of the more fiery men of the company pursued them too far, and were cut off. At last all the survivors returned to the trenches, and then the enemy commenced a furious cannonade, as if to revenge themselves for the repulse. Their sharpshooters, too, were on the alert, and if a man chanced to show the top of his shako above the earthworks, several bullets went through it instantly.

Among those who had fallen on the exposed ground outside was a young officer—almost a boy, with fair curling hair and a soft little moustache.

He lay severely wounded under the frail protection of a bush round which shot and shell were raining fearfully. Corporal Thorogood observed him, leaped over the earthworks, ran through the iron storm, raised the youth in his strong arms, and brought him under cover in safety. The Corporal's shako was riddled, and his clothes were torn in all directions, but nothing had touched his body save one bullet, which cut off the forefinger of his right hand.

For this gallant deed Corporal Robert Thorogood afterwards received the Victoria Cross. What pleased him far more, however, was the fact that the young officer's life was saved, and he ultimately recovered from his wounds.

"Ah, then," said the big Irishman, with a look of pity when Bob showed him his bleeding hand, "your sodgerin' days is over, me boy."

And so they were. At the close of the war our Corporal retired from the service with a small pension, leaving the two fingers behind him!

(To be continued.)



JUNE 1881.

Sermon.

SIN.

By Rev. HENRY COWAN, B.D., Aberdeen.¹

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight. . . . Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me."—PSALM LI. 2-5.

THERE is no good reason to doubt the trustworthiness of the title prefixed to this Psalm, indicating as the occasion of its composition that memorable interview between Nathan and David, when the prophet, by means of the Parable of the Ewe Lamb, causes the king unconsciously to condemn himself, and then confounds the royal transgressor with the startling announcement, "Thou art the man." The barriers of self-deception, long interposed, are broken down, and the pent-up waters of penitence flow forth in full volume in this "prayer of a broken heart," on which, as on a mighty river, have been borne Godward the tears and prayers of sin-burdened penitents in every age.

What a sacred treasury of instruction is this fifty-first Psalm concerning Sin, Repentance, and Grace! Our present purpose is to contemplate and interpret some of its teachings regarding SIN.

I. Note the different expressions by which the nature and demerit of Sin are here described.

1. Sin is a *missing of the mark* (the original force of the word here translated "sin"), missing the true aim or goal of existence, moral failure. Man's true goal is eternal life—perfect and enduring happiness, to be attained only through aiming after the glory of God. Sin, ignoring God, aims mistakenly after some earthborn, transient gratification as its goal, and so misses the highest, eternal, only real good, while that after which it aims, even when attained (which it not always is), proves sooner or later to be a shadow or a lie. On how many lives the world bestows the epithet successful, while God and the Bible inscribe "failure."

2. Sin is a *swerving from the straight course* (the original significance of the word here translated "iniquity"), a moral deviation or perversion. We have no excuse for missing the true goal of exist-

¹ This sermon has been kindly furnished by Rev. Mr. Cowan—the Very Rev. Principal Tulloch having been prevented by illness from preparing a discourse on the same subject, as announced in our programme.

ence, for the pathway thereto has been marked out. The moral law—that "law written on our hearts" and written more fully and clearly in the Bible—traces out the course we are to follow, and sin is a perverse divergence from that course of rectitude. Sin is the pursuit of some devious path of our own choosing—a path often flowery at first, but which is found afterwards to be a "hard way," and leads to ruin and wretchedness in the end.

3. Once more, Sin is *revolt, rebellion* (such is the force of the word translated "transgression"), breaking away from, rebellion against God. Sin is no mere failure to attain the true end of existence. Sin is more than perverse deviation from moral law. It is a personal offence against a living God. When we yield to the suasion of sinful propensity, we break off our allegiance to One who has supreme claims on our obedience, loyalty, and service. The Bible reveals God to mankind, not as the impersonal Soul of the world, nor yet as a far-away Deity, concerning Himself little with mankind, nor yet as a Deified Man with human failings, but as a Personal, Ever-present, All-holy, Sin-hating, Man-loving King and Father. And so, from the Bible standpoint, sin is the disloyal rebellion of the subject, the unfilial rebellion of the child.

II. *The chief guilt of all sin consists in its being an offence against God.* "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." Very striking these words are in the light of the sins over which the Psalmist here mourns. David *had* sinned most grievously against Uriah, Bathsheba, his own household, his subjects and kingdom. And yet "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned," he cries. Was he then insensible to this aggravated sin against man? Nay; let his penitent appropriation of Nathan's parable—let the cry in this very Psalm, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness," testify. The words, "Against Thee, Thee only," are to be taken, not absolutely, but relatively, according to a figure of speech not uncommon in Scripture, which represents anything subordinate as nothing in comparison with what is paramount and pre-eminent. What the Psalmist implies is, that however deeply he had sinned against man or woman, all guilt so incurred was completely overshadowed by, and for the time lost in, the thought of the infinitely exceeding guilt of his sin against God.

One hears much at the present day of the folly and shame of sin, or of certain forms of it; and

we ought to abhor and to forsake all sin as moral self-injury, self-degradation, suicide. One hears, also, much of the guilt of sins against our neighbour; for we live—God be thanked!—in an age in which the brotherly responsibilities of man towards man, however imperfectly fulfilled, are at least, as a thousand and one schemes of philanthropy bear witness, fairly enough recognised. And truly we ought to repent of and abjure every sin, whether of heart or life, as an offence against our neighbour. Every evil word or act or neglect of duty helps to influence others towards wrong; and even wrong thoughts are sins against our fellowmen; for the evil spirit of our inner life forces its way outward, in spite of our selves, with corrupting power. But is there not lacking in our time, even among religious-minded men, something of that deep and lively sense of sin as an offence against God, which has distinguished the religious life of other ages which we are accustomed to regard as spiritually inferior to our own? We stop not to inquire particularly into the cause of this decline. Whether it be the progress of science, which, to the superficial view, seems to remove God to a distance from our world, and to interpose an atmosphere of dead law between us and Him—or whether it be the noxious influence of materialistic ideas which reduce sin to mere physical evil—or whether it be the prevalent whispers of that most insidious philosophy which regards sin as a necessary and designed factor in the divine development of good—the fact remains, that in the present day, and within the sphere of the Christian Church, the offence of sin, even when most unsparingly condemned, is not condemned with the emphasis which is due, as in every case pre-eminently and paramountly an offence against God.

We need to bring better home to our heart and conscience the personal relation in which we stand to Him who abhors all sin. We need to feel more powerfully that as our Holy Creator and Preserver, in whom we live and move and have our being; as our Holy Benefactor and Friend, to whom we owe every joy we have or hope for; as our Holy Lawgiver and King, whose law is just and good, whose rule is one of righteousness tempered with mercy; as our Holy Father, who, with more than parental love, has cared for and borne with us, His human family; as our Holy Redeemer, who has rescued us from ruin through the wondrous sacrifice of the cross—God has infinite claims upon us—upon our grateful, loyal, filial service, from the very core of our inmost being to the farthest rim of our outmost life. And if we felt all this, or anything like all this, while our sin against our own undying natures would humble us into penitent shame, while our sin against our neighbour would fill us with intense remorse, the guilt thus incurred would be felt to be as nothing compared with the overshadowing guilt which springs from our sin against a sin-hating God and

a sin-crucified Christ; and we should be constrained to cry out, like David, in the felt presence of a God of infinite holiness, and tenderest mercy, and transcendent claims on our love and obedience, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned."

III. *We have here a distinct declaration of "original sin"*—the natural tendency towards sin inherited from progenitors, and transmitted as a moral disease. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." We see how parents transmit to their children bodily features and mental peculiarities; can we wonder that moral tendencies should also be transfused? Sin is universal. "None is righteous, no not one." The simplicity of the savage is not exempt from sin; the progress of enlightenment fails to remove it; before evil associations have had opportunity to exercise their baneful influence, germs of sin, in the form of wilfulness and selfishness, appear even in the little child.

This being so, it may be pleaded that we cannot help sinning; and is not sin, therefore, rather our misfortune than our fault? We are familiar with the half-excusing way in which men sometimes speak of sin. "It is just his nature," they say pityingly, about some one who gives way, for example, to ill-temper; "He can't help it, his father was just the same." Or about themselves, "I own my fault; I am very sorry; but something in me drives me to this sin. Every one has his natural weakness, and this is mine;" "Shapen in iniquity."

Contemplate original sin in the light of this Psalm. A jewel is often best seen when set; a machine is best understood when seen in use; and the doctrine of original sin, apparently pernicious in its practical bearing, when viewed as part of a theological system, will prove not only *not* hurtful, but positively useful to remember and to realise, when regarded as part of the earnest outpouring of a sin-burdened but penitent and God-seeking soul.

1. Observe that belief in original sin does not, in David's case, diminish the sense of personal accountability. No testimony could be more distinct to the mournful fact of inborn corruption; yet no conviction more deep could be imagined of utter, inexcusable, unmitigated wrongness. From the lowest depths of lowliest self-condemnation the cry of the contrite transgressor ascends.

If it be asked *how* this inborn tendency towards sin does not in David's case, and ought not in any case, to palliate personal guilt or weaken the sense of personal responsibility, the Psalm before us answers the question by telling us of another truth which ought never to be separated from the doctrine of natural corruption—the blessed truth that we are not left to ourselves to struggle against inborn sinful tendencies. "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me," the Psalmist prays, and the prayer against His removal testifies to the felt reality of His presence in the heart. It is only one side of the truth to say we are born in sin. The grace of God

is as old as the Fall. From the first dawn of consciousness, the Spirit of God striveth with and worketh in men. Be this thought our safeguard when we are tempted to throw the blame of actual transgressions on natural weakness or corruption. Weakness is wickedness when there is One who seeks to make us strong. Inherited corruption becomes personal guilt when we resist cleansing power. Behold, we are shapen in iniquity; yes, but re-shaping, regenerating grace has been ours.

2. Observe in the light of this Psalm how the doctrine of original sin leads to adequate views as to what is required in order that we may be truly good. Men are apt to think of goodness as consisting merely in right actions, words, and thoughts; but the Psalmist feels that something behind, beneath, is needed—"Create in me a clean heart, O God." He goes to the root of the matter; he realises his inborn corruption. Beneath all actual sins of thought and action he feels there is something essentially wrong; and so he feels the need of a cure correspondingly fundamental;—a "new spirit," a "clean heart" is required.

And further, the conviction of inborn sin leads to right views as to how this cure is to be effected. There can be no real deep goodness without strong effort. The Christian life is a race, a wrestling, a strife, a fight. But this is not all. Goodness, holiness, is something not merely to be striven after, but to be prayed for. How intensely earnest are the prayers for holiness in this Psalm. Under the burdening consciousness of inborn sin he is driven for help, for deliverance, to God. Yes! it is when we are brought face to face with this need of the inner fountain of our nature being cleansed that the necessity of divine inspiration comes home. So long as deeds, words, and even thoughts and desires are in question, we feel some power of reformation in ourselves; but when we realise, as the knowledge of Original Sin constrains us to do, that our very self is wrong—the very fountain of our being corrupted—we then feel that a power above our own is needed, thus to save us from ourselves, and the Psalmist's prayer, "Create—renew, Thou," ascends from our humbled soul.

In the person and work of Jesus Christ, we have the revelation no less of sin's guilt and turpitude than of its pardon and cure. Beholding the Saviour's holy beauty and purity, our own deformity and vileness come more impressively home. Beholding His anguish and woe, the sin which crucified the sinless Son of God assumes a darker dye. But looking unto Jesus, we behold likewise the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and looking unto Him again, we remember that He who agonized for us on the Cross agonizes in us still by His Holy Spirit, combating within us, if we will only let Him, our inborn sinfulness, continuing in all of us who do not perversely resist His grace, that redeeming work which He inaugurated ages ago, as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART VI.

GROWING USED TO IT.

"NORA," said Jem at last, "am I to go, leaving you thus?" He had found her in the school-room, and had sent the others away, holding her back until she was forced to face him alone. She would not, however, speak—perhaps she could not.

"The rest of them have forgiven me," continued her brother; "my father bestows his blessing, and you alone keep aloof. Will you do this to the end?"

She hung her head.

"Dear," said Jem, "will you not even say, 'God bless you!'"

"How can He bless you?" suddenly burst forth the girl, turning round in her pain, and giving way all at once. "How can He bless you? What are you doing that He should bless you for it? God is kind, and just, and merciful. He gave you to us, and let us love you, and have you for our brother—and now it is not He, but you—you who are going away from us all, never to see us any more. How can you, how can you do it? And then you wish me to say 'God bless you!' He does not, He can't; why should He?"

"Because I go to do His bidding," said Jem gently.

"His bidding! No, it is not His bidding. I don't believe it—I don't believe it," cried she, trembling with passionate excitement. "Father will have no one to help him with the boys, and you know Wat never minds what father says to him; and you had promised me to speak to mother about my not going to school—I don't care now, they may send me where they like, for there will be no one to go to, no one to speak to at home—but I can see that mother is only waiting till you are off. And Maggie never is good with Miss Stewart unless she knows you will hear of it. And—and all the children. Oh, Jem, why did you do it—why did you do it?"

"My little sister!" She was in his arms now, and he had no excuse to make.

Of course he tried after a time, but it had never seemed so difficult before. The convulsive shuddering of the slender frame he held, the clasp of her hands upon his neck, her sobs in his ears, her wet cheek on his cheek, were more potent and agonizing weapons than any he had before encountered. He wondered—even as he whispered words of hope and comfort—he wondered whether it were possible, barely possible, that he had made a mistake. All that had passed before had seemed to pass over his head, or to glance aside harmlessly, but it

had, in reality, sunk in, a food for remembrance in the future. He had striven to shield himself, but, somehow, it was difficult to regard as a whisper of Satan the shade on his father's brow, the dubious look on Lindsay's face. He had seen that Lindsay even wavered, and thereafter the youthful votary had been obliged sternly to silence misgivings which would ever and anon present themselves in forms such as this—"Here are souls to be saved as well as there; here are lives to be influenced; here, and here only, you have been placed by the unmistakable hand of Providence. It is not only the open door in front, but the shut door behind, which the Christian should look for in treading the pilgrim's path; and is the door behind really closed?"

Such thoughts had already tormented, but they had done no more; it remained for Nora's tears to try another course, and it must be confessed that for fully half an hour after his interview with his little sister, Jem Middlemass was not very comfortable in his mind, and that, had it not been for a certain obstinacy and pertinacity in adhering to any purpose once formed, which distinguishes the natives of Caledonia, he might have been still more uneasy than he was.

He would not, he told himself, be unstable as water, moved by a child's outcry. She had said things hard to be borne, harder still to be refuted, but they should not shake his resolution; and, in spite of inward tremors and discomfiture, he felt relieved to find, when all was said and done, that he had not yielded an inch of the ground. More than once he had longed to do so, at least he had longed to be alone and consider whether he dared do so, but second thoughts had invariably protested against the impulse of the moment; and in the unequal combat, poor Nora, little aware of what was passing within, felt much as if she were dashing to pieces her fragile bark against a rock hard as adamant.

Jem had got his way, and, as Middlemass said, what more could he want? He had got his way, and had got it with as little difficulty as could have been expected; it was but reasonable to suppose he was satisfied. At all events he gave no sign of being otherwise. Nora was soothed and chidden, but she wept in vain; and although the poor child felt, somehow, happier afterwards than she had done before, she knew that she had in point of fact gained nothing. The weeks flew by. Nothing happened to prevent the dreaded hour drawing nearer and nearer, and at length came the last Friday, the last Saturday, the last Sunday.

"Jem's last plum-pudding," announced Jenny, looking round the dinner-table. Then Middlemass pushed away his plate, untasted, and one after another rose and silently left the room.

Three days after, Jem sailed; and as he sees the white cliffs of Old England vanish in the distance, and steers away over the tossing ocean to his

work among the islands of the South, he passes out of our sight for a time, and we, like those he leaves behind, behold his face no more, till years have come and gone.

The last words said, the parting scene over, by degrees life flowed on in its wonted channel in the Middlemass household. Six o'clock indeed brought its invariable blank. It was the hour at which the welcome ring of the door-bell had been wont to be heard, followed by the joyous meeting, the tumultuous outpouring of small histories, the recording of home events, the occasional reception of gifts. Commissions had been executed on the one hand, and feats accomplished on the other. All kinds of affairs had to be inquired into, namely, how the puppies were progressing, if the hens took to their new house, and the ducks to their pond, with other points of interest. Jenny's slate would have been kept to show her brother. Nora would patiently bide her time, secure of a quiet hour after the little ones had gone to bed, and even Mrs. Middlemass would relax into toleration of the scene—provided no one else were there to see—on observing that the affection so ardently manifested, was reciprocated with the warmth which was its due.

Accordingly, she let the first week after the separation pass without commenting on the gloom which now overspread the family circle. She would not blame the poor things. Certainly Jem had been good and kind to them, and it was but natural they should miss him and his attentions for a while; but she was secretly well pleased to note the diminishing of sorrow, the renewal of interest in other topics, the return of cheerfulness to every countenance but that of one. We need hardly say that one belonged to her daughter Nora.

Middlemass, whose feelings were acute, but transient, had no sooner said his last "Good-bye" on board ship at Southampton, and set off homewards with all the speed that an express train could muster, than he experienced a subtle sense of relief. His breast eased itself in heavy sighs. He told his fellow-passengers what had been his errand South. He took interest in hearing of similar, or somewhat similar, experiences. It was cold, bright weather, and the country looked beautiful. At Carlisle there was hot soup and a good smoking joint in the refreshment room. He could not say but what he felt a little hungry. Then fatigue set in, and he had a long nap, and Glasgow was reached before he knew what he was about.

Of course the poor man felt the home-coming, felt bitterly the sight of the empty chair, and still more the awed faces of his younger boys, and Nora's hasty exit when, in endeavouring to recount the final messages, his own voice failed him. But he had now been sad at heart for a long time, he was weary and spent with the amount of exertion and emotion he had undergone during the past forty-eight hours, and a sound night's rest was the consequence.

The following day was a busy one, needing all the attention that could be given it, and the effort was salutary. When the correspondence of the two previous days had been submitted by his clerks, and some fresh contracts had been entered into, some two or three dozen people seen and talked with, and the business hours closed with everything going on well, the head of the firm could take up his hat and put on his greatcoat with a kind of mournful satisfaction. Everybody felt for him, and he liked that they should do so. He knew that he was being spoken of with compassion, and his son with admiration. He began to consider that in the sacrifice the boy had made, he too had had his share; to look upon Jem as standing upon an eminence whereon his poor old father had also some sort of a footing. People were talking of young Middlemass as a fine fellow; it would be long enough before young Brown or young Smith was talked about at all. And then, with the elasticity of spirit, not uncommon to mankind, now that the step had actually been taken—which to the last he had hoped in his secret soul might be prevented—possibilities and chances which had not hitherto been taken into account began to find their way. There was the chance of the climate disagreeing. It was "on the cards," he considered, that Jem, after giving the life a fair trial, might find himself unfit for it. On the other hand, his son's talents might bring him under the notice of people of influence, by whom he might be convinced of his folly in throwing these away upon savages. At any rate, some one would surely, some time or other, persuade him to exchange Fiji for India. India was an infinitely wider field of labour. India could offer many advantages. There were good posts of various kinds, and snug berths to be obtained, if only that wayward boy of his would be content with remaining comfortably in Bombay or Calcutta, and keeping a decent roof over his head. "Bless my life! he might evangelise as much as he chose there," pondered the parent. "Evangelise, and yet keep good society, ride his horse, and present a respectable appearance. Nobody wants to hinder him from being of use to his fellow-creatures, if he would only do it in moderation. I shall see what can be done; I know who will put me in the way of it; and then I shall just write to Jem that missionaries are desperately needed among the Hindoos, and that, since he is bent upon the life, he ought to make a point of going among them. *That* is the way to take him. Shan't say a word of my wishing it—or—anything of that sort—no, no—know better than that; but if I only give him line enough, play him gently, and try him with the right tackle"—Middlemass was something of a fisherman—"why," cried he, brightening all over, "we shall have him off to Calcutta in a whisk. Well, that is a good thought. I wish it had occurred to me before; although maybe, after all, it will be just as well to write, now I come to think

of it. I have a knack of letting slip too much of my mind when I get to talking; and since the boy had set his heart upon making a martyr of himself, nothing would have satisfied him at the first but going to the extreme point. By and by he'll be content with less; and then if I wheedle him a bit, and 'ca' canny' when I make the proposition, and if he gets it in the nick of time, just when he has begun to feel home-sick, and not precisely so sure of his ground as he was,—why, then, shan't I have him on the hook at the first cast!"

He rubbed his hands and looked about him. There was a clear sky overhead; stars were beginning to glimmer, as the dusk of a February twilight deepened into dark—for he had been obliged to stay late at the office—and the lights of his own luxurious villa twinkled merrily a little way off.

"There is no place like the country for living in," said Middlemass, to whom the airy suburb was "country"—quite as much country as he could ever care for; "see how quiet and fresh it is, when one gets out here; no trains anywhere, and no omnibus within half a mile. Uncommonly lucky I was, to pitch upon the very spot I wanted so soon, considering the difficulty most people have, and to be able to move in at once, and find the garden and grounds well planted, gas and water turned on, no trouble about anything, and only so much expense as I can very well afford. Ah, poor Jem, what an interest he took in it all! How well do I remember his beaming face when he came in with one discovery after another—the tool-house that was to be a carpenter's shed for the boys, and the ponds we were to get a boat for, and the weathercock, and the sundial,—ah dear, dear; I just hate to think of it all! There were the bells—they set them all a-ringing—and the chimney with the jackdaw's nest in it, and all! We had a worry with the carpets to be sure, and what trouble that lad took bringing the patterns backwards and forwards till he was nothing better than an errand boy. Little *she* thought of it then, but it will be a different tale if she tries it on with Wat. She won't catch that young master tugging rolls of carpet and curtain stuffs up the hill night after night, only to be sent back with them again in the morning. The blinds too! Did he not bring her out new cords and put them all up himself when it turned out the first set were rotten! A pretty job—but no one understood the comfort of having things right better than Jem." A sigh.

"Well, we must do our best without him now that there is no help for it," said Middlemass at last. "But it's what I never expected, and it's a trial I think God Almighty might have spared me,—eh—ha—hum,—what am I saying? No, no; I don't mean that; of course I don't mean that. I don't know what I'm saying, I'm quite stupid, that's the truth,—stupid and sick at heart, and I think I—I want my dinner."

So it went on. He had his daily work, his

daily rest, other children to be thought of and cared for, occupations for the mind and necessities for the body; Jem was no longer with him, it was true, but he could still talk of the absent one, fuss over the mails, and gather together information about India. No Jem would now run into the office about luncheon time to see how his father did; he could not lean on the arm of his firstborn, if there were an hour they could spend together down at the docks or among his warehouses; but business had to be seen to all the same, and for all his private loss he had no right to neglect the interests of others. Getting out and about did his health good, and there were not wanting kindly young men who, meeting him on his solitary way, would turn and suit their step to his, inquiring affectionately after Jem, and saying any pleasant thing that came to hand.

Jem had left, but Jem's workshop should be completed for all that. The boys had set their heart on the workshop, and, although the workmen had been peremptorily stopped when it was first shown that its projector would never be its occupant, presently they had orders to resume their labours.

Jem was gone—but Wat was left. Wat's unexpected start and the prognostications of Wat's well-wishers were something to fall back upon. It would not do to dispirit the boy by taking too much to heart the defalcation of his brother. It was indeed no harm to let him see what Jem had been, and how little he must expect to fill Jem's shoes—but still——. "There's gude mids in a' things," saith the old Scotch proverb, and Middlemass understood as much. The "gude mids" which it would be now advisable to maintain in regard to his younger sons consisted of holding up the elder as an example, but not as an extinguisher.

The result of all this was that time slipped away, and the image of the beloved one grew gently fainter.

"'Tis well that man to all the varying states
Of good or ill, his mind accommodates."

It would be unnatural to be always under a cloud, and, sincere and keen as was the grief of all at Laurel Grove, it gave way to spring sunshine and spring flowers. Wat became a prominent member of the household. Davie began to assert his claims to notice, and Nora was sent to school.

Poor Nora! The sight of her dejected air and languid step served to remind her father of painful thoughts more than anything else, now that he had begun to forget them. He complained that it was downright cruel of Nora to go about as she did; no one had felt Jem's departure more than he, and now, just as he was getting round again and feeling himself a little brighter, he must needs be met at every turn by her white face. She would be better at school if she were going to mope in this way always.

Mrs. Middlemass caught at the opportunity.

Hitherto she had been prevented by Jem's influence from sending her daughter to a fashionable boarding-school, Nora's special aversion, but, as divined, she had only waited for that influence to be withdrawn to carry out her plan. Middlemass was shown that the promise filched from him, according to his wife, at a moment when he could say "Nay" to nobody, ought not to stand now that his cooler judgment pronounced it to have been a mistake; and that, furthermore, circumstances had since arisen which had not been taken into account at the time of his making it. He was also helped with his letter to his boy, of whom, even with many a league of ocean between, he still stood in awe, and, consequently, he was made easy on all scores.

Nora going, more than one of the family felt as if a monitor—a kind of legate of their departed pope—was, in her person, about to be withdrawn.

Of late the unpopular sister had come to be again looked upon in something of her old light, as that of an unsociable ungenial member of the circle, not as the Nora who, during the bygone years, had been growing ever more cheery and chatty, ever less reticent and cynical. She had, during the last month or two, relapsed into the fractious child she had been of yore. She looked coldly and disapprovingly on things which might have given her interest. She learned to quote her brother, not as he would have had himself quoted. Her "What would Jem say?" and "Jem told you so," did not tend to make the hearer of that reproachful voice think pleasantly of her brother.

"If Jem were here, you would not do that, Davie."

Now Davie was doing something he thought particularly nice, and was ill-disposed to leave off his occupation.

"Bother Jem!" was what he replied.

He was not prepared, poor lad, for what followed; he meant no harm; but he felt dimly that he did not like to be interfered with and appealed to in a manner that was supposed to be influential. Accordingly his "Bother Jem" was accompanied by a hunching up of the shoulders and a frown, that meant treason in Nora's eyes.

She flamed up at once. "Was *that* the way he spoke of their dear dear brother, who was like no other brother in the whole wide world, who was always thinking of them and of their good, and had never said so much as an unkind word, or done an unkind thing, to any one of them——"

"What's all this about?" inquired Davie, staring.

About? With floods of scalding tears she rushed from the room, and left him to gather slowly his scattered wits together, the while he wondered what that strange sister of his would be at.

Wat was quicker of apprehension, and more resentful.

"I wish you would let Jem alone," he said. "You never open your lips unless it's to say some-

thing about Jem. What business is Jem of yours, I'd just like to know? He was no more yours than all of ours; and now you take and appropriate him as if he was your property; it's—it's—it's impertinent and ridiculous," said Wat; and then he suddenly slipped out another expression, with which we will not shock our readers. That word, brought home from among his mates, but not hitherto made use of, was the first real sign of Jem's absence.

Other symptoms, some of them of the minutest, but all significant, followed. Little Jenny, who had crept up brother Wat's aleeve by her infantile endearments, declined repeating to him her verse and text, unless duly supplied with barley sugar drops. With the packet in her hand, indeed, she prattled away on his knee as merrily as she had ever done on Jem's, treating him to all the hymns she had already gotten by heart—but she did not offer to learn new ones. It was easy to go over again those she knew, but to add to her store required exertion, and there was no one to urge the little one to the effort. Jenny needed stimulus, Nora restraint; neither had now what was required.

Nora possessed, as we have seen, greater depth of character than any other member of the Middlemass family. But hers was also a morbid brooding nature, inclined to prey upon itself, to cling to its own standard, and to misinterpret and misjudge others. When she found that the image of her beloved brother, the fondly cherished idol of her heart, was not to all around the same that it was to her, her secret indignation was kindled. She wondered at them, and despised them. She would have shuddered at the idea that a time might come when she would not nightly weep his loss, and daily dwell upon the remembrance of his words and wishes as her greatest treasure. His name, suddenly pronounced in her presence, would send the blood to her cheek. Every pursuit which they had shared was thenceforward surrounded by a halo, every scene he had led her to admire was sacred.

How her heart beat when letters bearing a foreign postmark appeared! How blinding were the drops which fell over the mention of her own name, and how strange it seemed to hear her father and mother calmly discuss the contents of the pages upon which Jem's hand had rested. She lifted her eyes and looked at them sometimes. She did not say anything—that they would probably have preferred—but she looked unutterable things.

"What a queer girl that is!" Middlemass would observe uneasily. He understood pretty well what was passing within.

He did not, however, see what took place, when, free from mortal ken, poor Nora struggled with her own replies to those kind tender sentences. Oh, what writhings of anguish and self-disgust the poor child went through, as her unaccustomed pen laboured along the stiff cumbersome phrases that were all she had to offer! She hated herself, but what could she, what should she say? The cry of her

heart could find no expression. She drooped visibly.

School, however, was the panacea offered, and, strangely enough, a measure of success attended the venture. Lessons interested Nora, tasks were no tasks to her, and her masters, one and all, were loud in their praises. Here, at last, was something to communicate to Jem, something of sufficient importance to be sent across the broad Pacific. She put forth more energy, and with still more success. Study became everything, she lived in it, caring for little—we might almost say, for nothing—else. It was true that there still remained traces of the holy influence shed over her young life, that there were times when new impressions were made, new resolutions resorted to; but, with no one to whom these could be confided, with none to cheer and guide, and with, alas! few opportunities, and fewer still inclinations for prayer, Nora led but a poor semblance of a Christian life.

With one and all, we have thus seen, time had something of the same effect; each began to show more and more visibly what was to be expected from them when left to themselves; deprived of all contact with a nobler, more refined nature, and higher principles; and how they fared in this world and fitted themselves for that to come will presently appear.

Threescore and Ten.

THERE isna a hame, unless it be heaven,
Nae hame was there e'er like oor wee butt an' ben,
Where love lights the e'e, an' faith fin's a blessin',
In a' that befa's us at threescore an' ten.

Some fifty lang years ha'e seen us housekeepin';
Aft warstlin' wi' fate, and wi' little to spen',
But puirith sits licht on the honest an' carefu',
An' oor aumry's no toom e'en at threescore an' ten.

Twa sons ha'e lang lain in the cauld clay o' Kirkland,
While ane's fand a grave far awa' yont oor ken,
Oor ae bonnie dochter death tore frae oor bosom,
An' left us fu' lanely at threescore an' ten.

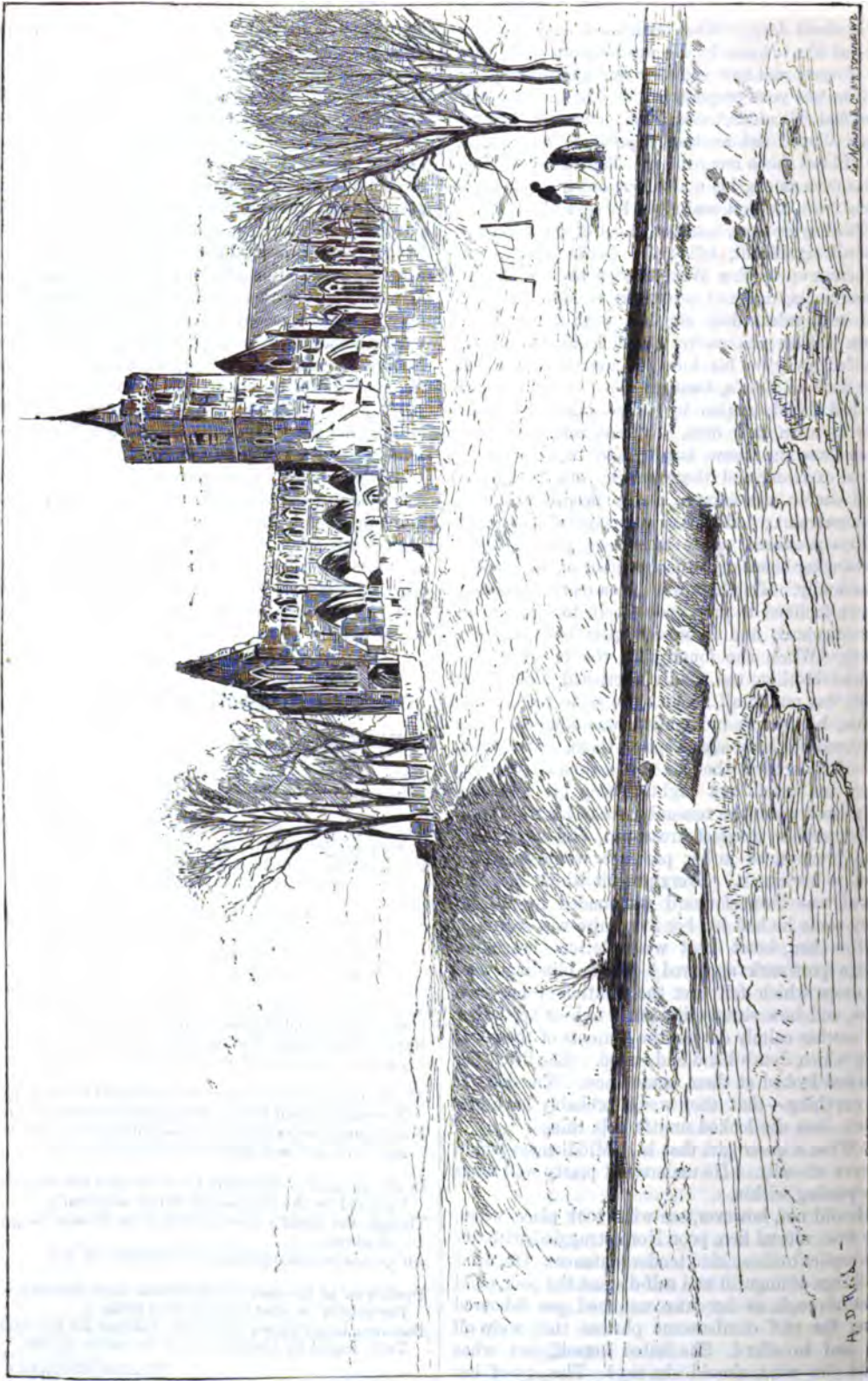
Yet life's but a day, frae the dawn to the darkenin',
So sunshine and shadows maun be to the en';
But the Lord's been aye kin', e'en in trials the sairest,
An' He haena forsook us at threescore an' ten.

Ah, it's no routh o' gear that can mak' auld hearts happy,
Nor walth o' guid frien's, though wi' baith we may fen,
For it's grace an' contentment that life's bitters sweeten,
An' cheer us when dowie at threescore an' ten.

In the gloamin' o' life we've haen rest frae oor sorrows,
Unvexed by the fears a dark future may sen';
Though the nicht's drawin' near, hope cleaves its grim shadows,
An' points us still upwards at threescore an' ten.

Death's ca' at the door is but seldom made welcome,
For pairtin' is what we a' seek to forien';
But ower lang ha'e we waited an' watched for his comin'
To be frayed by his presence at threescore an' ten.

WALTER BUCHANAN.



DUNBLANE. (See page 94.)

Presented by A. D. Reid, Esq.

A Talk with the Farm Servants.

No. VIII. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

(continued).

DEAR FRIENDS, in our last "Talk" we had the courtship started, and not only started, but fairly and fully under way, progressing all right; the couple equally yoked, their union sanctioned and sealed by God and by sound sense. And our advice was that you should be in no hurry to cut short these courting days, for you would never have happier ones; and that you often made sad mistakes in stopping the courting and marrying too soon. We also promised to have a special "Talk" with you as to *When* you should marry.

Well, according to promise, here we are to discuss and decide as to this *when*.—

Now, then, when should you marry? When things are all ready for it. But when is that? Is it not *now*, since our courtship is all as it should be—since we know that we suit each other and love each other so well? Nay; not necessarily. No doubt that is the first and great essential of right marriage; but that is not enough. It is not enough for the well-being of the good ship that she have a powerful breeze to fill her sails; she must also have a cool, calculating head, and a firm hand at the helm. If, in all the calm majesty of its mighty power, the train is to move into the station at the right time, there must not only be the mighty force of steam to propel it along,—there must also be the coolness and the skill and the strength to keep it tightly in hand, and temper and *time* it. Even so, if you are not to make shipwreck of your married life; if you are not to dash recklessly into the station of wedlock out of all time and doing all sorts of mischief, you must, in the exercise of sound judgment and prudence and discretion, keep tightly in hand and temper and time that mighty power of love, affection, enthusiasm, which is so powerfully propelling you towards marriage.

But to be a little more particular regarding the right time to marry, I would say: Don't marry till you secure a decent and suitable, a commodious and comfortable house to dwell in. You cannot make a happy home of a dark, damp, smoky, sooty hovel. Hold up your heads and your hearts and your self-respect, and continue your courting, rather than crawl into such a hovel.

When talking about the sleeping-places provided for the unmarried farm-servants I said that, as a general rule, they are far from being what they ought to be; so now, when talking of the houses provided on the farms for the married servants, I say that these also are, both as regards quantity and quality, far from sufficient and satisfactory.

The *quantity* is deficient. A great many married farm-servants cannot get houses on the farms at which they are engaged. Hence they must have their homes—or rather, I should say, their houses;

for in such cases, they can hardly be called *homes*—in towns and villages *miles away* from these farms. So it is only once a week, and, in many instances, only once a month—ay, and not even so often in some cases—that they can see their wives and children, and then only for a few hours. Now what home feeling, what home influence, what home happiness, can there be when the husband and father and head of the house is thus situated? The *quality* also is deficient. A great many of the houses that are provided on the farms are not nearly good enough. Their accommodation and convenience, their general style and get-up, are not such as an elevated and refined family can comfortably and decently live in. While this is the state of matters, speaking generally, I am bound to say that there are notable and noble exceptions. There are some proprietors who have their estates studded with gems of cottages which make one, while they look at them, thank God and think what happy homes they could be made.

It did my heart good to see lately, in the newspapers, one of our largest proprietors standing up in a meeting connected with farm-servants and declaring that he was making the sleeping apartments and the cottages on his farms a matter of earnest consideration, and was determined to do what he could to have these all right on that portion of God's earth committed to his trust. Praised be God for such proprietors! May He increase them more and more.

And you, farm-servant men and women, who are married and who wish to marry—you can do a great deal to hasten and help on this improvement, by giving all concerned clearly to understand that you must have a decent house to live in, and that, if you cannot get this in your own beloved country, you will go elsewhere to find it.

Whilst I am upon houses and homes, I must, however briefly, mention what I have long felt to be a sad want—viz. the want of more nice two-horse farms. The want of these is, in many ways, a very great loss to our farm-servants and to our country generally. Such farms should be scattered broadcast among our larger ones, so that an industrious, well-doing, saving couple, like what we are supposing, might look forward to entering upon one of these when they married, or about mid-life, and thus have a permanent home, where they could rightly bring up their family, and spend their old age in comfortable independence.

But I must take care and not wander from my subject, which is when you ought to marry. Well, then, here is one thing to fix the time—viz. when you have got a well-aired, well-lighted, commodious house which you can make a nice, tasteful, tidy, comfortable, happy home of.

Further, I would say: Don't marry till you have, between you, saved sufficient money to fill and furnish your house, and to give you a full and free start in your wedded life.

But how much is that, and when should we have it?

Well, I have very carefully considered and calculated in order to be able to answer you this question. Here is how the matter stands, or ought to stand. You, young man, should have at the age of eighteen a *full supply of clothes*. At the present rate of wages you might have more at that age than a full supply of clothes; but I wish to keep fairly within what I know you are perfectly able to do. At eighteen, then, you have an abundant stock of clothing, and are prepared to begin to save money. Now, how much can you save a year? I have carefully counted the cost up from the boots to the bonnet, have made ample allowance for pocket-money and for missionary and charitable purposes, have even gone the length of £1 sterling for tobacco—although I feel that this is a pound of precious money uselessly blown into the air. I have also set aside £2 to be paid yearly for insuring you £100 to be paid to you at the age of fifty-five, or to your wife and family if you should die before that age. Now, what does all this come to? It comes to £12 a year. Well, what have you over to put in the Bank? You have other £12. I am supposing your wages to amount to £24 a year. A good servant (and you *ought* to be a good servant) will get about £24 a year.

In my young days £6 or £7 was the average wages for a half-year. With the exception of the boots, the other clothing was as dear then as now, and I *know* that a careful, thrifty, good servant, could save a good deal a year even then.

Now, then, here is another point fixed. You can, beginning at eighteen, lay by £12 a year. Well, suppose you go on saving at this rate for ten years, you will, at the end of that time, have (counting in the interest) in the bank £130 or thereabout.

And you, young woman, can and ought to do your part in this saving. By the time you are twenty-two you could, at your present rate of wages, have laid by £30 or so.

Now, then, I can answer your question. Here is the whole matter upon black and white. Young man, you are twenty-eight, and have in the bank £130. Young woman, you are twenty-two, and have in the bank £30. Thus you have between you the cosy, comfortable sum of £160; and, over and above this, you can count on your £100 of insurance. Well, then, if you have got a right house secured, marry when you like. Your love and fitness for each other have been well proved, and found to be all right. You have prudently considered and provided the ways and means. You have over all the approbation of your God. Surely, then, marry when you like. You have every reason to look forward to an independent, comfortable, happy married life.

Such is the right time and the right way to marry. Now, my dear friends, is this, usually,

your time and way of marrying? I am sorry to say, *It is not*. It is by far too common with you to let blind affection and impulse drive you into marriage out of all time and out of all reason. You marry in haste and repent at leisure. You foolishly and thoughtlessly marry too young, with no decent home secured, and with no money saved to set up house with. And, marrying thus, your whole wedded life is a hard, heartless, hopeless struggle with poverty. "Marry for love and work for iller," you fancied. "We love each other so well that our wedded life must be bright and blessed in spite of any or all earthly hardships and struggles," so you imagined. Ah, but the stern realities of the empty house and the empty purse, and the children crying for food and clothes and education, and the merchant craving for payment of his accounts, make sad havoc of these fine, fanciful, sentimental dreams and visions. Well then, dear friends, don't dream dreams and see visions, but wake up and look these stern realities fully in the face; count upon them; wisely and thoughtfully provide for them, before they come upon you and crush you.

Then, again, in the precious days of youth, when God is giving you health, strength, and spirit to work and win good wages, it is not usual with you to lay by money to make your married life and your old age independent and comfortable.

In too many instances you are careless and thriftless, and sinfully throw away and waste these good wages. You are thriftless with your clothes. You don't get them timeously and thoroughly mended. You carelessly fling them aside when wet, and so let them rot. You don't take care to keep them well and make them last; and thus you go through and destroy a great deal more than you require. You foolishly and uselessly throw away and waste your hard-earned money. How much precious money do you waste on foolish bargains, such as buying, selling, and exchanging watches; on bottles of whisky; on fanciful harness and ornaments for your master's horses; at feeing markets and term times; and such like ways? And what is the consequence of this foolish and sinful waste? It is this: On your marriage day you have nothing to start the married life with. When sickness comes, you have nothing provided for it. If you die, your poor wife has hardly enough to bury you; and, ere the grass is green on your grave, she is begging for herself and children at the feet of the Parochial Board. And if you and she live to old age, as soon as you are unable to work, you are in want; you have nothing to live on, and your old age is darkened, degraded, disgraced by pauperism, by cringing and craving for the wretched pittance doled out by the Poor Inspector. There was no Poor Law nor Parochial Board in my farm-servant days. And I, for one, think it a great pity that such a law should ever have been made. I believe it has

done a vast deal to degrade our peasantry, to break down and banish from amongst them the noble spirit of independence and self-respect and self-reliance that used to be their glory. God's own poor—those who are poor from no fault of theirs—were and would be better off without this law. They were and would be more satisfactorily supplied in God's own way—viz. from the love and charity which He hath put into the hearts of His own rich and well-to-do. The devil's poor—those who are poor from their own carelessness and thriftlessness and sin—would not be so well off without this law. It has done a great deal to make them comfortable and to encourage them in their sin.

My dear friends, I have heard it said that some of you are not ashamed to hold up your faces and say that you don't care and don't need to save money, because you have this Parochial Board to look forward to and depend upon! Surely this cannot be true of many of you. If it is, then farewell to the glory and name and boast of our high-spirited, independent, self-reliant Scottish peasantry. But I will not believe that such a mean debasing spirit has got anything like a general possession of you. I will believe that you still value what our poet calls "the glorious privilege of being independent;" that it is your fixed determination, God helping you, that neither you nor yours shall ever have to cringe and crave at the feet of any Parochial Board; that, God helping you, you will provide things honest in the sight of all men, and owe no man anything, but to love one another.

AN OLD FARM-SERVANT.

Of Life.

VI. OF A TRYING MEANS OF GRACE.

ARE you content to go through something you will not like, if it is to do you good? Because if you are, I can show you how.

Will you faithfully try a Means of Grace which I will suggest to you, though it is not pleasant in the use?

Rather let us put the case this way: for trouble is not for us to seek, but for God to send.

There is a certain painful experience, which comes to some people many times and sometimes stays with them long: and which when it comes irks us and humbles us so that we try to get away from it. Now would it not be better to humbly take it when God sends it: to sadly welcome it when we recognise its returning (for it will come whether we welcome it or not): and to try to get good out of it? This is the thing I mean to say. For, in sober truth, it is rather an awful thing to say that we wish to get nearer to Christ, "even though it be a cross" that lifts us nearer. It is better and safer to say, If the cross comes, *When* the cross comes, grant it bring me nearer to Thee, my Saviour.

In things which concern our health, or our

worldly condition, we all know what it is to brace ourselves up to make an effort; to go through sharp pain lasting for more than one moment or two that we may arrive at abiding ease on the other side. "Yes, I'll have it out," you have said when you were a very little fellow concerning the tooth which could never cease to ache. And when you came to man's or woman's estate, you know what it is to have gone thoroughly into a disagreeable piece of business from which you shrank nervously, knowing that thus only could matters be set on a healthy footing. You "had it out," in quite a different sense from the little boy's, with a friend when some stupid misunderstanding arose between you. And if you were both worthy folk, the thunder-storm cleared the air, and all was serene again.

You and I have been thinking a good deal about Means of Grace. It does not matter at all what it was that led me to think of this particular one, and to intercalate some notice of it here. Something came which made me think of it: that is quite enough. And the subject is one very proper to be thought of by Christian folk at any time; and helpful to you and me.

You remember the odd phrase of devout French people long ago. They talked of going into retirement, or of attending many church-services, or of subjecting themselves to discipline of any kind, to *make their soul*. The phrase is odd in our ears, because it is unfamiliar: but those who used it would no doubt have thought it as odd to talk of *preaching all day*, or to use other expressions well understood by us. It meant, of course, to take themselves earnestly in hand, spiritually: to give more than ordinary thought and pains to their spiritual condition, to the deepening of their spiritual life. It was to take up one failing,—the "besetting sin,"—and to try to subdue it. To take up one attainment,—this or that grace or virtue,—and to try to grow in it: to work upon that. Surely this would be a good thing, now and then. St. Paul knew what it means: "This one thing I do." It concentrates energy. It may eventuate in a permanent step in progress.

All this is introductory to saying that just at present one feels deeply that Christian folk might do well to aim specially at Penitence and Humility. We need, every now and then, to see to the foundations. And here is the very foundation-grace of the Christian character. Self-satisfaction will not do: "God resisteth the proud." You have read, in ultra-polished lines, what claims to be *The Universal Prayer*. But the right universal prayer, suiting everybody and saying everything, is not Mr. Pope's. It is by a certain nameless Publican. It is *God be merciful to me a sinner*.

There are Means of Grace, there are spiritual exertions and *exercises* (as good men used to call them), which are not only spiritually helpful: they are *pleasant* in the use. They make you better:

and they make you happy while using them. The Communion season (as the name *Eucharist* reminds us) is mainly one of thankful joy. And indeed, as for all hearty worship, helped by the Blessed Spirit, it is *How amiable are Thy tabernacles*. And there is a certain promise, sometimes forgotten, *I will make them joyful in My house of prayer*. But as for the discipline which will indeed make us humble and penitent, it is not so. Here is a spiritual exercise which is salutary, but not pleasant. If in any real way we aim at sorrow for sin, at penitence, it must be a painful experience. For it means that we look back, and see, with shame and sorrow, many very foolish and very evil things that we have ourselves done. There is no reality in all the confessions we make, and all the penitence we profess, unless this be done. And it is very painful: very humbling. There is nothing so taking down: no misfortune nor disappointment nor proof how little other people think of us is the least like being constrained to think very badly of ourselves. After long time there are those who blush yet at the remembrance of youthful and even of childish follies and misdoings. Aye, after thirty years, you tingle all over, with shame and self-reproach, thinking of things you have said and done: which you cannot forget, though you would give a great deal to do so. Perhaps it is morbid: but times come to some, very sorrowful times, when all past life seems to have been failure, folly, sin: when with a bitter vividness, that humbles in the very dust, the unutterable foolishness and badness of many individual doings and of whole tracts of time, rise up and *will* be looked at and reckoned with: a terrible premonition of a judgment day. I said, perhaps it is morbid: but David, King and Psalmist, knew the experience, as he knew most of our experiences. He tells us that days came to him in which, look where he might, there was one wretched sight that would not go: "My sin is ever before me." Now what I am set on pressing on every one who may ever read these lines, is this: When that distressing experience comes, let us try to turn it to spiritual advantage. Let us try to get good out of it. We have been too much accustomed to trying to escape from it: to look another way. We did not succeed even in that: so we had the pain without the discipline. What we should try for is that whenever the rod falls on us, we should learn from it: that we should never suffer pain without trying hard to be the better for it. If we try hard, help will come. You have been thinking well of yourself, and your doings: when all of a sudden your little scaffolding of poor sticks breaks under you, and you see (perhaps for days together), with a dismal clearness, what a sorry thing you have made of it all: what miserable mistakes you have blundered into: what inexpressible follies: worse things than follies, which bow you down: and (in brief) what a poor creature you are. Some robustious folk would say all this is overdone: is morbid.

Let me just ask such, ask anybody, Did you ever see yourself worse than you are accustomed habitually to call yourself in your confessions and prayers? Did you mean what you said to God in your confessions and prayers: or did you merely use conventional language because you thought it was the right thing to say? If you want to be helped to understand and to really mean what you are wont to say in your prayers about yourself, I say to you, Welcome this fresh and startling view of things: turn to spiritual account this painful exercise which your soul is passing through. Do not take the heavy stripe and be none the better for it. You will bear all this in quite a different spirit than you have possibly known till now, if you resolve that it *shall serve*: it shall teach you what you tend to forget: it shall leave you spiritually bettered: it shall be a humbling, trying, painful yet searching and effective Means of Grace.

We cannot exactly go and make up our mind that we shall be humbled and penitent: after the fashion of him whose not quite serious counsel was "*Let us all be unhappy*" in certain times and circumstances of which no more just now. We cannot just make up our mind that we shall be humbled and penitent because we think it would be good for us if we were. We must see *Reason Why*. And there is uncommonly strong Reason Why. And it is in these sorrowful seasons of which so much has been said that we discern it. It is only the truth we see: nothing more nor worse: when we think of ourselves most unfavourably.

Yes: though we cannot just make up our mind that we shall be humble and penitent, and then find ourselves so: we can put ourselves in the way of that wholesome discipline which shall effectually make us so. We can try our hardest to profit by the sore discipline which would make us so, when it comes. And it will come not unfrequently. Sometimes it will abide long. While we stay under the cloud, we shall remember Who sent it: we shall be docile children, content to learn what is excellent to know though we must learn it with a heavy heart. It was a very wise and (in the main) good man who said, "I will be sorry for my sin." He knew how to set about being sorry. So do we: looking back, and looking in, we shall discern terribly sufficient reason. The really morbid condition of matters is, When we are extremely pleased with ourselves. No poor creature, crying to God for mercy, even in unbecoming place and time (as some have had to do), was so far away from the healthful discernment of Facts, as the lady of extremely elevated rank seventy years since, who complained bitterly of a preacher who ventured to declare that even the most exalted had hearts needing to be changed by God's grace, "Just as if I had been one of the Rabble." Poor Duchess! let us hope she learned other things. "Thou hast told us that there is a godly and helpful sorrow: Deny us not when we beg that sorrow from Thee."

Even such was the petition prepared for his own use and that of his friends, two centuries ago, by a good man who was so simply devout, and who so abhorred politic doings even to reach a good end, that one trembles to think what a very small person he would have proved in certain spheres of what is now termed *Eccleristical Life*. But then he would probably have said that in such spheres he could discern no life at all.

Bishop Butler says that "it is as easy to close the eyes of the mind as of the body." And he goes on to add what comes to this: that as we do not find it pleasant to look into ourselves or back upon our life, we look another way. I am not sure that the great man was right in that first statement. Indeed I am sure he was wrong. But in saying a thing like that, he had come away from the range of thought where his great strength lay, and had come into a region in which men far less weighty but who could look into their fellow-creatures with a more sympathetic eye,—men with a tenth part of the head but with ten times the heart,—could beat Bishop Butler out of the field utterly. But the Bishop is right beyond question when he proceeds, "For who would choose to be put out of humour with himself? No one surely, if it were not in order to mend, and to be more thoroughly and better pleased with himself for the future." It is not for the present pain, which many know to be very real, that one would experience this sorrow in the remembrance of past wanderings; but for the good we shall get of it. Here, as with most of the painful discipline which comes to us, we hold by the *Nevertheless afterward*. And, thinking of that, we shall give a lowly welcome to this trying Means of Grace when it comes, when it stays. It is a very different thing from soul-lightening Prayer, from soul-uplifting Praise. There is no glow of heart: no elation of look or step: and it cannot be done in company,—it is a lonely thing. For that matter, all searching mental discipline, all hard intellectual work, is very lonely. But here is the most humbling of all possible experiences. It is needful: all needful. Wherefore we shall bow our head, and go under the dark wave as when we were little folk: hoping to come out the better for it on the other side.

No doubt, for this life, and this life's success, a favourable opinion of one's self, the *good conceit* of homely Scotch phrase, is helpful as well as pleasant. It does not do to be brought down too thoroughly into the dust. That would take the spring and energy and hopefulness out of us, and make us break down beaten. But the risk is extremely small, for folk in normal health of body and mind, of being too humble. The risk is all the other way. And the true humbleness that comes of the sad insight concerning which we have thought at this time, will take us in deep earnestness to the Blessed Redeemer: to be Forgiven for His great sacrifice, to be Changed by His gracious Spirit.

A. K. H. B.

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

VI.—THE TEMPLE AREA.

By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

THE most remarkable feature of modern as of ancient Jerusalem is the enclosed plateau known as the Haram es Scheriff, on which stands the Kubbet es Sakhrab, the Dome of the Rock, built by Abd-el-Melek, in 691 A.D., and commonly known as the Mosque of Omar. It is one of the few specially sacred localities in Palestine which can be identified with absolute certainty. Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem stand where they did of old; but there is no special spot of which we can say,—“Here the Saviour of the world was born; here He lived for thirty years; here He was crucified; here He rose again.” But we know without any possibility of mistake, and within a few yards, where stood the Temples of Solomon and of Zerubbabel, and the Temple of the days of Christ. The buildings on it have changed, but the plateau itself is much what it was in Solomon's days. There is no known spot on the surface of the earth more sacred and interesting. In these papers upon Palestine it well deserves a place by itself.

We must ascend to the summit of Olivet; and here I simply transcribe from my note-book. We follow the steep winding path which leads down to the Kedron, with Gethsemane on our left, and the road to Bethany winding along the hill-face to the right. The path up the gray slope of Olivet is steep, and your feet stumble on those slippery limestone ledges which so often bore the footsteps of Christ: it was probably the last road which He travelled on earth. The way lies through cornfields; the leaves of the pomegranate shelter you from the hot sun. Fifteen minutes bring you to the summit. It is a cloudy morning, rare in these parts, and the wall of the Moab hills is curtained in mist; but the gray city lies before you like a map, in all its length and breadth—so close, so clear, that you can trace the entire circuit of its walls, and see the veiled figures of its citizens as they wander among the tombs, and the Mussulmans lounging in the Temple area; and catch, like a soft murmur, the hum of its population. The Dome of the Rock and the Tower of Hippicus make nearly a straight line with your eye. You are looking due west, and you see the upward slope of the city in that direction. Its walls are too large for it; it is like a sick man who has shrunk away from his clothes. There are vacant spaces here and there, while round the Mosque of Omar, and along the line of the northern and southern walls, there are large spots of green unoccupied ground. The square, flat houses are reared up the gentle ascent, and with their small slits of windows seem looking at you

with innumerable eyes. The city rises by a gradual ascent from the eastern to the western wall. Right beneath you is the deep ravine of the Kedron. High above that ravine, and exactly parallel with it (but much lower than where you sit), stretches the east wall, running almost due north and south. It is the only straight line of wall within your eye, and is broken only by its towers, and by the golden gate and St. Stephen's. The southern half of that wall encloses what is by far the most remarkable feature of the city. It is the large, open, rectangular space called the Haram es Scheriff. It is quite close to you across the gorge, and is above thirty acres in extent. Near the centre of this plateau is a raised platform about sixteen feet above the rest of the area: it is nearly a square of 540 feet to the side. Somewhere on that raised platform stood the Temple "upon the top of the mountain" (Ezek. xliii. 12). On each side, as you look, are singular gateways, consisting of a flight of steps surmounted by five arches looking like the fragments of an aqueduct. The whole enclosure is sacred: this platform is the Holy place; these gateways are the entrance to the Holiest of all, the Great Mosque. It is octagon in shape, each side consisting of six long arches in the wall, the lower half white marble, the upper blue Mosaic,—the whole surmounted by a noble dome of fine proportions, and glittering in the sun. At the southern end of the enclosure is another and smaller building, the Mosque El Aksa. The space not covered with these buildings is in green grass, dotted here and there with olives, and there are five stately cypresses. The south wall of the enclosure is the south wall of the city. You thus see that this beautiful enclosure, which is the ancient Moriah, is the south-east corner of the city, and has the ravine of Jehoshaphat or the Kedron yawning beneath it. At the extreme south-west corner of the city wall, and within it, is the Armenian Convent of white stone, in the Italian style, and surmounted by a dome; while on the outside of the wall is the Mosque of Nebi David, with its minaret and surrounding buildings, forming a tiny city by itself—the city of David, in or near which the great king is popularly believed to have been buried. Close by is the Christian burying-ground. This is the highest point of modern Jerusalem. From this point the ground slopes steeply in a south-east direction to the valley of Jehoshaphat, being bounded on the west by the valley of Hinnom and the ridge of Aceldama, which is just seen trending downwards to the same valley of Jehoshaphat. The sides of the slope are irregularly terraced, covered with cornfields, and clothed with olives. Following the western wall, about half-way on are the two brown towers of Hippicus, with the crescent flag drooping listlessly against the flag-staff. Close beside them is the modern English Church. To the north-east of Hippicus we see the elegant façade of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

with its gray dome. Along the northern wall there are no remarkable buildings. We can count ten or eleven minarets, and but six palm trees, within the city. Turning for a moment from Jerusalem, the most striking and impressive of all views from Olivet is that to the eastward. A wild region of white barren limestone ridges shelves away from your feet, with only four or five patches of green to break the dreary monotony. The ridges look like the billows of a troubled sea stiffened into stone. Right below us, and beyond this barren region, is the broad and deep valley of the Jordan, whose course can be traced for several miles from its junction with the Dead Sea, by the dark stripe of verdure. From the head of the Dead Sea you can trace for twenty miles the eastern shore, from which rises up abruptly the long and massive line of the Moab hills; the summit of this high ridge, towering far above the Judean hills, is a straight regular line, with but one visible depression away to the north. It stretches in its massive magnificence northward and southward, as far as the eye can see. That grand mountain-wall is a beautiful as well as sublime feature in the landscape of Palestine, at one time appearing quite close; at another, far away. As I now look upon it, it presents every variety of light and colour. Away to the north, night has already descended, and veiled it in a dull gloom, through which you can just trace its massive outline. Opposite us part is veiled in shadow, part bathed in the rich sunlight, revealing deep chasms up its purple sides; while far away southward it melts away into a haze of fading blue.

Since these notes were written a great work has been done by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Through English pluck and perseverance, and in the face of many hardships, dangers, and difficulties, ancient Jerusalem has been so far unearthed and laid bare to the mind's eye. Let us sit for a while longer here on Olivet, and try to realise (but not in this paper) what that Temple area really was in the days of Solomon and in those of Christ. During all that long period the earth had probably no more magnificent spectacle to show. Look well at it. It is well worth looking at. He who has seen it will never forget it. There is no bit of ground of equal size on the surface of this earth ball to equal it in its intensity, and permanence, and variety of interest for the children of men. No one spot of earth has borne such buildings, has had such a history, has drunk so much human blood.

DUNBLANE.—Our Illustration, the gift of A. D. Reid, Esq., represents the Cathedral Church of Dunblane, on the Allan Water, Perthshire. The saintly Leighton was Bishop here for eight years, from 1661. The tower is the oldest part; the nave, now roofless, dates from the end of the thirteenth century, and the choir, built a little later than the nave, is the present Parish Church.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE very cold but calm and clear winter night, a lame man was seen to hurry along the Strand in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral. The man was clothed in a thick greatcoat, and wore a shawl round his neck, which muffled him up to the very eyes. Indeed, the said shawl would have gone quite over his eyes if it had not been for his fine Roman nose, which stuck out over it, and held it firmly down.

The man's lameness was only a limp. It did not prevent him from walking very fast indeed. He was evidently bent on business; nevertheless, the business was not so pressing but that he could stop now and then to look at anything that interested him in the crowded streets.

And how crowded they were—and cheerful too; for it was Christmas-tide, and people seemed to be more excited and hearty than usual. The shops were resplendent—filled to overflowing with everything that could tempt man to spend money, and blazing with gas-light, so that the streets seemed even brighter than at noon. The poulterers' shops, in particular, were so stuffed, that rows of fat geese and ducks, apparently finding the crush too much for them inside, seemed to have come outside the shops and hung themselves up round the doors and windows!

The lame man did not linger long, however, but hurried onwards until he reached that quarter of the city near to the Bank of England, where very poor and wretched people lived upon wondrously little of that gold which lay in such huge quantities so near them.

In the back slums of this region there were no bright gas-lights. The shops were ill-lighted and miserable, like the population, except a few at the corners of streets, where rough men and ragged women and even children went to poison themselves in gin-palaces.

In one of the darkest and dirtiest of these streets the lame man found an open door and entered, taking off his greatcoat and shawl, which he handed to a pleasant-faced man who stood there.

"I'm in good time, I hope?" said the lame man.

"Oh yes, they're on'y 'alf through their tea yet. Miss Home's bin singin' to 'em."

The lame man's body was very thin and not very strong, but his face was particularly handsome and grave, with a strange mingling of humour and sadness in his expression.

Opening an inner door, he entered a large school-room, and, going to the upper end of it, took his place behind some gentlemen, who nodded to him as he passed.

The room was filled with the very lowest classes

of the London poor. Among them were ferocious-looking, dirty, ragged men, who might have been thieves, burglars, or pickpockets. Not less disreputable-looking were the women and children. The air of the room smelt horribly of dirty clothes and drink. They were all very quiet, however, and well-behaved at the time, for all were busily engaged in eating splendid "hunks" of bread and cheese, and drinking huge mugsful of hot tea. Truly there are few quieters of the savage human breast equal to food! Probably all the people there were hungry; many of them had been starving, and were ravenous. There was scarcely any sound except of moving jaws, when, after a few chords from a harmonium, a sweet, mellow, female voice rang out, and told of the love of Jesus Christ to poor, perishing, guilty man.

Both the words and music of the hymn had a soothing influence on the people. When the calm contentment resulting from satisfied hunger, had settled down on them, a gentleman rose, and, continuing the theme of the hymn, told his hearers earnestly about the Saviour of sinners. His address was very short, because, he said, a city missionary—a personal friend—had come that night to speak to them. As he said this, he turned to the lame man, who rose at once and stood forward.

There was something in the gaze of this man's piercing yet tender eyes which forced the attention of even the most careless among them. His handsome young face was very pale, and his lips were for a moment compressed, as if he were trying to keep back the words which were ready to rush out. When he spoke, the soft tones of a deep bass voice helped to secure attention, so that you could have heard a pin drop.

At once the lame man launched into a most thrilling description of a scene of peril and rescue. He told of a gallant ship battling with a furious gale; of her striking on a shoal; of the masts going over the side; of wreck and ruin all around, and the wild waves bursting over passengers and crew, and gradually breaking up the ship—"No hope—no hope—only cries for mercy—shrieks of despair!"

As the lame man spoke, his eyes seemed to flash. His cheeks were no longer pale. The rough men before him frowned and gazed as if their anxiety had been roused. The women leaned forward with eager looks of sympathy. Even the children were spell-bound. One hulking fellow, with a broken nose and a black eye, sat clutching both knees with his muscular hands, and gazed open-mouthed and motionless at the speaker, who went on to say that when things were at their worst, and death stared the perishing people in the face, a beautiful object seemed suddenly to rise out of the raging sea; its colour was a mixture of pure white and bright blue!

It was the lifeboat, which sheered alongside and took them on board one by one.

"Some there were," said the lame man impressively, "who hung back, and some who at first did not believe in the lifeboat, and *refused* to leave the doomed ship. There was *no hope* for those who refused—none whatever; but they gave in at last. God put it into their hearts to *trust* the lifeboat, and so the whole were rescued and brought in safety to the land."

"Well done!" burst from the hulking man with the broken nose, and a deep sigh of relief escaped from many of the women; but there was instant silence again, for the speaker's hand was up, his eyes were glittering, and his lips compressed. Every one knew that more was coming, and they bent forward.

Then, in a low soft voice, he began to tell of a dark but quiet night, and a slumbering city; of a little spark, which, like sin in a child, was scarcely visible at first, but soon grew fierce and spread, until it burst out in all the fury of an unquenchable fire. He told of the alarm, the shouts of "Fire!" the rushing to the rescue, and the arrival of the engines and the fire-escape. Then he described the horror of a young woman in the burning house, who, awaking almost too late, found herself on the very edge of destruction, with the black smoke circling round, and the impassable gulf of flame below. Just then the head of the fire-escape approached her, and a man with extended arms was seen a few feet below her, calling out "Come!"

Like some of those in the shipwreck, she did not at first believe in the escape. She could not *trust*. She *would not* leap. While in that condition there was no hope for her, but God put it into her heart to trust. She leaped, and was saved!

The speaker stopped. Again there was a sigh of relief and a tendency to cheer on the part of the hulking man, but once more the sparkling eyes and compressed lips riveted the people and tied their tongues. In another moment the missionary had them on a battlefield, which he described with thrilling power, passing rapidly from the first bugle call through all the fight, until the foe was finally put to flight amid the shouts of "Victory!"

"Men and women," he said in conclusion, "I am painting no fancy pictures. The things I have told to you did really happen, and four dear brothers of my own were chief actors in the scenes described. They helped to rescue the perishing from the sea and from the fire, and joined in the shout of Victory! on the battlefield. Now, friends, you are in a worse case than any I have yet described. The tempest of sin is roaring round and in you. This world is sinking beneath you, but Jesus Christ, our Lifeboat, is alongside. Will you come? The fire is burning under your very feet; there is no deliverance from the flames of God's wrath, except by the Great Escape. Jesus is at hand to save. Will you come? The battle is raging. Don't you *know* it? Do you forget that awful combat with the tempter when you fought your way past the gin-

shop, but were beaten and turned back? Or that terrible assault, when passion, after a deadly struggle, laid you helpless on your back? Oh! may God's Holy Spirit open your eyes to see Jesus—the Captain of your Salvation—at your elbow this moment, waiting at the door of your heart and knocking till you will open and let Him in to lead you on to—Victory!"

Here the speaker dropped his voice again, and spoke tenderly of the love of Jesus to the chief of sinners, and as he spoke, tears were seen trickling down many a dirty face, and sobs broke the solemn stillness.

As the lame man was going home that night, a young girl ran after him and seized his arm. Her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"Oh, sir," she cried in a low voice that trembled with emotion, "can—*will*—Jesus save the like of me?"

"Assuredly, my poor girl. He says, 'Come unto Me,' and 'Whosoever *will*, let him take.' If you are willing, there is no doubt about His willingness. The difficulty only lies with you, not with him. Where do you live?"

"I have no home," sobbed the girl; "I have run away from my home, and have no place to lay my head in here. But oh! sir, I want to be saved!"

The lame man looked with the deepest commiseration into the appealing eyes. "Come," he said, "walk with me. I will tell you of One who had no place where to lay His head."

She took his arm without a word, and the two hurried through the still crowded streets. Arrived at his own door, the lame man knocked. It was opened by a fair, soft, and exceedingly pretty little woman of about thirty years of age, whose fresh face was the very personification of health and goodness.

"Why, Jim!" she exclaimed, looking at the girl in surprise.

"Here we are, Molly," exclaimed the lame man, bustling into a snug room in which a fire was blazing, and cheering preparations for tea were going on, "and I've brought a friend to spend the night with us. There's plenty of room on your floor for a shake-down, eh? This is my sister," he added, turning to the girl, "Mary Thorogood, but we always call her Molly. She has come to visit me this Christmas—much against her will, I believe, she's so fond of the old folk at home! Come now, take her into your room, Molly; make her comfortable, and then we'll have tea."

Molly took the girl into her room. Returning a moment later for something forgotten, she was touched on the shoulder by her brother, who whispered low in her ear:—

"A brand, Molly dear, plucked from the burning."

Molly turned her eyes upon her brother with a glad smile as she re-entered her little room, and shut the door.

(To be concluded.)



JULY 1881.

Sermon.

REDEMPTION.

By the Rev. A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D.,

Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh.

"Christ . . . obtained eternal redemption for us."—
HEBREWS ix. 11, 12.

"SIN" was the subject of the sermon last month, and we must begin our attempt to teach the Scripture Doctrine of Redemption by reminding ourselves that the whole revelation of God in Christ Jesus is the revelation of salvation from sin. The Son of God was called Jesus (or the Saviour), because He saves His people from their sins. The call of the Baptist was, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." When the apostle lays the foundation of his mighty argument in writing to the Romans, he lays it in the indisputable fact that "*all have sinned*, and come short of the glory of God;" and upon this he builds up his grand demonstration that we are justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii. 24). So also in the chapter from which our text is taken, the thought which presses on the writer's mind is "transgression" and "sin." He crowns his investigation of the law of sacrifice by saying, "Now once, in the end of the world hath Christ appeared to put away *sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (ver. 26). He has shown that even while the Mosaic dispensation lasted, its sacrifices could not make the offerer perfect, because the blood of bulls and of goats could only "sanctify to the purifying of the flesh," whereas the blood of Christ will purge the conscience from "dead works to serve the living God." In thus claiming for the sacrifice of Christ the supreme place as the one offering that perfecteth them that are sanctified, by cleansing them from all sin, the author of the Epistle is at one with all the other writers of the New Testament. Out of the profound conviction of sin and need comes the full-hearted thankful appreciation of the glorious grace of redemption. For the sense of sin is in itself a recognition of God, a Holy and Just God, who is cognisant of our conduct, whom we are under obligation to obey, and in whose sight, as in our own conscience, our deeds are "sins." Not error only, not shortcoming only; but "sin." Error, short-

coming—these call up the idea of rectitude, which is an abstraction; but sin, which implies the Righteous One—that is man's word for his own misdeeds when he is awakened. The existence of a law higher than ourselves is not all that our conscience establishes, for there is also the conviction of a Power, a Personal God, against whom we sin. Before that mystery of sin, which rules our race, the proudest heads may well be bent, and the most sanguine hearts be filled with awe and fear. Not only that the world is full of sin, but that I myself am unclean; not only that the world needs a revelation of God, but that I need an interposition of God in my behalf; this is the conviction of the truth without which we cannot understand how great was the undertaking of Christ when He came to "redeem us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."

It is the consideration of this great truth of Redemption which is now to occupy us. We may perhaps best clear the ground when we begin by saying:—

I. WHAT CHRIST DID NOT DO.—(1) He did not propitiate a revengeful, angry God. That could not be, for His constant teaching was, "I and my Father are one." He was "sent by the Father." God commendeth His love to us by sending His Son to save us. (2) He did not come merely to pay a debt due to the Great Creator: so that every man is free because all his debt is fully paid. That would make our salvation by God an act of justice, not an act of free grace. But "by grace we are saved." Our sins are "debts:" but sin means also more than debt: and salvation means something far more gracious than the just discharge of a debtor whose debt has been paid. It is not the debtor who may be honest though unfortunate, but the thief who has broken the law of the land, that is in the position of sinful man. (3) Christ did not come merely to give repentance. Christ did not die merely to change our views of sin. There is more than a change in man's mind effected by Christ since His work is described in such texts as these:—"God hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin;" "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel and the remission of sins;" "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." (4) Christ did not come to offer

an arithmetical equivalent for the sufferings deserved by sinners of mankind. One is sometimes tempted to speak as though there were compressed into Christ's agony all the untold woe of man's deserved doom throughout eternity. But there is no authority for this in Scripture, nor is it in the power of man to imagine how the computation could be accomplished. In the woe of Christ's appointed cup there was a bitterness which we cannot even imagine, but that its intense bitterness made it exactly equal in amount to all that all men would have suffered had there been no salvation, is an unwarranted statement. That Christ was our Substitute and our Ransom I believe to be the plain teaching of Scripture, but no man, either friend or foe, has a right to confound this doctrine of substitution or of satisfaction with that of an equivalent.

We now come to consider

II. WHAT CHRIST DID AND DOES AS OUR REDEEMER.

(a) *He became our Mediator.*—"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." In these days of ours, when all religions are viewed historically and with sympathetic endeavour to find out what is best in each one and what is common to all, the Scripture doctrine of a Mediator has received much illustration. It appears to be an all but universal conviction that man needs some one to come between him and his guilt, some one to change his relation to his God and Judge; and that it is not in the power of man to undo his own undoing, to bear his own sin. The priests and the sacrifices of heathenism were regarded as a means of mediation; as something outside of the sinner, which might remove barriers and enable him to draw near to his God.

(b) *He became our Sacrifice, and as such our Substitute.*—Every worshipper who offered a victim to his God as an atonement for his own sin confessed that he deserved death for sin, and that his hope was in the substitute's life being accepted in lieu of his own. Those sacrifices were types, often unconscious types, of One who came in the fulness of time "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," "to give His life a ransom for many." It has been the humble Christian's comfort in all ages to believe that when the "Messiah was cut off, it was not for Himself," that "the Lord laid on Him the iniquities of us all." When He chose the symbols by which He desired to be remembered, they were the symbols of His atoning death. It is not His Birth, or Baptism, or Temptation; not His Transfiguration, or His marvellous Miracles, or His Supreme Teaching; not even His glorious Resurrection and bright Ascension, but His Death, that the sacramental symbols represent. All His Life tended to His Death, was crowned in His Death: and the Church proclaimed His Resurrection as the proof that God had ac-

cepted the dying love of His sinless sacrificial Death (see Acts ii. 24, 33, 36; iii. 13, 15, etc.)

(c) *In saving man by the sacrifice of Himself Christ fulfilled the Father's will.*—Christ said, "I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." From the everlasting love of the Father, and the willing obedience of the Son, came the redemption, the accomplishment of which makes us wonder and adore. Remember that however great, even awful, this atonement may seem, man, sinful man, was not asked to pay it; but God Himself provided it. Christ, our atonement, is God's own gift; He "was by the grace of God tasting death for every man." We own the mighty mystery of this divine act of redemption. It has two aspects, one divine, the other human; the one as God sees it, the other as it is seen by man. Its efficacy Godwards is exerted in a region where we have no ken nor consciousness—the region of the divine; and regarding it we can only receive what we have been taught. We have not been told, and we do not know, what constituted the efficacy of Christ's atonement in God's sight. We only know that the Father's voice from heaven was, "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Let us not think we can apply the faltering analogies of human law or of human merchandise to this infinite, eternal, and divine salvation. But, looking again at the human side, the side which man can see, let us remember that the death of our Saviour reconciled us to God, and saved us from deserved doom. "We are saved from wrath through Him." The gift of eternal life cost a mighty price, a price beyond all worlds to compute—the Church has been purchased with the blood of God's own Son—but it is free to us. Christ is God's unspeakable gift to men. Who shall "reply against God" because He has chosen to save us in this way and in no other? Nay, do not even we see that the Saviour's death shows the grandeur and purity of the divine law? "He hath magnified the law and made it honourable," even in human eyes. Many difficulties have arisen from feeble man trying to see the divine aspect of the atonement or redemption that is in Christ Jesus. But when we avoid what is too high for us, and let our minds dwell on the *fact* of redeeming love; when we by faith "behold the Lamb of God;" our hearts expand and are filled with peace.

(d) *Christ is now the Giver of Life.*—Whenever there dawns on the human soul a sense of sin and a craving for greater purity, there rises also the conviction that a Saviour higher, stronger, better than ourselves is indispensable to our attaining a better state. It is not enough that I should see the better way, for a heathen may teach us that he could "see and prize the better things, yet still the worse pursue;" I need the assurance of help and strength. Even when we are pointed to Jesus

Christ, and all His winsome holiness, we feel that His perfection is too perfect for us to imitate it, and that the very beauty of His Divine Life makes us despair. To bid us be like Him—if it were left to ourselves to find the strength for obedience—is as vain a mockery as to bid us vault to the nearest star. But blessed be God, He is our Life as well as our Example; “I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life:” “Come unto Me, . . . I will give you rest.”

In leaving this great theme, I feel how inadequate those poor words have been. With stammering lips we try to sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. We have dwelt on one aspect of redemption only. Even of that we have said little, and that little is not worthy. And yet it has made us in some measure realise the Apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem, in the midst of the throne of which is the Lamb that was slain. The Christian theology that has another centre than the “Lamb as it was slain” cannot have a long life upon the earth; for it is not the theology of the Bible: and if the Bible be rejected or strained to make a place for it, men will soon put it away for another theology that has still less of the Bible in it. It is impossible to stand still at the Socinian position which accepts Christ the Teacher, and does not believe in the Christ whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood. It is easy to declaim against the use of the word blood—a Bible-word though it be—but the “blood is the life,” the life poured out for us, and weary hearts have a pure and reverent meaning when they express their trust in the blood of the cross which made our peace. Nor need we fear that trust in what Christ has done will make us “go on to sin that grace may abound.” God forbid that we should so grieve His Spirit. The brightest Christian lives have been those of saints who knew that their own righteousness was but filthy rags, and who prized the free gift of the garment which made them fit for the marriage feast of the King’s Son. There are those who denounce the truth of the Bible that “faith is counted for righteousness,” under the well-meant but mistaken notion that if we believe in such imputation of righteousness we shall fail to realise the righteousness which is imparted. It is an old controversy which they thus revive: and our fathers solved the difficulty when they said that no man is justified without being also sanctified, that no man can have righteousness imputed without its being also imparted. Faith alone justifies, but not the faith which is alone. “He saves His people from their sins;” and no man rightly believes in the Saviour who is not in daily life fighting and winning the victory over the sins from which Christ died to redeem us. “This is the name whereby He shall be called: THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.” “Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.”

DINAH'S SON.

“Thou cam’st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee.”

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART VII.

IT was several years after the events had taken place which have been recorded in the last chapter, that Lindsay, while quietly walking homewards one evening, encountered in the High Street of his native town a face and figure with which he seemed to be familiar, yet to which he could not at the first flush attach a name. It was plain that the feeling was mutual, since the stranger, by an equal amount of inquiry in his eye, and hesitation in his step, was as evidently at a loss about him. A few moments, however, solved the riddle.

Of late years Lindsay had but seldom been in the way of making new acquaintanceships, and a very slight effort of memory enabled him now to recall where he had beheld before the trim brisk busy countenance and compact form which would have been unmistakable anywhere. He had met Mr. Dundas at Laurel Grove, where the lawyer had been presented to him by Middlemass with a flourish, and he in his turn had been named—but more slightly—as an old friend.

He now inquired eagerly after the family.

“Oh, Middlemass is going it, I can tell you,” replied his companion, nodding his head knowingly. “One way and another, he has made a pot of money lately, and luckily for him his wife does not spend as fast as he earns—which is usually the way of the womenfolk. Ah, Mr. Lindsay, you and I have the best of it in that respect; we have the pull of the Benedicts there. What we have, we have; what we get together we can call our own. Eh? Isn’t it so? Ha! ha! ha! Milliners’ bills are the very mischief to these married men, they catch sight of the serpent’s tail beneath the trained skirts of the *modiste*.”

“As to our friend Middlemass,—let me see, now,—I have an invitation for his eldest son’s coming of age presently; it will be quite an affair, I am told.”

“His eldest son?”

“No, no; you are right, of course not; but I had forgotten poor Jem. And to be sure, between ourselves, others have forgotten him too; he is as much dead and buried where he is, as though he had left the world altogether. Walter—him they call Wat—he is all in all now. And a fine strip of a youth he is too, though by what I hear, not quite the steady-going article his brother was. Young men will be young men, and a medical student’s life is not the kind of thing to sober down a young spark like Master Wat. Middlemass should send him away for a time; place him where he will not have the whole pack of scapegraces at

his heels at every turn; and when he has sown his wild oats, he'll do well enough, I don't doubt."

"And Nora?"

"Nora! Ay, Nora; quite a young lady now. She has come home from her boarding-school, finished off, as they call it, and ready for the balls. A fine-looking girl—fine eyes, fine complexion, and carries herself as straight as a poker. Bless me, it's a treat now-a-days to see a young lady who does not come slouching into a room all shoulders and elbows. Nora has her mother's figure—an improvement, of course; but I remember Mrs. Middlemass, a topping handsome lass twenty years ago. Ay, Nora will do; she and Madam don't hit it off though, I can tell you; but that's no matter, she'll soon pick up a husband. The younger ones are nothing much."

"I think Nora clever besides."

"Clever enough to bother them all. They'll need have their wits about 'em, whoever has the charge of her. You're to be at the coming of age?"

But Lindsay had not been invited.

He tried not to mind making the avowal, and tried further to carry on the dialogue cheerfully in the presence of Mr. Dundas; but there was a vague oppression on his spirits, which deepened as the lawyer prattled on. He was informed of a good many things which it is probable he might never have heard of otherwise—mention of them being made in a casual way—and he thought he now knew why for such a length of time no summons had come to him from Laurel Grove.

In the softened mood in which Middlemass had found himself about the time of Jem's departure, he had clung almost childishly to the friend and monitor of his youth, had hung on his lips for counsel, and leaned on his arm for support. At the expiry of Lindsay's visit, he had been implored to renew it speedily; to make the house his second home; to come often and stay long. He had promised, and had meant to keep his word.

No one else had been notably importunate, but that was easily explained, since Mrs. Middlemass, in common with her children, still persisted in attributing to him a hand in Jem's resolution, which he had not had, and which he could not persuade them he had not had; consequently, the indignation which could not be poured forth on Jem was reserved for Lindsay. "For we don't know whose may be the next turn," observed the lady, with genuine uneasiness, as she marked the solace which his friend's companionship appeared to afford her husband.

Lindsay, however, had left ere Jem sailed, and, as we have seen, Middlemass had been enticed away from higher consolations by applying himself to earthly resources and comforts. He had been fairly successful even at the first, and as month after month went by, each bringing its own interests, anxieties, cares, and pleasures, he had scarce time or inclination to look back.

The world was widening for him; his family was growing up; his means, his appendages, and his luxuries, were on the increase. He was, as Dundas said, "going it," in the matter of outlay; not extravagantly nor lavishly—always having his pennyworth for his penny, he would have told you—but still adding house to house and field to field, with an eye to prudence and the future. Lindsay need not have chidden himself as he did for absurdity in supposing that the one spare room at the pretty villa was to be reserved for him except at long and rare intervals. There were three or four unoccupied rooms at Laurel Grove presently; for the talked-of wing to the house which was to comprise a large dining-room below, and some bedrooms overhead, had been built within six months of Jem's departure; and these were not so invariably tenanted but what, had they been so minded, Middlemass and his wife could have found quarters for a bachelor.

But summer after summer and winter after winter passed without the expected invitation; and humble-minded and unobtrusive as our good Lindsay was, he felt—he could not help it—not only pained on his own account, but a secret foreboding as regarded his friend.

What was Middlemass about all this time? Why no word, no sign?

Jem's letters, which had at first been sent regularly for his perusal, stopped coming all at once, and his own note of thanks for the last had never been responded to. He had written again, though with some internal compunction, but still without result; and the end was that, as he told Dundas, it was upwards of three years since he had had any communication with the family in whom he took so lively an interest.

And what did silence mean? Alas! hardly a growth in spiritual life, progress in the pilgrim's path. Hardly that Middlemass, who had assured his son so solemnly, at parting, of his purpose to wean himself from the world and its vain delights, had carried out his resolution; hardly, even, that he had set his face to do so. Had he indeed made the attempt? Was he, in truth, engaged in the struggle? Lindsay feared not, he could hardly have told why. It seemed presumptuous to suppose that he, unlearned, poor, and unimportant, could claim to exercise authority over the mind of the clever influential Middlemass; but, nevertheless, a voice whispered in his heart that such was really the case, that such authority was now unwelcome, and that therefrom had resulted his banishment from the home of his friend.

In vain had he yearned for tidings. He longed to hear of Jem, to see Nora, to learn what one and all were doing. They might shake him off, forget him, think no more of him, but he could not so treat them; their welfare was still dear to his heart, and their interests his own.

What had he now to listen to? Nothing, perhaps, of very serious import; nothing to make a trouble

of; nothing that he had not suspected before; but still—Wat was “not as steady-going as his brother had been,” Nora and her mother did not “hit it off.” Middlemass was making money and spending it—he turned uneasily in his big arm-chair that evening, and gazed into the fire. He wished he knew more; he wished he could do something; he wished—he did not know what he wished—he almost wished that he had not met Dundas, and had not heard a word about any one.

All at once the door bell rang.

Lindsay started, and then laughed at himself; it was only the postman. Ah! but the postman brought a letter; and, strange to tell, it proved to be the very letter whose arrival he was half anticipating, since he had learned that Mr. Dundas had only received his invitation to the forthcoming festivities on the previous day. That understood, it had seemed possible, just possible, that one might yet come for Lindsay. Here it was; and we may now take a peep into the villa, and see under what circumstances it had been despatched.

Middlemass, full of the great event about to take place, and bent upon celebrating it with all possible pomp, had early set to work to consider with what guests the spacious apartments at Laurel Grove should be filled. By putting out the boys, six good bedrooms upstairs were at the disposal of host and hostess, and these six had already, in intent, been portioned out to suitable and eligible occupants over and over again. But there was also a tiny attic, a snug little sleeping-place for any one of Wat's intimates whom it should please the young king of the feast graciously to entertain. First one and then another of these had been selected; but it was invariably found that good reason arose for neither being the favoured individual; and at length, fearful of creating jealousy, and aware that there was no real occasion for lodging any one of these youths, who were all within reach of their homes, it ended in the magnanimous Wat's declaring that after all his mother might have the room if she chose, for that he did not want it.

Mrs. Middlemass named a relation, who was black-balled forthwith as a bore; Davie asserted that if the attic were vacant he would himself prefer it to his ramshackle bed at the lodge, and all were demurring to this, and considering what should be done, when Middlemass in his loudest tones exclaimed,

“Bless my life! there's Lindsay. What have we been about never to think of poor Lindsay? I'll be bound he'll come, and thankful; and it's many a day since he has been here. Eh? Well? What d'ye say, all of you? Lindsay is your man, is he not?” looking around him.

“As you please, sir,” said Wat, indifferently.

“Mr. Lindsay? Well—I have no objections,” subjoined his mother, after a short hesitation. “If you think that he would really like to be here, that he would not be put out of his way; but, at any rate, we can but ask him.”

“Ay, we can but ask him,” said Middlemass, cheerfully, and pulling towards him a writing-case—for he usually took such cares on himself—“We can but ask him; and then if he comes, he comes, and if he won't, he won't. I shall tell him what's up; I shan't keep him in the dark as to any of the gay doings; so if he does not like them, he can but stay away. At any rate, if he is here, he knows what it is for, and that's everything. I think he will come,” he added, writing away.

Perhaps there lurked a feeling of shame for the neglect which his old friend had of late experienced at his hands; perhaps there was an unconscious desire to have Lindsay's presence rather amidst the bustle and gaiety of a merry-making than in a quiet time of leisure; perhaps it was the mere warmth of heart which amidst many failings still characterised the wealthy merchant; but certain it is, that no fault could be found to a letter so cordial and affectionate as that he now penned.

Lindsay was conjured in heartiest terms to renew his intercourse with the family; and though no real reason was available for that intercourse having been broken off, and though the excuses which were offered in its stead were but shabby and flimsy, our poor bachelor was foolish enough to forgive everything, and experience only a glow of happiness at the prospect now before him.

Go he would, most certainly; and go he did.

How pleasant in his eyes looked the pretty suburban haunts, all green and fresh in their May foliage, as he drove along on the appointed day; how full of spring beauty the little gardens; how festive and bright Laurel Grove itself! The gates stood already open, as though affording a welcome; the drive was covered with fresh wheel-marks; a flag flew from the turret; and divers other tokens of a joyous stir on the happy occasion renewed the pleasurable emotions with which our traveller had started in the morning. He was ushered into the drawing-room by a servant who beamed with importance, and was there met by the eldest daughter of the house, apparently in waiting to receive him.

Nora had grown into a fine girl, as the lawyer Dundas had said. The imperfections and angularities of extreme youth had passed away, while every dawning beauty had ripened; and in consequence, instead of a shy brusque schoolgirl, Lindsay beheld a lovely creature in all the bloom and sweetness of maidenhood.

“Mr. Lindsay! Oh, let my father know,” said Nora, looking at the guest whilst directing the attendant. “He will be so glad you are come,” she added, with a cordial smile, “and he will be here directly, for he is only showing some of our friends round the garden.”

“Pray do not let him be disturbed,” said Lindsay, seating himself. “You and I will have our chat first.”

“Unless you would prefer going to him?”

“Not at all. This room is so cool and pleasant,

it is quite refreshing after the glare and dust outside. Travelling tires one in spite of oneself."

"Yes," said Nora, absently. She had turned her head with a sudden eager motion at a sound from without, and the next minute another carriage drove to the door. "Where is papa?" All in a moment there reappeared to the view of his companion the Nora of old. He could not be mistaken; every feature was suffused with crimson, the eyes flashed, the brow contorted, and an impatient gesture of the foot was all but a stamp. "Where is papa?"

"Suppose I go and seek him?"

No answer. Nora's eyes on the door.

"Through the conservatory, I suppose?" said Lindsay, rising.

"The conservatory? Yes. He is somewhere—in the garden." Miss Middlemass spoke as though she hardly knew what she was saying. "And—and I hope you will excuse me——"

"Certainly."

It was easy to say "Through the conservatory," and easy to pass over the low window-sill separating it from the drawing-room; but the outer door was locked, and the key nowhere. All that was left for the unlucky intruder—and such at that moment Lindsay felt himself to be—was to be absorbed in his new surroundings as completely as might be. Still, he could not help wondering who Nora had got in the drawing-room. A man, certainly—it was a duet between a bass and treble voice which now came merrily from within—a man, and possibly a young one. Oho!

He smelt a rose thoughtfully. Had the girl lovers already? Was this the meaning of that fiery blush, and the eagerness to be rid of him? No harm if it were; brides of eighteen are not uncommon; her home had never been to Nora a congenial atmosphere. He would see what this favoured young man—supposing he were young and were about to be favoured—was like.

"Mr. Lindsay—Mr. Vyner Wade."

Lindsay had barely had time to scuffle to the farther end of the house, and be lost in contemplation of a creeper, ere the two were upon him—at the very moment of his becoming conscious of a desire to be upon them.

He had now an opportunity of forming his opinion, and it was not an unfavourable one; he saw a good-tempered looking young gentleman, who bowed politely, and addressed him agreeably; what more could be desired for the beginning of an acquaintance? Poor hot, hearty Middlemass, who trotted up to bid both his guests welcome the next minute, certainly did not shine by contrast to the Hon. Charles Wade.

"You arrived with our swell, I take it," said he aside to Lindsay, presently. "Nora would tell you who he is? No? Humph, I thought she was sure to do that,"—offering further enlightenment himself. "The son of an earl, you know,

though he is only a *Mister*. Sounds queer; but it's a fact. And as you are here, you will be interested in knowing—perhaps it's premature, but to an old friend like you—the fact is, my girl and he have been seeing a good deal of each other lately."

"I understand."

"That's what it is; and if she fancies him—and he seems to have made a set at her by all I hear—why, there is no harm in William Middlemass's daughter becoming an 'Honourable' as well as other people's, I suppose. She shall have her share—Nora shall have her share—perhaps a trifle more than I had meant to give her, it seems the aristocracy are usually short of money—it's a sign of blue blood to be hard up, they tell me. Eh? I don't know about it myself. I'm a plain man, and like to have a good pocketful, I own; but then I never set up to be a grandee, and if Nora has a mind to step a wee thing higher in the world, she shan't be hindered for want of tocher. He has nothing; he makes no bones about it. He has told the boys over and over again that he can't afford to marry. But, bless my life! what's the good of a purse if the strings won't open on an occasion? I never grudged my children anything. So now you know; and he's here for this grand coming of age, and we'll see what will come of it."

It was obvious that the young man, worthy or not as experience might prove him, had made a good start with more than one of the family at Laurel Grove. The bold avowal, the unvarnished financial truth, which he had made at the beginning of his intercourse with Middlemass, and to which he had been prompted by the instinct of good-luck, had been nine points in his favour with one who doted on honesty, and who rather preferred that no one about him should be as rich as himself. He had, he felt, enough for all; and Nora's impecunious suitor suspected the feeling. Charles was in love too, in a way. He admired Miss Middlemass, who was handsome and striking, who was very young, and would be very well endowed. For her sake, and for the sake of the substantial benefit which should be transmitted to him through her, he did not see that he need mind about the vulgar old couple, and the young snobs, Nora's brothers. Once away from the neighbourhood, surely he could contrive to sink the family, detach his wife from former associations, and cut the whole connection with civility. Moreover, such a marriage would save him from going with his regiment to India, would enable him to hunt in the shires for six months out of the year, and to frequent London and London clubs for the rest of the time. His mind was made up.

"Is Mr. Wade a friend of yours?" inquired Lindsay of the hero of the day; for he did not see how the acquaintance could have begun save under Wat's auspices. "I mean, was it you who introduced him to your family?"

"No, indeed;—that is, no, not exactly. Fact is, Nora picked him up for herself first, though of course we are all jolly good friends now. I suppose you see what's up? It's quite a case, you know."

"Where did Nora meet him?"

"At our aunt's. She lives near the barracks, and had Nora out for the holidays. Nora had not left school, but he thought she was out—she is out now, but she wasn't then;—so my aunt had her over as soon as she left school; and she stopped there; and I went to bring her home: so, as soon as I asked him for the ball, he came like a shot."

"You don't know his family?"

"Know his family?" Wat stared. "No, rather. I don't know a single thing about him," he allowed, frankly.

"Does your sister——"

"—Oh, she knows a lot, I'll warrant her. They talk, talk, for hours on end. I'm not a spoony myself," said Wat, with an air of superiority; "I don't see the fun of it. Fancy a fellow like Charley Wade going to tie himself down to matrimony at twenty-three! Though I daresay he has had his fling too," he added, laughing. "I daresay Master Charley is not altogether the sweet youth he seems to be now that he is on his best behaviour and promotion."

"Do you mean," said Lindsay in a low voice, "do you mean that you—Nora's brother—know nothing whatever about this young man who is trying to gain her affections?"

"I know who he is very well."

"But you do not know what he is at all?"

"Perhaps it's best not to know," said Wat, lightly.

"And you do not even try to find out about him? You allow her, deliberately allow her, to be sought after by one who may be a spendthrift, a libertine——"

"O come," said Wat, shaking his head. "That's uncharitable, Mr. Lindsay. We have nothing to do with what people *may* be, you know. Charley Wade *may* be all that's excellent—we will hope he is. That's Nora's look out. Between ourselves, I think she is rather a fool to be taken with his long face and philandering airs; but as she is, I'll not be the one to put a spoke in his wheel. It's not my business, either."

"Not your business to guard your sister's happiness?"

"Not at all," said Wat, coolly, "I have enough to do guarding my own. But as you speak of happiness, I can tell you it will be a happiness to the household generally to have Nora married. If she were to be living at home, she would soon be at loggerheads all round; she does not care a pin's point for any one of us, ever since Jem went."

"Ah, Jem," said Lindsay.

"Yes, he could do anything with her, of course; but when there was no one she cared for, she just made herself disagreeable from morning to night;

you never could get a word out of her, and if you went to her door at any hour of the day, as sure as fate it was locked. She and mamma used to fight like anything besides; but now that this affair is on, mamma is as pleased as possible, and we all get on swimmingly."

Lindsay sighed.

"It's all her own doing, you know," continued Wat; "don't you fancy that any one has been egging Nora on, Mr. Lindsay?"

"Has any one been holding her back, Wat?"

Our Supplements.

UNDER this title we do not speak of the local Supplements—perhaps about seventy—which are at present circulated in parishes or districts with this Magazine. Many of them are conducted with great ability and zeal; and their multiplication seems the best means now available in the Church of Scotland of bringing the power of the press to bear directly, and at a moderate cost, upon our parishes and congregations.

We speak specially of two Supplements which, not being local, are the property of the Christian Life and Work Committee—a property from which they do not seek to make gain.

These publications are:—

I.—LIFE AND WORK, WITH GAELIC SUPPLEMENT.

In the Report to last General Assembly, it is thus noticed—

This is a four-page Supplement, ably edited by the Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., minister of Kilmallie, and printed by Mr. Sinclair, Glasgow. Prefixed to the Magazine, it has a circulation of 2500. The contents are very short sermons, evangelical hymns (chiefly translated from the Scottish Hymnal), Biblical articles, papers on the training of children, and biographies—chiefly of eminent Christians of the Gaelic Church. Surely a magazine thus localised for Gaelic-speaking people only needs to be made better known in order to command a much larger circulation. The Committee beg to commend it to the favourable consideration of the Highland clergy.

II.—LIFE AND WORK, WITH SUPPLEMENT FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

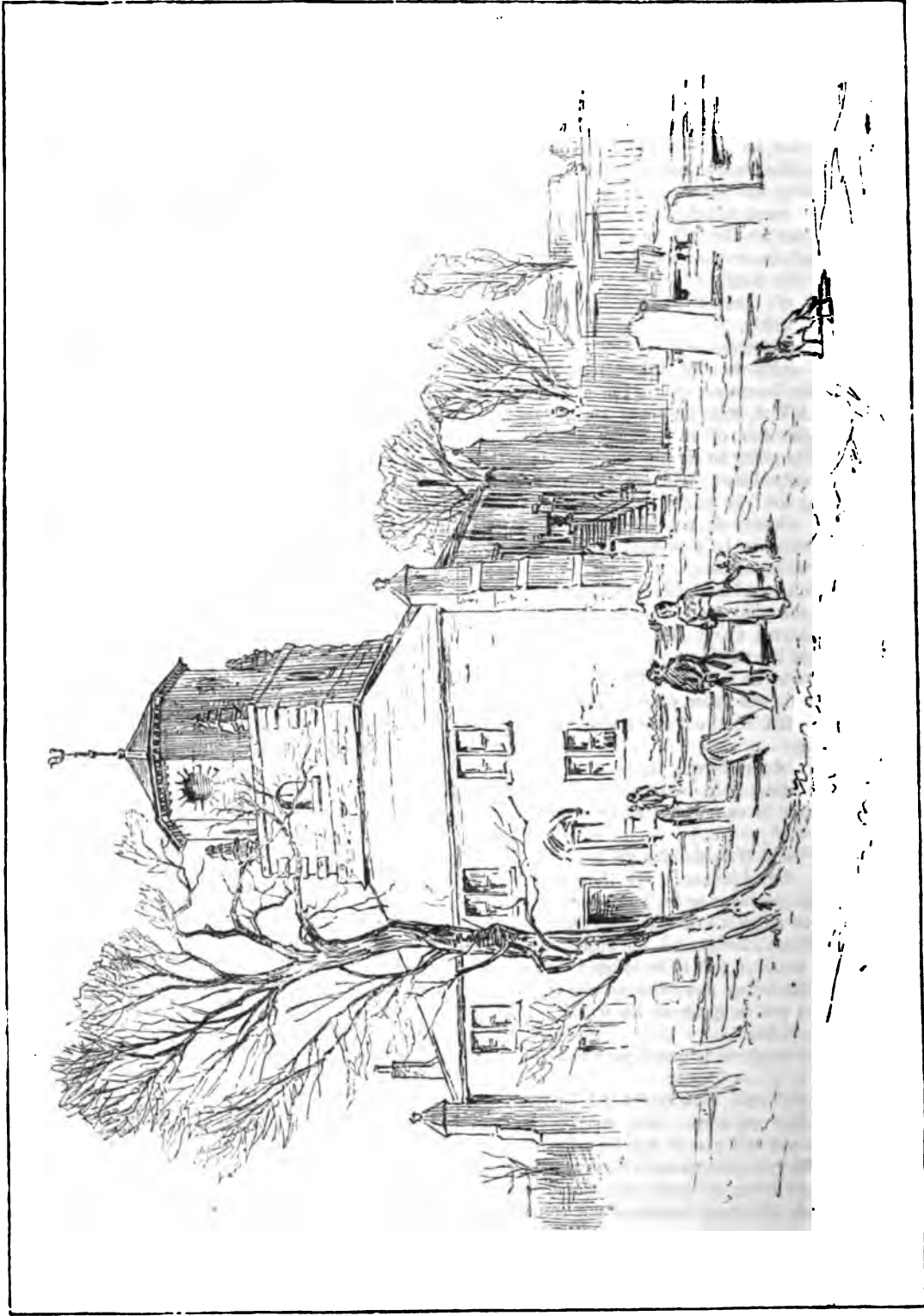
This Supplement is admirably conducted by the Rev. John Paton, Dumfries, who will send specimen copies on application. Mr. Paton sends us the following appeal:—

This Supplement has this month completed the first year of its existence. Literary Contributions have been received from authors well known in the literary world, both laymen and clergymen, and several ladies have regularly sent in articles. The Supplement will be found valuable to clergymen who have soldiers or sailors in their congregations.

Where "Life and Work" is localised this Supplement for Soldiers and Sailors can also be inserted. All that is needed is the order, addressed to Rev. Mr. Paton, *and a small contribution to meet the extra cost of the Supplement.*

This Supplement is very interesting to Volunteers and Militia Regiments, and might be most usefully distributed as a tract at fishing stations during summer.

Life and Work, with this Supplement, costs only a Shilling a year.



BURNTISLAND PARISH CHURCH. (See page 108.)

Presented by SAMUEL REID, Esq.

The Lord's Supper

EXPLAINED TO YOUNG READERS OF
"LIFE AND WORK."

By Rev. JOHN R. MACDUFF, D.D.

I AM going to speak to you, in this paper, on "*the Lord's Supper*" (1 Cor. xi. 20).

You are not yet sufficiently advanced in years to partake of it. I am reminded of a verse in the Gospels applicable to you. If with reverence I might put the Divine Saviour's words into your lips, you could say to those older than yourselves—"Go ye up unto this feast: I go not up yet unto this feast; for my time is not yet full come" (John vii. 8). But it is well, young though you be, that you should know the design of that gracious ordinance. I trust the day is coming when you too will eat that bread and drink that cup, and call to mind the dying, ever-living love of the blessed Jesus. It makes the heart of God's ministers glad when young disciples are heard exclaiming, in the words of Bunyan's man in armour at the gate—"Put my name down, sir, for I too am to be one of the host of the Lord!"

Looking forward then, hopefully and joyfully, to some future occasion when you will be welcomed as such, I shall try to speak to you as simply as I can about the *holy Sacrament of Communion* under five different heads.

We shall look at it as a *Picture*; a *Keepsake*; a *Seal*; a *Channel*; and a *Badge*.

I. *The Lord's Supper* is a *PICTURE*. All young people love to look at picture-books. They say to their fathers and mothers, "Come, take me on your knee, and show me some pictures." If I remember well, much as I enjoyed to *read*, when I was your age, about God calling to Abraham and telling him to stay his hand, and not slay his son; I think I liked better far to take down an old Bible from the shelf, containing a *picture* of the Patriarch turning round as he heard the voice, and saw a ram caught in the thicket by the horns.

Here, in the holy Sacrament of the Supper, is a *picture* which we are permitted to look at, of the Divine Saviour's sufferings—a picture of the great God offering the true Isaac in sacrifice. One great artist was fourteen years engaged in painting the Lord's Supper; another was twenty years painting the scene of the crucifixion. Though I have seen them both, neither of them was to me so impressive as that which we look upon at every season of Communion, in the broken bread and poured out wine. That Picture of the Redeemer's sufferings seems to speak, and seems to say, in most touching language, "Behold how He loved them!" Jesus Christ is there "*evidently set forth crucified among you*."

When the coats and garments we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, which had been worked by Dorcas, were held up to view in the room where

she died, you remember how the sight of them brought tears to the eyes of those she had been kind to in her life (Acts ix. 39). So is it with these memorials of Jesus' death, in the Sacrament He instituted the night on which He was cruelly betrayed. When we gaze upon them, they affectingly recall His love. They bring to fond and vivid remembrance Him who first remembered *us*.

II. *The Lord's Supper* is a *KEEPSAKE*. This is a much more valued thing than a picture. In a picture I may have no interest, either in the subject or in the artist. I may have bought it myself, and may have never so much *as seen* the person who painted it. But a Keepsake! Money did not buy it. I got it from a friend, and I love it and prize it because that friend gave it to me.

See yon dead sailor boy clasping a Bible with his cold hands to his bosom; it was tied round his breast with a rope when he was found lifeless on the shore; it was the only thing he cared to save. Why did he love it so? Because his mother gave it to him! See that staff in that man's hand. Why does he like to carry it with him wherever he goes? Because it was given him as a keepsake by a beloved relative now gone to a better world! Or see that locket worn round some young neck. It is not in itself valuable; but it was the last gift of a dear sister; and the lock of hair recalling her living, loving image, makes it of priceless worth. You have all heard of the African chief who received a Bible from our Queen. I am sure when he went back amid his own hot deserts and heathen tribes, every time he looked at it would remind him of the royal lady who had graciously given it, and who, in giving it, had told him that it was the Bible which made her crown glorious and her country great.

The Lord's Supper is a *Keepsake*;—a love-token from Jesus:—"Do this," says He, "*in remembrance of Me*." Look at this wine-cup, and this broken bread! They are memorials of My dying love—

"And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings My wondrous love to view."

Sometimes keepsakes are given not to keep in memory the dead but the absent. A father goes to a distant land; he gives to his son or daughter a book or a ring or a jewel, and says, "Keep these till I return; they will remind you of me when I am away, and will be pledges that I shall be back again." So Jesus says, "Ye shall show forth My death *till I come*." "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you" (John xvi. 22).

III. *The Lord's Supper* is a *SEAL*. Sometimes when the sovereign of the country appoints a person to a valuable office, or when a property is sold by one person to another, there is what is called a "*deed*," or writing drawn out on parchment. In the case of a royal deed, not only is the king or queen's name attached to it, but there is also a *seal* bearing the royal arms. What is the use or

value of the seal? It is worthless in itself. It is a mere piece of wax. But it is the legal way of making what is contained in the deed binding. The decree of Ahasuerus spoken of in the Book of Esther was written and sealed with the king's ring. "Seal it with the king's ring: for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse" (Esther viii. 8).

The King of kings, in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, puts, if I may so speak, His signet to all the blessings of redemption. You may perhaps sometimes have wondered what the meaning is when in your Catechism it is said—"doth signify and seal." God does both in this holy Sacrament. He presents you first with the *sign* (or picture), to call Jesus' death to remembrance. But He does more than this. He also puts His signature and seal, telling that all the blessings Jesus died to procure are yours. It again reminds us of Ahasuerus holding out to Queen Esther the golden sceptre, saying—"What wilt thou? and what is thy request? it shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom."

IV. *The Lord's Supper* is a CHANNEL. A river could not flow without a channel. Water could not be conducted to our houses without pipes. The gas which we have to light our rooms and our streets requires the same to convey it from the gasometer. I need not tell you that the channel is not the river; I need not tell you that the iron and lead pipes are not the water or the gas. They only convey these to us for our use. Without pipes the water would not flow;—without pipes the gas would mix with the common air, and would be of no service to us.

So it is with the Lord's Supper. Jesus appointed it to be a *channel* to convey the living water—a pipe to convey the spiritual light to the soul. It is what is called "a means of grace." It reminds us of one of the beautiful visions in the Book of Zechariah—that of the "candlestick all of gold" with the "seven pipes to the seven lamps" (Zech. iv.) These pipes were the means of conducting the olive oil from "the bowl" or large vessel on the top of it. There is not any merit or grace in the mere taking of the Sacrament itself. All grace and virtue are derived not from the Sacrament but from Christ. But it is a "means of grace," just as our daily bread is a means of nourishing the body, or as the channel of a river is the means by which the stream flows along, and carries blessings in its course to those living on its banks.

V. *The Lord's Supper* is a BADGE. What is that? You may remember the man clothed in white linen, spoken of in the Book of Ezekiel. He had a writer's ink-horn in his hand, to mark the foreheads of God's faithful ones. In doing so, he put upon them a mark or badge. The soldier's badge is his medal or uniform. A green turban is

the badge of the Mecca pilgrim; they alone who are going, or have been, to that reputed sacred spot, are allowed to wear it. We are all familiar with white as the badge of joy at a marriage, and with the black badge of crape and mourning at funerals. The father in the parable put a ring on the finger of his prodigal son as the badge of forgiveness and reconciliation. How much would the restored youth value it! Doubtless, always, when his eye fell upon it, he would say to himself: "This reminds me I am my father's son once more. I was dead, I am alive again; I was lost, but am found. Here is the badge that I am so!"

In going to the Lord's Supper—"the marriage supper of the Lamb"—the King bestows a badge upon each of His guests. In the language of the parable, He puts on them "a wedding garment." He marks them as His own; and they are proud to wear the honour, saying, "I am not ashamed of Jesus and His Gospel." Or, to take another emblem. Christ is called the Good Shepherd; and, just as I have often seen on the mountain-side, or straying in the green valley, a flock of sheep marked with the name or initials of the owner, so, partaking of this sacred rite marks His true people—"the sheep of His pasture"—as belonging to Himself, the gracious Shepherd, who purchased His flock with His own precious blood.

With that badge or mark set upon you, you can say with the Prophet, "I am the Lord's;" or with the Psalmist, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant;" or with the Bride in the Song, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His;" or with the Apostle, "I bear in my body" (in my soul) "the marks of the Lord Jesus."

As I have already observed, it may yet be too early for you, my young readers, to come to this blessed feast of love, and to lay the first green ear on the altar. But meanwhile you can ask God to prepare the altar of your young hearts for the future offering. And as you see others approaching, and partaking of the living bread; as you see old communicants and middle-aged communicants taking the cup of salvation and calling on the name of the Lord; the great Master of Assemblies has a message for you as well as for them—"I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

BUENTISLAND PARISH CHURCH.—Our Illustration is the gift of Samuel Reid, Esq. In the Statistical Account of Scotland this Church is said to have been built in 1592, on the model of the North Church of Amsterdam, and to be thus an indication of the ancient intercourse which existed between this port and Holland. The sudden death of the Rev. J. Macalister Thomson, M.A., who, after being long one of our most esteemed chaplains in India, had become minister of this Church and Parish, will be still fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

The Christian Commission during the American War.

By a Son of the Manse.

HARDLY had the echoes of the first gun fired on Sumter died away, when the New York Young Men's Christian Association summoned a convention of delegates from every Association in the land. It met at New York on the 16th November 1861, and out of this gathering sprang the Christian Commission. In food, clothing, medicines, and other necessities, the Commission distributed £175,000, and in money £80,000 more. Bibles, books, tracts, newspapers, and stationery were everywhere freely provided. Many a home was brightened by letters dated from the well-known Christian Commission tents or rooms in every camp and hospital. And last, though not least, there were given the willing and unpaid services of 1563 Christian ministers and laymen.

When the last body of Christian Commission delegates set out to take their places in the field, they had General Grant's own steamer placed at their disposal, but the first delegation had to go on foot, unknown and unannounced. One of them thus relates his experience:—

"Who are you?" said the Provost-Marshal, before whom we were taken. 'We are delegates of the United States Christian Commission.' 'What is that?' was the answer. At last the Provost gave us a pass, and soon we stood in the office of the medical director, who looked up and said, 'Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?' Now I can face a military man with a sword in his hand, but a soldier armed with a quill I have a wholesome fear of. An Episcopalian minister stepped forward and began to tell him we were delegates of the Christian Commission, four clergymen and three laymen. When we talked of clergymen, I noticed a smile fitting round the corners of his mouth. 'Gentlemen, mark me. I want men who will wash wounds, scrub floors if necessary, and, in fact, perform all the duties of a hired nurse. After you have done that, I have no objection that you put in practice any higher mission.' He then gave us a pass into the hospitals, where we set to work, nursing the men, dressing their wounds, changing their clothing; and that was the first work the Christian Commission did after it was organised. Well, two or three weeks elapsed; then the medical director sent for us. Said he, 'Gentlemen, if you can continue this thing, if you can enlist the sympathies of the Christian people, if you can combine the body and the soul, giving a man bread here to eat on earth, and bread that shall keep him from being hungry through all eternity, you will do a grand and glorious work, and organise a commission that will go down in history with the benedictions of the people resting upon it.'

Here is the card, circulated among the soldiers in the rooms and tents of the Commission. "These are newspapers from your State. Sit down and read. The writing-table and stationery are for your use. They want to hear from you at home. If out of stamps, drop your letter in the box. We will mail it. These Testaments, hymn-books, and religious papers were sent to you—take one. The Library has many interesting books. Take one, have it recorded, and return it in five days. If you are in trouble, speak to any delegate in the room; you are the one he wants to see. At half-past three come to our daily prayer-meeting. *The Saviour will be there. He says, Come.*"

And here is a narrative of Battlefield Work:—"At two A.M. all were aroused, hasty breakfast taken, and we lay by our guns, waiting. That waiting was good time for Christian Commission working. The personal interviews with officers and men were solemn, and I do not believe they will be forgotten. That Colonels go prayerfully into battle in some cases, I know; for the pleading tones of one that morning I was privileged to hear. At the close of the conflict he held me by the hand, and with misty eyes said, '*I never felt more the power of prayer than in this fight.*' Till two next morning I was on the field, ministering to the wounded and removing them to the temporary hospitals. What an Ohio soldier said to me as he was closing his eyes in death would alone have compensated for the toils of the day."

One of the delegates writes—"Before I went to California to advocate the claims of the Commission I had the honour of speaking in the Capitol of Washington. Near to me sat an old man—not very handsome as the world counts beauty, and not very erect as he sat, but who is always straight when he puts his foot down, and rests upon principle. He sat there, a rugged-looking man, one who did not affect kid gloves very much, and yet there was something grand and noble in him, as you watched the lines of his quivering countenance. I say this because I saw his lip shake more than once. I saw his eyes grow bright again and again as the simple story of the Christian Commission was detailed in his hearing, and at last I witnessed more than one sign that the great man stooped to weep, and thereby proved himself both good and great. And after that meeting was over, how my heart thrilled when that man took me by the hand and said, '*It is a great work, God bless it.*' That man was Abraham Lincoln."

The great army moved on, and the work of the Christian Commission extended to the camps far and near. The meetings were thronged with officers and soldiers, and rendered solemn and impressive by memories of the past and thoughts of stern realities to come. Suffering ones must be tenderly cared for and saved, if good nursing, comfortable clothing, and suitable diet can do it. Failing these, the poor boys must be counselled,

comforted, pointed to Jesus; their final messages and tokens taken and remitted to the sorrow-stricken ones at home; and as they die, the sad rites of the soldier's burial must be rendered. All this to the utmost of their strength—and beyond it—the delegates were ever ready to do.

JOHN PATON, New York.

"There is no Night there."

BY A BLIND LADY.

LAY all thy work aside,
Life's day is nearly past,
Its brightness all is gone,
The shadows come at last.
Yet pleasant is the shade,
E'en though the hands be still,
For peace and joy are given
To all who do God's will.

What though the limbs are weak,
The once bright eyes are dim?
If mind retains its hold,
That grasp will be on Him.
As seaweed to the rock,
As ivy to the tree,
So may our precious souls
Cling ever, Lord, to Thee.

Life's work is closing round
That solemn, silent night
Through which we all must walk,
Before we see the light—
Not of an earthly dawn;
Far, far beyond the sky,
Morn breaks without a sun—
'Tis immortality.

Of Life.

VII. WHEN THEY WENT AWAY.

HE has a son in New Zealand: a fine lad. This is one of the things you say about other people, with very little sense of what is meant by them, and with no appreciable feeling at all. Some day, if you live long enough, they come home to yourself: and the difference is beyond words to tell. You know what they mean. You do not try to express it to anybody. There are things not to be spoken about. But, besides that, no words at the command of ordinary folk can even distantly approach to expressing human feeling.

Yes: I am going to his wife's funeral to-day.

You say the words quite composedly. Then you are cheerfully busy with many things till close upon the hour. You walk smartly to the place. You feel just a little at the time: as for that, a good deal turns on how the service is done. Then you hurry briskly back to the day's occupations, and push on. It was rather a plague, the interruption: that is the fact.

But when all this comes to yourself.

Of course, if you felt the sorrows of others as

much as your own, you would not be fit for the work of life. And it is right that things should be ordered as they are. I have indeed known one who after passing through great trials, lasting over many years, did for a time feel as though a shallowness and thinness came into all his life when he had to bear no sorrow but the sorrow of others. But he told me that in a little while that grew very heavy, when there was none other. And this experience did not last long. A normal selfishness came back again, with the return of the due share of human trouble.

We look at this man and that woman going about: we have no thought of what they have gone through. Very heavy work, and very sore trial may have been undergone, yet little trace be left on the quiet face and the unobtrusive figure. One you see daily is thinking, thinking, perpetually, of some absent one you never heard of. I sat, two days since, in a railway carriage, opposite one who has to bear a burden which would kill me: I wondered how she did it. It was a sad, worn, kind, gentle face: the hair was prematurely gray: she was very quiet. One thought, Are you remembering it all? What is in your memory and your heart, looking out on that first green of Spring? For years I knew well an aged woman, always busy and cheerful, though not without a temper. Suddenly, I learnt how strange her history had been: what great reverse of fortune had befallen her: what distant lands she had seen, and what unimaginable breadths of Southern Sea. One day I spoke to her of what she had passed through, still looking so cheery and well. I never forget how the self-contained old Scotchwoman burst into a passion of tears; and cried out, "It's a wonder that I'm living at all!"

I had thought to say a great deal more about Worry: and how to bear it and profit by it. But I have changed my plan. For half the year is gone: and there are very many things left to say in the time that remains. I have given, too, in substance, my scheme for making the best of that daily characteristic of our daily life. And besides this, perhaps there is in some a tendency to an unworthy use of the Means of Grace, and of all our Religion: I mean, to use all these just to make our life bearable and cheerful. I believe that in these days many really good people turn their religion mainly to this end. That is not quite worthy. The first thing should be, to make our life good and useful: if peace comes, well. The next thing should be to be always more or less consciously looking out beyond what is seen and temporal: which in fact we are many days not doing at all. Of this hereafter.

Now, *When They Went Away*. Let us think of times in the little history which are never quite forgot: which are always latently present: which are sometimes vividly recalled and lived over again, not without tears.

If there be any good in you, middle-aged and aging folk, you know it comes of your intercourse with little children. This in divers ways. Life is freshened. Hope revives, thinking of all the possibilities of a new start and a new career. The good which never came to you may come to your little boy or girl. Selfishness, that grows upon the solitary, is broken in upon. You are trained, naturally and pleasantly, to think of others and to work for them: you cheerfully give up your own enjoyment for the sake of the little folk, never even thinking that you are doing so. But there are great sorrows too. I do not even suggest such a thing as one turning out ill: *that* must not be. Only, with such a possibility for a moment in the mind, go and read Wordsworth's *Michael*: and I think you will be aware of a homely pathos never exceeded in human writing or human speech. Ah, set beside *that*, pages over which tears innumerable have been shed, turn to a shallow falsetto. I do not here suggest the parting that is made by the Great Change. Only that months slip away, and grow into years: and the time comes when they must go out from the Home, must go away and think and act for themselves, the little boys and girls who (you used to think) could not be safe out of your sight. There are things too sacred to be spoken much of: we keep them to ourselves. And I know one human being whom it fills with wrath unutterable when some coarse-grained soul, aiming at the pathetic, vulgarly rakes up, in clumsy public discourse, things to be quietly thought of sitting by the fireside alone: to be quietly spoken of (and not very often that) to about two or three of all the millions of humankind. All I say is, that the most touching of all events are the simplest: are those which come into the lot of quite commonplace folk. I well remember one morning meeting one who had gallantly served his country on tropical battlefields, walking with feverish haste to the railway station with his son, a lad of eighteen, going away to India to begin his life as a soldier. The mother and sisters had been left at home, a minute before: father and son were trying to bear up bravely, but it was as much as they could do. They stopped just a moment, to say Good-bye: and the father, eagerly pointing to the bright sunrise, exclaimed, *A Good Omen!* But if the omen was fair, it was false: that hopeful youth returned no more. The circumstances varied infinitely: but with each one of the countless thousands who have gone far away, there was the great overwhelming fact of parting. And plain quiet folk, going about their vocations, are keeping, at the bottom of their heart, the remembrance of the last looks and words, the last sight of the familiar face and form, all the surroundings. Many things fade from memory, as you grow old: things which were very interesting at the time, which were anxious and critical, are wonderfully soon forgot; it is only when you turn back to some written record that you recall how

deeply they concerned you when present. But it is not so here. It was the early morning when he went: you hear the step yet, going upstairs to say Good-bye to his little brothers, awakened from their sleep. He reminded you, at the last, of something he had said to you when a very little child: you will remember that vividly till you die. But it is not of these things I am to write: they are not to be told. It is rather how you think that a year will go over: and another: it will be Winter, the dark nights: it will be Summer, the sunshine and green leaves: the house will be the same, the old faces of its belongings: the manner of life will remain, the divers occupations; the hours of the day will come round, the engagement of each, the special feeling of each: but through all there will be the sense of something lost, a vague remorse that you did not make more of it while you had it: that bright face will be gone out of the house, that active step never will cross the threshold: and going about your work, you never can meet in the familiar ways the presence that was always very pleasant to see. Letters will come: and they will be prized, read and re-read: but no letter that ever was written can look at you and speak to you like the living human being. You will go on, through the manifold details of your work: work which is always more lonely than people think. Nobody knows all the little outs and ins of it: nobody knows how you feel going through it: specially if it be work that implies a nervous pull upon you, as the work of many men does. But through it all, you used to think they were with you: you used to fancy they knew more than in truth they did, both of it and of you. Now, you go about your work alone. Strangers and acquaintances know your aging face, and are familiar with your voice, and your little outward characteristics and ways. But that is not Knowing you. No recent acquaintance can know you; nor any human being whose acquaintance with you comes through your profession or business only or mainly. When you get behind the scenes with some man who fills a great public place: when you come to know how like he is to much lesser men, and how he actually feels when executing great functions which you used to look at from the outside: you are wonderfully drawn to him. And if ever you envied him his elevation, you do so no more.

As for the Last Parting, it is quite vain to speak of it. This may be said: When life has been lived fully out, when the work of life has been fairly done; though the trial is unspeakable, you will after a while be able to reconcile your mind to it. I sometimes see old couples, parted after forty, fifty, sixty years together. It is plain that the great comfort is, that the parting is only for a very little while. But when much of life may yet remain, the first falling of the blow is mortal. Nor is it, to a worthy soul in the first awful grief, any alleviation at all to think that it will be got over. To

be told by worldly experience, that all this is just a question of time and health: that the most deadly wound will be cicatrized: that (as Sir Walter puts it) the broken heart will be nicely pieced together again: is aggravation, not alleviation. Let anything come but that! You hate and despise yourself at the bare suggestion of what you may take quite pleasantly when it comes. Let us pass from that. But how poor human beings lived through bereavement, who knew no future life, one cannot even imagine. You may readily do much better than read Miss Martineau's *Autobiography*. But if you read it, you will come to the passage where she tells of two of her friends, who were widows: how they lived on only by looking to reunion. She thought them fools: and she wanted no such thing for herself. She was cheerful and content in the prospect of going out like an expiring taper: she wished no other for any she had loved. But then, she was a quite exceptional soul: singularly morbid and repulsive in many of her ways and notions. And she had never, in fact, come very close in affection to anybody. Let us suffer ever so bitterly, rather than be cheered as she was cheered! To miss no one who is gone: to be content never again to see the kindest faces you ever saw: to care (in fact) for nobody but yourself: appears to me the lowest depth that can be reached by mortal. Rather, sitting by the evening fireside, let one be remembered (though with many tears) who used to share that warmth and light: but who is gone to something better. Rather, taking to your lonely work, remember with ever so aching desolation how once there was one who felt so deep interest in it all, and knew all its details as much as those could be known to any save yourself. She was pretty well broken-hearted, that poor young widow whose husband and little boys had been taken in one bleak winter: but she would ten thousand times rather have been so, than have missed them less:

"I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet,
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa',
Sin the fa' o' the year."

But our little talk must cease. Let the last words be these.

You have under your roof, some of you who read this page, those who are away from their homes: your servants. Be kind to them: Try your best to keep them right: Care for them in body and soul: for the sake of one gone out from your door, and needing friends and sympathy far away. Look at the little folk still with you. Make the most of their childhood while it lasts: it will not last long. You know for certain now, what you once used to say without in any way taking it in, that in a little they will be gone out from

you. You are likewise fully aware that before very long you shall have gone out from this life, to begin God knows what elsewhere: and you cannot do anything to help or comfort those you care most for from the farther shore. Wherefore, be kind and helpful to everybody's little boy, to everybody's little girl: not least when they have lost the charm of childhood, and are not little any longer. Remember, somebody is thinking of them: in this world or in another. A. K. H. B.

The Thorogood Family.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of
"Philosopher Jack," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

TWELVE months passed away, and Christmas came again with its frost and snow and sunshine—its blazing fires, its good cheer, and its merry greetings.

Many a Christmastide had now passed over the head of our blacksmith, John Thorogood, and his excellent wife Mary, but Time had touched them lightly in its flight. They both looked young and hale, and full of vigour. The only difference in them was a wrinkle or two at the corners of the eyes, and a few gray hairs mingling with the brown. Perhaps John was a little more corpulent than when he was a youth; but he could wield the forehammer as easily and powerfully as ever.

A cloud, however, had, during the past year, been gathering over their happy home. Molly—the sweet active little daughter who had never known a day's illness from her childhood—had fallen into bad health. Her step had lost its spring, but her cheerful spirit was unsubdued.

"You're better to-day, Molly, darling?" asked the smith in a tone which showed he was not sure of the answer.

"Yes, father, much better." Molly did not use endearing terms, but the sweetness of her looks and voice rendered such needless.

She was pale and thin, and could not check the touch of sadness in her tones.

"Fred is sure to come, darling," said Mrs. Thorogood, stopping in her preparations for supper to smooth her daughter's fair head.

"Oh yes, mother, I know that Fred is sure to come," returned Molly with a laugh and a little blush. "No fear of *him*. I was not thinking of him, but of Jim. It is the first Christmas night we shall have spent without him. Dear Jim! I wonder what company he will have to spend his first Christmas with in the backwoods."

"Whatever company it may be," returned the mother, "they'll only have his body and mind—his spirit will be here."

"Well said, old Moll; we shall have the best part of him to-night in spite of the Atlantic Ocean," cried the blacksmith, who was seated on a stool

making fun with the terrier, the cat, and the kitten—not the original animals, of course, but the lineal descendants of those which were introduced at the beginning of our tale.

"I hope they won't be late," remarked Mrs. Thorogood, looking with some anxiety into a big pot which rested on the roaring fire.

"The boys are *never* late, Moll," remarked the smith, giving the cat a sly poke on the nose which it resented with a fuff, causing the terrier to turn its head on one side inquiringly.

As he spoke the front door opened, and feet were heard in the passage stamping off the snow.

"There they are!" exclaimed old Moll, dabbing the lid on the big pot, and wiping her hands hastily.

"No, it is too soon for them yet; they're always sharp to time. It is Fred," returned Molly with a quiet smile.

She was right. Fred Harper, a fine strapping young fellow—a carpenter—had met Molly in London, and got engaged to her. She offered to let him off when she became ill and delicate, but he would not be let off. "Molly," this enthusiast had said, "if you were to become so thin that all your flesh were to disappear, I'd be proud to marry your skeleton!"

Fred sat down by her side, but had scarcely begun to make earnest inquiries after her health, when the outer door again opened, and another stamping of feet was heard in the passage. It was a tremendous stamping, and accompanied with strong, loud, hearty voices.

"No mistake *now*!" said the smith, rising and opening the door, when in walked four such men as any father and mother might be proud of. It was not that they were big—plenty of blockheads are big; nor was it that they were handsome—plenty of nincompoops are well-favoured; but, besides being tall, and strong, and handsome, they were free, and hearty, and sensible, and wise—even in their joviality—and so thoroughgoing, in word, sentiment, and act, that it was quite a pleasure merely to sit still and watch them, and listen.

"I told 'ee they'd come in their togs, old woman," said the smith, as his son Tom appeared, dusting the snow from his Coastguard uniform, on the breast of which was displayed the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

"You might be sure of that, mother, seeing that we had promised," said Dick, the blithe and hearty man-of-war-man, as he printed a kiss on his mother's cheek that might have been heard, as he truly said, "from the main truck to the keelson." At the same time bushy-browed Harry, with the blue coat and brass epaulettes of the fire-brigade, was paying a similar tribute of affection to his sister, while fiery Bob,—the old uniform on his back and the Victoria Cross on his breast—shook his father's hand with a grip that quite satisfied that son of Vulcan, despite the absence of two of the fingers.

They were all deep-cheated strong-voiced men in the prime of life; and what a noise they did make, to be sure!

"You're not too soon, boys," said the smith; "old Moll has been quite anxious about a mysterious *something* in the big pot there."

"Let me help you to take it off the fire, mother," said the gallant tar, stepping forward.

"Nay, that's *my* duty," cried Harry, leaping to the front, and seizing the pot, which he dragged from the flames with professional ability.

When the *something* was displayed, it was found to be a gorgeous meat pudding of the most tempting character—round and heavy like a cannon ball. Of course it did not flourish alone. Old Moll had been mysteriously engaged the greater part of that day over the fire, and the result was a feast worthy, as her husband said, "of the King of the Cannibal Islands."

"Talking of Cannibal Islands," said Dick, the sailor, during a pause in the feast, "you've no idea what a glorious place that Pacific Ocean is, with its coral islands, palmgroves, and sunshine. It would be just the place to make you well again, Molly. You'd grow fat in a month."

"Ha! get fat, would she," growled Bob, the soldier, "so as to be ready for the first nigger-chief that took a fancy to have her cooked for supper—eh? Never fear, Molly, we won't let you go to the Cannibal Islands. Give us another cut o' that cannon ball, mother. It's better eating than those I've been used to see skipping over the battlefield."

"But they're not *all* Cannibal Islands, man," returned Dick; "why, wherever the missionaries go, there the niggers get to be as well-behaved as you are. D'you know, Molly, I've really been thinking of cutting the service, and emigrating somewhere, if you and Fred would go with me."

"It would be charming!" replied Molly, with a sweet though languid smile. "We'd live in a wooden hut, roofed with palm-leaves, and while you and Fred were away hunting for dinner, I would milk the buffaloes, and boil the cocoa-nuts for dinner!"

"Ah, Molly," said Tom, the Coastguardsman, stroking his bushy beard, "the same idea has been running in my head, as well as in Dick's, ever since we got that letter from dear Jim, telling us of the beauty of his new home, and urging us all to emigrate. I've more than half a mind to join him out there, if you and the old folk will consent to go."

"You're not serious, are you, Tom?" asked Harry the fireman, laying down his knife and fork.

"Indeed I am."

"Well, you might do worse. I would join you myself, if there were only houses enough to ensure a fire or two every month."

"Why, man," said Fred Harper, "in these lands the whole forest goes on fire sometimes—surely that would suffice to keep your spirits up and your heart warm."

"Let's have a look at Jim's last screed, mother," said Dick, when the feast was nearly over, and fragrant coffee smoked upon the board (for you know the Thorogood family were total abstainers), "and let Fred read it aloud. He's by far the best reader amongst us."

"Well, that's not sayin' much for him," remarked the fireman, with a sly glance at his sister.

"Your lamp is not as powerful as it might be, mother," said Fred, drawing his chair nearer to that of the fair invalid, as he unfolded the letter. "Turn your eyes this way, Molly,—there, keep 'em steady on the page; I can see now!"

"Eagle's Nest, Rocky Mountain Slopes, 5th October 18—," began Fred. "Darling Mother—You've no idea what a charming place God has given me here, with plenty of work to do of the most congenial kind. I have only an opportunity for a short letter this time, because the post-boy has arrived unexpectedly, and won't wait. Post-boy! You would smile at that word if you saw him. He's a six-foot man in leather, with a big beard, and a rifle and tomahawk. He was attacked by Indians on the way over the mountains, but escaped, and he attacked a grizzly bear afterwards, which didn't escape—but I must not waste time on him. Well, I must devote all my letter this post to urging you to come out. This is a splendid country for big, strong, hearty, willing men like father and my brothers. Of course it is no better than other countries—rather worse—for weak men, either in mind or body. Idlers go to the wall here as elsewhere; but for men willing and able to work—ready to turn their hands to anything—it is a splendid opening. For myself—I feel that my Heavenly Father has sent me here because there is work for me to do, and a climate which will give me health and strength to do it. My health is better now than it has ever been since the day of that fall which damaged my constitution so much as to render me one of the confirmed cripples of the earth. But it was a blessed fall, nevertheless. I was cast down in order that I might be lifted up. You would smile, mother,—perhaps you'd laugh—if you saw me at my work. I'm a Jack of all trades. Among other things I'm a farmer, a gardener, a carpenter, a schoolmaster, a shoemaker, and a missionary! The last, you know, I consider my real calling. The others are but secondary matters, assumed in the spirit of Paul the tent-maker. You and dear Molly would rejoice with me if you saw my Bible Class on week-days, and my congregation on Sundays. It is a strange congregation to whom I have been sent to tell the old old story of Jesus and His love. There are farmers, miners, hunters, even painted savages among them. My church is usually a barn—sometimes a tent—often the open air. There are no denominations here, so that I belong to none. Only two sects exist—believers and unbelievers. But the place is growing fast. Doubtless there will be

great changes ere long. Meanwhile it is my happy duty and privilege to scatter Seed in the wilderness.

"Now, I urge you to come, because there is health for Molly to be found on these sunny slopes of this grand Backbone of America. That is my strongest point. If that does not move you, nothing else will! One glance from the windows of my wooden house—this Eagle's Nest on the Rocky Mountain Slopes—would be sufficient to begin the work of convalescence. Woods, dells, knolls, hills, plains, prairies, lakes, streams—with the blue mountains in the far, far distance. Oh! if I were a poet, what a flight I would make into the realms of—of—well, you understand me! I have no time for more. The big bearded post-boy is growing impatient. Only this much will I add,—do, do come, if you love me. My kindest love to you all. May God guide you in this matter. Your affectionate son, Jim."

"I'll go!" exclaimed the blacksmith, bringing his huge fist down with a heavy thud on the table.

"John, John, it's not the anvil you've got before you," said old Moll.

"No, nor yet is my fist the forehammer," rejoined the smith, with sparkling eyes. "Nevertheless, I repeat that I'll go—always supposing that you and Molly have no objections."

It was one of the dearest wishes of the old woman's heart to be near her crippled and favourite son, but she would not commit herself at once.

"What says Molly?" she asked, turning to her daughter.

Molly cast a sidelong glance at Fred, who gave the slightest possible nod, and then said in her gentle voice, "The sooner we begin to pack the better!"

"Bravo, lass!" cried the young sailor, slapping his thigh; "well said, and we'll all go together. What say you, boys?"

"Agreed—agreed!" was the hearty reply.

And this was no idle talk. That night at worship, the father of the family spread Jim's letter before the Lord, and asked for guidance. The end of the whole matter was that, a few months later, the Thorogood family emigrated to the backwoods of America, and began that career of useful, energetic, patient, God-directed labour which ended in the formation of a happy garden in a part of the wilderness which had formerly been the haunt of wild beasts and wilder men.

And here, kind reader, we must close our little tale, for it would take a whole book, if not more, to tell the story of that thoroughgoing family's adventures while endeavouring to spread the truth in the Far West. Suffice it to say that they all found what they went in search of—health and happiness—because they sought for these blessings in accordance with the teachings of the blessed Word of God.

THE END.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



AUGUST 1881.

Sermon.

THE INCARNATION.

By the Rev. PATON J. GLOAG, D.D., Galashiels.

"Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh."—1 TIM. iii. 16.¹

IN directing attention to this subject we would consider, first, "the Mystery of the Incarnation," "Great is the mystery of godliness;" and secondly, "the Revelation of this mystery," "God was manifest in the flesh."

I.—*The Mystery of the Incarnation.*

We do not dwell on the different meanings given to the word *mystery*, as employed by Paul in his Epistles. The usual meaning, adopted by divines, is something formerly concealed, but now manifested. And undoubtedly such a meaning gives a good sense to many passages where the word *mystery* is employed. But there are other passages to which this meaning of the term will not apply; and the word must be taken in a wider sense, denoting not merely something formerly concealed but now revealed, but something above reason, beyond our intellectual powers to understand or grasp; so that it may happen that even after it is revealed its nature remains inexplicable; the revelation does not divest it of its mysterious character.

It is in this wider sense that the word is used in our text; "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." And the mere statement of this doctrine is sufficient to impress us with a sense of its awful mysteriousness; that Jesus Christ, who traversed this world, who mixed with the children of men, who was a prey to human infirmities, who was mocked in the palace of Caiaphas, scourged and crowned with thorns by Pontius Pilate, crucified on Calvary, who expired on the accursed tree, and was buried in Joseph's sepulchre, was "God manifest in the flesh," is a statement which confounds human reason, and baffles all our faculties to comprehend. He who was the babe of Bethlehem was the Eternal of days. He who stood as a prisoner before the bar of human

judgment was the Mighty God. He who expired on the cross was the Life of the world. This union of the divine with the human, of the infinite with the finite, of the uncreated with the created, is certainly a mystery in the fullest sense of the term, which angels desire to look into, and which fills our minds with amazement and awe.

And yet this mystery, stupendous though it be, whose nature is inconceivable, and the mere statement of which confounds human reason, is the object of our faith. Our belief in it is founded on revelation; for when once we are convinced that Christianity is a revelation from God, and that such a doctrine is contained in that revelation, our duty is not to dispute, or doubt, or cavil, but simply to believe. We must submit our understandings to the teachings of infinite wisdom. For distinguish between what is *above* and what is *contrary* to reason. No authority whatever can constrain us to believe a statement which is contrary to reason; whereas information from a superior intelligence, especially if that intelligence be divine, will convince us of the truth of a statement above reason, that is, a statement which we could not discover by our unaided faculties. Now, the doctrine of the Incarnation is above reason, but it can never be proved to be contrary to it. If, indeed, it were affirmed that Christ is two natures and yet one, or two persons and yet one, these would be statements contrary to reason, and could not be credited; but when it is affirmed that there are two natures, the human and the divine, in the person of Christ; that He is two in one sense, namely, in nature, and one in another, namely, in personality; this is a statement above reason, and, if revealed, is the proper object of faith. Nay, there is an analogy to this statement in ourselves; for each of us possesses two natures, soul and body, and one personality. But not only so; we proceed a step farther, and assert that what is above reason can never be proved to be contrary to it. By being above reason it is by the supposition out of its sphere; we have no data to proceed upon, and so can neither affirm nor deny.

Further, in reference to this mystery of godliness, "God manifest in the flesh," it is to be observed that the fact is revealed, but not the mode of the fact. The mystery is made known to us that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and this alone is the object of our faith. But how Jesus Christ is the

¹ Our space will not permit us to discuss the different readings of this verse. We would only remark that, whatever reading we adopt, the doctrine taught us, according to our opinion, is the *Incarnation*.

Son of God, how the human nature is united in His person with the divine, is not made known, and is beyond our comprehension. Hence all attempts to explain the doctrine of the Incarnation, to show in what manner the Son of God took upon Him human nature, are vain; they are attempts to explain the unexplainable, to penetrate into mysteries beyond the ken of human vision, and which God has not been pleased to reveal. But not only are all such attempts idle, they are also arrogant and presumptuous—attempts to stretch forth our hands to lift the veil, and to penetrate into that which God has concealed from our view. Where revelation has been silent, reason must be silent also. There are mysteries in Christianity beyond the ken of human intelligence; and when in such cases we venture to speculate or explain, we only “darken counsel by words without knowledge.”

II.—*The Revelation of this Mystery.*

We might easily prove that the doctrine of the Incarnation, or, in other words, the divinity of Jesus Christ, is clearly revealed in the sacred Scriptures. We might show how He is in numerous passages expressly called God, and in such a manner as to prove that the Supreme Divinity is meant; how the peculiar titles of God, which cannot with any propriety be applied to another, such as Jehovah, the First and the Last, the Lord of Glory, are applied to Him; how the incommunicable attributes of God, such as eternity, immutability, omnipresence, omnipotence, and omniscience, are asserted as belonging to Him; how the peculiar works of God, such as creation, providence, judging the world, and the resurrection of the dead, are ascribed to Him; how the worship due to God only is paid, and is commanded to be paid, to Him, both by men on earth and by the angels of God in heaven; and how there are many statements, similar to our text, which attribute to Him both a divine and a human nature—declarations that He is at once the Son of God and the Son of man. On these arguments, however, we do not enter; but intend to confine ourselves to the view which Paul takes of this great mystery.

Paul is not only the greatest apostle of Christianity, who laboured more abundantly than all the apostles, but he is also the greatest theologian of Christianity, who excelled all the other writers of the New Testament, not only in the extent of his writings, but in the fulness and clearness of his doctrinal statements. Now we consider it undeniable that Paul believed in and taught the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. This doctrine pervades all his Epistles; indeed, is so interwoven with them that it cannot be separated from them; it is the key-note of his writings. We cannot read a single page of his Epistles without seeing how reverently he bows the knee to Jesus. He declares that in Him is hid all the fulness of

wisdom and knowledge, that He is the power and wisdom of God, that He is exalted to the throne of eternal majesty, that He is seated at the right hand of God, that He is made head over all things for the good of His Church, that by Him all things were created, that in Him all things consist, that He shall judge the world in righteousness, and that at His command the dead will be raised from their graves. He asserts that He has a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and that all things shall be subdued under His feet; he describes Christians as those who in every place call upon His name; he himself worships Him as God, conjoins Him in his prayers with the Father, and in all his Epistles invokes His grace to rest upon his converts. He speaks of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of Christ; he looks forward to His second coming as the Rewarder of His people, and regards future happiness as consisting in being with Him. He dedicates himself unreservedly to His service, owns Him as his Lord, and declares his readiness to die for Him. He enjoins all the actions of the disciples to be done with reference to Him, and pronounces an awful curse upon those who refuse to bestow upon Him their supreme affection: “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.” Christ, as much as God the Father, was the object of his devotion. Paul was not merely an ardent admirer, a steadfast follower, and a humble disciple, but a devout worshipper of Christ. He taught and wrote and ever acted on the conviction that Jesus Christ was “God manifest in the flesh.”

Beyond all question, then, Paul believed in and taught the incarnation of Jesus Christ; this was the fundamental doctrine of his theology; so much so, that if you were to detach it from his writings, little of consequence would remain. Nor must this doctrine be considered as a mere matter of theological speculation. Our views of Christianity are entirely altered, according as we do or do not believe in the incarnation of Jesus Christ. Nay, we are bold to affirm that if Jesus Christ be not “God manifest in the flesh,” the vast majority of Christians are idolaters; they render supreme homage to, place their implicit trust upon, celebrate in their sacred hymns, and worship, One who is a mere man; so that all that Christ has done for the human race is to draw away men’s attention and affections from God, and to fix them upon Himself; and all that Christianity has effected for the world is to substitute for the ancient systems of idolatry a new system, still more deeply rooted, more permanent, and more universal: and thus not Christians, but Jews and Mahometans, are the only true worshippers of God.

The importance of the incarnation of Christ will be still more clearly seen when we consider its intimate relation to the other doctrines of revelation. All the other revealed doctrines of Scripture are

inseparably connected with it. It is from the incarnation that the atonement derives all its efficacy. The great design or purpose for which Christ became manifest in the flesh was that, by the sacrifice of Himself, He might procure the remission of our sins. So also the work of the Holy Spirit and all His influences conducive to our salvation flow from the incarnation of Christ; it was in consequence of His divine righteousness that the Spirit was bestowed, and it is out of His infinite fullness that the influences of the Spirit proceed. In short, the incarnation of Christ is the foundation on which the edifice of Christianity is built; overturn the foundation, and the whole building crumbles into pieces. So that what the Apostle says of the resurrection of Christ, is equally true of His incarnation: If Christ be not God manifest in the flesh, our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins.

We are disposed to go a step farther, and to assert the necessity of the incarnation for the existence of religion among men. We are finite and fallen beings; we cannot approach to God; He must approach to us. There is a remoteness between Him and us which cannot be bridged over by the human intellect. God must humble Himself, manifest His divine perfections under the veil of human feelings, exhibit His love and sympathy and condescension towards us, reveal Himself as a divine humanity, in order to become the object of our worship. Only when God manifests Himself in Christ Jesus is He approachable by us; only then can we apprehend Him as a God of love, as our Father in heaven. It is only in Christ that we know the Father; that we can discern the love and compassion and mercy of our God. But only in our worship we must remember that it is the divine and not the human that is the object of our adoration—the divine, indeed, manifested in the human. And, indeed, in the religion of the heathen we can discern faint traces of this great truth. All those incarnations of the Divinity which we meet with in Greek mythology, in Brahmanism, and in Buddhism, are faint adumbrations of the glorious reality; and seem to teach us that there is in human nature a felt necessity that God should humble Himself to our capacities, that He should veil Himself in humanity, and so become "God manifest in the flesh."

In conclusion, let us hold fast this doctrine of the incarnation of Christ. It is this doctrine which is the source of all our hopes; the great corner-stone of Christianity. It is only a belief in the strong Son of God that can conquer all our corruptions, subdue our fears, quiet our doubts, and enable us to lead holy lives. We require an almighty Saviour, one who is able to conquer all our enemies and to rescue us from all our dangers. Such a Saviour is provided for us in the person of Jesus Christ—of Him who is "God manifest in the flesh," "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART VIII.

THE festivities at Laurel Grove were considered a great success by everybody.

Nothing that money, pains, or skill could do was wanting; and when all was over, when the last civil speech had been made, and the last guest had been seen to the door, Middlemass could sink into his easy-chair with a sigh of unalloyed relief, and could draw towards him the paper wherein full reports of the gay doings were to be found, with the happy conviction that his attentions to the writer had not been thrown away.

This was delightful; but a still more acute and abiding satisfaction was to be found in the fact that while doing honour to his son, he had also been promoting the welfare—according to his views—of his daughter. For Nora had been wooed and won during those bright spring days, and, with her whole thirsting heart gone out towards the stranger who she deemed could satisfy it, a new beauty had seemed to dawn within the young girl's eyes. They had ceased to be grave and reproachful, as her father could remember them. Her cheek had gained in colour, her movements in vigour. He no longer heard in the tone of her voice a something which ever and anon brought up the image of the absent one.

Of Jem his father seldom cared to be reminded now. He loved his son—of course he did—loved him as much as ever, he would have told you; he wished him well; occasionally he wrote him a letter,—but it had ceased to trouble the mind of the busy prosperous merchant that his missionary lad was still inhabiting the far-off islands of the south, and that no idea of his exchanging these for the nearer and more civilised plains of India had ever been mooted. He had himself put off and put off making the suggestion, until finally it had slipped from his memory, or rather, had resolved itself into a shadowy scheme that he had once imagined might have come to pass, but that never had. He did not know why nothing had been done, but supposed he had had his reasons,—this to Lindsay, to whom had been confided the plan in its first freshness.

Neither was there any word of Jem's coming home, and it appeared that his father could also bear that deprivation with philosophy, "For," observed he to the same auditor, "what would be the use after all?" I knew how it would be from the outset. You recollect what a way I was in, Robert,—and so, for that matter, were we all,—what a time we had of it, trying all we could do or say, and how obstinately the boy argued it out, and was not to be turned from his will by anybody!

Obstinate as a mule, Jem was. He would have his way, and he had it; out he went, and what can you say? When a man leaves kith and kin as he did, and chooses of his own free-will—ay, and against theirs—to spend his life among savages, why, there's an end of him. No one can both eat his cake and have it. Jem can't both hold the position of my eldest son here, and missionary yonder. He will be missionary! Very well. Then Wat must be my heir——"

—"Heir!" said Lindsay. "I understood you disapproved——"

—"So I did, so I do,—that's to say, in a general way. They shall all have their portion, don't be feared; but when there's enough for all, why there's no harm in adding on a little to the eldest's, is there? Then there's Nora, now that she is marrying into a nobleman's family, it is but right and proper, and due to them, to make a good provision for her. The girl has done her part, has reflected credit on us all, and 'tis not for me to be behind-hand. I'll not be niggardly to her any more than to Wat; Jem would be the last to wish it, although," he added, with a laugh, "although I fancy sober old Jem would have been rather astonished at all the junketing that has been going on here this week; I daresay his eyes would have opened a bit had he peeped in at our gala. One gets on by degrees, you see, Lindsay; it comes quite natural to my wife and me to be among fine folks now-a-days. Time was when it would have made both of us mind our p's and q's terribly. Well, I'm sure I never tried to push myself forward; I was very well content as I was; but since it has pleased the Almighty to favour me, and increase my means, I don't see but what I am doing my duty in deporting myself according to my position."

"Certainly," said Lindsay, with a smile, of which his friend was quick enough to catch the meaning.

"Ay, ay," he rejoined, good-temperedly, "I know what you mean,—you are thinking about that church you asked me to subscribe to; but upon my word, Robert, I am honestly telling you the truth when I say that just now—mind, I am only saying *just now*—I cannot afford it. I'll not forget you, and as soon as I can do the thing handsomely—for I hate to see my name down for a paltry ten-pound note,—you shall hear from me. There's a time for everything, you know,—Holy Scripture warrant for that,—and the present is not the time for me to be building churches. I must see what I have to stump up for Master Wat; I have promised to set him straight next, and the foolish fellow has been running up bills, as they all do,—not that I ever did—but then I was brought up differently to what Wat has been,—and there'll be the marriage settlements for Nora; but I'll not forget you and your church,—I'll put it down to think about some day." Nora came in as her father

spoke, and her entrance put an end to the conversation.

Her appearance, moreover, diverted the channel of Lindsay's thoughts. For him, as we have seen, the dark-eyed daughter of his friend had always had a peculiar interest, and few things would have afforded him as much pleasure as to have been able to applaud her choice, and think favourably of her prospects. But he was troubled about Nora. Nora, with her flushed, brilliant face, and restless happiness, had scarcely the air of a maiden newly betrothed to the man of her heart. She had, in her way, fascinated Charley Wade, and had dominated over him sufficiently to enable him to play his part with gusto, and to think of himself as a lucky fellow; but he, in his turn, had also subjected her to his influence. She was his, if he was hers; and in consequence there was none of the sweet repose, that certainty of being beloved by one worthy of also possessing a return of the affections, which is so pleasant a sight to see in the young and fair. There was rather an excitement, an elevation, a treading on air, the whole being engrossed, every passion absorbed; while conscience, memory, all the hidden voices of the soul, were forbidden to speak. Daily Nora saw and heard what would once have shocked her, and daily she smiled at the light blasphemy, or backed up the trivial falsehood. "Oh, fie!" sounded pretty from her lips, her lover told her, and he did not fail to add that she was very wise in saying no more. While he was there she had neither eyes nor ears for any one else, and after his leave had expired, it appeared as if writing to him filled up the most of her time.

She had, at least, none to spare for Lindsay.

Her father's and her own former friend she avoided altogether; his good wishes were received with hurried thanks, and a slight pretext cut them short. The door-bell rang, and she flew away with scarce an apology. "It must be Charley," she said; but Lindsay knew that she neither thought it, nor cared if he did. From Charley she had learned to invent the ready paltry excuse, and it served her turn—that was all.

The wedding was to take place as soon as a wedding could, there being, as Middlemass said, no earthly reason for waiting when there was nothing to wait for.

By all accounts Mr. Wade's family were well enough content with the match—pleased, as Lindsay could not help suspecting, to be rid of a thriftless penniless younger son;—and as the father of the bride-elect made no pecuniary difficulties, but frankly transferred the burden, debts and all, to his own shoulders, providing payments for the past and provision for the future with a liberality that was exactly what it ought to have been, they, on their part, considered he was entitled to toleration, and to the attendance of as many of the noble family as could be got together to grace the august occasion.

"I shan't know how to address 'em though,"

Middlemass confided to his eldest daughter, even while rubbing his hands over the latest acceptance. "You and I, Nora, will have to mind what we are about. We are the chief people concerned, and we must have no slips, whatever we do. Have you told Jem about it all?" he subjoined presently. "Have you written by this mail?"

She had not.

"I'll take him in hand myself, then," said Middlemass. "Poor fellow!"—out of the plenitude of his exultation—"poor fellow, he ought not to be the last to hear of things. He knows of your engagement, of course?"

Nora hesitated. "I think so, papa," blushing, "I think so. That is to say, I forgot the exact day of the mail, and mamma said she would write, but—"

"I wrote," said little Jenny, now advanced to the age of writing, "I wrote, as nobody else did. Mamma said she was busy, and so did Nora, and Wat only said 'Bother,' so I wrote myself. I told him all about it."

Middlemass glanced at his other daughter, whose eyes were on the ground, and whose cheek was now deeply dyed; for neither at the moment could help a genuine if transient feeling of shame. Jem to have heard of the great family event from the pen of a child!—Jem, to whom it would be so much, to whom Nora was so dear! It was too annoying; it was like a glass suddenly held up in front, reflecting what each and all would fain have hidden even from themselves. Nora winced beneath the spectacle, and next she turned angrily upon the little girl, in order to ease her own bosom. "What business was it of yours?" she said. "It was very impertinent and interfering of a little thing like you to take it upon yourself to do anything of the sort."

"If I had not," retorted Jenny stoutly, "Jem would never have heard at all."

"There was no reason why he should have heard till now. If you had not meddled, papa or I would have told him properly to-day, and that would have been quite soon enough. It is really very provoking," said Nora, biting her lip.

"Uncommonly," assented Middlemass. "As you say, there was not the slightest occasion for rushing at him with the intelligence as if it could not wait a second. As well have wired it at once. If that mischievous creature," regarding Jenny with unwonted disfavour, "if that monkey had only let well alone, there would have been no difficulty. However, I will send him off a screed this afternoon, and give him the list of all the grandees who are to be your uncles and aunts. As to Charley himself, you understand, Nora, perhaps it is as well—eh?—that he and Jem don't fall foul of each other—eh, d'ye see? 'Tis perhaps as well that there is no hope of your brother's being able to get over for the wedding. If it had not been for a month or two we should have had him coming—"

"I am sure I wish he would," said Nora, stammering a little; "but as there is no chance—"

"No chance, no chance whatever," cried Middlemass cheerfully; "and between ourselves—run away, Jenny, what are you doing there still? Run away, I tell you,—between ourselves, Nora, you are a girl of sense, and you can see fast enough that this lover of yours, this fine dashing dragoon, is not exactly the kind of fellow to run in a curricule with poor Jem. Charley would think you had got a queer fish for a brother, and maybe take fright at us all. Then he would shock Jem to a morality. 'Tis easy to see he has never been tied down to be over particular; and, to confess the truth, Jem would have had us all downright Puritans if he had lived with us much longer,—they would never get on. Charley makes no pretence; he says what he thinks, and he does what he says, and that's enough for me. Religion is all very well—I have not a word to say against religion—but it is not given to us all to be saints. I'm not perfect, no more are you, nor is your husband to be. He is a straightforward fellow, and no hypocrite. He has come up to the scratch like a man, and I don't see that we need to concern ourselves about his creed, and his doctrine, and such-like things. They may be a thought lax, but that's the way now-a-days. I am satisfied, at any rate—but I doubt if Jem would be."

The doubt found an echo in Nora's own breast. With all the passionate concentration of a nature that loves neither easily nor often she idolised her betrothed, but almost equally had she once worshipped her brother, and Jem's thoughts, Jem's feelings, his happiness, and his approval, had once been so entirely all in all to her, had been studied so earnestly, and investigated so reverently, that ignorance on any point connected with them was impossible. Middlemass, while giving vent to his own surmises, had unconsciously uttered his auditor's fullest conviction. She now turned away stung to the quick, and left the room in silence.

Before Lindsay took his departure one earnest remonstrance on the subject had, however, been offered to his old friend, and it had, as might have been expected, been entirely thrown away.

"Well meant, well meant, I have no doubt, my dear fellow," replied the proud and pleased parent; "well meant; but you don't understand the world. We must take folks as we find them, not attempt to cut them all down to the same pattern. If I were to go poking and prying into the private life of every young man I meet I'd like to know whose would stand the test. Caution! A fig for caution. The girl's heart is set upon him, and I am not going to enact the cruel father simply because he has no cash. As to his character—he is in a first-class regiment, and if he had been a blackleg he would have been kicked out of it. There, now. There's argument for you, and argument founded on facts—the only kind worth having. To sum up,

my good Lindsay, when matrimony is the question, it's the married man and not the old bachelor who knows what he's about, ha! ha! ha!" laughing good-humouredly. "So," continued Middlemass, patting his friend on the back, "so all you have to do, my dear fellow, is to wish the young couple God speed, and prepare a new suit for the wedding."

The wedding came off before Jem's reply to the letters announcing the engagement had been received. He had evidently imagined the postal arrangements alone to have been to blame for the apparent neglect with which he had been treated, and, complaining of the loss he had had, begged for further enlightenment without a trace of reproach. Further particulars than little Jenny had been able to give were earnestly sought, inquiries on divers points—and these underlined—were made: he spoke of his favourite sister's youth and inexperience, of his ardent longings for her happiness, of his great desire to see the object of her affections, and wound up by giving utterance to a hope that it might even be in his power to be present at the marriage, should it take place during the next six months.

It had taken place, as we said, on the very morning before the letter came.

"Ay, they're hard and fast now," nodded Middlemass from behind the blue sheet of foreign paper. "He may say as much as he pleases, and ask as many questions as he likes, he can't undo what's done by that. Nora is an earl's daughter by this time, in spite of all the chiefs of Fiji. I suppose he would have had her to go out there, live in a mud hut, and die of lockjaw, if he had had his way. No, no, my fine fellow, choose your own path, but leave others to choose theirs. If he had wanted to have a say in these things he should have stayed at home and looked after them all, instead of dancing off to the ends of the earth. He was always the only one who could do anything with Nora, so if our bride takes the rue in time to come it's Jem she has to thank for it. What am I saying? Takes the rue? Not she; let her alone for that; the girl has spirit enough to cope with them all—and, by my troth, she'll need it. A proud pack they looked, eh, wife? You and I were not fit to black their shoes in their estimations, I take it, although they condescended to sit at our table, and take our daughter—and her fortune—from us. As to all these questions and cross-questions of Jem's, they are as well left unanswered, and nobody will see the force of that plainer than he himself. Jem had always sense, whatever else he had or had not. The thing's done," smacking his lips with exceeding unction. "Done—done—done. The knot's tied, and the book's shut; Nora is the Honourable Mrs. Charles Wade, and whether good or ill comes of the match we must e'en chance it."

With which extraordinary consolation he closed the letter, without concluding its perusal, and penned an answer to his son which did not meet a single interrogation.

The Revised New Testament.

THE labour of ten years has been completed, and the company of eminent scholars who have been associated in revising our current version of the New Testament have issued the result of their work. All the readers of this Magazine are interested in it, and the conductors have entrusted to me the honourable and not easy task of giving some estimate of it in these pages.

To give any account of the principles on which the Revisers proceeded, or to attempt to estimate the probable position of their Revision in regard to what is called the "Authorised Version," seems to befit the close of our papers rather than their beginning. This, however, needs to be said, that at present we have really no "Authorised" version. In 1611 our current version was published, and there is no doubt that it had royal favour from King James (Sixth of Scotland, First of England); but no trace has been found of any formal royal authority. It owes its place of pre-eminence to its own merits,—at once displacing most of the other English versions; although one, the Geneva Bible, continued to be printed for some years. As surely as the tramways in towns supersede the omnibuses, so does the better translation supersede the worse. And that—take it all in all—the present Revision is better than that of 1611 no one who knows can doubt. But this leads to another remark, that just as there were many attempts at a final translation of the Bible into English in the three-quarters of a century between Tyndale's Bible and that which we owe to King James, there may very possibly be many attempts following this one of 1881 before the English-speaking part of Christendom settles down to a generally-accepted and final revision of the English New Testament. Unless it shall prove to be as perfect as man can reasonably hope to make it, it will have no finality. And this further remark occurs as a consequence, that since the churches which speak English are many, and are scattered over the wide world, and as there is no monopoly of scholarship any more than of sunlight, we may probably see before long a number of "Improved Revisions," each favoured by the Church to whose scholars the improvement is mainly due. Already we see that the American churches decline to accept this English Revision, and have issued one of their own. The English and Scottish people who know the Greek Testament, and who study the Appendix to the English Revision, where the American readings are recorded, will probably come to the conclusion that on the whole the Americans (their dislike of some old words excepted) have the best of it, as being more thorough and more consistent. If this feeling grow, as I believe it will, there will inevitably be a demand for a further revision of the Revised New Testament. And once the process is begun, there will be no end to it until common opinion shall bid

it cease, because all that can be done has been done to put the Word of God in the New Testament before the English reader.

Some one may here say in alarm that in such a case we may expect churches to have their own revisions just as they have their own hymnals, and that thus the old reverence for the Word of God will be destroyed. But this is a misapprehension. We shall see that when we examine this new Revision of the present year there is nothing to disturb the candid and trustful Christian. Unguarded and inaccurate words have been spoken by some who ought to know better, to the effect that vital doctrines are impaired by the new light of criticism which has nurtured this new Revision. But no one will long believe them. And after simply stating in general terms that we are not aware of any doctrine of our Church that is overturned by criticism in these days, any more than when Bentley wrote to calm men's minds on the subject in the beginning of last century, we shall proceed to inquire how far *the new Revision alters some of the principal texts containing vital doctrines.*

It omits, without one word of remark in the margin, the familiar text, 1 John v. 7—"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." There is absolutely no authority in any manuscript of the Greek Testament older than the invention of printing for these words being in the Scripture. There seems to have been a note in the margin of some manuscript intimating that the "three that bear witness on earth" may be regarded as a parallel to, or an illustration of, the Three that bear witness in heaven; and so this note crept into the text, where it had no right to be. There was at one time much controversy about this verse, because some pious men were afraid that the great doctrine of the Trinity would be overthrown if the verse were expunged. But we have passed from all such fears; and every one knows that so long as the benediction in 2 Cor. xiii. 14, and the baptismal formula in St. Matthew xxviii. 19 remain, the doctrine of the Trinity will also remain as before, upheld by those texts and by fair inference from many other passages of Scripture.

In 1 Tim. iii. 16 we now have the reading, "*who was manifest in the flesh.*" Many will miss the text on which so many noble sermons have been preached, "*God manifest in the flesh.*" But the doctrine of the Deity of Christ did not rest on that text nearly so much as on the first chapter of John's Gospel, and on the second of Philipians, and on the many passages which ascribe to Jesus Christ a power and a sonship which no created being can possess or know. If our translators had the courage of the Americans, they would render Phil. ii. 6 "*counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped,*" and so bring out the meaning of the original, that to remain, without humiliation, on an equality with God was in the power

of the Son of God before His Incarnation. But even as it stands, the old rendering of the words, "*counted it not robbery to be equal with God,*" is improved upon when we read with the Revisers, "Who being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God." I venture to think that if the Revisers had been a little more thorough, they would have given a rendering which would have been more faithful to the original in two other passages, and thereby have strengthened the proof of the Deity of the Redeemer of men. In our Authorised Version, Col. i. 15 reads, Christ is "*the first born of every creature,*" the Revision has it, "*the first born of all creation,*" which is decidedly better; but the more faithful rendering is, "*born first before the whole creation.*" Their own marginal reading on John i. 15, "*was first in regard of me,*" might have led them here to say at least, "*born first in regard of all creation.*" The point of every true rendering of this passage is, that the Son was not *created*, but was *born*, before anything was created. The other passage to which an increased value is given among the proofs of our Lord's Deity, is John i. 18, where the best reading seems to be, "*The only-begotten God hath declared Him.*" On this text the Revisers remark in the margin, "*Many very ancient authorities read, 'God only-begotten,' but their text reads, 'The only-begotten Son,' as before.*" In Acts xx. 28, the Revisers read, "*Take heed to feed the Church of God which He purchased*" (not *hath* purchased) "*with His own blood;*" thus bringing out more clearly that the reference is to the finished sacrifice of Christ.

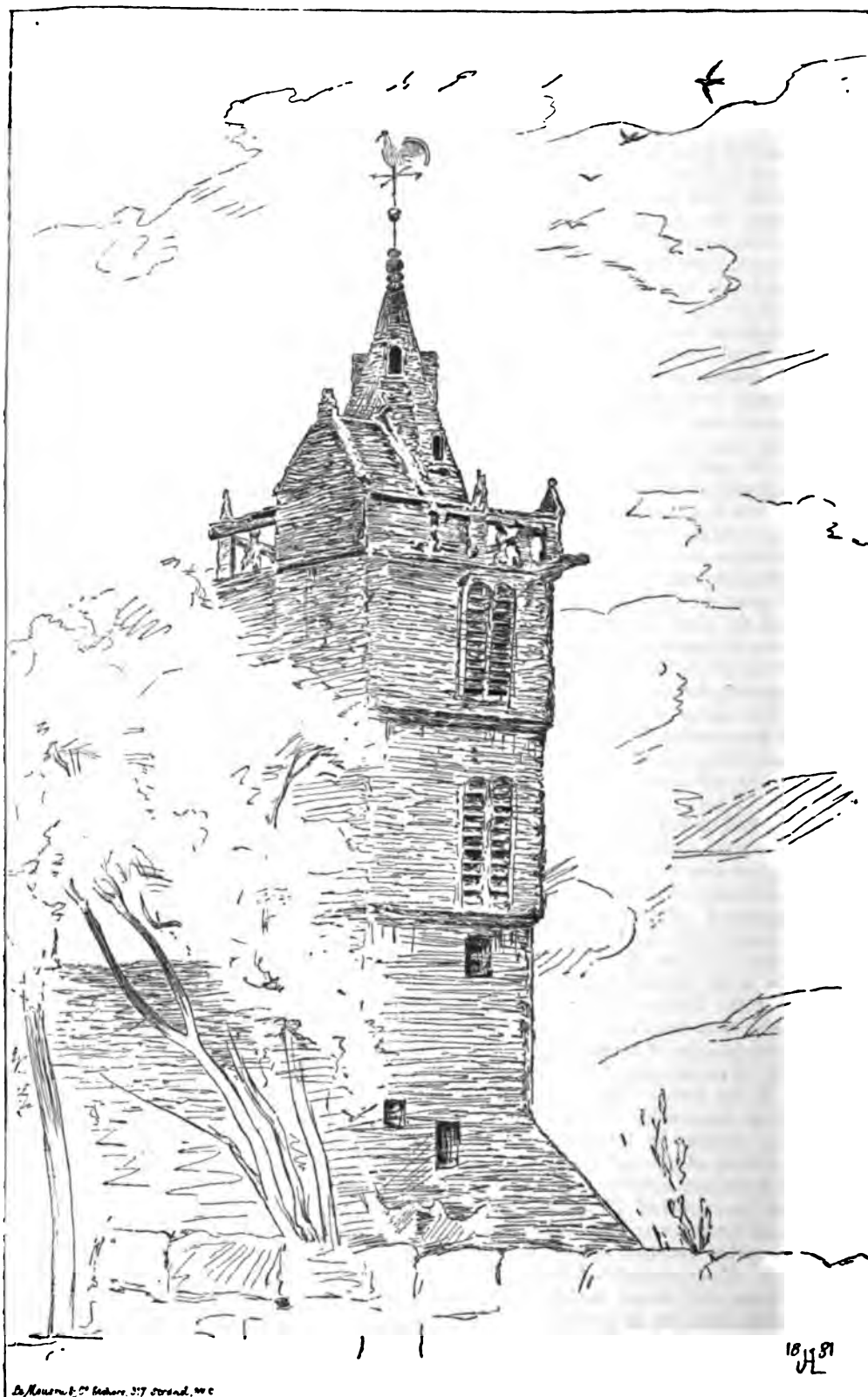
There is also now a new evidence of Christ's Deity to the English reader in the text, Colossians ii. 2, "*That they may know the mystery of God, even Christ.*" This is ambiguous, however, and does not bring out the fact that Christ is used as having the same meaning as God—the mystery of God-Christ.

The foregoing is not an exhaustive list at all. But they may show that the great doctrines of the Trinity and the Redeemer's Deity will not lose support by the advance of criticism, or by any revision of the English text to which that criticism may lead.

A. H. CHARTERIS.

CHURCH OF ANSTRUTHER EASTER.

OUR central Illustration is an excellent representation of the Church tower of Anstruther Easter, one of the quaint and ancient little towns that pleasantly fringe the coast of Fife. The drawing is presented by J. H. Lorimer, Esq. The Church and tower date from 1634-38, when the parish of Anstruther Easter was separated from Kilrenny. Dr. Chalmers's ancestors for two generations worshipped in this Church; both his father and grandfather being, for many years, Elders of the Parish. Another Member of the Kirk-session, Dr. Goodair, was father of the late eminent Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. We are indebted for the information in this paragraph to the present Incumbent, the Rev. Thomas Murray, M.A.



Presented by J. H. LORIMER, Esq.

CHURCH-TOWER OF ANSTRUTHER EASTER. (See page 119.)

Of Life.

VIII. BLINKS.

IT is an exceptional time that is passing over : it is a Blink, short and bright. Many who will read this page know that it is strange, in a hard-working life, to have some days of absolute rest : all the usual engagements and worries far away. And to one who abides amid sterner scenes, it is strange, too (and very pleasant), to be here in this Garden of Southern England, where the lovely landscape looks its loveliest in these last days of May. The apple-trees are laden with blossoms. The hawthorns blaze, snow-white in the sunshine, bowed down with bloom. The lilacs and horse-chestnuts are in glory. Looking South, the horizon all round is eight miles off : the world is intensely green, and it seems to be wooded everywhere. This morning, the sky overhead is of unbroken blue : the sunshine is brilliant as through the diurnal Winter which is gone one had quite forgot the sunshine could be : the warmth is as of the tropics. The air is heavy with fragrance. Go where you may, the scent of lilac and hawthorn is waiting for you. It is a beautiful world, after all.

Walking about here, quietly and alone, let us try to realise all the fair surroundings before they go. In a little while, the writer will be gone from this lovely place, to other scenes : very grand in their way, but in quite another way. It is the Law of our Life, that things shall be at their best for brief blinks. What lasts shall be a subdued light, a sober gray. As the old Prophet puts it, the average light of our existence is "not clear, nor dark." That is the daily food of human nature.

Let no small critic complain of a Mixed Metaphor. I see it, quite plainly. And a very good thing too.

It is only for a few days of all those which make the year, that those apple-trees are laden with that lovely burden of beauty and fragrance : that the air is so full of pleasant scents and sounds : for beyond the soft *susurrus* of swaying branches in this gentle South-West breeze, the woods are alive with nightingales of the sweetest and mightiest song. It is only for a few days in the year that the gray English sky lifts into that blazing sapphire : that the hawthorns bend under their load of bloom, and the lilacs : that the laburnums hang out their pale gold in the leafy gloom ; and the rhododendrons make those huge masses of deep red. Even the first miraculous green seems to pass from the trees, as our eyes grow accustomed to it. We go terribly fast through these months whose names are music, and which we would detain with us if we could : and we find ourselves slowing again in the Winter cold and gloom : which in the regions best known to the writer abide for seven months of the twelve. For weeks together, these branches will be bare and dripping : the air will be raw and searching : the sky a doleful gray. Then will be

the season for going indoors and working hard : there will be nothing to tempt one to linger idly without. The bitter blast will shake the windows : the clouds will rack overhead, ragged and threatening : the white mantle of the snow will lie deep everywhere. It will be a different world altogether.

Even so is it with all our life. The Best that comes to us comes in Blinks : short, transient : yet to be remembered thankfully when they are past, and to be made very much of when they are present. All that is specially Good : all that is specially Beautiful, and Enjoyable : comes for but a little time. The mountain peaks must needs be far apart, must needs be comparatively few. And if all were made mountain tops, it would be a Plain. Here and there, you find folk, favoured above their Race, all whose life is lived as on those mountain peaks of worldly good and beauty which are the Blinks of good and beauty in the lives of other men. But the Blink which lasts always is no more than ordinary day-light : the hill-top which is everywhere is no more than a level expanse. What has struck one sometimes is, How easily some people take this profusion of natural loveliness : the sunshiny surroundings : the beautiful churches and dwellings : the stately services in which God's worship is here expressed. We, to whom those are given only as Blinks, enjoy them with a hundred-fold intensity. The sublime vault, the ivied tower, the marvellous music, which thrill us through, are taken by very many of our fellow-creatures as mere matters of course. Lifted to a higher level, people gradually grow unconscious of it. And one has remarked that the freshly-interesting Blink in the life of those so favoured, comes to be a glimpse of very simple and homely things. A Scotch parish-church after Westminster Abbey : a stolen night in a Kincardineshire village inn after Windsor Castle : so is human nature made. It is the change that is vividly felt. And vivid sensation is fresh and pleasant, where it is not painful.

But, unless in lives which are very exceptional even in a world of work and trouble, the Blink is given : the transient pleasant experience, to which we look forward, and on which we look back. In the driving, worrying day (unless we are to break down altogether), there must be some little blink of rest. It may be ever so short. But the time must be when we can sit and gaze into the Winter fire, and vaguely muse if but for a few minutes : in which we can look out on the Summer twilight if but for a little while, and rest. I have known some who through anxious and laborious years had but very little of this : but they would have died had they not had some little : and they made much of it. The driver of a London omnibus said to a passenger, who sat beside him and inquired with unfeigned sympathy as to the little ways of his life, "It's a long afternoon : but when I get up to Highgate about six o'clock I get my cup of tea ; and *that is something to look forward to.*" A little

thing serves, you see, to keep a poor human being from breaking down. And we have all of us our Blinks of mild enjoyment, hardly known to any other mortal, which keep us on our feet: these come daily, once or twice or more in the day: if we told an unsympathetic soul about them, the unsympathetic soul would think us fools. As indeed we should be, for talking about them to the unsympathetic soul. Those who have good long blinks of rest in each day: and those to whom the Lord's Day is indeed a Sabbath-Rest: may manage to get on wonderfully without anything more. But there are others on whom month by month a weariness of soul and body grows, which asks for the longer blink of the yearly Holiday. This may be short: but it ought to be complete. As for those who are driven very hard, great statesmen and the like, whose burden is heavy beyond one's understanding of how they bear it, one remarks how beyond the yearly vacation they seek every now and then their three, five, ten days of rest: always a blink: and come back calmed and strengthened. Then, interesting events in one's life, interesting scenes visited however hastily, are helpful blinks, changeful, cheering, reviving. That little flintstone, taken from the wall of vanished Verulam, recalls a pleasant blink. I have laid it down close by my paper: and the time comes back, the last afternoon of a departed May, in which I walked through the green masses of the ruined Roman city, and sitting on the top of what we call a paling (I have no doubt they call it something else there), looked for two hours across the verdant valley upon the vast length of St. Alban's Cathedral, whose tower showed so plainly its strange material of Roman tiles, used for a second time. I see the quiet lane: and the white clouds slowly drifting above the grand church and the red little city amid masses of green trees. One felt it strange to sit there, a solitary stranger, trying to take in the scene and to take in that one was there: It is stranger now, on many days, to let the little flint bring back these things into the sober gray of daily work and worry. As you get older, you will try hard, and not very successfully, when for a little while you are in a strange and interesting place, to feel that you are indeed there. The writer, who has seen very little, has therefore tried his best to make much (to himself) of the little he has seen: but he looks, with unfeigned awe, upon the rare friend who can tell of his first view of Damascus: or how he spent a Sunday on the Mount of Olives looking at Jerusalem. How strange an experience to do so: and seek to take in where one was: what a possession, for all after life, to recall that wonderful blink of place and time! I know some folk to whom that experience would be so strange, that they would rather forego it. Quite ordinary things are wonderful enough, if really taken in. It sufficed one I know to walk, two days since, round and round the Cloister of St. George's Chapel at

Windsor, for just an hour, in what to him was most remarkable company; diligently getting the whole thing into his memory. It sufficed, abundantly, to pervade, in solitude, the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, seeking to catch the genius of the place. It is only in a blink these things come home. I read once, in an American paper, a letter in which an enthusiastic pilgrim described a visit of two hours to a certain Scotch city. He wrote very prettily: described very vividly: and then he summed up thus. "Never, till I enter the new Jerusalem, can my soul be stirred as it was when I walked along that street." Now, I walk along that street several times upon most days. And I never fail to be aware of its charm. It is the most interesting street in Scotland, beyond question or comparison. But not to any mortal who knows it, and every dwelling in it, as I do, can it wear the glamour, the strangeness, the mystery, that it wears for ever in the memory of the transient pilgrim to whom it was and is a blink.

The blooming season is brief, is transient, in Nature; and in our own life, and all its doings and ways. It is only for a little while, in the circle of the year, that these branches come to that charm of blossoms. It is only for little times, capriciously coming now and then, that human beings are lifted up to be and to do the very best that is in them to be or do. In the most charming music, there are little passages exquisite above all the rest, that touch the heart and linger on the ear. In all poetry, notably in that of the chiefest poet of all, there are gleams above the rest: touches of unutterable pathos, intuitions of inspired wisdom, unapproachable felicities of thought and expression. You have your few favourite pages, turned to many times, in the volumes that most come home to you and help you: Aye, in that Book which is the Best, there are supreme lines which are sublimely the best of all. On a far lower level (though high still), you know how the marvellously excellent gleams out amid the hum-drum. Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns (which to devout English-speaking folk are *The Morning and Evening Hymns*) are survivals from a forgotten *Christian Year*. The touching and beautiful *Abide with me*, is the blossom of a somewhat dreary and disappointing volume of verses. But reality did the work of genius: the light was fading fast when the dying author wrote his undying lines. And gleaming beautifully amid a great amount of rubbish, abide for ever certain soul-uplifting and heart-stirring utterances of St. Augustine. Yes: the Best, is a Blink. There is the angelic smile, and it flits away: there is the voice above all music, and the rest is silence. And in our own humble experience, there are the hours when we see into things clearly, and can grasp our subject; when we can write with a feverish fluency, the words being truly given to us; and the sense of effort being unknown: when, summoned by no skill of ours, there rise from all past life the experi-

ences which can cast light on just the matter in hand. Better still, you know the seasons in which you feel charitably disposed to every human being : in which you can put yourself in the place of those who differ from you the most, and discern how much may be said for their way of thinking : and in which, though really one cannot remember that anybody did ever very particularly trespass against us, we are entirely ready to forgive such, if any such there be. You may even, for a little, attain to the position of that fortunate little boy, whose memorable declaration was "I feel awfully jolly, and I don't know why." But it is not commonly given even to the best of little boys to know that mood, unless as a transient gleam in the blank daylight of ordinary existence.

Possibly we never are more painfully aware of the Transience of the Best, and the persistent Survival of the Unfittest, than in regard to our higher and better life. At the Communion-time, specially, you know what it is to be indeed *lifted up*. The power of evil in you is weakened : it seems dead. You can truly cast your care upon your Saviour : you are delivered from "care's unthankful gloom." You are at your Best : in faith, in temper, in mood. Many more are at their best, with you. The sorrowful irreverence which too often characterises the national worship, is quite purged out on a Communion-day. Then only (till quite lately) could you see the head bowed down in silent prayer, in the country churches of Scotland. I have seen God's worship rendered in divers ways, in many places : I do not think the solemnity and pathos could be exceeded anywhere on earth of the Communion Sunday in an Ayrshire country church when I was a boy. It was indeed a going up to the *Mount of Ordinances* : the old name is musical in my ear, and will be to the last. But we used to be told that the devoutest communicant must soon come down from the mount, and take to the daily path of toil, temptation, worry ; of irritated temper and hasty speech : The etherealised minister who at the Holy Table expressed feelings and views probably a little lower than those of the angels, might even be found making a speech in his Presbytery which reminded some hearers of beings exactly the reverse. Ah, it was but a Blink : an evanescent gleam in the experience of pastor and people. Sad, indeed, that it should be such. Sad, but true. It seems as though God had said that we poor sinful beings can be at our best and happiest, our most trustful and peaceful, only for brief and transient minutes or hours.

It will not be always so. That may be the law below : but there are better things above. And it would be Heaven, to have always present with us the very best we have known on earth : the very best, purest, kindest, in heart and temper : the peace and happiness of the happiest Communion, when Christ was very near. I do not know how beautiful the Country may be which we seek : nor

how glorious the Golden City. It seems as if, long ago, there were hawthorn and honeysuckle, roses and lilies, even in Galloway, unspoiled from their Maker's Hand, which might suffice anywhere. It seems as though one had seen, on worn human faces, an elevation of devout and happy feeling, hardly to be exceeded anywhere. It seems as though one had known good men and women who, at their best, could scarcely be better. And we shall hold by this : that these bright Blinks are indications of what the Better Life will always be. There, the beautiful gleam, physical, moral, spiritual, that was here so transient, will always abide ; and the everlasting year will be the sweet Summer-time.

A. K. H. B.

Mission Papers.

No. I.

IN the Assembly of our Church just past, the most distressing revelations have been made of our want of zeal and earnestness in Foreign Missions. I am only a humble member of the Church—neither elder, nor yet minister ; but the Report of the Foreign Mission Committee has grieved and stirred me ; and I feel sure that the Congregations of the Church of Scotland do but need to know the facts to strive with God's help to remedy them. And therefore I will presume to beg the Editor of "Life and Work" to lay this sad account before you.

The annual contributions for all our Foreign Missions amount to about £7000 ; the very lowest to which our outlay—unless we are to abandon the little work we do—can be reduced is £15,000 ; that is, without any attempt to increase our work, we must raise £8000 a year more, if we are not at once to give up what we are doing.

Now let us see if this is possible ; we must raise £8000 more this year than last ; that is more than double the amount of our last year's collection !

Dear me ! says some one ; how *can* it be expected that we should at once more than double our collections all over the Church ? The thing is impossible. We must be reasonable in what we attempt.

Stop a bit ; before we decide that so large an increase is unreasonable, let us see what is the amount of our present giving.

Seven thousand a year or thereby, divided amongst one half million communicants, means fourpence halfpenny a member, in a whole year, for sending the gospel through all our three missions to the heathen !

In other words, *three halfpence* for the whole of India, in twelve months ! *Three halfpence* for the whole of China, in twelve months ! *Three halfpence* for the whole of Africa, in twelve months ! And this is, dividing the entire gifts of the Church among the *Members* of the Church, making no allowance for the givings of children, nor for the

immense number of young men and women, not yet communicants, who are earning wages, and have money of their own which they might, and in many cases do, give to the Lord. But if these give anything, then our Members do *not* give three halfpence each, to India, to China, and to Africa, in twelve months!

And we call ourselves the disciples of Him who gave not silver, nor gold, nor earthly comfort, but Himself, His crucified Divinity, for us!

And *because* He gave Himself for us, we look to Him for guidance and joy in life, peace in death, and eternal bliss hereafter.

His last words were, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And our response to this farewell command, given when He was just leaving the earth, where He had laid down His life for us, is fourpence halfpenny a year!

I am persuaded that the Members of the Church do not know this—have never thought of it—or they would not, could not, so act. But nevertheless it is a shame to us, a burning, terrible disgrace and sin, which may well make us cry, God forgive us. I pray most earnestly that every individual who reads this will lay down the Magazine and pray, without waiting for bed-time, without waiting for being alone, that God would give to him or to her grace to see and do what is right in this matter. And having seen each your own duty, pray, I beseech you, and strive, those of you who have any influence—and who is there that has none?—that what ought to be done, may be done, in the parish and congregation to which you belong. But if, on the other hand, there are any—though it is difficult to believe there can be—who will attempt to justify the low average of our givings by saying that as the National Church we are the Church of the very poor, and that that accounts for it: to them we would reply, that had we none but paupers on the poor roll in our Communion, there are few even of those who, if they cared for God's news of love, could not, out of the rare dole which the poorest gets at times from somebody, spare for the heathen that halfpenny a month which is more than our present giving!

But we need not combat such objections: I believe they will be few indeed. Most of us admit the need: how can we find a remedy?

In most cases, I believe, the old, simple Scriptural plan of a weekly setting apart of some of our means for God's work, followed, where possible, by a weekly collecting of it, would be found the surest, the wisest, and the best of helping us to realise our duty. "Upon the first day of the week," says the inspired apostle, "let *every one* of you" (not those only who are getting weekly wages, but *every one* of you) "lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." And why should we not, each of us, do this very thing?

For the working man, paid his wages on Saturday night, what fitter time could be found than the

Lord's Day morning, in its happy, consecrated leisure, to take his mission money out of the common purse, and lay it aside for God? And for all other classes also, the noble, the rich, the well-to-do, and those who are struggling hard in professions or trades for a living, what more blessed beginning to the holy day could there be than that each Sunday morning, say after family prayers, they and their children with them should put into the mission-box the weekly offering, ready for the collector, ere they go with prayer and praise to the House of God?

For these "Collectors," too, how could the young and strong, who wish to serve the Lord, and have little but their youthful vigour to give to Him, better spend one hour of the Sacred Day than by going to the few houses which each may have allotted to him, and fetching hence the ready gifts which are to spread the news of the glorious gospel?

They need not fear that this is week-day work. It is the Lord's work; and done, as it should be, as unto the Lord, it may most fitly and profitably become a part of His service, rendered to Him on His own holy day.

Meantime I pray God we may all consider our past sin and present duty in this matter.

HOPEFUL.

Out of the Deep.

To a friend in deep despair a minister said, "Dear child, do you not think that God's grace is greater than your sin?"

OUT of the deep
We raise our cry;
From the wild storm
What help is nigh?

What might can rock the waves to sleep
When deep but echoes unto deep!

Out of the deep
Of sorrow's smart
What touch can heal
The broken heart?

What hand can staunch the wounds that bleed!
"Christ's power is deeper than our need."

Out of the deep
Of self-despair,
From guilt's dread load
And Satan's snare,

What heart will take the outcast in?
"Christ's love is greater than our sin."

"Through the wild waste,
Through raging sea,
He makes a way,
Sad soul, for thee;

The Saviour will His ransomed guide
In safety through the angry tide.

"Nor life, nor death,
Nor depth, nor height,
Nor sorrow's sting,
Nor Satan's might,

Shall tear us from His hand of love,
Who died to give us rest above."

J. C. D.



My Sister's Grapes.

A STORY FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PERHAPS you might not think Uncle Dick a gentleman. Aunt Emma did not, I know, though she kept her mind to herself, being his brother's widow, and the prudent mother of many children. Uncle Dick lived with them, that is, if he could be said to live anywhere, being always on the move, never liking to stay long in one place, and somewhat restless-minded, as those are who have passed all their life in rambling about the world. A "rolling stone" he certainly was, though he could scarcely be said to have gathered no moss, as he had amassed two fortunes, one after the other; had lost the first, and was now enjoying the second, in his own harmless, but rather eccentric way.

I doubt if Aunt Emma really liked him; but she was always very civil to him; her chief complaint being, that he never would "take his position in the world." That is, he avoided her balls, made

himself scarce at her dinner-parties, and no persuasion could ever induce him to exhibit his long, thin, gaunt figure, his brown hands and face, in evening clothes. What a "guy" he would have looked! as we boys always agreed; and sympathised with him, and not with Aunt Emma. But in his own costume we admired him immensely. His shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, and Panama hat, were to us the perfection of comfort and elegance.

As to his cleverness, that also was a disputed point—with some folk. But we had never any doubt at all. And perhaps we were right. "A fool and his money are soon parted," says the proverb. But when they part to meet again, that is, when a man can bear the loss of one fortune, and set to work and make another, the chances are (without any exaggerated mammon-worship I express it) that he is *not* a fool.

"Yes, I have really made two fortunes," said Uncle Dick, as we sat by him, beguiling a dull day, when the fish refused to bite, with innumerable questions, till at last he "rose" like a trout at a fly. "How old was I when I lost the first one? Well, about twenty-five—just twenty-five—for I remember it happened on

my birth-day, Michaelmas Day."

"Happened all in one day?" some of us inquired.

"Ay, in a day, an hour, a minute," said Uncle Dick, with his peculiar smile, half sad, half droll, as if he saw at once all the fun and all the pathos of life. "But it was not in the day either, it was in the middle of the night. I went to sleep a rich man; by daylight I was a beggar. Any more questions, boys?"

Of course we rained them upon him by the dozen. He sat composedly watching his float swim down the stream, and answered none of us; Uncle Dick had, when he chose, an unlimited capacity for silence.

"Yes," he said at length. "It was one night, in the middle of the Atlantic, on the deck of a

sinking ship. There's a saying, boys, about gaining the whole world, and losing one's own soul. Well, I gained my soul, though I lost my fortune. And it was then that *that* happened about my sister's grapes."

Now Uncle Dick was in the habit of talking nonsense, at least Aunt Emma considered it such. In his long solitude he was accustomed to let his thoughts run underground, as it were, for a good while, when they would suddenly crop up again, and he would make a remark, *à propos* of nothing, which greatly puzzled matter-of-fact people, or those who liked elegant small-talk, of which he had absolutely none.

"Your sister's grapes?" repeated one of us, with great astonishment. "Then you had a sister? Where is she now?"

Uncle Dick looked up at the blue sky—intensely blue it was that day, as deep and measureless as infinity. "Where is she? I—don't—know. I wish I did! But *He* knows; and I shall find out some time." Then he added briefly, "My sister Lily died of consumption when she was fifteen, and I about ten years old."

"And what about her grapes? Is it a story—a true story?"

"Quite true—to me, though all might not believe it. Some might even laugh at it, and I don't like to be laughed at. No—I don't mind—it can't harm me. I'll tell you, boys, if you fancy to hear. It may be a good lesson for some of you."

We didn't much care for "lessons," but we liked a story, so we begged Uncle Dick to tell us this one "from the very beginning."

"No, not from the beginning, which could benefit neither you nor me," said Uncle Dick gravely. "I'll take up my tale from the point I mentioned, when I found myself at midnight on the deck of the *Colorado*, Australian steamer, bound for London, fast going down. And she went down."

"You with her?"

"Not exactly, or how should I be here, sitting quietly fishing—which seems odd, when I think of the hurly-burly of that night. It had come quite suddenly, after a long spell of fair weather, which we found so dull that we began drinking, smoking, gambling, and even fighting now and then; for we were a rough lot, mostly 'diggers.' These, like myself, had worked a 'claim,' or half a claim, at Ballarat; worked it so well, that they soon found they had made a fortune, so determined to go to England and spend it.

"I thought I would do the same. I was quite young, yet I had amassed as much money as many a poor fellow, a clergyman, or a soldier, or an author, can scrape together in a life-time. And I wanted to spend it in seeing life. Hitherto I had seen nothing at all—in civilisation, that is—having never had the least bit of fun till I ran away from home, seven years ago, and very little fun after; it was

all hard work. Now, having been so lucky, I meant to enjoy myself.

"I had never enjoyed home very much. My people, good as they were, were rather dull people—or at least I thought them so. They always bothered me about 'duty,' till I hated the very sound of the word. They called my fun mischief, my mischief they considered a crime. So I slipped away from them, and after a letter or two I gradually let them go, or fancied they were letting me go, and forgot almost their very existence. I might have been a waif or a stray drifted ashore, or dropped from the clouds, so little did I feel as if I had any one belonging to me. My people all melted out of my mind; sometimes for weeks I never once thought of them, never remembered that I had a father, or mother, or brothers—Lily had been my only sister, and she died."

Uncle Dick stopped a moment, then continued.

"I don't wish, boys, to put myself forward as worse than I was, or better. People find their level pretty well in this world. It's no good either to puff yourself up as a saint, or go about crying yourself down as a miserable sinner. In either case you think a great deal too much about yourself, which is as harmful a thing as can happen to any man.

"Certainly I was no worse than my neighbours, and no better. I liked everybody, and most people liked me; I troubled nobody, and nobody troubled me. I meant to go on that principle when I got back into civilisation—to spend my money and have my fling. Possibly I might run down to see 'the old folks at home,' whom we diggers were rather fond of singing about, but we seldom thought about them—at least, I did not. And they formed no part of my motives for coming to England. I came simply and solely to amuse myself.

"I had just turned in with the rest, not drunk, as a good many of us were that night, but 'merry.' An hour after we turned out, and stood facing one another, and facing death. A sudden hurricane had risen, some of our masts had gone overboard; we had sprung a leak, and work as we might, the captain said he believed we should go to pieces before morning. He had been drunk too, which perhaps accounted for our disaster in a good sound ship, and the safe open sea; but he was sober enough now. He did his best, and when hope was over, said he should 'go to the bottom with his ship.' And he went. I took his watch to his widow; he gave it me just before he jumped overboard, poor fellow!

"Well, boys, and what was I going to tell you?" said Uncle Dick, drawing his long brown hand across his forehead. "Oh, about the ship *Colorado* going down, and all the poor wretches fighting for their lives, in the boats or out of them, which was about an equal chance. We could just see one another by the starlight, or the white gleam of the waves; groups of struggling men—happily there

was not a woman on board—some paralysed and silent, others shrieking with terror; some sobbing and praying, others only waiting. For heaven, which we all were straight going to, seemed to be the last thing we ever thought of. We only thought of life—dear life!—our own lives, nobody else's.

"People say that a shipwreck brings out human nature as nothing else does—ghastly human nature in all its brutality; every man for himself, and God—no, not God, but the devil, for us all. I found it so. To see those men, old, young, and middle-aged; some clothed, some half naked, but all clinging to their bags full of nuggets, which they had tied round their waists, or held in their hands, eager to save their gold, until it gradually dawned upon some of the feebler among them that they would hardly save themselves. Then they no longer tried to conceal their bags, but offered a quarter, a half, two-thirds, to anybody who would help them. Nobody did. Everybody had but one person to think of—himself.

"For me, I was a young fellow—young and strong. I had never faced death before, and it felt—well, strange. I was not exactly frightened, but I was awed. . . . I turned from the selfish, brutal, cowardly wretches around me; they had shown themselves in their true colours, and I was disgusted at myself for having put up with them so long. I didn't like even to go to the bottom with such a miserable lot. In truth, it felt hard enough to go to the bottom at all.

"The biggest of my nuggets I always carried in a belt round my waist, but the rest of my 'fortune' was in my bag. Most of us had these bags, and tried to get with them into the boats, which was impossible. So some had to let them go overboard, but others, shrieking and praying, refused to be parted from their 'luggage,' as they called it. They were not parted, for both soon went to the bottom together. I was not inclined for that exactly, and so, after a few minutes' thought, I left my bag behind."

"How much was there in it?" some one asked.

"I don't know exactly, but I guess"—he still used a Yankee phrase here and there—"somewhere about seven or eight thousand pounds."

We boys drew a long breath. "What a lot of money! And it all went to the bottom of the sea?"

"Yea. But, as the Bible says, what will not a man give 'in exchange for his soul'?" or his life—for my soul troubled me mighty little just then; I hardly knew I had one till I lost my money. So, you see, it was a good riddance, perhaps."

We stared—Uncle Dick talked so very oddly sometimes. And then we begged him to continue his story.

"Well, I was standing quiet, waiting my turn to jump into the boat—the last boat—for two had been filled and swamped. Being young, it seemed but right to let the older fellows go first, and,

besides, I wanted to stick by the captain as long as I could. He, I told you, determined to stick by his ship, and went down with her. He had just given me his watch and his last message to his wife, and I was trying, as I said, to keep quiet, with all my wits about me. For all that, I seemed to be half dreaming, or as if I saw myself like another person and felt rather sorry for myself, to be drowned on my twenty-fifth birthday—drowned just when I had made my fortune, and was going home to spend it.

"Home! The word, even, had not crossed my lips or my mind for years. As I said it, or thought it—I can't remember which, all of a sudden I seemed to hear my mother's voice, clear and distinct through all the noise of the storm. Boys, what do you think she said? '*Richard, how could you take your sister's grapes?*'"

"It flashed upon me like lightning—something that happened when I was only ten years old, and yet I remembered it like yesterday. I saw myself, young wretch! with the bunch of grapes in my hand, and my mother with her grave sad eyes, as, passing through the dressing-room into my sister's bedroom, she caught me in the act of stealing them. I could hear almost through the open door poor Lily's short feeble cough—she died two days after. The grapes had been sent her by some friend—she had so many friends. I knew where they were kept; I had climbed up to the shelf, and eaten them all.

"Many a selfish thing had I done, both before I left home and afterwards; why should this little thing, long forgotten, come back now? Perhaps, because I was never punished for it; my mother, who at another time might have boxed my ears or taken me to father to be whipped, did nothing, said nothing, except those few words of sad reproach, '*How could you take your sister's grapes?*'"

"I heard them through the horrible tumult of winds, and waves, and poor souls struggling for life. My life, what had I made of it? If I went to the bottom of the sea, I and all my money, who would miss me? who would care? Hardly even my mother. If she ever heard of my death—this terrible death to-night—she might drop a tear or two, but nothing like the tears she shed over my sister, who, in her short life, had been everybody's comfort and joy. While I—

"'Mother,' I cried out loud, as if she could hear me there, many thousand miles off, 'Mother, forgive me, and I'll never do it any more.'

"I had not said this when I was ten years old and took the grapes, but I said it—sobbed it—at twenty-five, when the 'it' implied many a selfishness, many a sin, that my mother never knew. Yet the mere saying of it seemed to relieve me, and when, directly afterwards, some one called out from the boat, 'Jump in, Dick; now's your turn!' I jumped in to take my chance of life with the rest.

"It was given me. I was among the eighteen

that held on till we were picked up, almost skin and bone, and one of us raving mad from thirst, by a homeward-bound ship, and landed safely in England. No, boys, don't question me, I won't tell you about that time; *I can't.*"

It was not often Uncle Dick said "*I can't*;" indeed, it was one of his queer sayings that *can't* was a word no honest or brave lad ought to have in his dictionary. We turned away our eyes from him—he seemed not to like being looked at—and were silent.

"Well, I landed, and found myself walking London streets, not the rich, healthy, jolly young fellow, who had come to have his fling there, but a poor shattered wretch, almost in rags, and just 'a bag of bones.' All that remained of my fortune was the few nuggets which I had sewed into my belt. I turned them, not without some difficulty, into food and clothing of the commonest kind, to make my money last as long as I could. I did not want to come home quite a beggar; if I had been, I should certainly never have come home at all.

"By mere chance, for I had altogether forgotten times and seasons, the day I came home was a Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and all the good folk going to church. My mother, too, of course. We met at the garden gate. She didn't know me, not the least in the world, but just bowed, thinking it was a stranger coming to call, till I said 'Mother,' and then—

"Well, boys, that's neither here nor there. It's a commonplace saying, but one can't hear it too often, or remember it too well—that, whatever else we have, we never can have but one mother. If she's a good one, make the most of her; if a middling one, put up with her; if a bad one, let her alone, and hold your tongue. You know whether I have any need to hold my tongue about your grandmother.

"But I can't talk about her, or about that Christmas Day. We did *not* go to church, and I doubt if we ate much Christmas dinner; but we talked, and talked, straight on, up to ten o'clock at night, when she put me to bed, and tucked me in, just as if I had been a little baby. Oh how pleasant it was to sleep in sheets again—clean, fresh sheets—and have one's mother settling the pillow and taking away the candle!

"My room happened to be that very dressing-room behind the nursery where Lily died. I could see the shelf where the grapes had stood, and the chair I climbed to reach them; with a sort of childish awe, I recalled everything.

"'Mother,' I said, catching her by the gown as she said good-night and kissed me, 'tell me one thing. What were you doing on my last birthday? That is, if you remembered it at all.'

"She smiled. As if mothers ever forget their boys' birthdays! and then a very grave look came into her face.

"'My dear, I was clearing out this room, turning it into a bedroom for any stray bachelor, little thinking the first would be you. But I did think of you, for I called to mind a naughty thing you once did here, in this very room.'

"'And you said over again *how could I take my sister's grapes?* I heard it, mother, heard it in the middle of the Atlantic.' And then I told her my story.

"Now, boys, I ask nobody to believe it, but I believe it, and my mother believed it to the day of her death. It made her happy to think that in some mysterious way she had helped to save me, as mothers never know how, when, and where, some word of theirs may save their wandering sons.

"For I was a wanderer still. I stayed with her only a month, while my nuggets lasted, and then I worked my passage back to Australia, and began again in the same way, and yet a new way. New in one thing at least, that every Sunday of my life I wrote to my mother. And when at length I came home, too late for her! it was not quite too late for the rest of you. Bad is the best, maybe, but I've tried to do my best."

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" For he had been as good as a father to some of us, sent us to school and to college, and, what we liked a great deal better, taken us fishing and shooting, and given us all sorts of fun.

"So, boys," said he, smiling at our demonstrations of affection—and yet he liked to be loved, we were sure of that—"you have a sneaking kindness for me after all? And you don't think me altogether a villain, even though I did once take my sister's grapes?"

Note.—It may interest readers to know that this story is really "founded on fact;" one of those inexplicable facts that we sometimes meet with, and which are stranger than anything we authors invent in our fictions.

Christian Dying.

HOW gently Thou dost deal, my Lord!

'Tis not so hard to die;
The change should bear a softer word,
This passing to the sky.

I thought the foe was fierce and grim,
And would the soul appal,
But in the unknown path, and dim,
I find no foe at all.

I thought it was a wild dark sea,
Where winds were keen and shrill;
It is as calm as Galilee,
When Jesus said, "Be still."

'Tis a strange land that lies between
The shadows and the light;
But 'tis a path where He hath been,
And He will lead me right.

I know He is not far away,
But soon will take my hand,
And lead me from this light of day
Into the glory land.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



SEPTEMBER 1881.

Sermon.

CHRIST OUR PROPHET.

By Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

"*Never man spake like this man.*"—JOHN vii. 46.

THE Prophet is one to whom and *through* whom God speaks. Two things, therefore, go to make the Prophet—an insight granted by God into the divine secrets or mysteries, and a commission from God to communicate these secrets to others. To *foretell* or make known events before they come to pass, may be, and often is, part of the office of the Prophet; but prediction is not of the essence of that office. The Prophet is not so much the *foreteller* as the *forthteller*—one who speaks out the will of God with the clearness and authority that spring from the consciousness of having received a direct message from God to deliver, and of delivering it in God's name. From the nature of the case, the Prophet's message to man is mainly a declaration of God's purposes and overtures of grace. Hence the preaching of the Old Testament Prophets was principally a setting forth of the salvation yet to be accomplished, while the preaching of the New Testament Prophets was, in the main, a publication of the salvation already wrought out. When, therefore, the Messiah was predicted as a Prophet, it was announced that He should be the great organ of God in communicating to man the terms of redemption and the conditions of a holy life. And when our Lord appeared on earth He became, and still continues to be, the great Prophet of the Christian dispensation, "revealing to us, by His word and Spirit, the will of God for our salvation."

It is evident that Christ derived all the truth which He taught from direct communion with God. He was, doubtless, a teachable child in the home at Nazareth, and a diligent pupil at the synagogue. His discourses show accurate knowledge of Jewish history and literature, penetrating and discriminating appreciation of nature and human nature, piercing mental vision, and unerring judgment. But His reputation as a Prophet does not depend upon natural endowments and scholarly acquirements. The Christian mind is shocked when Christ is spoken of as a ripe scholar, or an eminent critic, or a man of genius. He received the truth He taught directly from God. He kept His intelligence and will in a state of absolute and constant dependence upon the divine mind, and His speech

was at all times the organ of the divine wisdom. "I do nothing of Myself; but as My Father hath taught Me, I speak these things"—John viii. 28. "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself: but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works"—John xiv. 10. He was not like one of the ancient Prophets, receiving an occasional message by immediate revelation, for His intelligence and will were in a state of complete and constant surrender to God, so that He had experience of no other attitude in life. In every mental movement he was in union with God, and every word was spoken under the most perfect self-repression, and in the assurance that He was illuminated and commissioned as the Prophet of His Father.

And notwithstanding this manifest self-repression in Christ as Prophet we find that the great theme of His teaching was Himself. He is called by John "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—John i. 9. He says of Himself, "I am the Truth"—John xiv. 6. It is this feature of His teaching that places Him so high above all other Prophets, and makes Him not the founder of a school but of a religion that bears His name. In Him the scheme of salvation, that would bring together the parted wills of God and man, takes the form of a holy person, and that person becomes the expositor of His own character and work. But in this self-exposition there is no self-assertion. In all His teaching concerning Himself He was obedient to the behests of the divine mind. When He asserted His highest power—the power of life and death—He affirms, "If I bear witness of Myself, My witness is not true. . . . The Father Himself which sent Me hath borne witness of Me"—John v. 31, 37. He was at once the Father's voice and the Father's theme, the messenger and the message, and in this combination of a fearless self-exposition with an absolute self-repression we see in Christ a Prophet that spake as never man spake.

In His teaching Christ's aim was to reach individual hearts. He came to earth at a time when the State was everything and the individual nothing. But He took life out of the glare of publicity, and set it before God in the silence of isolation, and taught the value of individuality, and the gravity of personal responsibility. Of course He did not teach this as life's highest

attainment. But He did teach that it was life's first and most essential acquirement. It was from the union and fellowship of, redeemed, renewed, and illuminated individuals that the Church was to spring, with her corporate privileges, functions, power, and glory. Hence He spoke to men with the view of producing a spiritual result. He did not speak to please, for His words shattered His popularity. He did not speak merely to inform, for He answered few of the questions that were put to Him. He did not refer to the problems of life over which He found earnest thinkers striving. He rather added to popular perplexity by bringing new and more startling questions into view. His teaching was mainly directed to the cloud of sin over the intelligence, causing blindness; to the pain of sin in the heart, causing misery; to the fetters of sin round the conscience, causing bondage; to the reign of sin in man's nature, causing spiritual death. He did not overlook intelligence, but He touched thought on the side where thought touches God; He did not insult reason, but He spoke to reason that He might win it to the fellowship of faith; He did not overlook the pure, social laws of earth, but He lifted life above the natural into the spiritual. His words were words of truth dropped into the deep soil of man's spiritual nature, from which new life would spring up, and men come to realise that goodness is a growth from within, and not a mere reform from without. He said to all men, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life"—John vi. 63. It is the spirituality of Christ's teaching that accounts for the charm of its simplicity, and yet makes it so hard to be understood. The self-asserted, the proud, the impure, the worldly wise, stumble at it, miss its meaning, and wrest it. The humble, the penitent, the self-accused, the teachable, can see its beauty, understand it, accept it, and it makes them wise, and pure, and strong. They feel that at the feet of other Prophets they may grow learned, at the feet of this one they grow wise. They see that other Prophets speak of a heaven, of circumstances outside of life and far away, but this Prophet speaks words that build up a heaven in the human soul, and they feel that this internal heaven sheds its "dews of inspiration" on all life's duties.

There are other features of Christ's teaching that might be illustrated did space permit. We might refer to its method and form, and point out how these illustrate the great truth that the success of Christ's teaching depends upon the spirit in which men come to the study of it. We might refer to His reticence and patience in revealing truth as men could bear it. We might refer again to His perfect calmness, the absence of prophetic frenzy in His discourses. We might refer yet again to His infinite human tenderness, showing how He spoke to the human heart as one who knew its longings, and as one who carried in His pure bosom the sorrows of all men. We might refer also to the

continuity of Christ's prophetic function in the Christian Church, and show how in His ordinances and by His Spirit He communicates to us the will of God. But as we have only space for half a sermon we must leave these to the research of our readers, and close with a word of direction as to how we may profit by the study of the teaching of Christ.

If what we have said as to the spirituality of Christ's teaching be true, it follows that we cannot go far in the study of it if we are not in heart and life in spiritual affinity with Christ. It is doubtless true that he that comes to God must know and believe that He is; but the knowledge that precedes the first exercise of faith, and that comes before the soul makes a conscious surrender unto God, cannot be, and need not be, extensive. The soul that is crushed with a sense of unforgiven sin, the mind that is at enmity with God from the very nature of the case, cannot understand or appreciate the words of Christ. He has united the knowing of His doctrine with the doing of His will. In the school of Christ attainment in truth is conditioned by attainment in holiness; a clear understanding is only promised to the pure in heart.

If we would be truly taught by Christ the mysteries of God, we must sit at His feet and give to His words all the weight of divine authority. There is need for watching against the insult of reason even in the sphere of religion. And before a man accepts a guide for eternity he will weigh well the claims of his teacher. But surely the readers of this Magazine are satisfied of Christ's right and power to guide them. Let us accept Christ at the level of our own profession. We call Him Son of God, Saviour, Master, and Teacher, but have we sat at His feet and listened to His voice, as if we realised the meaning of the terms by which we name Him? Let us think of more than laying foundations in apologetic evidence. It is weary work at any time to read for the discovery of error, to watch for slips of the mind, for faults in the thought, for blemishes in the form. But in religion the weariness of constantly sitting in judgment exhausts the spirit, and faith vanishes. Let us make up our mind as to Christ's claims, and then come to Him as our chosen, authoritative, infallible teacher; and taking our place at His feet, like little children, let us learn to receive His truth in the love of it. If we take this attitude and listen to Him in this spirit, He will speak to us with the voice of a friend, He will hide nothing from us; He will, by His Spirit, clear the inner eye that sees, and make clear the truth that is to be seen, and lead us on to realise that the blessedness of eternal life is to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

In studying the words of Christ, let us remember that the great mission of the Comforter is to bear witness of Him to those who believe. The life we live as Christians is life in Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost. There is full scope for the

exercise of the finest literary faculty in appreciating the teaching of Christ. But this will not take us to the heart of the matter: there is required what the Scriptures call spiritual discernment, and this comes to the humble mind that waits on the illumination of the Spirit of God. We may understand this by thinking on the great differences among men in their power to discern the beautiful. Two men stand before a picture or a statue; they are equal in education, and equally earnest in the study of the object. But the one sees no beauty; the other sees a grace that gives him intense joy. What is the secret of this? Is it not that he who looks on the object as "a thing of beauty" has an endowment of which his neighbour is practically devoid? He sees it in a light that never lay on land or sea. Now, man, by reason of sin, is so perverted in spiritual vision, that he does not naturally possess the gift of discerning fully the beauty of the teaching of Christ. And no literary culture can give him this endowment; but by the illumination of the Spirit he receives it. The Holy Spirit makes him a kind of spiritual artist, and sheds a light on the words of Christ that never lies on the page of the merely speculative student. The mission of the Spirit, according to Christ's own words, is this: "He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you"—(John xvi. 14).

We must, above all, study Christ's teaching progressively. Some of us know the steps of progress in learning a foreign language. We begin with the alphabet, then we pass on to words with their inflections, in time we study the arrangement of words in simple sentences; we then attend to the grouping of clauses and the construction of sentences in the different kinds of composition; and lastly, we pass from mere grammar and construction to the delights of the literature. This is something like the progressive continuity with which we must study the teaching of Christ. To the heart of sinful man it is a kind of foreign tongue. But in diligence there is hope. If we are careful to remember that progress in knowledge and goodness must go on together,—careful to remember that Christ refuses to teach us a new truth till we have put into life and deeds the truth He has already taught us,—we may hope that in due time our spiritual culture will be perfected. Wonderful progress! we begin to learn like new-born children, blinded with the light of the world in which they have come to live; but in God's guiding we end with a vision that can look upon an angel standing in the sun.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S GUILD OF YOUNG MEN'S UNION.—We expect to report soon to our readers the progress of this Association. A letter has been sent to all Ministers, with suggestions for the formation of Branch Associations. A Young Men's Bible Class, or any other organisation of Young Men for purposes wholly or partly religious, may become a Branch Association.

The Holy Land.

PAPERS BY MINISTERS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

VII.—THE TEMPLE AREA—*Concluded.*

By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

FROM the summit of Olivet we see the Temple area, as I have already described it, a level rectangular plateau, rather more than 500 yards in length from north to south, and more than 300 yards in breadth from east to west. It is surrounded by a massive wall, showing on the outside from 50 to 80 feet above the present external level of the ground, and going down beneath the present surface as far sometimes as from 80 to 125 feet, till it reaches the living rock. Had you been sitting here in the days of David, instead of that high and broad plateau you would have seen simply a great rocky ridge, somewhat flattened on the top, and surrounded on all sides but the north with ravines, in some places 200 feet deep. You would be looking on Mount Moriah, the lowest of the four steep hills on which Jerusalem stands, or rather stood. It is named in Scripture but once, but that in a passage of singular definiteness (2 Chron. iii. 1). There must have been strong reasons to lead a king, even with the wealth and the power of David, to propose the erection on that bleak and narrow hill-top of a mighty temple to God. These reasons are well known to my readers, and will be at once recalled by mentioning that on that hill-top, on the narrow plateau which crowned it, was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. There seems no reason to doubt the Jewish tradition that that same hill-top on which stood the altar of burnt-offering formed also the altar on which the great father of their race was prepared to offer his costly sacrifice. Such a tradition helps to explain the selection of so unsuitable a spot for the splendid buildings which were now to cover it. David gathered the material and the wealth; he left the erection to his son. The problem was, on the narrow summit or ridge of a hill to rear a structure which, for its imposing dimensions, was to be the wonder of the world. How did Solomon solve the problem? How did he accomplish the daring design? From the very bottom of these gorges on the east, south, and west, he reared enormous retaining walls, firmly founding them on the living rock below, raising them in courses of massive masonry, averaging four feet in depth, till they reached the height of the summit of the ridge, and then filled in the whole vast space with material, amounting to many millions of tons, till he brought the whole to one uniform level. These walls are those still standing on the east, the west, and the south, with the exception of a part at the south-west angle, which belongs to the time of Herod. They still enclose the temple area, though mostly underground. Instead of being visible in all their

immense proportions from top to bottom, as they once were, they are covered externally with rubbish to an enormous depth. There is no such mural masonry in the world. There is one stone at the south-east angle, and high up on the wall too, which weighs 100 tons; and there are many of 50 tons (1 Kings v. 17).

You have the east wall before you. Look at that north-east angle; you see 40 feet of it above the ground. An excavation was made there, and that wall was found to go down 135 feet below the external surface; so that if it was all laid bare at this moment it would be 175 feet in height. As reared by Solomon to the present level of the area, it was 150 feet high. Excavations were made at the other end or south-east angle, and the height of the wall was found to be about the same. Phœnician characters were found on the stones. Here, then, you have a mighty retaining wall of enormous stones, with a sheer height of 150 feet, the height of a good-sized steeple. But that was not all. The great builder was not content with this effort of architecture. This was not enough for the front of the house of his God. On the top of that Cyclopean wall Solomon reared his cloister or porch,—a vast pillared arcade, 220 yards in length, and at least 50 feet in height, with a broad pathway between the pillars, so that you have here a pile of building 200 feet in height; and as the original bottom of the valley was 100 feet below the foundation of the wall, a person looking from the top of the cloister had beneath him a dizzy depth of 300 feet. That porch was the wonder of Jerusalem for ages, and survived its many sieges and destructions till that final one which left not one stone standing on another. When they read John x. 23, “and Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon’s porch,” I wonder if my readers had any idea what that porch was.

One sitting here on the top of Olivet would have looked through that arcade and over it upon a building itself small, but surrounded by noble courts, and for which all this immense preparation was made. It was the Temple of Solomon. It is difficult to ascertain its exact dimensions. If we take the cubit at 21 inches, it was, according to Josephus and the Bible, 105 feet long. The Bible makes the height exactly half of this—probably referring to the height of the sanctuary within—while Josephus, probably including a story above the sanctuary, makes its height equal to its breadth, this defect in proportion being doubtless obviated by the surrounding courts. Josephus (*Antiq.* xiii. 3, 2) and the Bible agree that the height of the whole structure was 210 feet (2 Chron. iii. 4), giving us to understand that this probably was a tower over the entrance porch fronting east, on either side of which, it is also supposed, stood the famous pillars Jachin and Boaz, which were 40 feet high. The Temple is believed to have stood well back in the present area, and to the

west of the Dome of the Rock, and to have been roofed with cedar overlaid with gold. A probably larger erection, for it took thirteen years to build, while the Temple was finished in seven, was the palace which Solomon reared at the south-east angle, where there is a remarkable course of masonry, which is nearly double the height of the ordinary courses, being about 6 feet high.

What the eye of the beholder then seated on Olivet took in was, to the left, the great palace rising out of its yawning gorge, and in front a pile of massive and mighty building of stone of dazzling whiteness, reaching from the bottom of the Kedron Valley to the top of the tower, a height of 410 feet. There is not within the British Islands any architectural structure at all approaching the Temple of Solomon with its adjuncts, in solidity and magnificence.

Let us pass from the days of Solomon to those of Christ. The old Temple has gone, but another occupies its site. The valleys have so far been filled up, but the eastern wall is still a splendid object, and its glorious porch remains. We find that Herod the Great has increased the area to its present size by taking in the palace of Solomon and ground to the south-west. To him we owe part of the present southern wall, and we have evidence from the excavations that while the building below the surface of the ground is of rough but massive masonry, the part above the surface is, in careful structure and in size of stones, in keeping with the ancient building. From valley to valley along the entire length of this mighty wall, which was 150 feet in height and 307 yards in length, he reared the magnificent triple cloister known as the Stoa Basilica. We know what the effect of a few great columns is—witness the Pantheon, or even the Calton Hill. But here was an arcade with four rows of enormous Corinthian columns, 18 feet in circumference, with forty to the row, the outer row being flush with the external wall. Beneath these columns were three spacious pathways, the middle 45 feet and the side ones 30 feet wide. A person walking under these mighty colonnades could look down a depth of 300 feet. The effect of the whole was such as has probably never been surpassed by any building on earth. “Its appearance when perfect,” says Colonel Wilson, “must have been grander than anything we know of elsewhere. It is almost impossible to realise the effect which would be produced by a building larger and higher than York Cathedral standing on a solid mass of masonry equal to the height of our tallest church spires, and to this we must add the dazzling whiteness of stone fresh from the masons’ hands.” That spectacle of architectural splendour had often arrested the eye of the Master; but there was one supreme moment in His life when it affected Him to tears. It was a Sunday morning, towards the end of March or beginning of April (10 Nisan), when nature in Palestine is at its loveliest. Along

with His disciples He had spent the Sabbath quietly with the friends at Bethany. He was now making His first and His last triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It was along the low road from the village to the city which lies far above it, and whence by far the most impressive view of Jerusalem is still to be obtained. It looks as if rising out of an abyss. At a sudden bend of that road the magnificent spectacle which we have just described broke in a moment on His view. The great wall rose high above them, its white columns flashing back the light of the morning sun. The Temple towers rose up behind, bearing on them the memories of a thousand years.

He knew the terrible tragedy—the last of a long series of such—which would be enacted there within the next few days, and how, in consequence, and within a few years, all this splendour was to end in blood and fire. “And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it” (not *ἐδάκρυεν*, shedding tears silently as at the grave of Lazarus, but *ἐκλαυεν*, weeping aloud, Luke xix. 41).

If such were the eastern and southern walls of this wonderful enclosure, the western was not inferior. It overlooked the deep valley of the Tyropeon, as the eastern overlooked the Kedron, and was equally massive and strong. “It still exposes to view much of the surface which was seen in the time of Solomon, but there is a much greater amount now covered by rubbish . . . It was a stupendous wall 84 feet in height, from the rock to the floor of the outer court, and above this rose the cloisters. At the present time the wall remains intact, but 60 feet of it are covered up by the filling in of the valley; so that the part where the Jews now wail is 60 feet above where people once walked about in the valley below.” It was chiefly filled in by the material taken from Zion when the Maccabees, labouring night and day for three years, greatly lowered that hill, so that it should no longer command the Temple area. Four gates pierced this great wall, and mighty arches and causeways crossed the valley, connecting the Temple with the upper city and with the palaces of Herod and Pilate. The spring of the arch known as Robinson’s arch is still visible, and is familiar from photographs. Since the day the Romans destroyed their Temple, the Jews have never ceased to worship beside that ancient wall. Every Friday afternoon they meet there to read the Book of Lamentations, and to pray for themselves and their race. Enter that small enclosure, and you have before you as touching a spectacle as this suffering world can show. It is crowded with Jews of both sexes, young, middle-aged, and old, and gathered from all lands. Do you wonder that they kiss these mighty stones and thrust their hands into the crevices, leaving written prayers as near as they can to the Holy of Holies? Look at them, their bodies rocking to and fro; listen to their wailing; see the tears—no

mock but most genuine tears—streaming down their pale faces, and your heart is differently shaped from mine if it is not touched into tenderness at the sight of that passionate love, that inextinguishable hope.

The northern wall of the Temple in the days of Christ ran along the line of the present raised platform. By far the most conspicuous object in that direction was a great tower at the N.W. angle of the present Haram area, which had been originally built by the Maccabees, and which, having been greatly enlarged and strengthened by Herod, was called by him Antonia, after his friend Mark Antony. It was a fortress and a palace in one, and though cut off from the Temple by a deep rock-cut ditch, it was connected with it by passages and stairs which gave its possessors complete command of the sacred enclosure. (See Acts xxi. 35, 40.) From its position and immense size and strength, it commanded the greater part of the city. It was the last stronghold seized by Titus; and then, after the grimmiest and greatest siege whereof this blood-stained earth hath record, in which 1,100,000 Jews perished by famine, faction, fire and sword, the Temple fell, and buried in its ruins the Jewish nation.

I have only to add that the underground quarries are still visible whence the Temple stones were taken, and that the whole of the area which I have now described is honeycombed with enormous cisterns supplied by water-channels which were cut thousands of years ago.

Of Life.

IX. HELPED BY LITTLE THINGS.

WHEN I was a boy, a man of very exceptional ability and culture was appointed to fill a certain position (in Mesopotamia), for which a much rougher man would have been a great deal better fitted. It was as though a razor of refined edge should be set to cut blocks, some of them singularly knotty. You have read wise and beautiful pages which tell the story of that Ugly Duck which was thought little of because it was far too good for the comprehension of those among whom it had to live. The quacking tribe contemned it because it was so unlike ducks in general. But the day came wherein the vilipended creature fell into the society of those who could appreciate it. And then, all declared it the most beautiful of beautiful birds. For the Ugly Duck was a noble Swan!

I will not in any way indicate the walk of life in which this accomplished human being was placed. Nothing turns upon that. But I may not unfitly say that if any reader of this page fancies he knows it, he is quite mistaken. The world is bigger than some good folk think.

But this eminent man had a dog, whose name

was *Help*. A very good name. One day he was out walking through the fields, attended by this faithful companion. The dog disappeared from view. Whereupon its master, seeking to call it back, called out, *Help, Help!* On which a saturnine old blockhead, one of a group of self-sufficient blockheads standing by, turning to his neighbour, said, *Ay: he'll need help*. This was intended as a joke: not unseasoned with truth. And a roar of laughter followed.

No doubt, he did need help. But only in the sense in which all mortals, set to do work and to bear burdens, need it. It may be supposed he got it. For, after the difficulties of the first start, he applied his faculties to the task appointed: he filled his place: he did its work admirably: he kept, through many years, the highest level of the esteem and affection of all who knew him. And their number was not small. In a year or two, no one thought of saying he "needed help." In after years, I enjoyed the privilege of knowing him well. And I can testify that I was helped by him as I have been by very few. Ah, how long ago! But he is not forgotten.

I have written, *No one thought of saying he needed help*.

I mean, of course, save as we all do; the wisest and strongest of the Race; as really as the weakest and flightiest. I suppose that all wise and good men and women, more and more as they grow older and experience increases, are specially inclined, at the beginning of each day, to make very urgent application in that Quarter from which only comes sufficient help: and to say, very seriously, that they will not presume to set them to the divers and manifold duties of a new day unless in the simplest reliance on something beyond themselves: unless in the humble hope to be counselled by that Wisdom, and upheld by that mighty Power.

I do not know any more real Fact, in the life of many aging folk, who have been trouble-ried and are growing a little weary. We live in that hope. If we had it not, we should break down. We are not self-sufficing. We must be buttressed from without. There never were spoken nor written words truer to the experience of all people worth counting, than certain very familiar ones which tell how "we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves."

But, though I am quite sure that all Help comes from the same Source, ultimately: and that there is just One Hand in all this Universe which does in fact hold us up: yet things far more than are commonly recognised as such may be CHRIST's ministers: and the stream of grace that comes from Above may be conveyed untainted to our poor hearts through very little and humble channels of communication. I think we forget this: what lowly and simple agencies may be used by our Blessed Saviour to do His work and convey His influence. No doubt, "The Word, Sacraments, and

Prayer," are chiefest *Means of Grace*: but they are not the only ones. I believe that the Means of Grace are actually innumerable. I believe that every little thing that helps us is a Means of Grace. That blossoming hawthorn-tree whose beauty and fragrance turned the mind quite away from certain irritative thoughts to something better: that little green hill, treeless, no more than great fields of growing corn, which turned so miraculously verdant in a short-lived gleam of summer light, and smiled in your worn face till the deepened lines went and the heart was calmed and soothed: if Christ used these common things to make you gentler and kinder, to draw you away from a cold and graceless tract of spiritual contemplation: what were they but pleasant Means of Grace? And it is infinitely touching to see by what small aids human beings bear their burdens and get through their day's work. We are drawn closely and kindly to any mortal, when we come to know his little ways: when we come to know to what a degree he is helped by very little things.

It was no more than a poor 'Busman, driving through the weary London streets, who was recorded on one of my last pages as being sustained through the long afternoon by the prospect of his cup of tea: *something to look forward to*. But some, holding high place, and holding it worthily, would thereupon have hailed that poor 'Busman as a brother. And truly, though the 'Busman's lot be lowly, the kind and wise man to whom he said the words and who repeated them to me, would be recognised by you (if I told you his name), as filling just as exalted a position as man could well hold. And there have been very eminent men who not merely could sympathise heartily with a fellow-mortal helped greatly by a little thing, but who (when you came to know them well) would tell you how much they themselves were helped by little things. Was there ever known by any who will read this page a wiser and better man than Arthur Helps? I trow not: and I suppose that most of those who knew him would agree with me. There is sometimes an irony in the sound of names: and it is probably best that names should not suggest any meaning. So shall we be delivered from stupid jokes about *The old Story*, and the like. But how many weary and perplexed souls did indeed find help in the author of *Friends in Council*? And that which he gave, he was content to receive: to receive from any quarter where he could get it. Though he often wrote and talked in a certain playful humour, there was always the foundation of truth in what he said. And he once wrote, "I confess that life would be somewhat insupportable to me without a pond: a squarish pond, not over-clean." Kindly reader, let us suppose all cynical witnesses away: and let me ask you, confidentially, Have you not your pond? Is there not some little thing in your daily life that fills, for you, the place which was filled by that

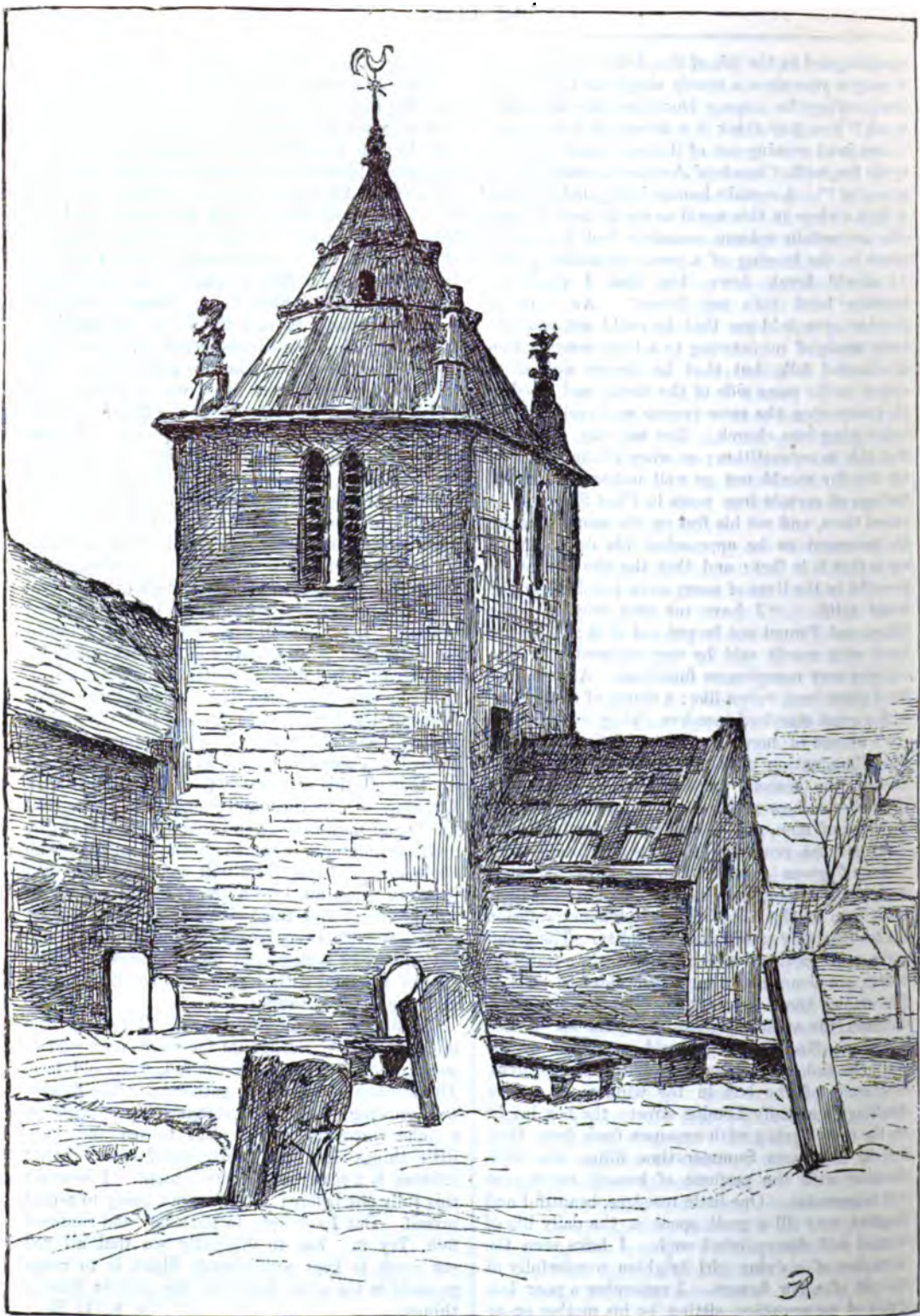
squarish pond in the life of Sir Arthur Helps? It is many a year since a sturdy shepherd, living in a lonely cottage far among Dumfries-shire hills, said to me, "You may think it a dreary life: but when I come in at evening out of the snow, and sit down by the fire, with *Chambers' Journal* to read, I envy no mortal!" A certain human being, holding just as high a place in this world as can be held by any, who on certain solemn occasions had to read a speech in the hearing of a great assemblage, said, "I should break down, but that I press my knuckles hard into my knees." An eminent preacher once told me that he could not face the heavy strain of ministering to a large congregation of educated folk, but that he always walked to church on the same side of the street, and stood in his vestry upon the same precise spot each Sunday before going into church. You may say, of course, that this is superstition: as when Doctor Johnson felt the day would not go well unless he touched the tops of certain iron posts in Fleet Street as he passed them, and set his feet on the same stones in the pavement as he approached his door. All I say is that it is fact: and that the like fancies are powerful in the lives of many more people than you would think. "I have my own way of doing things, and I must not be put out of it:" One has heard such words said by very eminent men, discharging very conspicuous functions. A very little bit of green turf, velvet-like: a clump of evergreens, with a great standard rose-tree rising out of it: a short avenue of horse-chestnuts, blazing with the floral illumination of June: two or three great beeches, the smooth bark below, the verdurous cloud above: how much these things have been in the lives of men, not wholly inconsiderable! Indeed, one has remarked that natural beauty, the charm of green grass and green trees, is much more in the life of one who possesses but very little of it, than in the life of those to whom profusion has brought only satiety and insipidity. The grand parks and gardens which charm the transient visitor, are sometimes a mere weariness to such as live among them continually. Thus Providence redresses the awful inequalities in the lot of rich and poor. No one in this world can reckon up the real help and comfort, in bare and suffering lives, that come of the box in the window of a poor dwelling in a stuffy London street: the box bright in the early Spring with crocuses fresh from God, and in the warm Summer-time filling the little chamber with the perfume of homely sweet-peas and mignonette. One little rose-tree, beautiful and fragrant, may fill a great space in the daily life of a tried and disappointed soul. I have seen the worn face of a dying girl brighten wonderfully at the gift of a few flowers. I remember a poor lad, dying of consumption, sitting by his mother on an old up-turned boat by the seaside, and saying with a very wan smile as the summer breeze blew gently upon him, "Ah, this is fine." I never saw him

but once: I never heard him speak but these words: and it is more than thirty years since. Did not I, but two days ago, behold one who has his burden both of work and care, sitting in measureless content by the side of a little stream, that brawled over great blocks of red granite in white foam and thunder? All round, rose the everlasting hills: the stream was fringed with brushwood and low trees: the solitude was utter, save for the intrusion of a quiet and little party that had come from far: the fleecy clouds drifted overhead: the sun blazed, glorious as on the First Day. These things sufficed: everything beyond them was put aside for the time. The record is preserved, by a great and loveable genius, of one who (for a little space) was by very perilous means lifted up to a region in which he was victorious over all the ills of this life: which indeed are many. And a prophet of these latter days has no better message to convey as touching these, than that we should keep our mind so busy with hard work that we shall have no time to think of them. Surely it is well that by God's good mercy there are those simple souls to whom He conveys some little healthful rest and peace by the sound and sight of the amber torrent that tears over the red granite rocks amid lonely Highland heather. Less, indeed, has sufficed. Less touching aspects of Nature have soothed and satisfied a soul, wearied in the great strifes of the great world. It was a cabbage-garden that contented the great Emperor Diocletian, when he had laid the purple aside. The tidy rows, the great bunchy heads, availed to cheer him. And he did not hesitate to say that all this was better than to be the Roman Emperor. O, wearied and worried souls, angered by ills and meannesses you cannot redress, seek the reviving quietness of sacred Nature: and He who made both you and them will calm and help you by green grass and green trees! Furthermore, if you desire to find the Volume that is in deepest sympathy with every aspect of the Creation without and every strange and incommunicable experience of the Soul within you, it is not far to seek. It is the Book of Psalms.

"I like to see anything right: It lightens the mind, Doctor." Such were the words once said to one I know. There was the sad, worn old face. The frailties of age were gathering. The fireside was growing cold. The statement was made in a quiet sorrowful voice. Yet to see and keep little things right was a sober satisfaction. Strict tidiness is a secret of human content. I have set this fully out before: and I am not going to repeat myself. But I say here, to slatternly and confused folk, Try it. For to diligently see that all you can reach is kept scrupulously Right, is to range yourself in the great Battle of this present state of things.

A. K. H. B.

The fact of an atonement, not arguing about it, alone finds and meets a sinner crying out for mercy.—The late Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD.



Presented by P. ADAM, Esq.

CORSTORPHINE PARISH CHURCH. (See page 143.)

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou can'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART IX.

THE next thing was that Laurel Grove itself could not contain the father-in-law of an earl's son.

Middlemass must "pull down his barns and build greater," or, to be more exact, must endeavour, by inhabiting more of a mansion, by possessing more acres, and by scattering or, as he would have phrased it, investing his money more widely, to push himself into notice, to make his way into the coveted sphere just above his own, which is ever the ambition of the foolish. He did not aspire to much; he did not expect to move in Nora's set, he was wont to aver loudly—his daughter and her husband were far too grand folks for a plain man like him;—he had no wish to poke his nose where he was not wanted, but he should like to cut the money-grubbers: and accordingly, the suburban villa was sold, and a country residence, a few stations farther away from the town, with some fair shooting attached—a great point was made of this on Mr. Wade's account—was taken into consideration. Glendovey looked well and sounded well; everybody was satisfied; and the move was made without one-third of the ado that there had been over the infinitely lesser previous migration.

Perhaps there was not equal pleasure in the transit either. No Jem was now at hand with beaming face to announce discoveries, and with untiring good-humour to play the drudge. There were no consultations over carpets and curtains, no contrivances, no inventions, no eager hunts after treasures and curiosities, as had been the case when everything was strange and delightful to the city children coming to a garden of their own. Laurel Grove had been a scene of mirth, and bustle, and wild excitement then, but now everything was done properly, according to Mrs. Middlemass, who, although she had not been above enjoying the former busy time, thought it behoved her on this occasion to sit by with folded hands while hired men removed her household gods, and a fashionable upholsterer arranged her new drawing-room. All was done properly, and there was a house-warming to complete the whole, to which our good Lindsay was bidden among the guests.

Of a sudden Middlemass seemed to have resumed his partiality for the companion of his youth; he was shrewd enough to discover that Lindsay—poor, unpretending Lindsay—was more of a gentleman, and was likely to be discerned as such by gentlemen, than those who usually frequented his table; and the new respect for his humble friend which arose from this conviction tended to make him solicitous for his company in public, however little

he might relish it in private. He recognised instinctively that Lindsay's countenance was worth something to him on making his first appearance among new neighbours.

Furthermore, it quieted his conscience, which was not always to be quieted, to see the good man about. He would not own even to himself that he shirked anything like confidential intercourse, that he held his former mentor well at arm's length, only permitting him to make a third in a walk, or to join a circle in the sitting-room;—no, Lindsay was there, was his own guest, was fed on dainties, was made welcome to horses and carriages, and what more could he want? Ostentatiously the father wrote to his absent son during the visit, and very regularly he attended the parish church on Sunday mornings; but it did not escape the notice of our observing friend—he almost wished it had—that both the correspondence, about which no small stir was made, and divers other little circumstances, which might have passed as ordinary and of frequent occurrence, elicited comment among the uninitiated. On one occasion an unlucky remark from one of the children caused the paternal brow to redden, and the same day a look of surprise from a servant drew forth a rejoinder from his mistress which only made matters worse. Mrs. Middlemass understood the situation it is true, but knew not how to meet it, and her sharp "What are you waiting for? Do as I tell you directly!" merely served to point the meaning of the footman's hesitation.

Family prayers had by this time disappeared from the daily routine. "For what with the lads having to catch a train instead of an omnibus," said Middlemass, "and what with getting them up in time and off in time, we have not been able to manage prayers of a morning of late. I found no one was down if I did come in from going my rounds before breakfast, and the housemaids don't care to be interrupted in their work if we waited till after breakfast. What with visitors too,—*they* are the ones that lie a-bed the worst, and of course you can't say anything in your own house—I just thought it best to give up the practice for a time, till we got more settled. Then at nights it is every bit as awkward. They keep coming in one after another at all hours, and demanding meals, goodness knows when. It's not decent to have the door-bell ringing and ringing when you are on your knees in the middle of it all."

The door-bell rang as he spoke.

"There, you see, that's the way of it," continued Middlemass, pleased at the confirmation of his words, and pulling out his watch as he glanced at his wife. "Close upon eleven o'clock, and here comes my gentleman dinnerless or supperless—wanting food of some sort anyway,—just as if he could not have been here three or four hours ago! Been at the theatre, I suppose. When you and I were young, Robert—" he paused for a moment, and turned his head aside, listening.

"I will go and see what he wants," said Mrs. Middlemass, rising rather hurriedly, and dropping her needlework as she left her seat. She was alone with her husband and his friend, as it happened, for Lindsay had outstayed the other guests. It had been intended that he also should have left in the morning, but a sudden emanation of warmth on the part of his friend had been responded to, and he had granted a day more. "And we will have one quiet evening," Middlemass had said, as though he really desired it. It had been enough—but he wished afterwards he had not been so ready with the request. All had gone well, however, until the ringing of the door-bell, and on the whole he had not been sorry to have had so good an opportunity of explaining several matters at which he had known Lindsay must have inwardly demurred; he had thought he had set him right on all scores, when just as he had, or thought he had, settled the prayers question likewise, a cloud appeared in the sky.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Middlemass, looking back from the door, "he—he has brought some one with him." Then she glided out, barely opening a sufficient aperture to admit of passing through, and carefully turned the handle after her.

"Some one who makes a precious noise, if it is," muttered Middlemass, with a sudden cessation of volubility. "Humph!" pushing his chair impatiently back from the hearth-rug. "Humph! This is all very fine. Young scamp!" under his breath.

The sounds in the hall grew louder.

"No need to interfere. Mrs. Middlemass will see to it all," continued the master of the house, addressing his companion, who, however, had not spoken. "She can do everything—that's to say—eh—yes, that was just what I mean to say," endeavouring to recollect himself. "She can do everything, and you and I need not trouble ourselves. We can go on with our talk," looking uneasily round as he spoke nevertheless, for something approaching to a scuffle outside was audible, and voices which rose and fell, and which seemed at times approaching their own doorway, arrested curiosity and attention. For several minutes Middlemass appeared to sit on thorns, his brows lowered over his eyes, his fingers clasped and unclasped each other nervously, more than once he half rose as though about to go out, but the noise in the hall grew fainter, died away along the passage, and immediate relief was obvious.

"I daresay, friend Wat was a thought snappish and undutiful," observed the parent, lightly; "he holds his own with his mother or anybody now, and he has a temper of his own, I can tell you. I leave her to manage him; they understand each other, and it is best not to meddle. He will not come in here; he will not disturb us. They have a long drive out, Robert, a long drive and a railway journey first,—we must not be hard upon

them. We are a good four miles from the station, and though one should be thankful to have a station there at all, for there was none a few years ago—Well, my dear!" as his wife re-entered.

"He had got very wet," said she. Neither of them spoke of their son by name, or as if the tardy arrival could be any other than their boy Wat; to them that late door-bell meant inevitably "he." "He had got very wet," was all the mother said now.

"Very wet? Oh." Her husband waited for more.

"Yes, very wet. I thought it better he should change his things at once," continued Mrs. Middlemass, seating herself slowly and composedly; but somehow, as she endeavoured to re-thread her needle beneath the involuntary gaze of two pairs of eyes, the hand which held it trembled.

"I heard the rain a little while ago," observed Lindsay, hoping thus to help out what he could not help fearing was an embarrassment which the other two would fain he should not have witnessed. "I heard a shower on the window-panes."

"You did? Yes. Very true. I heard it pelting myself," rejoined Middlemass, with curious eagerness. "And very wetting rain it was, I'll be bound. You see Lindsay heard it," he added, turning to his wife; "he knows what west-country rain is. He has gone to bed, has he?" after a pause, obviously referring to that other "he" this time.

"Yes."

No more was said on the subject until husband and wife were alone, when the truth could be acknowledged. "So provoking that it should happen to-night of all nights!" cried Middlemass. "The young reprobate, to go and disgrace us in this way! If it had only been when we were alone, or even when we had a lot of people in the drawing-room, and you could have smuggled him off without any one's being the wiser; but no, he must needs let Lindsay know, of all people! I could have bitten my tongue out, I was so vexed."

"Do you suppose Mr. Lindsay noticed, then?"

"Noticed? of course he did. Lindsay's no fool, whatever you may think, and you might have seen by his putting his word in about the rain that he was trying to help us out."

"He might really have thought it."

"Nonsense. He heard rain, of course, but what are a few drops to a hale young man? I said all I could say, but nobody could have been taken in. Well, I shall give Master Wat a good sound rating for coming drunk into his father's house at this time of night, and you tell him—mind you tell him when you are by yourself—that I am very angry indeed about it. Maybe that will frighten him. I have never been hard upon the youngsters; I have never kept them in hand as Jem would have had me do; they have no business to kick over the traces in this way. I could have stood

it if he had been a bit squiffy at the wedding, if the champagne had got into his head then, or at a dinner, or on an occasion—it's a bad habit, but we must not draw the bow too tight—but this fuddling when there's no excuse for it is perfectly ridiculous! The young scapegrace, he might have let Lindsay out of the house first."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Middlemass sighed.

"It was well he got home safely, and no bones broken. I'll tell ye one thing, wife, if this occurs again, I'll put a stop to it somehow; he shan't have that tipperty dogcart to drive home in, he shall walk on his own legs; I'm not going to be sent for some fine night to see one of my sons lying dead in a ditch."

The next morning Wat appeared pale and cross, but otherwise much the same as usual, and as no notice was taken of anything amiss, Lindsay was beginning to hope that his impressions on the previous evening might prove to have been erroneous, when they were revived by the following:—

"I say, sir," said Wat, suddenly addressing his father, "I say, sir, do you know that it is a farce altogether Davie's making believe to do work at Brown and Smith's? Brown called at the office yesterday to know what you meant to do about it. I was in at the time, so I saw him; he says Davie is no good at all. And he says——"

"—*You* have no call to speak," growled his father, roused to forget his caution. "It is not for *you* to be throwing stones at your brother, I should say. He, at least, keeps respectable hours, and——"

"—Where is he now?"

"Where is he now? At his work, of course."

"Of course, is it? And he slept in town last night, did he? Not he. He is far enough away, playing football under another name——"

"—Mr. Lindsay"—Mrs. Middlemass turned to her guest with a flush on her cheek—"you will have a wrong impression if Wat does not explain himself. The young men are often obliged to play their games under other names, because it does not do for them to seem to be neglecting their business——"

"—But he is neglecting his business if he is off after football at this time of the week," broke in her husband, more wroth at such an instance of idleness than he would have been at any delinquency. "And he shall hear of it too. What is his governor about not to let me know?"

"Probably he does not know himself," said Wat, with a laugh.

Evidently it was as well not to permit of more revelations from the brother who, conscious of his own shortcomings, was thus endeavouring to divert attention and reprimand on to the head of another. Middlemass gloomed in silence, his wife scolded the young ones, and Wat played disdainfully with his knife and fork. Lindsay thought he had never sat through so oppressive a meal, but it came to

an end, as even the longest of such repasts do, and with a heart heavy with forebodings, he prepared to take his departure. He followed Middlemass into his private room, however, first.

"You must go?" said the host, "you must! Well, then, it is no use trying to stop you. 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.' If you *could* have stayed——" Lindsay could very well, but he did not say so. "If you could have stayed," pursued the speaker, "why, there's Nora and Charley coming next week—at least we have asked them, and no doubt they will come, and it will be their first visit to the new place. I think even my fastidious son-in-law will approve of Glendovey. I don't fancy he cared for Laurel Grove, it was not the kind of thing he had ever been accustomed to; but this is a different shop altogether. We are not going to make any fuss with him—if there had been a grandchild, now, but there's nothing of the kind, though they have been married these three years—so we are just taking it easy. They wouldn't come to the housewarming—at least they couldn't, I ought to say—and Mrs. Middlemass and I are not inclined to put ourselves about so soon again. These gala doings are all very well, but they are a great nuisance; the boys get upset——" he stopped abruptly.

"William," said his friend discerning at length the coveted opening, "William, will you take, without offence, a friendly word or two? They are not spoken without thought and prayer, and—and pain. William, you and yours are very dear to me; and I cannot leave your door this day, nor remember you on my knees this night, without easing my conscience of the burden it bears for your sake. I cannot see you going the way to ruin——"

"—Ruin!" said Middlemass, starting. "Ruin! My good sir, I have a balance——"

"—Eternal ruin," said Lindsay. "You——"

"—Oh, if it's only 'eternal ruin,'" said Middlemass, endeavouring to laugh, "we know what that means. I thought you had got it into your head that, what with one thing and another, I was getting out of my depth in the matter of the purse; that I was living beyond my means. Let me tell you, there is no fear of that. Between ourselves, my finances never were in a more flourishing state; and, as for Glendovey, why, I look upon it as an investment, sir"—forgetting, in the interest of the subject, who was his auditor. "There is nothing extravagant in buying land when you have the cash handy; it must be doing something: and a property like this increases in value every day."

"I have no doubt it does," said Lindsay, resolved not to be talked down, now that he had once taken the initiative. "I have no doubt that, as regards this world, William, you know very well what you are about. But it was of the world to come I would speak."

"Oh, as to that, Robert, you have spoken to me of the world to come ever since we were lads to-

gether, and nothing has come of it yet," said Middlemass, in a light, scoffing tone, which was inexpressibly painful. "I know you of old for a croaker; and upon my word, 'tis enough to make any one hipped, living alone as you do. You think so much about every trifle, that you are ready to take fright at nothing. I am not one of your very pious souls, you know very well, I never was——"

—"Your son was."

"What son? Oh, Jem. Ay, that he was, and see what came of it!"

"When he was here," said Lindsay with emotion, "I saw things different to what I see them now. You assembled your family, William, morning and evening, to worship their Maker; your children were instructed in divine things; you yourself approved and commended, if you did not in all things practise, a godly life. What did I find here last Sabbath day? Your sons and their associates were round the billiard table the most part of the day—you yourself among them, if I mistake not——"

—"Once in a way," said Middlemass. "Once in a way——"

—"Scarcely a Bible or devotional book was opened, scarcely a member of the household went to church; there were guests at dinner, servants at work——"

—"Upon my word," said Middlemass, bitterly, "you made good use of your own time, if you were taken up observing all that!"

"How well do I recollect," pursued Lindsay, sadly, and unmindful of the taunt, "how pleased I was with the apology you offered on my first revisiting you after our long separation. You told me I had but homely fare to expect, for that Jem had got you to prohibit cooking on Sundays."

"And so he had! What then? He had got me to do more than that, for I never would say the boy 'Nay,' as no one knows better than you. What was the return he made for it all? It's easy to reproach *me*. I *am* different, we *are* different, all of us, since those days; whose fault is it? I had a wife, and I idolised her; she died and left a child who was her very image, and you know what he was to me. My Dinah's son was more to me than all my other children put together; and I was justly punished for making such a difference, when he forsook me and his home to live with strangers. I don't deny I was a better man when he was here, I don't say the boys weren't inclined to better ways, and we were all happy enough and comfortable enough; but I ask who is to blame that things have changed? Jem deserted us—you yourself backed him up; and now, all these years afterwards, you come to me and cast it in my teeth! I must say—I must say that if ever a man was unjustly accused, I—I—I——"

—"I did not mean to accuse," said Lindsay gently. "God forbid that I should. What you say is true enough in so far as it goes; but, Wil-

liam, why thus lean upon your son, why trust to a fellow-creature, a frail reed like yourself for your eternal salvation? Can he do anything for you when that day comes whereon each one severally and separately must render up his own account? You have God's Word to teach you, God's Holy Spirit to strive with you; what more is needed? What will it avail then to plead that you were willing to be a follower of Christ as long as Jem was by your side, but that directly you were left to yourself——"

—"Left to myself, ay, that is just what I have been," cried Middlemass, obstinately disregarding the argument, and adhering to his grievance. "If ever a man was left to himself, that's what I have been. D'ye mean to say that I have nothing to complain of in that? D'ye mean to tell me that when the Almighty gave me a son who might have been the help and comfort of my life, He approved of his flying off among the savages, and neglecting his own people? I knew well enough how it would be; I warned ye both, but nobody would listen; and now you come to me—it's too bad."

Lindsay knew not what to say.

"Of course I have my troubles like other men," continued Middlemass, lapsing of a sudden into querulousness; "of course I don't wish to pretend that the boys are all they should be, and I'm willing to own that I don't keep 'em in check as I might. I do my best, but if Jem had been by me to make a stand—it's up-hill work fighting alone, and Mrs. Middlemass always sides with her children; if there had been two of us we could have held our own. Besides which, they never contested with Jem; they obeyed him, they were fond of him; it was wonderful to see them—wonderful. However, that's past, and what's done can't be undone."

"But it can at least be amended," pleaded Lindsay, earnestly. "Oh, believe me, William, this is not a matter to be put aside with a sigh to what might have been. You are called upon to act *now*. 'Now is the appointed time, and now is the day of salvation,' and in these things it is life and death, heaven and hell, an eternity of happiness or misery, which you are to decide upon. The years are flying past us both, William, and a very few more will end them——"

—"Oh, pahaw!" cried Middlemass, jumping to his feet. "You speak as if we had each one foot in the grave! Now, look here, I know that what you say has a great deal of reason in it; I know that it would be better for me and for us all if we paid more regard to religion, but I don't like long faces. Jem never made them; he would as soon have thought of preaching as of flying."

"But what am I to do?" said poor Lindsay. He was at his wits' end, and could not shorten his face if he would. "What can I say? I have offended you——"

—"Offended? I am not offended."

"But you will not listen!"

"Listen! No, that is just what I won't do. Get me my Jem back again," said Middlemass—(not that he meant it, as we know). "Get me him, and he may say what he likes. But as long as my own son considers a parcel of negroes are better worth Christianising than his old father, I cannot see that I'm to be blamed if I don't trouble my head about being Christianised either."

The Revised New Testament.

NO. II. OUR NEED OF IT, AND SOME OF THE GOOD IT DOES.

MY first paper showed that the Revision has done nothing to imperil the general acceptance of the great doctrines of the Christian faith among us; that, on the contrary, it has done much, and might have done more, to bring prominently before the English reader the proof of those doctrines given in the New Testament Scriptures. But it would not be fair to the Revisers that we should simply meet possible objections to the results of their long labours; and I propose to show in this paper that those labours were called for, and that they have lessened the difficulties which beset the reader of the edition of King James.

Not a few of the difficulties in what we may henceforth call "The Authorised Version" (though it was never authorised) arose from the imperfect text of the Greek Testament, to which alone the translators, up to the time of King James, had access. Our readers are aware that until the invention of printing, shortly before the Reformation, all existing copies of the New Testament were written on leaves—originally of parchment or vellum, and latterly of some more perishable material—and that these were preserved more or less carefully in the libraries of monasteries, or in national repositories. When the first translators of the New Testament began their work the Greek text of the original of which they made use was, in the main, that found in the Greek Testament of Erasmus. But Erasmus had very few manuscripts at his command; in the Apocalypse he had not even one complete Greek manuscript, but had to eke out his Greek text by turning the old Latin translation of the Greek Testament into Greek. All who followed Erasmus (as, for example, Stephens and Beza, whose editions form the ordinary or "received" text) tried, by comparing one manuscript with another, to find what were the very words in which the sacred compositions were originally written, but could not, although they did their very best, be half so sure of having the original words as any purchaser of a modern copy of the Greek Testament is. Within the present generation the very oldest manuscript of the New Testament in existence has been published—it is in the Vatican Library in Rome—and the next

oldest (if indeed it be not as old as the other) has been discovered in a monastery on Mount Sinai, and published by the greatest critic of modern times. Besides those two there are many others, which have quite of late been for the first time read and copied and printed by competent scholars; so that we are rapidly approaching to something like certainty upon what the manuscripts give as the original text of each book of the New Testament.

There is also another source of evidence for the original text, which in our own day is coming clearly to light. It is found in the use of very early translations of the Scripture into the languages of various lands. It can be proved that as early as the second century—or a few years after the death of the Apostle John—the New Testament was translated into Syriac, into Latin, and into the languages of Egypt. Old manuscripts containing those translations have been discovered and used in recent years, and it is, in most cases, easy to see what must have been the Greek from which the translations were made. Of those translations (or Versions as they are called) very little was known by the Protestant Church until the present century.

In short, therefore, as regards the two sources of evidence for the original text of the Greek Testament—the Manuscripts and the Versions—we are far in advance of the early English translators, and their translations can no longer suffice for our use.

But—some plain reader may say—are we in doubt as to the words of Holy Writ? Are we not sure of the very Word wherein God has revealed Himself to man? In all sincerity the scholar may assure such an inquirer that if you take all the cases of "Various Readings," where one authority puts the words in one way, and another puts them in a different way, and settle them as you like, there is no one doctrine of our faith, no vital fact of our New Testament history, which will be at all affected. The English unbelievers 170 years ago tried to shake the faith of the people in their Bible by saying that Mill's Greek Testament (the great critical Testament of those days), showed some 30,000 Various Readings; and that therefore no pious reader of the Bible could be sure of his having God's word in his hand. The greatest permanent service to his country which is associated with the name of the prince of critics—Bentley—was done by the power and scorn with which he crushed those malign assailants of the English Bible. It would be easy to show in our own day that although those Various Readings are perhaps three times as numerous as he supposed them to be,—because there are far more than three times as many important copies of the manuscript-original under the scholar's eye,—it still remains true that they show the difference between the early manuscripts to be in trifles compared with the great essentials in which they are at one.

Lest any one should be puzzled by the phrase

"Various Readings," I should like to say that in many cases it means no more than that one MS. has "Christ Jesus," and another has "Jesus Christ," and a third has "He," when naming our Lord. But perhaps it is worth while to show by a fair sample what they are. I take the first page of the gospel narrative (after the genealogy) in my Greek Testament. It contains St. Matt. i. 17-24. Here are the Various Readings. In verses 17 and 20, some spell the name "David," and some "Daveid." In ver. 18, some read "Jesus Christ;" others, "Christ:" some omit a word literally meaning "for," which is translated "when as" in the Authorised Version: some read "birth" and some "generation" (in the Greek a mere question of spelling). Ver. 19, "not willing to make her a public example;" others say, "not willing to make a public exposure." The Greek word for "secretly" is by some spelt with the letter *Iota* (equivalent to our "e") in it, and by others without—as though one should write "secretlye" and another "secretly." Verse 22, some miss the word "the" before "Lord;" and verse 23, some read, "They shall call his name Emmanuel," others, "Thou shalt call his name Immanuel;" and again, some read as a translation of Immanuel "the God with us," others, "God with us." There are some Various Readings in one clause of verse 24 which are difficult to represent to an English reader, but the differences may be fairly put thus:—"This Joseph being raised from sleep," or "Joseph being aroused from sleep."¹

These specimens will give a fair idea of the points of difference between various authorities; they are minute, and for the most part are comparatively immaterial; while the great narrative of the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ is the same in them all. And when we are estimating the value of the Revision, we have ample grounds for being glad that it brings the English reader more nearly than before into the position of one who has a correct Greek text. In what remains of this paper I propose to show *how this correct text removes difficulties*. More will be given hereafter.

The first illustration (Luke v. 6) takes up rather a minute point, which concerns the proper translation of *tenses*, but in the A. V. (by these letters we may denote the Authorised Version) it contains a difficulty:—"And when they had this done, they

¹ The principles of the Revisers are not always easily understood. Our old version, ver. 24, read, "Then Joseph being raised from sleep;" the Revisers say, "And Joseph arose from his sleep;" but there is no word for *his* in the original, nor any use for it in English. Again, they change "had bidden" into "commanded," which may be right enough; but if so, why did they (if they were going by the Greek) retain "had brought forth" in ver. 25? It ought to be "brought forth." In ver. 20 our old version read, "But while he thought on these things;" the Revisers have it "But when he thought on these things." Is this change worth while? Is it not a more correct translation than either to say, "But when he devised these things"? There are a great many changes in the opening of St. Matthew which alter the familiar rhythm without much need.

inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, etc." If their net broke we cannot understand how the coming of the partners enabled them to take in the great draught of fishes which filled both ships. But in the R. V. (Revised Version) we read "their nets were breaking. And they beckoned unto their partners." Their nets were on the point of giving way, when the timely help of their partners prevented the calamity.¹

In John v. 2-5 the R. V. reads, "Now there is in Jerusalem by the sheep gate a pond which is called in Hebrew Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a multitude of them that were sick, blind, halt, withered. And a certain man was there," etc. This omits all reference to the periodical coming of an angel of the Lord to trouble the waters, and does not make the Evangelist say that the first thrown in was healed of whatsoever disease he had. By this omission we are delivered from the difficulty which comes of being told that miracles were worked in a mechanical fashion wholly alien from the rules of the Divine procedure. The healing of God is according to man's faith, and yet the Gospel seemed to say that it was according to the speed with which men plunged into the troubled waters. The waters probably pulsed or swelled up at intervals; and were believed to have some special power on those occasions. The sick man implies this in verse 7, and it is supposed that some copyist, in writing the manuscript, found in the margin an explanation ascribing the troubling of the waters to the descent of an angel at stated times. He took the explanation into his text, and this made verse 4 of the A. V. It is removed, and with it a great difficulty disappears.

Another instance of another kind may be given. In reading the Apocalypse every one whom custom has not deadened must have felt a sense of incongruity—not to give it a stronger name—when he reads of four "beasts" beside the throne set in heaven, and of a "beast" that "cometh out of the bottomless pit" (xi. 7), and of a "beast" that John saw "rise out of the sea, . . . having upon his heads the name of blasphemy" (xiii. 1, 11). In the

¹ I think the Revisers might have given a similarly accurate translation of the unfinished (Imperfect) time of the original in verses 15, 16 of the same chapter, so as to remove an erroneous impression. To one who looks at our A. V. it seems as though Jesus withdrew Himself because multitudes came together to hear Him; and the translators only escaped the difficulty by putting in the well-known "¶," so as to connect the 16th verse with what follows. This, however, was incorrect. And yet the Revisers, although they have altered the division into paragraphs, and correctly connected the 16th verse with what goes before, have not brought out the full meaning. The Evangelist wishes to describe the state of things about a particular period, and the rendering ought to bring out that "so much more the report concerning Him was spreading abroad; and great multitudes were coming together to hear and to be healed of their infirmities; but He Himself was always going apart in lonely places and praying."

original there is no ground for such perplexity. The "beasts" who rise out of the bottomless pit to make war against the two witnesses, and to blaspheme the name of God, are quite different from the "living creatures" who (betokening the whole universe of created life) are represented as standing around the Throne of God, and amid the Elders raising the ceaseless song—"Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and which is, and which is to come." The new translation—calling the evil one the beast, and the heavenly ones the "living creatures"—brings out this, and connects itself with the visions of Ezekiel in the old Testament, where the "living creatures" betoken the glory of God as seen in His works.

In 1 Cor. iv. 4 a simple change makes a dark passage clear. In the A. V. it reads—"I know nothing *by myself*; yet am I not hereby justified." This must have been understood in old times, for it is in all the old English Versions since Tyndale's day, but it conveys no right meaning to an English reader of the nineteenth century. In the New Version it reads—"For I know nothing *against myself*; yet am I not hereby justified: but He that judgeth [examineth] me is the Lord."¹ The Apostle thus teaches that his ignorance of his shortcomings as a steward did not justify him, because a more searching examination than his own is going on, conducted by the great Lord Himself. The knowledge of this kept Paul humble before God, but made him independent of the criticisms of erring men. They were not fit to examine him, and yet they presumed to pronounce judgment on him.

A. H. CHARTERIS.

¹ The whole passage in which this verse occurs is made still more intelligible if the marginal readings of the Revisers are put in the text, and it is here, as elsewhere, to be regretted that they did not carry their principles thoroughly out. Paul is a steward, and the day is coming when he shall be judged. "But with me it is a very small thing that I should meanwhile be *examined* by you, or in any *examination* of man's making: yea, I *examine* not mine own self. For I *know nothing* against myself; yet am I not hereby justified: but it is the Lord that *examines* me. Therefore pronounce ye no judgment before the time when the Lord shall come." If ye are not competent to investigate, ye are still less competent to pronounce sentence, and yet that is the function you assume. Bishop Lightfoot would translate the word "precognosce" rather than "examine" or "investigate"; but its use in Acts xxiv. 8 is against that technical meaning.

The late Rev. Dr. Watson.

No greater loss could have been sustained by the Church of Scotland than the death of the Rev. Dr. Watson, which took place at the Manse of Dundee on the morning of July 20. Born at Lochwinnoch, 9th July 1821, he studied in Glasgow, and was ordained and inducted to St. Matthew's, Glasgow, in 1846. He was translated in 1861 to St. Mary's, Dundee. In 1867-68 he was a Deputy to our Missions in India, along with the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. He died two months after demitting the high office of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Blessings thankfully Received and Shared.

From the Swedish of Archbishop WALLIN.

WHEN, tired and safe, thou sink'st to rest,
To rise refreshed and glad,
Thy neighbour think on, poor, oppressed,
With anguish worn, or sad—
Who all night, longing for the dawn,
In pain or grief doth lie,
And, when thou farrest forth at morn
Thy daily tasks to ply,
Still heaves the bitter sigh.

Kneel, Christian—with thy Father plead,
His succouring grace implore
For all beneath the cross who bleed,
Or sink 'neath burdens sore.
He praises best the God above
Whose acts are as his prayers,
Who meets the lost and sad with love,
The sick man's anguish shares,
And soothes the tried one's cares.

If God supplies my daily needs,
And health and vigour sends,
I'll strive, alike in words and deeds,
To praise this best of Friends.
I'll eat, but not alone, my bread:
And should my wealth decay,
Should no kind hand my table spread,
No love my love repay,
Still God is near away.

J. Y.

HISTORY OF CORSTORPHINE CHURCH.

CORSTORPHINE—anciently Crostorfyn—had in 1128 a chapel subordinate to the Church of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In 1444 it became a Collegiate Church with a provost (Prepositus), four prebendaries, and two singing boys. No part, however, of the present building is earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century. After the Reformation it ceased for some time to be a Parish Church, being again reckoned a dependency of St. Cuthbert's, and having a "Reader," whose stipend was £18:6:8—which is not, however, the pittance that it would be at the present day. In 1587-8 its claim to be a Parish Church was established. In 1646 the old Church was practically demolished, and a new aisle erected. In 1828 the Church was unhappily "restored;" a doorway, with a small porch, being constructed in the east wall. We are indebted for the above information to the Bannatyne Club volume, entitled "Charters of the Collegiate Churches in Midlothian."

OUR CENTRAL ILLUSTRATIONS FOR 1881.

LIMITED space has hitherto prevented us from quoting the following acknowledgment contained in the Report of the Christian Life and Work Committee to last General Assembly:—

"It would be difficult to speak too highly of the kindness and good service of those artists and members of the Royal Scottish Academy who, without solicitation or suggestion from the Committee, have undertaken to furnish this year a series of illustrations. Those gentlemen, who do not all belong to the Church of Scotland, give this valuable contribution because they believe that the Magazine can be a power for good in Scotland, and in true missionary spirit they desire to send the influence of the best Art into the homes of the people. Special thanks are due to George Reid, Esq., R.S.A. The idea was his first of all, though readily taken up by the other artists with whom he put himself in communication."

Shell-Beaches.

WRITTEN AT THE SEA-SIDE.

By Rev. J. M'MURTRIE, M.A., Edinburgh.

THE most wonderful in this country is at Herm, one of the Channel Islands, where the beach, when you dig into it, is made up of broken shells instead of sand, and every tide—almost every wave—brings in fresh shells, bright-coloured and unbroken, in bewildering variety. But all round our coasts, in many a bay, and firth, and voe, you come upon some shell-covered strand, where, if you know the lines of a poet who is gone from among us—his name was Alexander Smith,—you can think of his pretty fancy about the bridegroom sea and his wedded bride the shore—

"He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

Even the rockiest coasts are almost sure to have some favoured inlet where the shells are cast up; for where there are rocks there are sea-weeds, and where there are sea-weeds there are shell-fish to eat them, and other shell-fish to eat those that have eaten the sea-weeds. The inlet may be a stony place, as at Mort-hoe in North Devon, where old and young may be seen on a summer day turning over the stones to find good shells buried in the shingle. It is only where there is no feeding-ground for the molluscs that there can be no shell-beach. Thus parts of the Norfolk coast are all but barren. The crumbling chalk and rolling flints at Cromer, and the coarse-grained and perfectly clean sand of the shelving shore at Yarmouth, though delightful to the usual sea-side visitor, are not so pleasing to the child who wants to gather dead shells, or to the naturalist who studies them living.

As a rule, the shells which you find on a sea-beach were alive a short time before, not a very great way from the spot where you gather them. Most of them lived between high-water mark and the lowest part ever left bare; and they are the shells you know best. They are mussels, and cockles, and tellens, and mactras (you know the mactra-shell, though you may not know its name), limpets from the rock, top-shells, which children call "silver Willies," buckies, which live everywhere, and the smaller whelks, called dog-whelks and nassas—for the great whelks live farther out at sea. Others are periwinkles, good to eat when boiled fresh and picked out with a pin, but wrongly called whelks in Scotland, for they are vegetable-feeders, and the true whelks live on fish and flesh. And there are rock-winkles, which are like the eatable ones, but "gritty," because the young are hatched within the parent, and have every one of them a hard little shell; and flat-topped winkles of many a colour, from pale yellow, or red, through green, and purple, and brown, almost to black.

When shells less familiarly known are plentiful, and especially if the soft part of the animal is still

within (remember that the hard part, which we call the shell, is a portion of the animal too), then you may be sure that there has lately been a storm, and the waves have been tearing up the forests of tangle beyond low-water mark. If the storm has raged at the ebb of a good spring-tide the spoils on the shore will be the richer. From this region come the cowries, the children's favourites, for which they have so many pet names—John o' Groats, cats' cradles, sow backs. By wading at an extraordinarily low tide I have taken them alive. They were creeping on the floating grass-wrack—the only flowering plant in the sea. They have a delicate fleshy mantle, with which, when they please, they completely cover and polish their beautiful shells. As for the shells that live in deep water, where storms and tidal currents are little felt, they appear on the shell-beach only rarely and, so to speak, by accident, as when fishermen throw them away after bringing them in on their deep-sea lines.

So well are the homes of the living shells known to those who study these humble creatures, that if you take the shells of any sea-beach from Unst to Jersey to a naturalist of this kind, and spread them out before him—razor-shells, scallop-shells, mud-shells, tapestry-shells, Venus-shells, tusk-shells, ear-shells, cuttle-fish shells; naticks, spindles, wentle-traps, sandgapers, Torbay bonnets, "setting-suns;" more or fewer of these and others far too many to name—he will not only tell you in what part of the kingdom they were gathered, but he will describe the shore as if he had seen it, whether it was muddy, or sandy, or stony, or rocky, and whether on an estuary or on the open sea. A boring *Pholas* will speak to him of rocks being worn away, and he will know whether the sea was deep or shallow; nay, he will give a true account of the sea-bottom at five fathoms' depth, though it may never have been examined by anybody.

But, oh, the little shells! minute yet full-grown, that lie in countless numbers in the fine shell sand of the sea-beach. Examine them with a lens, and their sculpture is exquisite; some of them are lustrous with all the colours of the rainbow. Yet I have gathered alive, and counted, *many* thousands of them in one large handful of seaweed. The species are as distinct as if they were inches long. If you could open one of them carefully, you might chance to find within it numerous young shells. What life there is in one unaltered rock-pool! What death on every shore which the storm has covered with the wreck of the sea! The mystery of Providence is there as among us human creatures. One thing we know is that God has arranged His world to be always very full of Life that is Beautiful; and if one generation goeth, it is in order that another may come. The studies of the naturalist help him to feel that God careth for the little as for the great; and not a tiny shell is swept from its sea-weed to die without our Father.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



CUNNTAS AIR A' BHIOMBULL GHÀILIG.

Dh'ainnich mi ann an àireamh roimhe gu-n do thionndaidh an 'Carsalach mòr a bha ann an 'Carnasraidh,' Easpaig Earraghaidheal—Leabhar Urnuigh Iain *Kuor* gu Gàilig o chionn còrr us' tri cheud bliadhna. Ach a réir coltais chaidh a chànanainn a chur fo chàrn' gun dàil, oir, cha robh guth air an Sgrìobtur a thionndadh innte. Cha robh Sgoilean air son a' teagaisg, no leabhraichean air an cur a mach innte car ùine mhòir 'n a dhéigh so. Is ann o Eirinn a fhuair a' Ghàidhealtachd an Tiomnadh Nuadh air tùs, agus tha e iomchuidh facal no dha a ràdh mu chor na Gàilig anns an dùthaich sin mar an ceudna.

Ré ùine—o 'n t-seachdamh gu deireadh na naothamh linn—600—800 A.D.—dlùth air trì cheud bliadhna, bha Eirinn air thoiseach air gach rioghachd eile 's an Roinn-Eòrpa ann am fòghlum, agus tha mòran sgrìobhaidhnean luachmhor a rinneadh 's na h-amannan sin, agus 'n an déigh, fathas air sgeul. Trid aobharan nach urrainn dhuinn an tràs urrad as ainmeachadh, chaidh i air a h-ais ceum air cheum; agus an uair a ghlacadh i leis na Sasunnaich dlùth air àm an ath-leasachaidh, bha i ann an dorchadas glé thiugh. Bha muilleinean d'a sluagh a' labhairt Gàilig: ach bha na Sasunnaich riamh tàireil air a' Ghàilig, agus a' feuchainn ri a smàladh as gu buileach. Cha robh oidhirp air a toirt gus an sluagh a theagasg troimh an cànanu féin, agus cha tig an latha a theagaisgear daoine le cànanu choimhich. Fa dheireadh, aig crìoch na seathamh linne deug, chuir duine cràbhaidh, foghainteach—Uilliam O Dòmhnuaill a bha 'n a Ard-Easpaig air Tuaim—a mach an Tiomnadh Nuadh ann an Gàilig Eirionnaich. Mudha fhichead bliadhna 'n a dhéigh so rinn *Uilliam Bedell*, Easpaig na Cille-Mòire, na bha 'n a chomas gu eòlas a' Bhiobuill a thoirt do an t-sluagh. Bu Shasunnach e a thaobh breith 'us dùthchais. Ach bha e sònruichte air son fòghluim, co maith as air son diadhaidheachd: agus air dha 'bhi air a shocrachadh ann an Eirinn, dh'ionnsaich e a' chànanainn, agus fhuair e an Seann Tiomnadh uile a thionndadh innte. Ach gu grad, nochdadh an t-aineolas 's am fuath sin air a' Ghàilig a rinn, agus a tha fathas a' deanamh urrad eucoir air a luchd-labhairt. Iadsan a bha ann an àrd-ùghdarras chuir iad an aghaidh na cùis' air iomadh dòigh. 'Ciod am feum a bha 's a' Ghàilig! Ionnsaich-cadh daoine Beurla!' a' cheart chainnt gun tùr

a tha aig daoine gus an latha 'n diugh; agus chaidh am fear a bha 'cuideachadh leis an Easpaig mhaith a chur as a 'dhreuchd, 'us a gheur-leannmhuinn air iomadh dòigh. Chaidh stad air an obair bheannaichte: agus mu-m b' urrainn Easpuig Bedell gnòthaichean a chur air rian a rithis,ghairmeadh e, le'ard-mhaighstir, gu dùthaich a b' fhèarr. Dh'fhàg e an t-eadar-theangachadh sgrìobhta, ach cha robh guth air an déigh a bhàis, ré corr 'us ceud bliadhna. Mu an àm sin—1610—ghabh duin'-uasal, ro chliùiteach air iomadh dòigh, *Robert Boyle* mac *Iarla Chork*, a' chùis 'an làimh. Fhuair e an dà chuid an Seann Tiomnadh 'us an Tiomnadh Nuadh a chlà-bhualadh: le cridhe farsuinn sheall e air feum a dhìlsean anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus chuir e cuig fichead Tiomnadh Nuadh do 'n ionnsuidh-san. Tha mi 'am beachd gu bheil aon de na leabhraichean so air ghleidheadh fhathas ann an Sgìreachd na Ceannamhuir 'an Siorramachd Pheairt.

B'e so a' cheud chothrom a fhuair na Gàidheil riamh air facal an Tighearna a leughadh 'n an cainnt féin. Bha ministerean diadhaidh agus ionnsaichte anns an taobh deas agus tuath. Tha sgrìobhaidhnean a dh'fhàg iad ann am Beurla a dearbhadh so dhuinn. Ach a réir coltais, cha d' thug iad oidhirp riamh air a' Bhiobull a thionndadh gu Gàilig. Ach an uair a chuireadh a mach am Bhiobull ann an Eirinn, ghabh *Robert Kirke*, Ministear Sgìreachd Bho-Chuidir ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, os làimh a dheanamh aithnichte d' a luchd-dùthcha: agus anns a' bliadhna 1690 chuir e a mach e, air a chlà-bhualadh anns an *litr Ròmanach*, 's e sin an litir a tha cleachdta 'n ar measg aig an là 'n diugh, agus a tha fada dealaichte o an *litr Eirionnaich*. Chuir an duine eudmhor so mar an ceudna a mach na Sàilm ann an Ranndachd, agus tha e airidh air 'ainm a gleidheil air chuimhne leis na Gàidheil. Ach a réir coltais cha robh am Bhiobull Eirionnach ro bhlasca leis na h-Albannaich: agus fhad 's a fhuair mi sgeul, cha d' rinn iad mòran buil de an leabhar so. Deich 'us trì fichead bliadhna 'n a dhéigh sin (1760) chaidh an Tiomnadh Nuadh ullmhachadh as ùr le daoineibha chuir mòr-chomain air a' Ghàidhealtachd: Seumas Stiùbhard, ministear Chillinn, agus Dùghall Buchanan nan Laoidhean. 'S i a' 'Chuideachd Urramach 'an Albainn a tha chum Eòlas Crìosluidh a sgaoileadh' a chuir mu chùl na h-obair so a dheanamh. Cuideachd a rinn tuille air son maith na Gàidhealtachd na gach cuideachd eile, ged a bhiodh an saothair air chòmhlà. Ach fathasd cha robh

GLUASAD MAILLE RI DIA.

'Agus ghluais Enoch maille ri Dia, agus cha robh e ann: oir thug Dia leis e.'—Gen. v. 24. (Eabh. xi. 5.)

Cha-n 'eil ach glé bheag air a *reidh* mu thim-chioll Enoch, ach tha mòran air *shoilleseachadh* dhuinn anns a' bheagan a tha air a ràdh. Tha cunntas soilleir againn air duine diadhaidh, trèibhdhireach, seasmhach; duine a bha ùmhal, agus earbsach, a bha, cosmhuil ri Sacharias agus Elisabet, ionraic ann am fianuis Dhé, ag imeachd ann an uile àitheantan, agus òrduighean an Tighearna gu neo-lochdach, Luc. i. 6, agus fhuair an duine so duais ro àrd, agus glòirmhor. Thugadh a steach e do luchairt an Àrd-Rìgh gun dol troimh an ghleann dorch, gun e a dh' fhaicinn truailleadhachd.

Bha esan fo an cheud fhrithealadh, agus bha Eliah fo an lagh, air an giùlan do Nèamh gun bhlasad de 'n bhàs, a' toirt dearbhaidh dhoibhsan a bha beò 's na linntean sin gu-n robh cumhachd aig an Tighearna os cionn a' bhàis: agus tha e coltach, mar an cendna a' toirt fianuis mu bheatha shìorruidh an Fhìr-shaoraidh. The e air innseadh dhuinn ann an Litir Iudais (r. 14, 15,) gu-n d' rinn Enoch fàidheadearachd mu latha mòr a' bhreitheanais; agus anns an Litir chum nan Eabhruidheach (xi. 5.) tha Pòl ag ràdh gur ann tré chreideamh a bha e air 'atharrachadh. Cha-n 'eil àit eile 's am bheil iomradh againn mu an duine naomh so.

Beachdaicheadh mata car tamuill air a' chunntas a tha againn air a chaithe-beatha. 'Ghluais e maille ri Dia.' Tha a *ghluasad* a' ciallachadh gu h-àraidh a ghnè, agus a chleachdadh—a chaithe-beatha agus a ghiùlain, dòigh-labhairt a tha ro thrì air feadh a' Bhìobuill gu léir. 'Chaith e a bheatha maille ri Dia.' Tha so a' leigeil ris dhuinn,—

1. Gu-n robh e *reidh* ri Dia—striochta dha, toilichte le 'àitheantan, da rìreadh 'g a ghràdhachadh. 'Am faod dithis imeachd le 'chéile mur bi iad réidh?' (Amos. iii. 3.) Chreid Enoch ann an gràdh Dhé dha; agus thug e gràdh dhàsan air ais. Bha e *reidh* ris, agus a' stri ri a tloil a dheanamh. Gus am bheil daoine a' creidsinn ann an gràdh Dhé dhoibh cha n-urrainn iad a bhi réidh ris. Tha iad ann an nàimh-deas dha, agus 'a' dol 'n a aghaidh' anns gach cùis. Is truagh an ni an uair a tha an dearbhadh uile-dhrùigheach againne air gràdh Dhé ann an Iosa Crìosd a bhi air a thoirt mar iobairt-réitich air ar son, nach earbadhmaid as, nach tugamaid gràdh dha. 'Guidheamaid oirbh as uchd Crìosd, bithibh *reidh* ri Dia.' (2. Cor. v. 20.)

2. Bha Enoch a' faireachduinn *làthaireachd* an Tighearna a ghnàth; bha e 'an tòir air an làthaireachd so, agus a' gabhail mòr-thlachd innte. Ghluais Enoch *maille* ri Dia, ann an cuideachd Dhé. Dh' fhaodadh e faireachduinn a bhi aige air làthaireachd Dhé, agus e a theicheadh air falbh ann an geilt mar a rinn Adhamh, no ann

am fuath mar a rinn Ionah. Ach chaith an duine so a bheatha ann an comunn Dhé. Cosmhuil ri Daibhidh 'chuir e an Tighearna 'ghnàth fa chomhair a shùl,' no ri Heseciah 'ghluais e 'na fhianuis ann an ionracas.' Thug e fairear gu-n robh an Tighearna, cha-n e amhàin 'g a fhaicinn, ach gu-n robh e dlùth dha—dlùth dha anns gach àm agus àite—dlùth dha 'g a neartachadh, 'g a stiùradh, 'g a dhion, 'g a bheannachadh. Bha e ag iarraidh Dia a bhi maille ris anns gach dleasnas, co maith as anns gach deuchainn, 'na obair shaoghailta co maith as 'na obair spioradail, 'na aoibhneas co maith as 'na bhàrd, ag iarraidh nach fàgadh 'us nach tréigeadh e.

Tha beò-chreideamh, fìor chràbhachd, 'an earbsa ann an tomhas mòr ri sinn a bhi mar so 'a' gluasad *maille* ri Dia, a' toirt fairear, agus a' cuimhneachadh a làthaireachd daonnan. Ma tha sinn a' léirsinn gu bheil Esau da rìreadh dlùth dhuinn, their sinn ann an àm a' bhuaireidh mar a thuirt Ioseph 'Cionnas a ni mise an t-òle so, agus a pheacaicheas mi an aghaidh Dhé?' Ann an là na trioblaid bithidh sinn cosmhuil ri Maois 'làidir 'n ar n-inntinn a' faicinn an 'Ti a tha neo-fhaicsinneach.' Aig gach uile àm bithidh sinn misneachail, suidhichte, oir ma tha Dia leinn cò dh' fhaodas a bhi 'n ar n-aghaidh. 'Théid mo làthaireachd maille riut agus bheir mi fois dhuit.'

3. Tha 'bhi' gluasad maille ri Dia a' ciallachadh dol air ar n-aghaidh ann an oibre creidimh agus saothair gràidh. Is mòr an ni a bhi comasach air a ràdh leis an t-salnadair 'Bithidh mo smaointean air milis: ni mi ghàrdeachas ann an Dia.' Ach cha-n iad smaointean amhàin a tha Esau ag iarraidh uainn, 'Pailt ann an oibre an Tighearna,' a' fàs ann an gràs, a' dol air ar n-aghaidh chum foirfeachd. Ann an so tha dleasnas, agus sonas a' Chrìosduidh. Ruigidh sinn orra so amhàin le 'bhi' gluasad maille ri Dia.

Tha an t-Abstol ag ràdh mu Enoch 'Roimh 'atharrachadh thugadh fianuis da gu-n do thaitinn e ri Dia.' Cha-n 'eil e air innseadh dhuinn ciamar a thugadh an *fianuis* bheannaichte agus ro aoibhneach so dha; ach ma tha siune, mar a bha esan, a' stri le dùrachd, le creideamh, 'us le sìor-ùnuigh ri bhi 'gluasad maille ri Dia, ni a Spiorad-san *fianuis* maille ri ar spiorad-ne gur sinn a chlann—bithidh teistean deadh-chogais againn, bithidh againn gach là sealladh na 's soilleire air gràs agus mòralachd Chrìosd mar a tha sinn a' tighean na 's dlùithe air, agus 'n a dhòighean féin bheir e mu 'n cuairt gu-m bi sith Dhé a' coimhead ar cridhe 'us ar n-inntinn. Gu h-àraidh tha dearbh-chinnt againn air aiseirigh na beatha, gu-n tog e suas na cuirp dhibhidh so againn, gu-n dean e iad cosmhuil ri a chorp glòirmhor féin—gu-n taisbein e sinn naomh agus neo-lochdach ann an làthair an Athar, gu-m bi sinn gu sìorruidh 'maille ri Dia.' Amen.

G. C.



OCTOBER 1881.

Christ our Priest.

By the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, Edinburgh.

"He shall be a priest upon his throne."—ZECH. vi. 13.

IT need scarcely be said that these prophetic words were fulfilled in Christ, "the man whose name is The BRANCH." In Him the offices of King and Priest were combined, as we see them nowhere else in the history of Israel. Under the Jewish Covenant God was King: Aaron and his descendants were priests, and priests only. But Messiah was both King and Priest, and as such He will "sit and rule upon His throne" eternally. This, it may be observed, is the great fact which underlies the divine utterance, "Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Melchizedek's priesthood represented Christ's more fully than Aaron's did, for this, among other reasons, that he united in himself royal and priestly functions. "King of righteousness," he was also a "Priest of the most High God." A like wonderful combination of power and sympathy is suggested by that all-comprehensive and affecting expression, "The LAMB which is in the midst of the THRONE."

Thus we are reminded at the outset of a truth which many overlook. Even among persons otherwise well informed there is often a disposition to regard our Lord's priestly work as "accomplished" wholly by His death. That He gave Himself upon the cross "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour," thereby fulfilling the oft-repeated types of the Mosaic ritual, they perceive clearly enough. But virtually they think of our blessed Saviour as if onwards from that point He was merely enjoying the rewards of His humiliation, or at all events as if the Priestly office had been completely merged in that of King. No mistake could be greater. The office of the High Priest in Israel was not "fulfilled" by the bare act of slaying the appointed sacrifice. Not until the blood was taken into the most holy place, and there sprinkled upon the Mercy Seat, was the offering complete. In like manner Jesus did not exhaust the functions of His Priestly office when He died. Then indeed His humiliation, His obedience, His expiatory sufferings, were "finished." But the work for which He was constituted by the oath of the eternal God a High Priest for ever was not finished. He who was our Paschal Lamb liveth for evermore, and our only hope is in

His resurrection life. "We HAVE such a High Priest, who sat down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." In that glorious fact lies the secret of all Christian steadfastness and hope. They greatly err who disjoin Christ's work in heaven from His work on earth. His work is one, whether on this side of the "vail" or on the other. He is as truly our Priest upon the throne as upon the cross; when He presents Himself unto the Father in the immortal beauty of His risen life, as when "He bowed His head and gave up the ghost." For ever and for ever He is a PRIEST upon His THRONE.

The Priesthood of Christ, as it is fulfilled by His work in heaven, is based on two fundamental facts.

I. First, His ONENESS with those whom he represents.

Our "Great" High Priest is the Son of God, the inheritor of all things, the maker of all worlds. No one less exalted could have met our necessities. But Christ, who was "the effulgence of God's glory and the very image of His substance," became a partaker of our "flesh and blood." "He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." And for what end? That He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest. Though Himself "holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners," He suffered as we suffer. He was "a Man of sorrows"—sensitively alive to all the anguish and all the tenderness, all the affections and the hopes with which our human life is filled. He was tempted "in all points," like as we are, that by complete and experimental sympathy with man he might be qualified for the office of High Priest of mankind. Being made "perfect" through suffering, He became the Leader of "many sons unto glory." "Both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." O glorious brotherhood of our great High Priest, the MAN Christ Jesus! What greater blessing can there be than to be able to direct our thoughts to one who has carried with Him to the Throne of His everlasting Priesthood our human nature in all its entirety—

"And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries."

A High Priest who could not bear gently with the ignorant and the erring, or be touched with the

feeling of our infirmities, would not be "such an High Priest" as our hearts crave for in all the moments of our deepest need. Then, whatever may be our thoughts while the natural strength remains unbroken, we feel that the only rock on which we can stay our weakness is the assurance that we have in Christ a High Priest who has Himself suffered everything in soul and mind, in spirit and body—everything of which our nature is capable—and who, having entered into it by a personal experience, can provide for our every need; soothing and upholding us by a divine, yet most tender human sympathy, which is yesterday, to-day, and for ever, the same.

II. Christ's Priesthood also rests on the perfection of His SACRIFICE.

The characteristic function of the Jewish High Priest was the presentation of the sacrifice on the Day of Atonement, that expiation might be made for the sins of the whole people, that the displeasure of God might not rest on the nation on account of sin. Now, what was typified on the Day of Atonement found its fulfilment on Mount Calvary. It was necessary that "this High Priest" also have somewhat to offer. That offering was HIMSELF—the eternal well-beloved Son, the Word made flesh. "Through the eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God." The essence of His sacrifice, that is to say, was not suffering, but that which suffering expressed—the absolute surrender of Himself to God. With that God was well pleased, and said at length what He could never else have said, "I have found a ransom." Jesus was at one and the same time Priest and Victim. Standing perfect in our humanity, He so identified Himself with us, the sinful children of men, that all our sins and iniquities were made to meet on His sinless head. He bore "the chastisement of our peace," and having made a full ATONEMENT for the sins of the whole world, He went into the Holy Place of God's presence in heaven, there to abide our High Priest for evermore.

Now, consider further wherein Christ's Priesthood consists. His work in heaven may be viewed under three aspects, all of which are necessarily combined in the idea of Priesthood.

(a) REPRESENTATION. The High Priest in Israel represented the people before God. Having been clothed in his garments of "glory and beauty," the names of the tribes of the Children of Israel were engraven on the twelve precious stones which formed the breastplate;—"Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel upon the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually." No symbol could set forth more significantly the reality of the Priesthood of Christ, who represents His people before the throne of God, having their NAMES WRITTEN ON HIS HEART. He is one with them, and they are one with Him. The Father BEHOLDS THEM IN

HIM their exalted and living Head. As truly as the Israelites on the Day of Atonement, standing "afar off" amid the hush and stillness of that solemn hour when the High Priest went into the holy place, which no human foot but his own might enter, must have felt that in very deed he was their representative in the sight of God, so, too, as with adoring faith we now gaze into that heavenly sanctuary where Jesus the Son of God has gone on our behalf, may we find strength and joy in the consciousness of our ineffable union with Him who is our Advocate with the Father, our glorified High Priest and King. Before the divine contemplation this RIGHTEOUS ONE now stands as in an eternal present, unceasingly appearing before God representing that which His people, notwithstanding their manifold imperfections, in principle already are, and what they will one day perfectly become. Already they are risen and set down with Him in "heavenly places." Oh with what fullness of meaning may the believer now say, as he fixes the gaze of his soul on Jesus, the Priest upon His throne, "Behold, O God, our shield; look on the face of thine Anointed! In thee, O Lord, have I righteousness and strength!"

(b) INTERCESSION. With the high priest's confession of the sins of the people on the Day of Atonement was joined fervent intercession on their behalf: this intercession was also symbolised in the offering of the incense. Now the fulfilment of this part of the priestly office by our Lord Jesus Christ is frequently referred to in Holy Scripture. "Who is he that condemneth?" asks St. Paul, triumphantly. "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh INTERCESSION for us." To the same effect we are informed by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews that Jesus "is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make INTERCESSION for them." The very presence of Christ in heaven as the "Lamb that was slain," is a perpetual intercession—the blood of Jesus "yet speaketh." There—on the mediatorial throne, amidst the splendours of that light that is inaccessible and full of glory—He yet bears on His sacred body the ineffaceable memorials of His sacrificial suffering. Nor can we doubt that He who in the days of His mortal weakness prayed for Simon, and again for His disciples and for all who should believe on Him through their word, is still in grand acts of intercession presenting unto God prayers and supplications for His beloved Church—as when of old, in the night-watches, "He prayed upon the Mount," while the little boat which carried His disciples was tempest-tossed in the midst of the sea. In and through Christ, moreover, the intercession of the whole Church ascendeth unto heaven. "To Him there is given much incense, that He should add it unto the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar

which is before the throne." So complete is the mystical union of Christ and His Church, that her prayers are His prayers, and His prayers are her prayers. In regard to this, as to all things else, the head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of you. He the Priest upon His throne, we His people upon the earth, pray the same prayers, if indeed we pray in the Spirit. Perfumed by the incense of His adorable intercession, our poor struggling earthbound petitions are wafted heavenward, and entering into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, they are heard for "His name's sake."

(c) **BLESSING.** The Jewish high priest represented the people to God. He also represented God to the people. Through him the favour and love of God were communicated to them. He came forth and **BLESSED** the people. This he did audibly on certain occasions, and not unfrequently by great symbolical acts. As for instance on the Day of Atonement, when he laid his hands on the scape-goat, and sent it away into a land not inhabited. The "blessing" conveyed to Israel by that typical transaction was nothing less than the assurance that God's pardoning mercy had been extended to them. In short, it was a wonderful picture of that "blessing" which is conveyed to us by the absolution of our great High Priest. A day is coming, and may be near, when He shall "come forth" in visible glory to "bless" His long waiting Church with everlasting salvation. But even now, though unseen by human eye, He is ever blessing His own who are in the world. The anointing which Himself received He bestows in measure upon them. The holy oil which is upon the head flows down to the skirts of His garment. By ordinances and sacraments, by varied ministries of divine appointment, the Priest upon His throne is ever communicating unto men those "gifts" which are the fruit of His High Priestly sacrifice and intercession. The hands which were lifted up in blessing as the disciples saw Him ascending unto heaven, are still extended towards earth. Now, as of old, the salutation of the Risen One is "Peace be unto you."

In these remarks we have been able only barely to indicate one or two of the more important points of a vast and wonderful subject. It is indeed a great mystery this High Priesthood of the blessed Jesus. This much, however, we do know, that by Him we have the privilege of a **FREE ACCESS UNTO GOD.** The way into the "holiest of all" is now made manifest. The cry of weary centuries, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" has been answered by Him who, in the completeness of His unchangeable Priesthood, is "**THE WAY.**" Brethren, do we know Him thus as our High Priest? Are we coming unto God by Him? Is Christ's Priesthood to us a dead letter or a living and life-giving reality; our strength in weakness; our light in darkness; our hope in life and in death? Amen.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART X.

IT will not be difficult for any one to understand that the excellent Lindsay, with the best intentions in the world, made something of a blunder in addressing his friend with the solemnity described in the last chapter. Middlemass was not in the mood for reproof or exhortation thus given, and all that resulted from it was an increased dread of being ever again alone with his rebuker, and a fresh cessation of the intercourse so lately renewed. Having pooh-poohed aloud warning and remonstrance moreover, he was able more boldly than he had ever done before to stifle the pleadings of the small still voice within. He had patted Lindsay on the shoulder, laughed in his face, and turned the tables on him in the matter of Jem with a dexterity which it delighted him afterwards to recall. Lindsay, he reckoned, had looked foolish, had been thoroughly well put down, and if there were to be any more disagreeableness of the kind, he, Middlemass, guessed he knew who would get the best of it. He took care, however, not to permit of an opportunity for such disagreeableness offering.

It was some time, therefore, before our bachelor friend again heard or saw anything of the family, and it might have been still longer had he not, when travelling one day, happened to enter a railway carriage in which a lady was sitting whose face and figure reminded him of Nora Middlemass. Her veil was down, and there was neither voice nor movement by which uncertainty could be guided, but still he could not rid himself of the idea; and as one after another of the passengers got out, he resolved, on the departure of the last, to make an effort at discovery. The day was bright, and the setting sun, low in the heavens, shone full into the carriage and possibly into the eyes of the lady,—certainly near enough to warrant his inquiring should he pull down the blind?

"Thank you, Mr. Lindsay, I do not mind about it," said Nora, turning her head round, as she saw further avoidance impossible. "I hardly thought you would remember me," she added, holding out her hand, "people say I am so altered."

"Oh, you could not have cheated me," replied Lindsay smiling, "had you given me a chance of seeing your full face before. But I had only the side of a bonnet."

"Quite enough. Of course, you did not know me."

"You are certainly thinner—but then you never were fat."

"Thinner!" said Nora, with a little laugh. "Look here," putting up her veil, "look at my eyes, and my forehead, and my mouth. Oh, you

need not be afraid of owning it," she added, impatiently prohibiting with a gesture the attempt at disclaimer which Lindsay was endeavouring to force from his lips,—for he was indeed shocked, as well he might have been; "you need not be afraid of owning it. I have had a fever, that is all. There is nothing to be ashamed of in having a fever, is there? And most people lose what looks they have after it. You may as well tell the truth; I shan't mind."

"You never did mind about those things," said Lindsay quietly. "And if I am to be so very plain-spoken, your appearance certainly does bear traces of illness——"

"—Traces! I should think it did! Well, never mind," said Nora, after a moment's pause. "You will think me very cross and peevish—and so I am; but I have had such a journey, and I am so tired,—oh dear, when shall we reach Glasgow?"

"A couple of hours yet. Are you bound for Glendovey?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Wade is not with you?"

"No." The mixture of petulance and reserve was Nora all over.

"These second class carriages are very comfortable," began Lindsay, by way of turning the conversation, but he got no farther.

"Are they?" cried his companion scornfully. "Now, Mr. Lindsay, I thought you always spoke the truth. They are *not* comfortable, they are *hateful*; they tire your back for want of cushion, they let in draughts beneath the door, and the people crowd upon you so that you are stiff with having to sit for hours in one position! If you had said you had to endure this place because it saves money to come in it, I should have believed you, but to make out that you travel second class because of its being comfortable!"

"I did not say so, my dear," rejoined her companion mildly. "And I am sorry that you should feel fatigued and incommode. Allow me, now that we are alone, to put my portmanteau for your feet, and this plaid across the doorway."

"Thank you," said Nora, with something of sullenness, however. "But you know what I say is true, Mr. Lindsay. I do hate shamming of any sort. A lady near us at Laurel Grove, who always went second class everywhere, used to say regularly to any one who met her getting out or in, 'I am just making a trial of these *very* delightful carriages.'"

Lindsay laughed.

"'Making a trial,' fancy!" said Nora, half laughing herself.

"A trial I have been making all my life," replied Lindsay, "and as I am well and strong, I can honestly say I have never found them otherwise than comfortable; but for you——" he stopped.

"Yes, for me it's different." The Honourable Mrs. Wade looked him full in the face as she spoke. "Why do you not finish your sentence? You are

surprised that I should do what I dislike and despise! You think it's a new thing for my father's daughter to have to think about sixpences?"

"There is nothing to dislike or despise in having to consider your means," said Lindsay, "and if you are growing economical——"

"—I am. *Very* economical."

"So much the better. You used to be a sad extravagant girl."

"I wonder what you would think," cried Nora bitterly, "if you knew the extent of my extravagance now. I wonder how you would have felt if you had seen me counting the money in my purse to be sure that I had enough to bring me down!"

"You—you should have asked for a larger supply," stammered her friend, wondering more and more what all this meant. "You—you really should, Nora."

"Asked—whom?"

"Your husband, to be sure."

"Of course. My husband. I had forgotten him. He has so much to give, and he is so generous in giving, that I am to blame if I don't fly to him to supply my slightest want, no doubt. Husbands are always so kind, are they not, Mr. Lindsay?"

He saw it all now.

"You begin to have a new light upon the subject, I perceive," continued the poor girl, after watching his face in silence for the next minute. "It does just occur to you now that there may be difference of opinion on the subject, that there may be trouble beneath a smooth surface, and a breaking heart under a—pshaw, I have not even a smiling face above! Don't pity me,—don't speak to me,—I won't have it"—she suddenly broke out, thrusting from her the hand he had half held out, "don't—don't. Let me alone. If you want to hear any more, I'll tell you, but you must not say anything back. Let me alone. It is the kindest thing you can do."

Lindsay bowed in silence, deeply moved. So then, all that he had forecast in sorrow of such a marriage had not only come to pass, but come with a speed terrible to think of; and here was he an actual witness of the fact. On both sides the motives of those who had advocated the ill-advised union had been corrupt and self-seeking, while even the bridegroom had not been single-hearted, and even the bride had not been true to herself. How should good result from so much evil?

Yet until now, nothing, no whisper had come to his ears to show that, in so far as it went, the match had not turned out well—well, that is, according to the views of those chiefly concerned. Middlemass had continued to boast, as at first, of his daughter's new connections and acquaintances; he had spoken of her repeatedly as well and happy, and had from time to time sent Lindsay the local paper in which the arrival of Mrs. Wade at Glendovey and her departure thence were chronicled.

It had not once, until this moment, flashed upon the mind of her old friend that Nora, on her visits home, had never been accompanied by her husband. He could recollect that Middlemass had referred to his son-in-law more than once as "coming," and had invariably found excuse for his not having come before; but he felt now a conviction that the stay had never been made, and apparently the daughter was again about to seek the paternal roof alone.

"They will be glad to have me, I daresay," she said, suddenly awakening from a musing fit. "Papa and mamma, I mean. They are at home, I suppose! It will be a pretty thing for me if they are not—I have nowhere else to go. He is off with a shooting-party, and I was to find my own way somewhere—it did not very much matter where. I had to be got rid of, you see. Oh, Mr. Lindsay, I have been so ill, and I am so wretched. Oh, if you only knew! If I could only tell you!—Why—you are crying!"

A tear, indeed, stood on Lindsay's cheek.

"Is it come to *this*?" said Nora, in a low voice.

Perhaps until that moment she had never fully realised the extent of her own misery; it had grown by degrees, the burden gradually becoming greater, gradually pressing more and more heavily down upon her young shoulders, her struggles waxing fainter, her strength less. But now, all of a sudden, her eyes seemed to open and behold the woeful wasted prospect of her life, and her lips tasted of the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit.

"It is all over," she whispered, "all over. Don't mind, Mr. Lindsay, don't. I have been a fool and have paid for my folly, but I am sorry to have grieved you. I was rude to you just now, besides,—rude and ungrateful, but I saw that you forgave me and were not angry with me, even when I was trying to provoke you. I felt so miserable that I hardly knew what I was saying. See," pulling off her glove and spreading out her thin blue-veined hand before him,—"*see*. You know what that means. The doctors say I must have change of air, and good nursing, and care, and wine, and all the rest of it. So my husband gives out to inquiring friends that I must leave London on this account. He leaves London also, at the same time, so no one is supposed to know that we do not go together. Very well—very well; it does not much matter; I shan't trouble any one long,—oh, you must not take it to heart—nobody does; I don't know why I should bother you with my affairs at all, only you have been foolish enough to listen——"

"Dear Nora!" said Lindsay; "dear Nora——"

"—And now you will go and tell papa, and I shall never hear the end of it!" exclaimed Nora, trying hard for her old tone, but too plainly seeking it as a shelter for feelings she would fain have left unobserved; "there will be a fuss and a ferment——"

"I will not say a word," said Lindsay.

Events, however, spoke for him, and more forcibly than he could have done. Exhausted by fatigue, and even more so by the variety of emotions which her utmost efforts failed to conceal, the unhappy young wife sank gradually farther and farther into the corner of the seat wherein she sat; and as the train sped on, Lindsay regarded with ever increasing concern and uneasiness her languid frame and weary movements, wondering within himself how she would bear the noise, the bustle, and the call for attention and exertion which must ensue on their arrival at the terminus, whence she had again to set forth on fresh travel. It ended in this, that he must at all hazards see her to her father's house.

"Glasgow? Oh!" said Nora, looking round confusedly, upon her companion's remarking that they were approaching the city. "Dear me, I wish it were not so near. I wish we could go on a little. I do not care to move now," with a little shiver.

She had not much luggage, she said, and, thanks to Lindsay, both he and she were soon in a cab, on their way to the other station.

"You are going to Glendovey too, then?" At length Mrs. Wade's interest seemed to be aroused when she found herself thus taken charge of, and the two portmanteaus being labelled for the same place. "You are going with me all the way? Why did you not say so before? I should have been so glad to have known it,"—reproachfully.

"If I had flattered myself so far," said Lindsay, lightly—"so far as to—what shall I say? Help me out, Nora. All I mean is, I should certainly have announced my intentions sooner, had I guessed you would have done me the honour to care about them."

He was altering his own destination, and putting aside a matter of some importance to himself, it was true, in order to befriend the lonely creature; but had he known sooner how sorely such protection was needed, he could say with sincerity that he would have been more ready to make up his mind and announce it when made.

He would not now puzzle himself as to how and in what manner he should account to Middlemass for thus storming his domestic hearth; he would trust to circumstances for being able to keep from his companion that it was on her account he was doing so; and as it was plain that her own affairs were now paramount in her mind to the exclusion of all others, he had no difficulty in leading her back to the discussion of them.

The ice once broken, it was evidently a relief to have a listener, and all was soon laid open before Nora's old friend. Things were pretty much as he had begun to conjecture. Her husband was loaded with debts—was perpetually making his wife apply to her father on his behalf—was idle, neglectful, extravagant, dissipated—was, finally, implacably aggrieved because she persisted in refusing to beg further, and was endeavouring, by

leaving her without money, to force her to obtain it by the only means she possessed.

"We have a house in London, you know," said Nora. "It is supposed to be in a good situation, but it is such a little dark dingy place, and in such a poky little street. For three months I have been lying in bed or on the sofa, looking out at nothing but chimney-tops. It does not signify to him, he is out all day long, and dines at his club, and goes to theatres or parties every evening. I can't go. Even when I am well I have not got proper dresses and things; but he says that no one thinks about that, that wives often stay at home out of choice, and hear the news from their husbands. People like to have him, I suppose. He can always get a seat on a drag, or a ticket for an opera-box; but they don't care to be troubled with me. Even at first I often felt I was in the way, for I had never been anywhere, and did not know what to do or what to talk about. I had only just left school when I was married, you know; and though I had hated going to school, it ended in my being quite happy there—at least it seems now as if I had been happy. Charley does not care for me to read the books I really like; he says women should not set up to be bluestockings; and even when he was kindest he would bring me only novels from the library. You see he never reads himself, and he does not choose that I should be—well, you know what I mean." It was pretty plain that Mr. Wade, dimly aware of his own limited capacity, was not eager to be outshone by his wife.

"And he can talk well enough," she said; "he makes people laugh, and they say he is funny, and good-tempered, and amusing. I suppose he is—with them. He is at home in great rooms and among great people. He likes to have everything about him gay and pleasant, and as long as he can have that, he does not mind how we leave bills unpaid, and have servants discontented, and everything in the house miserable. He says I have only to write to papa, and he has enough and to spare. But do you see, Mr. Lindsay, although I may *write*, and although I may take anything I can get, I am not to speak of him, not to mention his name, not to recollect anything about the old life at Laurel Grove, or at the little house in Glasgow? He wants to make me look down upon it all, and tries to make me see that by marrying him I have raised myself too high to have anything more to do with my own people. At first I did not mind his doing that. I let him say things to me that I never ought to have listened to,—but I turned upon him in the end. I dared him to say another word against my father or mother in my presence. My poor father! And he thinks so much of Charley!"

"It is a shame!" cried Lindsay, hot with indignation; for there rose before him at the moment a vision which made the revelation more than ordinarily cruel; he saw and heard Middlemass exulting in his unworthy son-in-law; and he felt,

moreover, that kindness had not been merely on the lips, that benefits had been showered forth, and ingratitude borne in patience. It seemed, indeed, as if a viper had been cherished in the bosom of his friend. "It is a shame!" he said, and could not trust himself to proceed.

"What do you think I told him yesterday?" continued Nora, the words bursting forth as though they would no longer be repressed. "I told him that he had married me for my money,—and he did not deny it! He shrugged his shoulders, and did not take the trouble to answer! I don't believe it was so, you know," she added, eagerly; "I am sure, quite sure, he loved me once; but I said it because I was angry and wanted to make him angry. If I could only get him to care about it *any* way,—if he would not be so contented, so indifferent. He goes everywhere and sees everybody, and enjoys himself, while I——. Well, if papa will have me——" she sighed.

"I am quite sure he will have you," said Lind say, confidently. "You have stood by him, and he will stand by you. He will grieve to see you come back so, of course; but if I know anything of my old friend, his heart will go out towards the daughter who would not hear a word spoken against him or his in her presence. Tell him your own tale, Nora, and never fear but you will find a welcome at Glendovey."

"If Jem had been there!" said Nora, sorrowfully.

"Ah, if Jem had been there!" echoed her companion. "But there are others beside Jem," he added, in a breath—for it was his immediate object to cheer and soothe the unfortunate girl. "You have brothers and sisters who will all be ready to make much of you directly you appear, and you will have a nice quiet time among your own folks. We shall have you well and strong again in no time. Oh, there is nothing like having a home to go to, my dear,—nothing in the world like having a home to go to. Let us look out for the lights in the windows," he went on presently; "if my memory does not play me false we ought to be able to see them, once we are round this corner. What? Nothing yet. Then I have been mistaken in the road. Do you see anything? The leaves are off the trees, and we must be near at hand by this time, and yet it is very quiet——" A sudden fear struck him. Neither he nor his fellow-traveller had any positive knowledge of the family's whereabouts; what if they were now absent from home, and instead of cheery greetings and much-needed comforts, the two self-invited guests were to find the house closed, or at best, servants only in possession? He would not contemplate such a possibility; he drove it from his thoughts.

He had made up his mind to treat his own unceremonious appearance lightly, to offer some trivial excuse—merely alleging in public that he had found it convenient to pass the night there—

and to reserve for Middlemass's private ear the real object of his coming. Hospitality was William's strong point. Would Lindsay laugh and jest and jocularly accost his host as trusting to his not turning away a poor wayfarer from his door, he could reckon on its being taken in good part; and putting force on himself so to regulate his demeanour for Nora's sake, he made a feint of heartiness and satisfaction as the fly drew up.

She had previously been informed that he too was besieging Glendovey unbidden. "We are both in the same boat," Lindsay had alleged merrily, "so we must stand and fall together, must we not?" And he had won her to something like composure as they drove along.

Agitation was now again rising however.

"Here we are!" cried Lindsay, as the horse stopped. "Now then, they will wonder who in the world can be ringing the bell at this hour——" He stopped short, thinking of Wat, and of the speedy attention by which his summons had been met; he wondered whether Mrs. Middlemass would be as much on the alert now.

Apparently not. Nora had stumbled out bewildered and trembling, and both had stood for some minutes in silence, while the wind moaned through the portico and whistled among the surrounding trees, ere steps were heard inside, and the fastenings of the door were, as they could gather, being undone.

"Cheer up, Nora, it will be all right now," whispered Lindsay, endeavouring to think what he said. "Only another few minutes and—keep up, be brave before the servants, my dear; your father would like it——". But it was no servant who now stood before them.

It was a strange, rough, uncouth, unmannerly man,—and as the three confronted each other, all alike seemed speechless with equal surprise and consternation.

At length, however, Lindsay found utterance for the name of Middlemass. The man stared still more than before. "Middlemass? Well, he's not here, wherever he is," he said, at length. "This is a queer start. Beg your pardon, sir, but how comes it you have not heard? And the lady"—turning to her.

"The lady is Mr. Middlemass's daughter—his married daughter," said Lindsay hastily, for he divined that bad news of some sort there was, and Nora must not hear it too abruptly. "We have come from a distance," he added, touching the other's arm, "and the lady is in ill health; perhaps we can step indoors first, and hear what you have to say afterwards."

"Well, I don't know. I suppose you may. I suppose there's no harm in it," replied the man, reluctantly; "but stop, I say," to the cabman, who was lifting down the luggage, "my orders are to let no one touch nothing, and how am I to know?" looking suspiciously at Lindsay and his companion.

A happy thought occurred to the former.

"You must know Mrs. Wade by sight," he turned to the driver promptly. "Be so good as say if this is not she."

"She may be, and she may not," replied the cautious Scot. "I couldn't say."

"Tell her your news then," said Lindsay, now desperate, and addressing the occupant of the doorstep. "Tell her your news, and judge for yourself," and the event justified the wisdom of such a course. With a cry that rang through the night, the fainting girl fell upon the threshold, proclaiming thus beyond a doubt that the man of whose ruin she now heard was her father indeed.

De Profundis.

"I am cast out of Thy sight: yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple."

HOW shall I use my sorrow? Shall I bear
The crushing weight away into the throng,
Where worldlings hold their glittering fancy fair
And lose grave thoughts in jest and dance and song?

Or shall I lay me down when storms are high,
On some lone upland by the surging sea,
And in one long exceeding bitter cry
Set the despairing soul from prison free?

Yet when did earth's delights cure spirit pain?
When does the breaking heart break at our will?
On rocks and mountains we may call in vain
To hide us from a woe that will not kill!

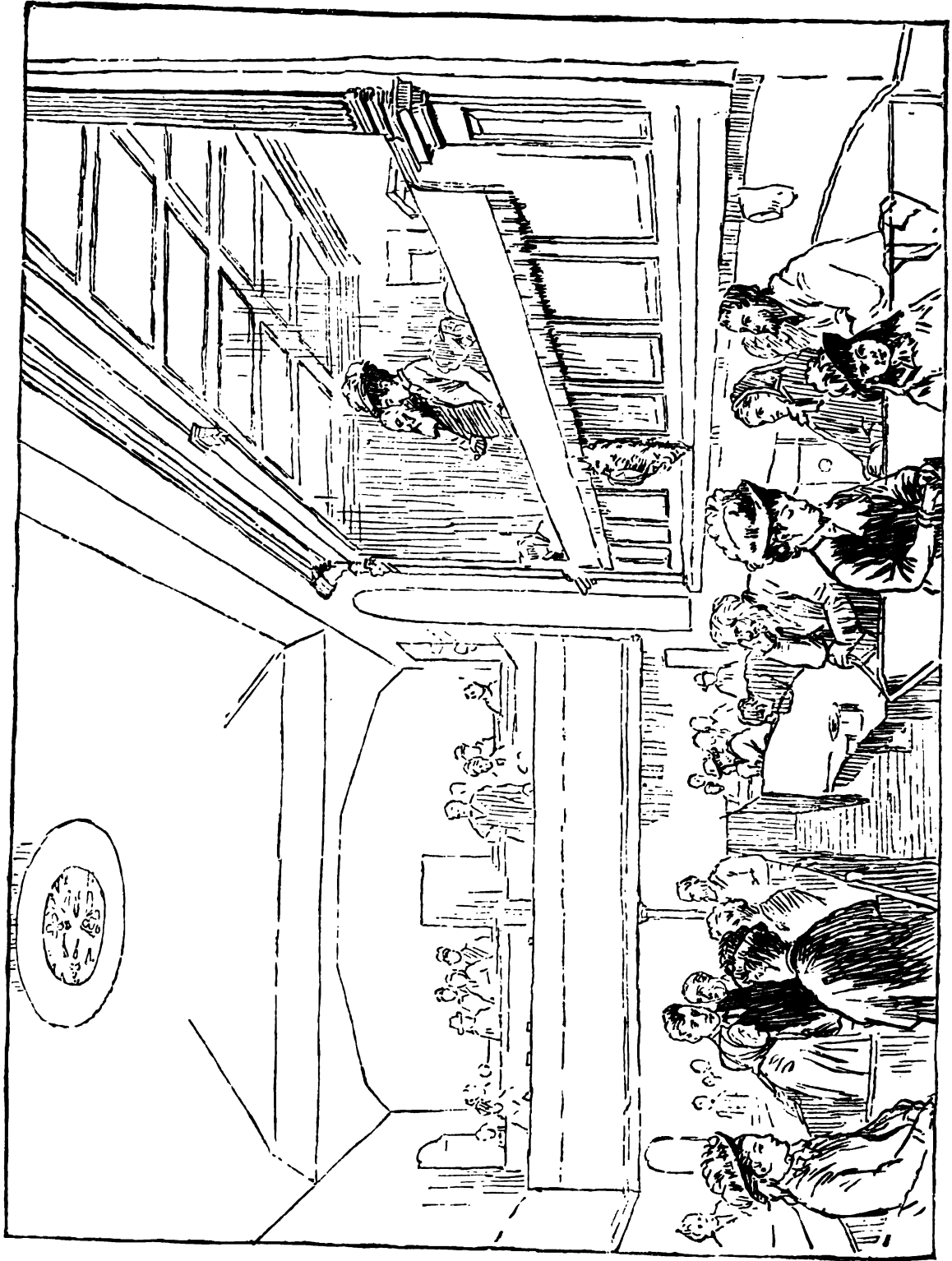
The one great Sufferer for all time, when'er
The cup His Father gave flowed to the brim,
Still to that Father turned his loving prayer,
And bade us drink in trust and rise with Him.

"Come unto Me." Yea, Lord! my will I bend
To thine, and at Thy feet my sorrow lay,
Waiting for Thy sweet mercy. Will it send
Strength to endure, or take me hence away!

JANE C. SIMPSON.

A Life Purpose.

THE late Rev. William M'Lean, of Penninghame, who devoted unusual powers and attainments to the earnest discharge of the quiet duties of a Parish Minister, in early life studied medicine at Edinburgh, and attended the Royal Infirmary, with the view of going abroad as a Medical Missionary. It was then that, under the impression of serious illness, and the prospect of death, he bequeathed all he had to the Infirmary. When God spared him, though from delicate health and other considerations he was compelled to forego his intention to be a Foreign Missionary, he remained steadfast for thirty-three years to the purpose of his youth; and he valued the increase of his means chiefly because his bequest would do more for the alleviation of suffering. A noble life was brought to a peaceful close when he died on 2d October 1879. His wife, now his widow, was of one mind with himself, and assisted at the opening of the magnificent "M'Lean Ward" of the New Royal Infirmary, on 5th March 1880. He had not sought fame in life or in death, but his cherished purpose was fulfilled on that day. The story has just been told in *Under the Shadow* (from which this account is, for the most part, abridged), a volume of his sermons, with memoir, edited by the Rev. Alexander M'Laren, Mertoun.



Presented by W. E. LOCKHART, Esq., F.R.S.

THE FAIRHILL KIRK. (See page 100.)

Mission Papers.

No. II.

WHEN we realise our shortcomings as supporters of Missions, it is not enough to say that our indifference is in fault. That is quite true; if our hearts were set on the kingdom of God and His righteousness, our treasure would soon follow them. But the question comes: Whence this indifference? It comes, we believe, from want of understanding. We pride ourselves in Scotland on our intelligence; especially as hearers of the gospel. We have long been habitual critics of ministers; we are now legally their patrons; and we have come to think that the progress of our intelligence has fitted us in every way for this position. But, for all that, when we look at our miserable unfruitfulness we see how low we are in the spiritual scale. There was a famous accomplished city of old, whose Christians ranked themselves in parties, and sat in judgment on the claims of even Paul and Apollos and Cephas to their preference. And what did the great apostle say?—"I could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto babes in Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 1). And, again, when those Christians were addressed who were, like as we are, the heirs of generations blessed with Scripture privileges, what said the sacred writer to them?—"Ye are become dull of hearing. For when by reason of the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need again that some one teach you the rudiments of the first principles of the oracles of God" (Hebrews v. 12). And when we who are members of the Church of Scotland compare our privileges with our indifference, we feel that any pleading for Missions has to deal with the "rudiments of the first principles." It is ignorance, lack of understanding, and want of the exercise and "use" of our gifts (Hebrews v. 14), which maintain our indifference and listlessness in the matter of Missions.

We know that there are some among us who are not themselves so convinced that "there is none other name whereby we can be saved," as to strive to spread the knowledge of the name of Christ. Some of them sneer at missionaries; some of them discredit the motives of the advocates of Missions; and they have no better reason than that to them Christianity is only a "perhaps." But leaving them out of account, there are in our Communion tens of thousands who, if they but understood how the Lord's command presses on each one of them individually, would arise as one man, and by their gladsome obedience remove our reproach far away. But they do not understand that they have anything to do; they are sincere and earnest Christians; their trust is altogether and entirely in the Saviour; they believe that they are God's children; but they have not realised that they are Christ's stewards, and they have

never felt the full force of His words, "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required." And how is this? Should not the love of Christ constrain them, that they should not "henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him"? Yes, it should; and we cannot and dare not justify them. Yet there are helps to their feeble, unfruitful faith and love, which the Church might have, but has not, afforded them. And it is of such helps we would speak.

First of all; *we have had far too little organisation in regard to the superintendence of Foreign Missions.* Let us only consider that "the field is the world," that even those parts of the world in whose cultivation we have been pretending to try and take a share are larger by a hundred times than our own little mote of Scotland; and then let us remember that though we Christians have the means—did we care to use it—to provide men, free from other labours, to care for this matter, we have, by the niggardliness of our givings, made the funds of Missions so small as to frighten the committees from proposing to set apart an agent, whose salary would necessarily be considerable if he were a competent man; and thus we have laid the whole burden of this portion of our work on the shoulders of one man, already fully taxed with the work of his Church or of his Chair, who, in his zeal and self-sacrifice, has agreed to be "Convener." The Conveners of our Foreign Missions, indeed, of all our Church's enterprises, have done good work for us, in kind and in amount far beyond what we deserved at their hands, and far beyond what their strength fitted them for. At what a cost it has been! To mention only two, whose names will rise to every mind, Dr. William Smith, a very Hercules in his stately, graceful strength, was cut down in the prime of his days, a victim to his zeal for Home Missions; and Dr. Norman Macleod, his country's and his Church's pride, had his great life shortened by his ardent advocacy of our Foreign Mission.

It is no wonder they could not longer bear the strain in addition to their model parochial work in North Leith and the Barony. Take the Foreign Missions as our illustration. Apart from the natural and obvious work of the Convener—the choosing and sending forth of missionaries, cheering and encouraging them in their toils, receiving and answering their letters, and conveying to the Church the chief facts in the annals of each station—does any one ever reflect on the innumerable details which come for settlement to this one man? He is held responsible for everything, and although an attempt was made some years ago to subdivide the work so as to have a sub-convener in this country for each station—one for Calcutta, one for Madras, and so on—to lighten the burden on the General Convener, the recent experiences in Blantyre show that the Convener and his whole Committee are blamed if anything go wrong anywhere.

The separate responsibility seems to have been ended at last Assembly; not a bag of garden seeds, or a box of tinned meats, or glass for the windows at Blantyre; not a concrete floor for a mission-schoolroom in Darjeeling; not a supply of hymn-books for the pupils at Bombay; not a holiday for a wearied missionary; nor a new native helper where the work is heaviest; nor a settlement of some trivial but eager dispute as to place and precedence between two of our agents;—not one of all these things, I understand, but must be considered fully by the Convener, who will never be thanked if all goes right, but will be sorely blamed if anything goes wrong. And why? Because we give so little that it seems we cannot afford to set apart a man for the work, and those who give least are most fiercely opposed to what they call “squandering money in the management of the Schema.”

The obvious and certain course for us is to find some one who will give his time and strength wholly to the superintendence, at home, of the affairs of the Foreign Mission. This is, I believe, what every other Church in Christendom already does. And this means that we, who are Members of the Church, must cheerfully supply the funds; but when we have a paid agent let us remember those who, in former days, had so much more zeal than the rest of the Church as to strive with more than all their strength to stir her and to guide her undertakings.¹

And this, secondly, leads us to say that we need organisation at home for *spreading news of our missionary-work, and exciting interest in it*. Under some new arrangements this may come about. Before we try to fix the blame let us remember the facts. How many members—how many ministers—know the names of our few missionaries and the places where they labour? We ask much from those devoted men when we invite them to go and represent us among the heathen; and what shame it is that we should not follow them in their exile with intelligent sympathy and hearty special prayers! It must be hard to keep at work in those dark places when the work is for a Church that seems to care so little for them, and certainly knows so little about any one of them. Are we really more interested in them than in the proceedings of that apocryphal personage, the Man in the moon?

But some will reply, How can we know if our ministers do not tell us? Well, if I were to venture on speaking to ministers, I would say that they are really very much to blame. They often preach about remote things, in obsolete phraseology, and leave untouched a thousand things that lie at their

¹ I am told that it was reported to the last Assembly that Mr. John T. MacLagan undertook for one year to do all the additional work falling on the Secretary of the Committee under the new arrangements; and that this means a gift of £100 or £150. Which of our rich elders is following his example?

very hand. They tell us more about Corinth than about Calcutta, more about Damascus than about Darjeeling. They tell us what were the sins of the early Church—its selfishness, its parties, its immorality—but our own present duties, the things to which the Spirit of Christ is calling our own selves, they often do not touch. But it is not for the pew to exhort the pulpit. And, my friends in the pews, let me ask whether you really want that information which your minister does not give? Are you longing for it? Have you ever told him how much you want it? No! Then let me ask in what other matter you wait for information, eagerly wait, never saying one word, but just wait to see if by some chance it turn up? Would you do that about crops, or cattle, or cotton? Would you not find out what newspaper was the best for information, and get it at once? But have you ever manifested the same intelligent anxiety for information on missions, even on the missions of your own Church? People in Scotland are not nowadays so dependent on ministers as they once were, or as people in Roman Catholic countries are dependent on their priests, and it is really absurd to hear laymen, who can quite well judge for themselves when they care to use their judgment, falling back on the supineness of their minister when their own carelessness is to blame.

No doubt we want information in a more interesting form than has hitherto been thought of. I saw with pleasure that the Report to the Assembly proposed to have brief popular accounts of the history and progress of all our foreign stations. I think we should have engravings of photographs of some of the places, likenesses of our brave and zealous missionaries, biographies of some of the heroes of the great campaign in heathendom, whether of our own Church or not, so that we may say to our present givers as Tyndale said, “I shall bring it to pass that every boy that drives a plough shall know more than you do.” No doubt we want more organisation throughout our parishes, and in every parish, for spreading mission news; and God grant that the awaking which seems to have begun among us may spread till there be no parish without a living, labouring missionary agency; but along with this—nay, as the root from which it springs—we need the deep conviction that what we live for, what we are here for, as members of a Christian Church, is not that we may save our own miserable souls by the knowledge of the riches of our Saviour’s grace, but rather that, ourselves saved by His love, we may strain every nerve to spread the knowledge of it from sea to sea and from shore to shore.

So, then, we want organisation to spread Mission interest in every parish; and to this end we want, in every parish, men and women to give themselves to this work. Will not you who read this tell your ministers that you are ready?

HOPEFUL

Algiers.

THE AÏSSOWA ARABS.

By the Rev. JOHN ALISON, M.A., Edinburgh.

THERE is much in Algiers to interest an invalid visitor besides the charm of its sunshine. He will not find Oriental manners so purely distinctive as in Egypt and Syria, where European influence has been little felt, for in Algiers, Spain, Italy, and France have left their marks; still there is much that is very novel to one who has not before been out of Europe. He will be struck by the mixture of races—Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Jews, Negroes, and Europeans, distinguishable by their costumes.

Diversity of religious creed will suggest itself, as he finds what may be called three Sundays in every week; the Mohammedan on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and the Christian on the first day of the week. He will note how each day is observed, and will be ashamed to find that the Christian day of rest and worship is on the whole least marked.

If he can fall in with an expert guide, familiar with the intricacies of the old town or Arab quarter, and who can show him a little of the inner life of the people, his interest will be much deepened. Under such guidance I was taken one evening to a house in the centre of the town, where the Aïssowa sect of Arabs were to have a celebration of their peculiar rites. It was indeed a weird, wild scene, but it has lessons. They are Moslems, but their peculiar practices are not derived from Mohammed; they are rather, I believe, a relic of the heathenism which Mohammedanism displaced. As pagan practices lingered long in Scotland after the introduction of Christianity, and traces of them remain in our customs still; so these rites have been kept up by a body of Moslem fanatics. Some features of the fête suggested the wild dancing of the priests of Baal about the altar on Carmel. The sect is said to have appeared first in Morocco, where they are still found in greatest numbers, and where their orgies are most extravagant. Their reputed founder was a Moslem saint, Mohammed-ibn-Aïssa, who lived some two hundred years ago, and who was invested with such marvellous gifts as finding food, when in straits in the desert, in "stones, sticks, poisonous herbs, and even the prickly leaves of the cactus." It has been suggested that there may be some traditional connection between this saint, whose name is sometimes spelt *Yssou*, and Jesus or Joshua, and between the gifts ascribed to him and the words of Luke x. 19. There seems no foundation for this beyond the accidental resemblance of the names. There is more probability in the theory that they are the successors of a tribe of serpent-charmers spoken of by Herodotus, who could not be injured by insects or reptiles, and who were supposed to have perished in the Great Desert.

Physical excitement is their means of attaining to the state of frenzy in which they are supposed to become possessed of their exceptional gifts. It is curious to notice in most religions the cropping out of this tendency to associate merit with frenzy or emotional excitement, and to seek it through physical means.

We know it as a form of Christian fanaticism; every one has heard of the whirling dervishes of Mohammedanism; and in the unwholesome atmosphere of the small synagogue of a sect of Jews in Jerusalem, I have seen the worshippers, while reading and praying, making violent efforts to produce excitement; some swaying their bodies backward and forward, others walking about rapidly, and sometimes stopping to clasp their hands as in spasmodic rapture. All these are eclipsed in extravagance by the Aïssowa. Their doings in Morocco are sometimes too horrible almost for description; but in Algiers, from the influence, probably, of surrounding opinion, they are more moderate.

A climb of about ten minutes up the steep streets or stairs of the old town brought us to the place of meeting. The way would have been impossible without a guide, the streets being so dark, narrow, and tortuous. We found the company assembled, and the performance about to begin. A narrow door and short passage admitted to a wretched outer apartment, which was connected by a door with the court of a Moorish house. The court was about twenty feet square, and open to the sky. Seats were set for visitors on two sides under the colonnade; ladies were invited to go upstairs to a balcony. The other two sides of the square were occupied by about a dozen Arabs, tuning their drums or tom-toms, by holding them over a brazier of burning charcoal. Beside them sat the Sheykh, an old man of perhaps eighty-five, with a little grandchild on his knee. When, a little later, the scene rivalled "Kirk Alloway," and the little child fell asleep, I could not help looking at her, as the one witness amongst them for the simple purity of true religion.

After the instruments had been dried and thumped into unison, the monotonous tom-toming was begun; after a while an occasional snatch of song was added, the playing meanwhile increasing in rapidity. A wild-looking, lank Arab then sprang in from the anteroom, and began leaping before the brazier, swaying from side to side, or throwing his head in a most dislocating manner backward and forward, while the incense from some aromatic powder that had been thrown on the charcoal rose into his nostrils. An attendant unloosed his tuft of long hair, rolled up his sleeves, and carried off his fez. Another then joined him in the wild dance, at which they continued for about five minutes. The one then threw himself exhausted on a neighbour's shoulder, while the other fell on his knees, glaring, and uttering brutal growls. In this state he was taken to the Sheykh, who first

presented to him an unbroken leaf of the cactus or prickly pear, with its sharp needles all over. Considerable part of this was devoured greedily from the old man's hand. A piece of what certainly seemed ordinary window glass, about four inches long and an inch broad, was next presented and consumed. After this there was a pause for rest to the orchestra, and reflection to the onlookers.

Three more similar scenes of dancing and frenzy followed, but the proofs of surpassing saintliness were varied by such repulsive acts as seizing a red hot bar of iron with the teeth, licking it with the tongue, and finally standing on it with the naked heel. Of the reality of this last there could be no doubt, from a resultant odour like that of a horse-shoeing forge. Snakes were freely handled; skewers were stuck into the cheeks and through the tongue. One laid his body across the edge of a sword, and rested his weight on it. Another took live charcoal between his teeth, and applied to his arms burning flax saturated with oil, without injury.

Such were the main items in the performance, which altogether was of a humiliating and revolting kind. One could not but recall Carlyle's words, "In the name of God, what do they take God to be?" In the light of such scenes, in which God is supposed to take pleasure, and by which the natural man seeks to win His favour, one learns to be more thankful for the simple truth as it is in Jesus, and for the divine Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry "Abba Father."

Of Life.

X. STRICKEN.

HAVE you remarked, as something characteristic of poor humanity, a disposition to use light words in speaking of very grave things? There is no feeling conveyed so touchingly to folk who have had some little experience of this life, as that whose expression is held back: that which is hinted through a veil. A great master of English style once said to me, speaking of his own art, "When I have written a Chapter, I go over it and strike out all superlatives: you have no idea how it strengthens style." I told once, elsewhere, how a dying husband broke what was coming to his poor wife, on whom the awful fear had come of a sudden, and who eagerly put to him the solemn question, by saying "It's on the cards." I told you here how Charles Kingsley, speaking to a dear friend of a heavy blow, put it lightly in the schoolboy word which used to convey the idea of disciplinary pain: "It's all Toko: and we need Toko." You remember how poor Anne Boleyn, the evening before her execution, jested about her little neck. You know how the broken-hearted Burns talked about his sorrows to a friend in tripping phrases: and added, "Were na' my heart light, I wad die." But there

are things so heavy, that you cannot in truth make light of them. It is but the decorous holding back the expression of how much you feel.

I thought of this, a little since, coming away from talking with a good man about a great disappointment which had come to a young relative of his. You do not say in these days, speaking to a world-tried man, of even the bitterest experience which has been appointed to one you care for, "It was like to break his heart." He did not put the thing so. But, though speaking with a very sorrowful face, what he said was only this: "It was a facer. He's bearing it well, but it was a facer." I knew he was taking it and bearing it beautifully: as one man in a hundred does. And, please God, something will come in His time which will quite efface the remembrance of the cloud which came over that young life.

You remember the odd way in which the greatest humorist of this age conveyed the serious idea that a certain man had passed through very heavy and prolonged trials; and had been made the wiser and better for them. Had the great humorist said what he really felt, it would have sounded too much like a sermon: and *that* could not be. So the solemn fact must be conveyed in light phrase: "Here is a man who has been more beaten about the head than any other that lives." Hence he had come to be wise: hence to be kind and good.

A very great writer of ancient days had the self-same thought in his mind. But he was appointed to write to his fellow-creatures in a fashion which excluded the use of humour. Grave truth must be gravely said by such as he. So he conveyed, in phrase never to be forgotten, that the very Best this world has seen was in some sense made Better by passing through inexpressible sorrow. He, who was Perfection from the first, must be made *Perfect through Sufferings*. There was, indeed, There, no evil to purge out: no selfishness, no littleness, nothing unworthy. It was not with Him as with us poor creatures. Yet even He learnt through suffering what otherwise He could not have quite known: and can, ever since, and evermore, sympathise with us in all trouble and all frailty as one who has "felt the same."

My subject was given me this morning: I cannot do otherwise than write upon it; I have seen that which compels me. Besides the lesser worries, James Montgomery's "insect cares," there comes to most, now and then, the heavy blow which strikes down: or, to say the least, under which one staggers. How shall one dare, month by month, to write to many tried men and women *Of Life*, yet say nothing of this awful fact? God teach us, here, somewhat to help one another. Under the common trouble that comes day by day, you try to go on with your work as usual: though you must do it, many times, with a confused head, and a heavy heart. But here, you must stop, definitively. All ordinary concerns and interests are not, for a

space, when the great blow comes. I have been reading the *Life* of one I knew: poet and humorist: whose pages have touched and cheered very many. Ah, the sad, gentle, quiet man (at least in the latter years), who stirred such mirth in others: such laughter,—yes, and such tears. It was his way to say little of his troubles. But the day came when he had to burst out, writing to a dear friend:

"You, my dear James, who know me, will not think what I write now, a strange medley compared with the nonsense I have penned above. But she really seemed very ill, and she spoke and looked like an angel; was so sweet, kind, affectionate, and resigned, that I felt as if my heart would have burst: and the awful thought that I might soon be left alone in this world, without the companionship of one who for ten years has been dearer to me and more blessed to me than words can express, smote me with a sense of desolation. I have endeavoured not to repine. I know that God sends His chastisements in mercy, not in wrath: that what He does for us is the best. I have prayed, and in praying have received that consolation that, in the event of the worst, I hope I shall be able to bend to the rod."

Coming where they do, the lines impress one with an awful sense of reality. But when it comes to the question which concerns ourselves, How shall we take the heavy blow? one's heart and words fail. No human skill can tell us how the blow can be so taken that we shall not reel under it: yes, go down into the dust for the while. You will just have to go through the dark: to feel the heart like lead within you: to dree your weird. For though that lovable genius spoke so fairly of praying for God's help and getting it: though he faced his sorrow manfully, and wrestled with it: said he must take to his work again, and worked hard; yet one who loved him (and who has followed him) had to say, "Night after night, I used to call in upon him: and anything more melancholy than our old bright companion, sitting with his head leaning on his hands, cheerless and helpless, I never saw." And another writes, "He was no longer the same man, and it seemed from his looks as if in a few months he had passed through years of suffering." Yet I have myself seen what for a time, not a short time, was sadder. I have seen a gentle nature hardened into a bitter defiance, in which all that was sweet and submissive was gone: in which the beautiful face looked at you stonily; and there was no ear for words of consolation: in which the only fact was unutterable and unrelieved misery. Shall I forget how another, a gray-headed man, strong, brave, an earnest Christian, and a helper of many, on one bitter day said to me, in tones quietly desolate, "I really can't say that God is good, because I don't think He is." But the blessing of reunion soon came: and he knows that God is good, now.

Let a word be interposed here. One thing is

sure. You know better, after the heavy stroke has fallen upon yourself, how to feel for others in sorrow. You understand, quite differently, what they are going through. Not but what we forget things soon: like the old story of Christ's salvation, which we all need to hear over and over, is the sorrowful experience which keeps us up to the pitch of truly sympathising with others. It must be repeated: and indeed it is. I confess, penitently, that when a friend at much length told me, but yesterday, of a great trouble which had come to him (though not the greatest), I did not feel for him as I ought. You do not take such things in, somehow. But, coming away, I tried to realise how I should have borne it myself. The thing greatened on one's view: the sharp thorn seemed to reach the quick: and I was ashamed and penitent. How easily other folk take what was the terrible "facer" to some hopeful lad, that crushed a cherished hope, and made him sit down quite beaten for the time! For the stroke may be very heavy, though it be short of that which you wonder how poor human beings live through.

How shall we take it: take it that we may live through it, that we may be sanctified by it? Will any one tell? Tell us how to minister to the stricken soul? For, after having tried to do so, many times, through many years, I cannot pretend to instruct another. I have known one to whom the news was brought that her betrothed had gallantly died in battle, who, when all around were silent, fell upon her knees and cried aloud, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken;"—the whole sentence, like Job. I have heard a poor Scotch labouring man, told his son was dead, say the self-same words. But bitter hours had to be lived through, afterwards. "I am very rebellious:" as good a Christian as ever lived said that to me, when his young wife died. I suppose the only thing is to get apart, into perfect solitude, and to spread it all out before Christ: ah, happy indeed, if you can feel you are indeed doing so. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth: because Thou didst it." We can get no farther. That is all. And He is Wisest: and He is Kindest: we hold by that, in the darkness. Long ago, a lad of twenty, born to broad lands and with a sweet nature, was standing on a rock in a river I know, with several young friends about. He staggered, and fell into a deep pool. He was a good swimmer. No one feared: there was a laugh at the little misfortune. They waited for his reappearing. But he did not reappear. He was gone from wealth and hope. One had to go in and tell his old father, in the beautiful house hard by. There is no breaking such news. "I have brought you bad news, sir." "My son is dead!" Father and son are together again, many a year since. But it fell to one I know to preach to the bereaved, more than two or three, the Sunday after the lad was laid in his grave. He was a young minister;

but it seemed as though there were but one text, and little to be said upon it. It was the Psalmist's experience, when he was stricken: true, through all these ages: true, till there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth: because Thou didst it!"

Then, by the kind grace of the Holy Spirit, you will not get snappish, bitter, cynical: rather very mild and sympathetic and subdued. You will take it rightly. You will take it from Christ. Ah, you have seen people soured by great trial, as well as sweetened. It will be according to your own nature: rather according to God's grace, and your own endurance, and endeavour. Says St. Augustine, "Tribulation comes, it will be as ye choose it, either an exercise or a condemnation. Tribulation is a fire: Does it find thee gold? it takes away the dross: Does it find thee chaff? it turns it to ashes." Very simply said: but more awful words were never written.

No doubt, it has pleased God to permit that some of the very best of our Race should die, broken-hearted. You remember the gentle St. Margaret, and the last message brought to her: "Your husband and your son are both slain." And thanking God humbly for this last bitter stroke which loosened the last links to this life, the saintly queen turned her face to the wall and died. Far lower in the transient rank of this present world, one has known aged Christian folk, men and women, so stript of all worldly hope, so burdened with irremediable trouble,—ay, and so sure of better things Above,—that at the last, one did not wish to keep them here. It was better, far better, to go from this troublesome life; and begin anew, hopeful and young, holy and blessed, far away. I have stood over more dying beds than one or two, where the words came to me of the greatest uninspired human genius: though I said them only to myself:

"Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! He hates him,
That would, upon the rack of this tough world,
Stretch him out longer!"

A. K. H. B.

St. George's Hall

Oral and Correspondence Classes.

SOME who remember a former article on the St. George's Hall Oral and Correspondence Classes, may be glad to hear that they reopen on the 1st November. Many of our young readers should welcome the stimulus to systematic study, and the help to enable them to overcome difficulties, which the class papers and the corrected answers undoubtedly give to those who join the Correspondence Class. For detailed information we must refer them to the Secretary, Miss L. Walker, at St. George's Hall, Randolph Place, Edinburgh. Suffice it to say that the subjects are those usually included in a school course. One

class has, however, been added this session for those inclined to take an interest in the History of Art as illustrated in Sculpture (Egyptian and Greek), and in the Italian, German, and Flemish Schools of Painting. When it is added that a loan library of art books has been organised in connection with this class, enough has been said to excite the interest of many who should be glad to beguile the dark hours of our long winter evenings with such a pleasant study.

As the work of the Correspondence Classes serves, when required, as a preparation for the Edinburgh Local Examinations, we may remind those parents who intend to send their sons to the University that the Senior Certificate granted by the Board to Local Examination Candidates may be regarded as a passport to several of the University Classes, and exempts from certain Entrance Examinations. Large sums in bursaries and prizes are offered, both for open competition, and also exclusively for members of the St. George's Hall Classes, at these University Examinations. A prize of £5 is annually competed for by entrants to the Ministers' Daughters' College, and gained by the girl who passes highest.

School lessons occupy our young people during so many years, and arranging for them often gives to parents so much anxious concern, that we think no apology necessary for bringing under consideration this means of self-help and opportunity for self-improvement.

What the Swallows said.

(A REAL EXPERIENCE.)

IT was a good and comforting word which the chattering swallows said to me one lovely summer night. There were four of them—a happy couple with their little son and daughter—all in one nest. The nest was built in the upper outside corner of a bedroom window, where they felt secure because the window was never drawn from the top. But my dear wife fell ill with a fever, and it was necessary to ventilate the sick chamber as much as possible both by night and by day. All the windows, therefore, had to be drawn from the top, and, among the rest, the one where the swallows had their nest. They were greatly startled by this change of circumstances, for it put their little ones at my mercy. The parent birds knew this, and they flew away with a frightened cry every time I moved the window. But they still came back again; and, trusting in me that I would not harm them, they chattered so loudly and so merrily that, for the sake of the sufferer, who was very sensitive about any noise, I thought I must tear down their nest. But it seemed that in so doing I should be guilty of wanton cruelty, unless the patient herself complained. She did not, however: and so they chattered away undisturbed.

One night, in that awfully still hour that lies between the midnight and the early dawn, as I was sitting a solitary watcher beside the sick one's bed, a shuddering fear crept into my anxious heart. The dear patient was in a paroxysm of the fever. Starting up affrighted and delirious from her troubled slumber, she stared at me with flushed face and glaring eyes, and spake wildly in her ravings. I trembled for the loss that might be mine; and my trust in God gave way. Just then the swallows chattered softly in their nest. And their voices set me athinking thus:—"Those swallows and myself are much alike. They are living on the edge of a constant peril: at any moment I might steal their little ones and destroy their nest. They know this, yet they nestle and chatter happily, because they trust me. And I too am living on the edge of a constant peril: at any moment God may cause this disease to take an unfavourable turn, and destroy the happiness of my home. But why should I not trust Him as those swallows trust me? He is infinitely more tender and pitiful than I. And if I would not wantonly touch their nest, much more He will not lightly rob me of my joy." Then I got strength to trust Him: and amid the sad experiences of that lovely summer night my spirit found its quiet rest in Him. I trusted Him, and He did not disappoint me. And often afterwards, when in my lonely anxious vigils I felt my faith beginning again to fail, the swallows used to utter a few chattering notes, which I interpreted as saying—"Trust God, as we trust you, and be happy!" Always then I was glad that I had not torn down their nest, for I believed that God sent them to speak encouraging words to me in my sorrow. Ay, reader, by how many voices God is speaking to us all, were only our ears open to hear, and our hearts quick to interpret, what in the million tongues of His providence and grace He is saying to us. "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." A.

Lessons of the Sick-Bed.

By the Rev. P. ANTON, Kilsyth.

SICKNESS tells us forcibly how little any of us would be missed in the world. Now *that* is a cold hard fact we do not like to bring home to ourselves. When we are going about our work, we see what we are doing every hour, and what would go wrong if we sat down and folded our hands. We think if we were not at our place of business to-morrow, what a number of things would not be rightly done because we were not there! The factory worker thinks of all that would happen if he sat down idle by his loom for a little half-hour. The warp would get disordered, the threads would break, the shuttle would be driving empty, the web would be spoiled. We feel how important we are.

But, strange to say, although we should be terribly missed if away from our work for an hour or two, let us be away from it a week, a month, a year, and we shall not be missed at all. While we are lying quietly apart, another comes and takes *our* chair, opens our book, plies our pen, carries on the accounts, and answers all the questions just as well as we used to do. Another comes and stands before our loom and sets it in motion: the shuttle flies, the bars revolve, the *cambs* oscillate, the reeds take the woof home, the web is completed, and the loom is filled again. One Sabbath morning comes, the bell rings, the congregation gathers, but no minister appears. That occurs one Sunday, but it does not occur again. Next Lord's Day the pulpit is filled as before, the worship goes on as formerly; and by and by the sorrowful homes of the parish are all comforted as they used to be—though not by the old pastor.

The sick-bed gives us truer views of the world. Some of the stars are thousands of times larger than this planet; but they are so far away from us that they seem to be but points of scintillating fire. From the sick-bed we see the world as we see a star; it is far away, and it has become very little to us.

Accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, sickness can give us truer views of life. Our lost opportunities and the broken purposes of our life float before our vision. We feel coming on us like a fierce shame the nothingness of all we have ever done for Christ; and we find ourselves saying that if we are spared to rise again we will carry our cross with more patience, and will, by the help of the Holy Spirit, live more for Christ and less for ourselves.

It is then that we often gain our richest experiences of God's love. In proportion as we are forgotten by the outside world, do we seem to be remembered by those who are dear to us; and this human love helps us to know that which is divine. Over every gray monument of our sin we see standing a cross. By the footprints and the marks of blood we see that One has been following us in sorrow, while His hands and feet were bleeding for us. When the work of affliction is perfected, the heart ceases to grieve. The height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of God in Christ Jesus crowd out all other considerations, and from the earthly Pisgah God gives us the vision of the sinless land.

"THE PARISH KIRK."—The interior represented in Mr. Lockhart's drawing is that of North Berwick Parish Church; and the picture is a record of what will soon have passed away—at North Berwick as elsewhere. We have quaint, but inconvenient, "box-seats" in the foreground, somewhat mean walls and roof, and in the distance a gallery, which is usually better filled than is here shown. The principal feature, which probably drew the artist to the subject, is the capacious family pew, or private gallery, of a well-known local haritor. It is exactly opposite the pulpit.

Story of a Lost Dog.

By A. L. P.

CHAPTER I.

"O MAMMA, where is Princie? Have we forgotten him? Oh, poor Princie, what will he do?"

The speaker's heart was "in her mouth," as her tone plainly showed, for, if they had indeed forgotten Princie, their train had left him twenty miles behind.

"Look for him, mamma! under the seats, everywhere," and the two eagerly searched every possible corner, though with very little hope; for if Princie had been there he would not have remained quiet so long, and, indeed, the strange thing was that he had not been missed sooner: for it was his first journey by rail, and, being a young intelligent dog, he had been in a state of excitement the whole way. Now it was at a grazing herd of cows running at the approach of the train, then at the startled haste of a flight of birds that had settled on the telegraph wires. "Oh," thought Princie, "what capital fun it would be to get out and have a rush at them."

Then the train plunged into the darkness of a tunnel, and Princie, in great tremor, crept up to Kate, his little mistress, and put his nose into her hand, abashed by the sudden darkness and the increased roar of the carriage wheels, and thinking in spite of her cheering words that something dreadful was going to happen. But when they emerged into the daylight again as suddenly as they had left it, his relief was so evident, that both Kate and her mamma laughed heartily.

"Never mind," said his kind mistress consolingly, for Princie knew well they were laughing at him, and dogs, like people, have their feelings a little hurt on such occasions, "never mind, you are not the first traveller that has been frightened at a tunnel. I'm sure I used to be frightened at tunnels myself, mamma, and dogs can't be expected to have more sense than people, can they, Princie?" Whereupon Princie recovered his self-respect immediately, and gave a short bark as if to say "Of course not."

"He has gone into a wrong carriage or a wrong train, and who knows where he may be by this time?" wept poor Kate. "We shall never see him again, and he was growing so pretty and so clever, and loved me, and knew everything I said! O my poor doggie, if you had died, even, I should have known about you, but now I'll never know what has become of you—no, never!"

CHAPTER II.

POOR Princie was left behind.

Wondering greatly at the strange hap that had befallen him, he wandered forlornly on, and by and by he came to a village. By this time he was very hungry and still more thirsty, so that he gladly drank from a trough of water, anything but fresh, at

the end of the village street. And then he walked timidly up to a child who was sitting on a door-step eating bread and butter. Wistfully he looked at the bread and wagged his tail; but, finding that he was not understood, he got up his two fore feet in the attitude of begging, which he had always found irresistible in days gone by. It succeeded again. "Oh!" cried the little girl, with great delight, "what a funny wee dog! What a bonnie wee dog! Mother, come and see this bonnie wee dog!" And although she did not know what his upright position meant, yet her kind little heart prompted her to break off a piece of bread and hold it out to him. In spite of his hunger he took it from her very gently, as he had been taught; but when he had thankfully eaten up two small pieces, the child's mother came to the door.



"What, Nelly," she said, roughly, "are ye wasting your bread on that beast? I didna ken it was sae plentiful. Get away, you greedy brute! Gentry folk's dog wi' a collar stealin' a puir wean's piece! get away, or I'll take a stick to ye!" and with a slap to little Nelly and a rush at Princie, she drove him away.

"I'm no hungry, mother," said poor Nelly, crying, and wishing she had not called her mother, "I had my tea; but the doggie's hungry, and he's such a bonnie doggie!"

After this repulse, Princie was making his way up the street, wondering, in his own fashion, why some people were so kind, and some so cruel when it was so easy to be kind, when he saw a large black dog coming menacingly up to him. Poor Princie could not mistake his meaning, though it was a new experience for him. With a quake at heart he tried to get past his enemy, but in vain, the black dog was down upon him in a moment. If Kate had but seen it! Princie was gentle, but he was no coward, and he fought with a courage she would have been proud to see. Happily for him, the struggle was short; for a shop-keeper came out, irritated by the noise, and a lash from a whip made the large dog release the little terrier, who had met with a new misfortune—he was lamed in one foot by a savage bite from his foe.

(To be concluded.)

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



NOVEMBER 1881.

Christ our King.

By the Rev. JOHN M'MURTRAIE, M.A., Edinburgh.

"Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then?"—JOHN xviii. 37.

JESUS had just owned His royalty, and, in owning it, had claimed to be something infinitely greater than a king of the Jews—"Now is my kingdom not from hence,"—when Pilate, astonished, replied with this question, "Art thou a king then?" We may accept the view of a recent writer (Canon Farrar), that to Pilate Jesus appeared an "innocent and high-souled dreamer;" and yet hold that there came then to Pilate the favourable moment, when the Light which lighteth every man shone specially for him, and his destiny hung trembling in the balance. Would he take the first step of entrance into the kingdom of the Truth, by obeying the Conscience which awoke within him in the presence of Jesus? Would he have the courage to do Right, at any cost to himself, by shielding his Captive from that pitiless Jewish fanaticism, which Pilate at once hated and feared, and did not expect to understand? Had there been absolutely nothing in him which the words could touch, Christ, who was silent to the priests and to Herod, would not have proceeded to unfold His royalty—"To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice."¹

Pilate's question is being asked again at the present time—asked in despair by men far nobler than the unjust judge, who contented himself with an insult to the Jews as he crucified their "King." No doubt, there are many still who reject Christ's sway, because, like Pilate, they are irresolute and unprincipled; just as Christ has still His bitter and intolerant adversaries, who find their counterpart among the priests of His day; and as there are, even in Christian lands, foul revilers of Jesus, the true successors of those who disgraced the Roman soldier's name by mocking the Holy Sufferer. But there are others to whom it is a keen regret that there lives, as they think, no King of Men. They feel the world empty since Christ became to them a memory, a history, a bright but unsubstantial vision, a beautiful illusion of the eighteen Christian centuries. Their faith is dead, and they think it

¹ New Testament quotations in this sermon are from the Revised Version.

is Christ who is dead—rather, who never rose and reigned, except to a faith that was founded on mistake. Their blank and mournful creed is this—

"While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave;
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.
Now He is dead!"

They cannot believe that the sun really shines upon any, because the earth-shadow has hid him from *their* eyes.

I. *History has given her answer: CHRIST IS KING.*

It was no vain word which He spake when He made His disciples Missionaries to the world—"All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth."

How quickly the Church, filled with that mighty tide of a new life which Christians recognise to be the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, broke from the Judaism which at first confined it!

The struggle with the Pagan religions was longer and harder. It was Christ against the power of the world. Paganism had custom on its side; art, poetry, even philosophy, were its ministers; and it was interwoven with Empire: yet it fell. The words attributed by Christian tradition to the dying Emperor Julian—ablest and perhaps best of Christ's foes—may, or may not, be historical; but if they were not spoken by Julian, they are the voice of the expiring Genius of Paganism—"At last, O Galilean, Thou hast conquered."¹

It is for us to remember the tears, the blood, the prayers, the patience, the love, the faith, by which the victory was won. Amid the sufferings of His people, Christ's crown was still a crown of thorns. As He led them to triumph, He made their every sorrow His own, and said of their persecutors, They "did it unto Me."

Were it possible to trace here the progress of the Christian Church through the ages, we should find everywhere along the march tokens of a protecting Presence, of which the pillar of cloud and fire in the camp of Israel was the fitting type. The external dangers were terrible—and yet they were the least. Wide-spreading heresies, in unison with the thought of the day, and often favoured by those in authority; the pride, avarice, and luxury of Churchmen in high places; the decay of spiritual religion; ignorance and brutishness among the so-called Chris-

¹ Tandem vicisti, Galilæe!

tian people: these things often made the hearts of God's children fail them for fear. For there is no more common mistake in any age, than for timid and unlearned Christians to suppose that their own time is evil beyond all that has gone before, and the peril to religion such as can hardly be surmounted. But ever, in the darkness and the storm, Christ was watching over His Church, pleading for it, and coming to its rescue. The great movements of revival and reform, and the names that shine as stars in the firmament of the history of the Church, are the heavenly visitations of the King. See Christ's hand in the Missionary Revival in the seventh century, by which northern Europe was gained for the gospel; or in the foundation of the great religious Orders, which, corrupt as they became in their degeneracy, were at first, and for a long time, the uplifting of the white standard of Christ amidst the impurity and violence of the world. See His hand in the Alpine valleys and fastnesses of the Waldenses, where He kindled a torch of evangelical truth which the storms of dreadful persecution only made shine more brightly. As the Church needed, throughout her whole history, the Lord sent a preacher like Chrysostom, a theologian like Augustine, a Bernard or a Francis, a Huss, a Savonarola, a Luther, a Knox. Think how the greatest minds, the noblest hearts, the brightest ornaments of art and science, the strongest and purest of men and women, from age to age bowed to Christ, and, because they did so, became the salt of the earth to their times. Even limiting our view to our own day, vast as is still the number of Buddhists, Mohammedans, and idolaters, and imperfect as the Christianisation of communities has always been, yet mark how, everywhere over the round globe, the nations that profess allegiance to Christ are in the van of the world's progress. Remember, finally, that we are once more in the middle—perhaps only at the beginning (God grant it!)—of a Missionary Revival so great, that already there dawns dimly on the horizon of Christian hope the fair vision of a World whose kingdom is become the kingdom of Christ. Think of these things, and say if the voice of History, to the open and unprejudiced mind, is other than this—that Christ is King.

II. *The experience of the individual Christian answers, CHRIST IS KING.*

It may almost be laid down as a maxim not to be disputed that the degree in which the kingship of Christ has become to each of us, not a mere article of belief, but a fact of experience, measures the growth, and even the reality, of our spiritual life. It is true that at a very early stage the experience may be little more than a new feeling of Rest. "It is sweet," said a young Christian to the present writer, "to know that I am not my own." But the flower of feeling is not to be despised; it can change to the wholesome fruit of obedience, while the fragrance and the beauty

remain. It is a great step taken when one ceases from the vain effort to be

"Lord of himself—that heritage of woe."

Soon, if nothing untoward supervene, the Christian learns in the best way—experimentally—that Christ, in whatever else He did for him, had this end in view—that He might reign within him.

It is not apart from—far less at the expense of—the other offices of Christ that we ought to magnify His kingly rule in the believer. On the contrary—just because the divine working is absolutely symmetrical—the greatness of the means employed is the surest pledge that a magnificent result is intended. If Christ did, and still does, so much as our prophet to reveal to us, and so much as our priest to procure for us, salvation from sin, how complete, at least in God's purpose, must be that deliverance; and how plain it becomes that salvation is practically ours just in proportion as Christ has taken His great power and reigned within us!

I speak of Christ the believer's king, and do not raise the question whether there can be goodness in any person, anywhere, which is not due to that Holy Spirit by whom Christ influences human hearts. Christians, at any rate, are led, not by an unknown Power, but by a personal living Saviour, with whom they can, and do, interchange thought and affection, and of whom their hearts say, He is worthy to reign over us. To all antecedent claims upon their allegiance He has added this, that He bought them with His blood. He has gone down to the foundations of their being, slaying by His Spirit the enmity of the mind of the flesh, and liberating them from bondage in the only way possible for beings who must have a master—by bringing them into willing subjection to Him whose service is perfect freedom. The contest with sin, which otherwise would be hopeless, and would not long be persevered in, they now wage manfully under His banner. It is not an unbroken success, God knoweth! But through failure and distress they fight on, and are never overwhelmed—not even when face to face with the king of terrors, the last enemy that shall be abolished.

God grant that these be not unreal words to you who read and him who writes them, but the veritable record of our Experience!

III. *To the faith of the Church CHRIST IS KING FOR EVER.*

The Old Testament prophecies relating to this subject were gathered up in the angelic Annunciation to Mary: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." And near the close of His ministry, when His hearers "supposed that the kingdom of God was immediately to appear," He described Himself, not obscurely, as then about to go "into a far

country, to receive for Himself a kingdom, and to return." Doubtless the time of that Investiture was when He had overcome, and was ascended: then was His solemn installation to the heavenly throne of His kingdom.

To the faith of the first Christians their High Priest was also their King "who sat down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens," and to Him they applied the ascription in the forty-fifth Psalm,

"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

From thence He ruled and defended His Church; and the dying Stephen beheld Him (the beautiful thought is St. Chrysostom's) *rise* from that throne to succour His faithful witness, and to welcome him to Himself—as it is written in the twelfth Psalm, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord."

Already the Seer of the apocalyptic visions beheld a throne around which rose up the "great voices," not only of the thousands of angels, and of all created things, but of the multitude of the redeemed, ascribing everlasting dominion and salvation "to the Lamb." For, indeed, his vision was for "the end of the days;" and the multitude was of those for whom the Church is evermore through the ages giving thanks, as one by one they depart in the faith, and are at rest with God.

Finally, it was neither mysticism nor mistake that led the early Christians to anticipate so eagerly the Return of the Lord: it was the intensely practical character of their faith. Christ's kingdom was not of, but it was for, this world. They could not have been contented with a religion which peopled heaven, but left the world to its fate—saved their souls, but left sin, and hell, and death unsubdued. They were wrong—some of them—as Christians have been wrong many times since the first century—when they fixed the year, or the generation, which should witness Christ's return. But they were not wrong in regarding that event as a reality and a certainty. They were not wrong in the belief that the "for ever" of His kingship included the withdrawal of the veil which still hides His glory from the earth. No error crept into the creed of the Church concerning the purpose of His coming—"to judge the quick and the dead." In that faith the Church learned to suffer:—"If we endure, we shall also reign with Him." In that faith she still commemorates her Lord in her holiest rite, proclaiming His death "till He come." "Then cometh the end"—the kingdom perfected, every enemy subdued, and the Son seeking only the glory of the Father—"when He shall deliver up the kingdom to God."

"Jesus, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom!"

To Him who is King in the Past of history, and in the Present of experience, be ascribed the Kingdom For Ever: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART XL

ALL the silence, the stillness, the forsakenness of Glendovey was now explained.

Middlemass, its late owner—for already he began to be talked about as its late owner—had left the mansion early on the previous day, taking no one with him, while his wife and children were also absent—supposed to be staying at the house of some of Mrs. Middlemass's own relations. The bankruptcy had been in the papers; but Lindsay, away from home and not much of a newspaper reader, had failed to notice it, and he was now indeed aghast at the vision before him.

Here was a home broken up, the family in disgrace, and the daughter, to whose own troubles this was to be added, helpless and senseless on his hands!

"Take her in," he murmured, "take her in."

He knew not what else to say; he could not all at once look beyond the present; and the very care and anxiety he now experienced about Nora proved in the end a temporary relief. As soon as consciousness returned she was restless to know more, to understand clearly what had happened, and to learn what she, in common with the rest, had to expect in the future; and it was in soothing her grief and helping her conjectures that her unselfish companion could alone find occupation for his bewildered thoughts. He was tired and spent as well as Nora; he could do nothing, and he could tell her nothing; but still he was glad to be there. Gloomy as was the abode, and wretched as was the meal of which the two partook presently, it would have been more gloomy and more wretched still to the ill-fated daughter of Middlemass had Lindsay not been by her side; and that was enough for him.

He undertook, moreover, to go to Glasgow on the following morning, and learn all particulars of the failure from the lawyer, Dundas, who, he rightly judged, would be better able than any one else to afford the requisite information.

"Hoo, I can tell you all about it, sure enough," said Dundas, complacently; "and all I can say is, that if ever there was a man of whom I should have said that he stood with both legs planted on the solid ground, it was Middlemass. As sound as a roach I could have sworn he was. Of all my friends on 'Change—and I know a lot of 'em—I should have fixed upon him as the very least likely to tumble on his nose. He seemed as if nothing would run away with him. No chance of catching him with chaff. He was not the one to put his foot an inch farther than he could draw it back again. He was safe—that's to say—I'm talking nonsense, of

course—he *wasn't* safe, he was as rotten as he could be; but I was merely giving you my impressions of the man. I could not have believed it; upon my word, I *would* not believe it at first; I said it was sheer rubbish, or else a pack of lies; I was ready to stake my reputation—well, I'm old enough to have known better; but to hear such a report of Middlemass—a sobersides like Middlemass, teeming with capital,—no expensive tastes, no bad habits—the truth was, it fell upon me like a thunderclap!”

“Probably it was equally little suspected by himself,” said Lindsay, who was not a business man, and who could distinctly recollect the boastful and unnecessary statements made by his friend as to his financial status, when the two were last together. “Probably he as little dreamed of this as you or I do. From what he said to me on the subject,—said more than once when I was at Glendovey last year—I am convinced he considered he was in a most flourishing condition.”

The lawyer looked at him. “You think so? Ah!”

“And you agree with me?”

“To another questioner, Mr. Lindsay, I should immediately answer, ‘Yes’; it is my business to make it all as fair and square for my client as I can; but to you, let me see, shall I say, give him the benefit of the doubt? No, I’ll go farther, for you are his old friend, and understand to hold your tongue,” nodding significantly. “Well, then, I’ll just put you in possession of the plain facts of the case, and you may acquaint Nora with them or not, as you see fit. Poor Nora, she has her own troubles too, I fancy. Eh? Well, well; poor thing. I’m sure I don’t know, upon my word, I don’t know what is to be done for her——” he paused.

Lindsay listened in silence; he did not know, either.

“The truth is,” burst forth the lawyer, abruptly, as the few seconds devoted to internal cogitation yielded no result, “the truth is, that Middlemass’s affairs are in a terrible state. How he has contrived to get them into such a mess in so short a time, it would take a greater rogue than you or I to imagine. They do run a-muck, when once they begin, these mercantile men. Nothing will serve them but going the whole length of the rope; and though no doubt it began by inches, by little and little he has been putting on the pace of late. It appears as if he began to grow wrong soon after Nora’s marriage. I fancy—indeed it’s not fancy—I know well enough that he had to stump up for that precious son-in-law of his pretty considerably. A poor bargain he was, too,—not even a title! Nothing but a few fine-sounding names in the background! I remember I was surprised at the time how a clever man like Middlemass could go in for such trumpery; but it was his weak point. Well then, Wat, the eldest lad, is another drain—a dissipated young blackguard he has become, and a bitter heartbreak to his parents, or I’m mistaken;

he has had to be seen to again and again. Then, with this all going on—and the next one, Davie, not earning his keep yet, and they say he’s not likely to do so neither, but that’s by the way—what must his father needs do with all this on his hands, but instead of retrenching, keeping quiet, and drawing in his horns a bit, what must he do but go and buy Glendovey! At the very time he bought Glendovey he was not sound—and he knew it!”

Lindsay uttered an exclamation.

“Ay, but it’s true,” said Dundas. “I’m not speaking off the book, I can assure you. Glendovey was a blind, a blind not only to the world, but to Middlemass himself. He was the most plausible fellow in existence, plausible even to his own inmost soul, and especially plausible to the conscience part of it, I’ll warrant him. Glendovey hid from him in a way that he was on the wrong road. He had plenty of irons in the fire, no doubt, and the chances were that some of them turned up trumps: but then you see they did not, and I suppose all that can be said is, he lost his head; and now there’s an end of him.”

“Do you know where he is?”

“I know—yes—well enough.”

“I wanted to have his address from no curiosity, nor from any wish to intrude on him, I assure you,” said Lindsay, hastily; “probably he would prefer to be alone——”

—“I think—yes—he would.”

“But there is Nora.”

He would gladly have said nothing about Nora, nothing, at least, which should reveal to his companion’s ear the wretchedness of her lot; but driven to this extremity, there was a faltering in his accents, and a wistfulness in his eye, which plainly enough betrayed to the quick apprehension of Dundas that it was not merely as an affectionate child that Mrs. Wade would now fly to her parent’s side; and he suspected the whole of the truth—part of it he had known before.

“Well, you cannot take her in, and neither can I,” he said briefly. “And there would be little sense in sending the poor thing off after the rest of them. If she did hunt them up, that’s not saying that her reception by any of the party would be of the warmest. Nora was no favourite, even at the best of times, and now—there’s that aunt, at whose house she used to meet her swain, eh! But let me drop you one word of caution, Mr. Lindsay. If Mrs. Wade is to meet with decent civility or even toleration from any connections of her family just at present, she must keep it dark that things are not as smooth as could be wished between her and her husband. I know what I know”—pursing up his lips emphatically; “we lawyers have many ways of finding out secrets, or rather, the secrets mostly come to us of themselves; but, however, I suspect you are in it this time, eh! Of course, directly I heard you had brought her north, I knew

how it had been. Well, then," in reply to Lindsay's somewhat shamefaced assent, "well, then, you give Nora this hint, if you are disposed to continue befriending any of Middlemass's family. See her, if you can spare the time, to the house of her aunt, and see the aunt also, if you can. A word behind backs might be the best, so that you could put down anything amiss, anything that could be observed in her appearance, any *queerness*, to the shock of her father's bankruptcy. Say—as you very well can—how she had come down to Glendovey expecting a merry time, and to find all nice and pleasant there; and how she had not the slightest inkling of how things were till you were at the door, and then what a home-coming! As much as you like you might make of that—as much as you please of the home she *came to*, but not a whist of the home she *left*, unless you wish to cut the poor lassie adrift altogether."

Lindsay, we may be sure, did not wish that; and he accordingly hastened to acknowledge with thanks the kindly shrewdness of the little lawyer.

"For it's no business of yours, and it's none of mine, how Mrs. Wade gets on with her husband," proceeded Dundas, as his visitor rose to take leave; "the point now is how she is to get on without him! This plan will give her a start, anyway."

"You have not given me her father's address?" said Lindsay, suddenly recollecting this.

"And I think I had better not."

"Is it"—the words almost choked in his throat—"is it very—bad?"

"Very bad."

The speaker had rattled on from point to point, until now, thoroughly relishing the interview, and the chance of an auditor to whom could be confided the story in its naked truth; but he stopped short now at the last question, and the simple "very bad" of his response fell like cold drops of lead on Lindsay's ears. They never could be explained away.

A very few more questions and answers sufficed him, and then, with a spirit inexpressibly mournful, Middlemass's old friend turned away from the lawyer's door. In spite of the inward forebodings which had from time to time forced themselves upon his view, he had persistently striven to make the best of everything while in Nora's presence; to assure her that her father, suffering under a sudden stress of ill-fortune, might have been driven to wind up his affairs, without being in any way to blame for so doing; and although he could not but allow that such a course was to be lamented, he had been urgent in his assurances that it need in no wise be looked upon as discreditable.

"Of course it is an honourable failure, if you mean that," Nora had responded, with something of the old sparkle in her dark eyes. "Of course my father would never do anything that all the world might not pry into, if it chose. It is bad enough, the talk and the fuss—and I suppose he will be as

poor as anybody, and have to begin life all over again,—but you need not assure *me* that he has done nothing to disgrace his name. No, sir," straightening herself up before him, "no, sir, I know *that* without being told." For the poor girl was proud and pettish too, and the very impressiveness of Lindsay, who had been less internally confident, and for that very reason more outwardly emphatic, had been irritating in her present mood. There had been no need for him so often to argue the point, she had thought impatiently,—no occasion for such persuasiveness and circumlocution. Of course it was as he said—*of course*,—she had needed no other argument. It had seemed that by introducing further testimony a shadow of a doubt had been cast upon the certainty, and such a doubt had been so hideous that there had been no alternative but to shut it out resolutely; for with Nora's father was now associated in her mind all idea of truth and honesty, his virtues in this respect having been, perchance, exaggerated during absence from him and presence in the hollow circles of fashion,—and she clung to that idea now. He had never been much to her otherwise; he had never understood or cared to understand, as Jem had done, her deeper nature; but she had in some strange way revered him—or perhaps it would be more strictly true to say revered that aspect of his which assimilated with her own; she had had blind, unlimited, unshaken faith in his honour.

Oh, what would she think now?

Even Lindsay had been staggered—Lindsay, who too well knew that where Christian principle is wanting, the staunchest may fail in their integrity under the power of the tempter,—and how terrible must be the blow to one who, under other circumstances, would have scorned the very suggestion of it. He scarcely knew whether or not to acquaint his charge with the tenor of the communication received.

Nora, however, saved him the trouble. "You saw Mr. Dundas," she said. "Well?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was very kind, and we had a long talk——"

"—What did he say? Tell me quickly."

"A great many things——"

"—Never mind them. You know what I mean"—(and indeed he did know, for she had already expressed it)—"you know that there is only one thing I care for. Tell me at once, if you please, that my father's good name is clear in everybody's sight, and all the rest is a trifle."

"A trifle, is it?" said poor Lindsay, seeking to put off the evil moment. "I fear, Nora, it is no trifle——"

"—Oh, you know what I mean. It is bad enough as it is, of course, but nothing—nothing—nothing"—passionately—"to what it might—have been. Why don't you speak? Why do you look at me like that?" Her hands were wrung together, and the last words were almost a cry, as she met

the grave, sorrowful look which told without words the truth, and that the truth was the worst she had to fear.

"You always misjudged him; you always misunderstood and undervalued him; and now you have taken up some false reports—there are plenty going, no doubt, for those who choose to listen," broke forth Nora, bitterly. "For shame, Mr. Lindsay, to go with the rabble, and forsake your own friend! Because he was not one of your very terribly religious people, you think he would do anything bad; and now you have turned against him, and you are ready to believe the worst of him! Some one has put you up to it——"

—"My poor Nora!"

She turned and fled from the apartment, in an agony of tears.

It was not until several hours had elapsed that the two met again; for Lindsay, convinced that it would be well for the first anguish to have its way unchecked, would not seek a renewal of the conversation, but waited patiently until a sense of her own injustice should awaken within the bosom of the forlorn girl, when she would of her own accord come to him, and they two, so strangely brought together at such a time, might at least have each other's sympathy and support.

Lindsay, indeed, needed as much as he gave. Nora had youth and hope on her side; her own sorrows had not yet entirely broken her spirit; and in the fresh turn of thought incident to this new calamity, she had been aroused and revived into something of the Nora of bygone years, by turns vehement, impetuous, and subdued. It was not improbable that some strange good might even come out of all the accumulation of evil for Nora; there was certainly a rekindling of dormant emotions and affections, while selfish repinings had dropped for the moment out of sight; she and hers might draw together into union at last, if one could learn to forgive and the rest to forbear; and if, added to this, came submission, repentance, and a fleeing to the sinners' Refuge, who could say that such an end had been too dearly bought?

But Lindsay, poor Lindsay, how shall we express his feelings? He never spoke of them, never told any one the history of that autumn afternoon when the hours passed heavily over his solitude, and no one came to him, and there was nothing he could do, and only one thing of which he could think. He never said, even to himself, that he was being hardly used. He never asked himself what he was doing there. He took another's burden and laid it on his own shoulders, content thus to follow in the footsteps of his Lord, and to walk in whatsoever way they should lead him.

At length Nora came back. He would not wait for her to speak, one glance at the tear-stained swollen face, the trembling lips which told their own tale, was enough,—he took her hand in both of his, and they understood each other.

"But I think it can hardly be as you have heard," said Nora, in a whisper. "People cannot *know*, you see. Papa is gone away, and there is no one to explain the exact state of the case at present. Papa is hasty—he always was; he has no idea what will be the impression left on the world by his leaving Glendovey. He should have been here—here"—looking round—"to face them all. If I could only tell him so——"

"Mr. Dundas is directing him what to do, my dear. Mr. Dundas is doing the best he can, we may be sure——"

"Why did he let him go into hiding? Surely," said Nora, biting her lip to restrain the tears which were forcing themselves out of her eyes afresh at this thought—"surely that was a mistake. People will think he has run away——"

It was explained to her that there was no occasion for fears on this account. Dundas had allowed to Lindsay that the affair was "very bad;" but this had not meant with him that any transactions had taken place which could expose Middlemass to the grasp of the law. All that the wealthy merchant possessed had been forfeited. "And, between ourselves, I much doubt his getting a clear discharge," the lawyer had confided,—but he had also added that the flight of his client must be attributed to sheer cowardly inability to meet and face the world's opinion, and that it would, moreover, avail him nothing, since he would be forced to return and put his affairs into shape for his creditors immediately.

"After that's done, Heaven knows what is to become of them all!" had been the ultimatum. "As long as he is engaged in that part of the business he will get his five hundred a year or so—think of Middlemass existing on five hundred a year!—but afterwards the worst rub of all will be to come. If he does not get his free discharge, it will be as ugly a look-out for the poor fellow as any one need have." With the half cynical toleration of human nature usual to the legal mind, Middlemass was still a "poor fellow" to his friend Dundas.

But Lindsay trembled anew at the effect of this communication upon Nora. She did not, indeed, break out again into terms of indignant reproach and scorn when made aware of all that had passed, but she looked sick and white, and there was an expression in her eyes which he hardly knew how to take.

"And now about yourself," he said, suddenly.

"About myself? Oh, what is the use of thinking about myself?"

"I am afraid, Nora, we cannot well stay here."

"Cannot we?"

"Think a minute, my dear," for in her accents the mind had been absent. "I have a plan to propose," continued Lindsay, and detailed that suggested by Dundas.

"It will do very well," replied Mrs. Wade, list-

lessly, "very well, thank you. Of course I know I must be somewhere, and there is nowhere else. But, Mr. Lindsay," lifting her head with sudden change of tone, "listen, Mr. Lindsay, if you please; before I meet my aunt or any one else, before I do anything or go anywhere, I *must know* one thing; I must"—slowly—"see my father, and hear from his own lips if he is a cheat and a swindler, or not."

Lindsay started; this was the very last thing he wished her to do.

Mission Papers.

No. III.

I HAVE spoken of our shortcomings as supporters of Missions, and of our need of organisation to spread Mission interest in every parish. I come now to speak lastly, of a third thing which we want in regard to Missions, and it is one in which, perhaps, ministers rather than we laymen have in the first place the initiative—a *truer idea of our duty in regard to Collections*. I know of no subject in regard to which we are so altogether wrong. The early Christians regarded it as one of their first and most obvious duties to give their money away. To this end they were content to live sparingly, to have things less nice than their neighbours, to deny the gratification of innocent, natural taste, that they might have the more to pour into God's treasury, and that the apostles might have the means to go into the regions beyond and gladden others with the news which had made themselves so glad. And I would not say—thank God, I believe it would be untrue to say—that there are not still among ourselves those who, up to their power, "yea, and beyond their power," are willing; a few who give so that even out of their great riches they feel the pinch of what they have given; and yet more who, out of deep poverty, give what in God's sight is a larger offering still. But if there are such among us, is it not true that there are many who look upon the tithes (or tenths of our income), which is the *smallest proportion* of income given for religion's sake that God seems ever to have sanctioned, as an incubus to be got rid of, as an obnoxious impost to be evaded, railed at, and despised? Is there any joke so constant or so unworthy as that which bears upon the "Church Collection" and the coins which suffice to meet it? And ministers desirous of their people's good-will, and shrinking from the constant jeer that "ministers are always wanting money, money, money," come to dislike or to dread Collection days as much as the least open-handed of the laity. Thus it too often comes to pass that ministers and people, differing on other points, are agreed with hearty unanimity that the fewer Collections there are, the better. If there could be no Collections at all, that would be, apparently, the ideal state of the Christian Church; but since it seems

we can hardly call ourselves disciples of Him who gave Himself, and yet give nothing, we must minimise our givings to the greatest extent, throw two or three Collections together, and never collect for anything more than once a year!

We spoke in the first paper of the possibility of a weekly setting apart of money in families; and of stated Collections in behalf of the Church. Speaking now of the Foreign Mission, I know no reason why there should not be a monthly or at least a quarterly Collection for it made with books by willing Collectors. Ministers and people are willing—each far more willing than is believed by the other—and *what is done in other Churches* could well be done in ours.

There is a paraphrase we all learned when we were little—most of us remember it still—

"Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord."

But do we really believe it? Do we remember it, and act on it, when collection-day comes? And does our conviction of it make us feel that every day should be a collection-day—a day on which we joyfully give back to God some, at least, of that which "we fondly call our own"?

I was told the other day that Mr. Spurgeon, in preaching, said to his people: "You sing with apparent fervour,

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;'

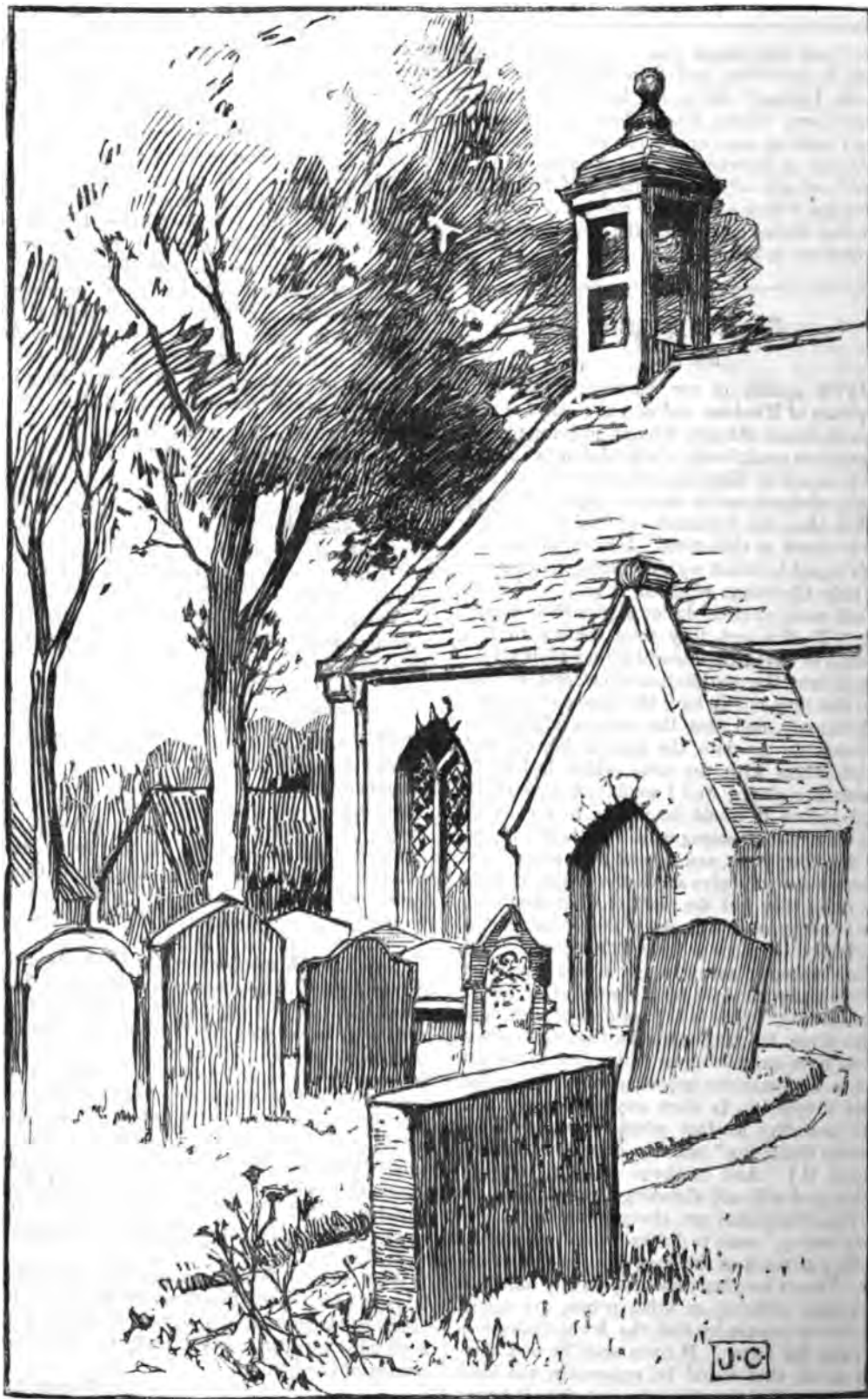
and all the while you are fumbling in your purses to make sure that you give a threepenny and not a fourpenny piece!"

Ah! says some one, I hate all this talk about money. Religion is not money-giving, it is the state of the mind and of the heart. Indeed it is. It is that the mind be in us which "was also in Christ Jesus," who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich."

If we had this mind, every day would be a collection-day, and our money would be spread over every land. It is true "religion is not money," but money is the only means many of us have of spreading the gospel. If we are disciples on whom the command was laid to go into all the world and make disciples, what other means of obedience have we in our power? All this talk about religion not being money just comes of money being many people's religion. Money they will make or get; money they will spend; money they will keep. Christian faith? Well! they will accept it just up to the point of its disturbing their money, and no farther.

What we need is such an organisation as shall bring to every heart the solemn truth—our money means missionaries, Bibles, schools, converted souls, a glorified Saviour, a world ready for the second coming of the Lord.

HOPEFUL.



Presented by JAMES CADENHEAD, Esq.

DUNNOTAR CHURCH. (See page 175.)

"Goin' Hoppin'!"

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDON CITY
MISSIONARY.

September 1881.

WE are all "hopping" just now down in the "sweet county of Kent." Hill and vale present an even more than usually beautiful and luxuriant appearance this glorious month of September, for wherever a sunny slope or sheltered corner is to be found, there the graceful fragrant festoons of the hops twist and intertwine. The summons for hop-pickers to come from neighbouring counties, from London, from *anywhere*, has been issued peremptorily, and responded to heartily, for the wages are in proportion to the value of the labour obtained, and what *that* is, only those who live in hop counties can estimate. Hops are ruined if not gathered in speedily, and as the cost of raising them is very great, it may be imagined that the growers are not disposed to lose the smallest portion of produce. Accordingly, any number of pickers are welcomed and well paid,—women and children earning their share equally with the men; and so, as soon as the demand for their presence is made known, down we all swarm from out of the Metropolis, men, women, and babies,—I among the number, though my object is not the hops, but the "hoppers." Down we come from the narrow streets and stifling atmosphere of East London, and how fresh and pure to our senses is the country air, how blue the sky, and how still the landscape, as we tread the dewy uplands and begin to root up the long poles whereon the fairy pendants hang! In fine weather there is no pleasanter work than hop-picking. The bins (canvas sacking stretched in rough wooden frames) are placed in rows; the poles are upturned and thrown over them; the stalk of the hop cut off about a foot from the ground; and to pick and drop in, one need not bend the back nor knees, nor even stoop the neck. Those who prefer sitting to their task can do so, whilst the children who are too old to romp with the babies in the neighbouring field, and who are shrewd enough to like turning a penny in so easy a manner, sit on the edges of the bin, and are often as useful and industrious as their parents. It is a pretty and picturesque scene; the long lines of busy people set off by the background of rich green, with here and there a red petticoat or shawl, making a dot of colour, with the faint wreaths of blue smoke curling up from hidden nooks as dinner time approaches, with the huge waggons drawn by their magnificent Kentish dray-horses coming and going; rooks cawing in the woods around, blue sky and sunshine over all—it is a sight to charm a painter's eye; while the cluster of rude huts in the hollow below is only the appropriate "distance" to such a "foreground." Yes, it is a pleasant scene enough, but alas! there

is a reverse side to the picture; there is another way of looking at the hopping season, as the parish clergyman knows, as the farmers and landowners know (only some of them decline to look at it!) but it is one which is sadly recognised by all who care for the souls of their fellowmen. For that which at other times is a quiet country spot is now flooded by a disorderly rabble; rough voices and bold faces, ill-looking men and unwomanly women, are to be met in the little lanes, and frequent the little villages; vice is branded on their countenances, impudence leers out of their eyes, and oaths trip off their tongues. Those who come in contact with them involuntarily step aside, aware by instinct of being among the lowest of the low; and it is for that very reason that I, a London City Missionary, accompany my lawless flock on their autumnal outing. All such outcasts are the Missionary's flock. He is accustomed to them and their ways. He need not know a single face, but they are nevertheless relegated in his heart to him—and my friend, the clergyman of the parish to which I yearly go, himself summons me hither, and intrusts the vagrants to my care. Left to themselves, they would corrupt and contaminate; and furthermore, an opportunity would be lost for making an impression on themselves. Experience alone teaches the Missionary how to deal with folks of this kind. To settled teaching and preaching they have a fixed aversion, and it is useless to attempt it; but short pointed homethrusts, interlarded with anecdotes, are usually listened to. Occasionally, it happens that a so-called wag of the party, or a resolute opponent, will lay him or herself out to put ridiculous and, as they consider, perplexing questions; but to these is only needed a good-humoured *set down*—something, if possible, to turn the laugh against the scoffer—and immediately the laugh is raised, and the applause is by no means niggardly.

To be able either to make or to take a joke is a great help forward to the Missionary; not to be above bandying a repartee, nor carrying on an argument, is sure to gain him ground; and, provided he can hold his own in this discussion, it will never be forgotten. Any personal attention, moreover, is highly estimated. There has appeared among us this year an Irishman, a bad character, but one whose appearance is certainly distinguished—after a fashion. He is got up in tights, a long frieze overcoat with gilt buttons, and high hat, and, persuaded of the brilliancy of this costume, he parades it nightly at public-houses, earning as much by his dancing and singing as by "hopping." The other day I presented him with the August number of the *British Workman*, saying, "I am going to give you a picture of yourself" (the frontispiece). My Irishman eagerly held out his hand, "Much obliged, indeed, your honour, I've seen it in windows, and wanted it for my own." "You are a great singer, I hear," continued I; "will you come and

help at our service to-morrow?" This, however, he declined; *his* singing was not *our* singing; but, to be sure, at the service there was my friend, and his fine baritone voice was lustily raised in every hymn, while he remained quite quiet during the rest of the time. I had a long talk with him afterwards, and, among other curiosities which fell from his lips, he—not denying in any wise the bad life he led—yet assured me that, drunk or sober, he always made the sign of the Cross before he went to bed! Poor fellow! I have not yet done with him.

Our services are usually held in or among the huts before named, and sad hovels they are. So much so, that an old crone remarked the other day, "I calls it real nice of you now to come and have meetin's for us in places like this," looking round with disgust. At the first commencement of my annual visits, rough and ill-natured remarks were rife, but I may say that these have now almost entirely subsided, and that I am even asked—not perhaps in the *most* polite terms—but still asked to come to them. Thus an inhabitant of Wapping, one of the worst women of the gang, who, with her sisters, was the terror of all the goodwives in the neighbourhood, greeted me this year with "Aren't you coming soon to read to us? I told you I was coming hoppin' here;" and she has behaved so much better in every way of late that she has been no trouble to any one—as much could not have been said before.

Occasionally the Parish clergyman takes himself the lead at our meetings; on the last occasion of his doing so, two large wooden tubs were placed upside down in the centre of the circle, for himself and his lady, as an evidence of respect, while, for the benefit of the latter, a worn and ancient velvet mantle was taken off the back of its owner, and with her own hands spread over the improvised seat. This was pleasant to see, as it was also to note numerous other little indications of the "hoppers'" feeling honoured by an interest being taken in their spiritual welfare. The light going the other evening, farthing dips were unhesitatingly produced, and one was held for me by a woman between her fingers till the conclusion of the service.

Singing is a great point. Many a fine voice (and many an equally harsh one) finds delicious vent in such hymns as have a stirring chorus, and it is not only at the meetings these are heard when once learned. To be read to during the boiling of the pot for dinner, or the smoking of the evening pipe, is also, as a rule, appreciated, and such little tales as "Spilt Milk" or "The Oiled Feather" find special favour. Bibles and Testaments are not always acceptable, but they are becoming gradually more so, and, altogether, far from being disappointed or disheartened by my yearly sojourn among the Kentish "hoppers," I have good reason to "thank God and take courage."

TO CORRESPONDENT.—Address of E. V. O. E. is requested.—*Editor*.

The Revised New Testament.

THE GOOD IT DOES.

Concluded.

WE continue our examples of the *difficulties the Revised Version removes*.

Rom. iii. 25, as it stands in the A. V. (Authorised Version), conveys another than the true meaning. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." The R. V. (Revised Version) reads "Whom God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith, by His blood, to show His righteousness, because of the passing over of the sins done aforetime in the forbearance of God; for the showing, I say, of His righteousness at this present season: that He might Himself be just, and the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus." This makes it possible to explain the passage. The meaning is that God set forth Christ as a propitiation through faith in His blood, so as to give a manifestation of the Divine righteousness, a manifestation which was needed because of the long pretermission of sins (i.e. passing over sin without visible punishment) in the forbearance of past ages. Christ came with a view to manifest God's righteousness at this particular time, God's own chosen time; a needed manifestation, inasmuch as God's long forbearance in past times might have seemed to imply that He was indifferent to sin. And thereafter the apostle goes on to say that God so manifested His righteousness that He is seen to be at once righteous, and the rightener of him that believes in Jesus.

There is another passage of which I may here speak as a difficulty removed. It is John vii. 53—viii. 11, which the Revisers put in brackets. There is doubtless much that is attractive in the account of the Saviour's tenderness as shown in His dismissal of the shame-struck penitent. But that tenderness is shown elsewhere in the dealing of the Sinless One with those outcasts whom man had ruined and then trodden upon. The special features of this narrative are in verses 7, 8, 9, where our Lord is represented as calling upon the man that was without sin to cast the first stone, and the men are depicted as going out conscience-smitten till not one was left in the temple. "He that is without sin" obviously means "He that is guiltless of that sin for which the woman is to be stoned:" and the meaning is that the Scribes and Pharisees did not number among them one man who had lived a chaste life. I do not believe that this was ever true of any such body of men; and certainly, in all the terrible denunciations which Jesus Christ pronounced against the leaders of the popular religion of Israel, there is nothing to warrant our con-

cluding that He charged them all with having committed fornication. It is a relief to find that the passage is not a genuine part of the New Testament, not being found in any of the best manuscripts. In truth the Revisers ought to have banished it altogether, or to have put it in a footnote. There are, however, many who are glad to have a difficulty removed by the enclosing of it in those conspicuous brackets.

One more example must suffice. In Mark vii. 18 our A. V. has, "And He saith unto them, . . . Do ye not perceive, that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him; because it entereth not into his heart, but into the belly, and goeth out into the draught, purging all meats? And he said, That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man," etc. But in the R. V. the phrase "purging all meats" is no longer (unintelligibly) connected with the food, but is connected with the Divine Speaker Himself. It is the Evangelist's remark that Jesus was, by His words, making all meats "clean." Thus the Revisers have it: "And He saith . . . Perceive ye not, that whatsoever from without goeth into the man, it cannot defile him; because it . . . goeth out into the draught? *This he said*, making all meats clean. And he said, That which proceedeth out of the man, that defileth the man," etc.

There is another heading under which we might include a great many passages if our space permitted—*The misconceptions cleared away by the New Version.*

John xiii. 10 the A. V. reads, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet," which is not intelligible. The R. V. has, "He that is *bathed* needeth not save to *wash* his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all." The two different words for "bathing" and "washing" intimate that even when one was bathed he could not move about on the dusty roads of Palestine without finding that dust came upon his sandalled feet; thus teaching that even the purified disciple of Jesus Christ contracts stain and pollution in his daily progress through life, which he needs to have washed away by the Saviour.

In 2 Peter i. 5 the new and improved version of a familiar passage is, "Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in *your* faith supply virtue [no longer as in A. V., 'add to your faith virtue,' etc.]; and in *your* virtue knowledge; and in *your* knowledge temperance; and in *your* temperance patience; and in *your* patience godliness; and in *your* godliness love of the brethren; and in *your* love of the brethren love." I think the Revisers would have done well (even at the risk of seeming inconsistent with other passages) to have kept the "brotherly kindness" of the A. V., instead of putting in "love of the brethren;" or, if not, then to have noted here, as they do in John xxi. 15-17, that there are two words for "love" in the original. But even as it stands the passage

now teaches the Christian to have his graces all interpenetrating each other, not built upon each other as dead stones might be.

In 2 Thess. ii. 6, 7, a difficult passage was made more difficult in the A. V. "And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way." There is nothing to indicate that the verb for *withholdeth* is in the Greek the same as for *letteth*, and consequently the phrase "withholdeth that," has been often misunderstood. The R. V. has it, "And now ye know that which restraineth to the end that he may be revealed in his own season. For the mystery of lawlessness doth already work; only there is one that restraineth now until he be taken out of the way."

Gal. i. 1 now more clearly teaches Paul's claim of a divine commission, though the force of the original is perhaps beyond the power of a mere translation: "Paul an apostle (not from men, neither through man, but through Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised Him from the dead)."

1 John iii. 3 is now correctly rendered so as to remove a common misconception. "Every one that hath this hope *set* on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." How often has the plain reader thought that it meant "Every man that hath this hope within him." But it is the hope set on Christ that produces a Christlike purity.

It is in the Epistles that the chief merits of the Revision, as a translation, are to be found. In the Gospels the chief (though not the only) improvement is due to there being now a more correct text of the original: but we now have in the Epistles (along with a correct text) an infinitely more correct rendering of the original than was ever before given in English, or indeed than is given in any Version known to us. In St. Paul's use of prepositions and particles there is often an amazing force and meaning which the patient labours of scholars in recent years have made manifest; and which it was incumbent on the Revisers to represent. They have done their part with great fidelity, and the simplest Christian ought to study the Epistles of the New Testament in the New Version.

It is not easy to show what we mean without becoming technical. But there is one great feature of St. Paul's doctrine which the A. V. obscured, and which the R. V. brings to light. St. Paul looked upon the conversion of every Christian as a distinct epoch in his life; a time when the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus *made* him free from the law of sin and death." In such passages as that which we have quoted, the A. V. destroyed the historical simplicity of St. Paul's statement by putting "hath made," as though it were a description of a gradual process instead of the statement of a momentous event. Sometimes too, the present tense was introduced by the early translators, making the

confusion still more hopeless. Thus when the Apostle is reasoning to show that Christians ought to walk in newness of life, he says, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. We who *died* to sin, how shall we any longer live therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? We *were buried* therefore with Him through baptism unto death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life." The A. V. with its "are dead to sin," and "are buried," destroys the argument founded by the Apostle on the one momentous change from the old life to the new. In the same way, the great argument in Colossians iii. was obscured in the old Version, and is now made clear by the more correct translation. The Apostle says, "If then ye *were raised* together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth. For ye *died*, and your life is hid¹ with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life shall be manifested, then shall ye also with Him be manifested in glory." It is the same argument in all St. Paul's Epistles; and the doctrine thus inculcated is full of the most fruitful practical consequences.

We have another view of the same great truth in a passage which reads like a commentary on the teaching of our Lord (in St. John iii.) that only they who are "born anew" (R. V.) can "enter into," or can even "see," the kingdom of God. In 1 Cor. ii. 8 we are told that the mystery of the revelation of God in Christ was a thing which none of the rulers of this world knew, "for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory: but as it is written,

Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not,
And which entered not into the heart of man,
Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him.

But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." . . . (v. 12). "But we received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us by God." The A. V., with its "hath prepared" (v. 9), "hath revealed" (v. 10), "have received" (v. 12), obscured the truth which the apostle teaches, that there was an

¹ It is a somewhat ungracious task to point out that here, as elsewhere, the Revisers have not carried out their own principles thoroughly. They might have said "has been hid:" i.e. "ye died to the things of sin, your true life has since been in the safe-keeping of God with Christ." So also in Rom. vi. 7 they might have said, "he that died hath been justified from sin," not "he that hath died is justified." See also their "Not that I *have* already obtained or *am* already made perfect," Phil. iii. 12, where the tenses are inaccurate. It is the frequent occurrence of such things that prevents the expectation that the R. V., with all its merits, will be accepted as final.

epoch in his life when he was empowered by Divine inspiration to know the things that unenlightened men—princes of this world though they be—cannot know. But St. Paul does not speak of himself alone. Low as the Corinthians were in the spiritual scale (chaps. iii-vi.), he goes on (vi. 11) to appeal to a past epoch in their own lives when they were taken from among the thieves, the covetous, the drunkards, the revilers, the extortioners. "And such" (he says) "were some of you; but ye were [not "are"] washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and in the Spirit of our God." The change which is thus spoken of, it behoves us all to consider; for, amid the privileges of a Christian land, we are always apt to think of the "kingdom of God" as something into which we unconsciously grow, or half consciously glide. The Revised Version confers no small boon on the English reader by clearly showing him that when a man becomes a true Christian he passes through a crisis; that there is a great chasm between the life of sin and the life of faith; and that those who have experienced it cannot deny it, though they may often need to be reminded of it so as to live worthily of the great truth.

It is not possible to touch, however lightly, on one half of the things which are well worthy of notice in the Revised Version. If, however, any one desires to see, in a short while, how great is the advantage we derive from it, let him compare the Epistle of Jude, or Second Peter, or the 17th chapter of St. John,¹ or Romans v. vi. vii. in the New Version, with the form to which he has been accustomed in the New Testament, and he will find a flood of light break upon him as he reads, so that he can trace the continuous chain of thought. In all cases he ought to consult the "marginal readings" at the bottom of the page. They will be found very instructive.

Instead of attempting to discuss all the passages which I had originally marked for notice, let me here name a few of the important changes which are easily understood by any reader.

Matt. xxiii. 24. "Strain out the gnat."

Rom. v. 15-19. "If by the trespass of the one *the many* died, much more did the grace of God . . . abound unto *the many*. . . For as through the one man's disobedience *the many* were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall *the many* be made righteous."

Matt. vi. 25. "*Be not anxious* for your life."

Matt. xlii. 21. "Straightway he stumbleth" (when persecution ariseth).

Matt. xvii. 25. "And when he came into the house, Jesus *spoke first to him*," i.e. before he could begin to speak.

Mark vi. 20. "Herod . . . *kept* (John) *safe*."

Mark xii. 26. "In the book of Moses, *in the place concerning the Bush*."

¹ It is well to find that the Revisers have disapproved the predictions of the distinguished English scholars, Trench and Ellicott—by successfully rendering the Greek tenses here and elsewhere.

- Luke iii. 23. "And Jesus himself, when he began to teach, was about thirty years of age."
 John x. 16. "And they shall *become one flock*, one shepherd" (though there will be many a fold).
 John xiii. 25. "He leaning back, as he was, on Jesus' breast."
 Acts xvii. 23. "I observed the *objects of your worship*."
 Acts xix. 2. "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost *when ye believed*?"
 Acts xxi. 15. "Took up *our baggage*."
 2 Cor. v. 14. "We thus judge that one died for all, *therefore all died*."
 2 Cor. xi. 3. "The simplicity and the purity that is *toward Christ*."
 Gal. i. 18. "To *visit Cephas*."
 Phil. ii. 15. "Among whom *ye are seen as lights in the world*."
 1 Thess. iv. 6. "Wrong his brother in the *matter*."
 1 Thess. v. 22. "Abstain from *every form of evil*."
 1 Tim. vi. 5. "Supposing that *godliness is a way of gain*."
 James i. 26. "If any man *thinketh himself* to be religious."

I must close those papers, regretting that they are so fragmentary. I intended to give reasons for approving of the change in the translation of the sixth petition, which now reads, "Deliver us from the evil one;" and for desiring that the Revisers had translated "Paraclete" in John xiv. etc., by "Advocate," instead of by "Comforter." An advocate, a champion, a counsellor; this is the promised Spirit. I had intended, also, to attempt to estimate the permanent position of the new Revision in the English-speaking Churches of Christendom. But perhaps it is enough to say that any fuller treatment would only have expanded the hints thrown out in my first paper. I believe that, just as it stands, it cannot be accepted as the permanent English Version, not because its defects are so many, but because they are so few and obvious, and so easily amended. If consistency were secured; if a few unnecessary changes in the order of words were rectified, so that the old rhythm should not be disturbed without good reason; and if some of the marginal, and almost all of the American, readings were taken into the text, this Revised New Testament might hold its place for many a generation. Even as things are, we have a great privilege and blessing in this Version of the Word of God, more accurate and intelligible than was ever given in any other age or speech. A. H. CHARTERIS.

Of Life.

XI. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

ONE looks round, sometimes, on the moving company of the people one knows; and one looks back over the way one has come through life: and one thinks, How are the years telling upon us all?

It seems to me as if the people one knows abide much the same, year after year. It is long before you remark any material difference, in middle-aged folk, even on form and feature. The change comes so gradually, in the process of growing old, that it

is hardly seen by such as see us every day. But it is not that change which is in my mind. I am thinking of the moral and spiritual man and woman. It seems to me that such as I know remain in temper, in sense, in the entire idiosyncrasy, just what they were sixteen years ago: twenty-five years ago. We are all subjected, day by day, certainly week by week, to certain influences which are designed to make us better: but, as plain matter of fact, I cannot say they do. They may keep us from growing worse: but that seems to be all.

But, while good people, still in health and strength, and going through their daily work, do not appear to grow better, I cannot but think that bad people, in the process of the years, tend to grow worse. Rather let it be said, The bad qualities which are in human beings tend to get aggravated. For we do not much tend, as experience grows, to divide mankind sharply into the Good and Evil: we are a mixed race. There is a great deal of evil in the best, and (let us hope) some touch of goodness in things most evil. But it appears to be a rule of God's Universe, that while what is normal and right may go on for a long time without apparent change, if anything be wrong, it tends in the process of time to become worse, till it ends by being very bad indeed.

Now there is something sad about all falling-off: all Deterioration. It is sad when a man's worldly circumstances fall off in his failing years. One would wish them always to get better. He was a wise and good man who said that he would have some little lift, in means or honour, come to aging folk every three years. In fact, the lift does not come: Rather the burden tends (in divers cases) to grow heavier when the poor soul is growing less able to bear it. One has known (have not you?) troubles, mortifications, cares, gather upon an old man who had his better years of fame and fortune. And there is no particular comfort, when life is closing in gloom, in the remembrance of happier things, all gone. Of course, God's way is right. But, to say the truth, we should alter it if we could. And when He puts it into our heart to mend the natural course of events, is not the way in which He has formed our heart to point us, in the most real and solemn truth His way? I ask you, Which is God's doing, the awful agony of some excruciating disease; or the blessed antidote which He taught some good and wise man to find amid the stores of His creation? The antidote, I say: and will say. I know, and am sure, Where everything Good comes from. Where Evil comes from, I do not know at all. But I know perfectly well WHERE it does NOT come from.

It is sad to feel strength, activity, capacity of work, lessening. We try hard to persuade ourselves that after all these years they abide undiminished. Or, if the attempt to walk at four miles an hour up a steep hill should in ten minutes compel a man who has turned fifty to know that it is not with

him as of yore in the matter of bodily agility, he comforts himself by maintaining that in power of intellectual labour he is better than ever. One remembers Dean Alford's declaration that a man ought to be thankful for each day of tolerable health given to him after fifty years in this world. And John Foster says that Pope would have been sadly beaten down if he had discerned that he could not write better at fifty than he had done at twenty. Yet, spite of all soothing self-deception, hours will come, as you go on, in which you will see, very plainly, that vitality is burning low; and that the ancient buoyancy and hopefulness are gone, or come fitfully and rarely. One sees how lined and anxious the faces of aging men and women grow: specially of those to whom is appointed the trial (which is appointed to nearly every one I know) of narrow means. I have heard a thoughtful man say, Here is the tragedy of modern life. And in the presence of sordid calculations, when the great task of life yearly has turned to the making of the ends to meet, there seems something unreal and fanciful in that deterioration which Wordsworth has described so touchingly in what many will call his greatest Poem. Yet, of a truth, unless where outward circumstances are awfully adverse (which indeed they are for very many little ones I know), "Heaven lies about us in our infancy:" the "shades of the prison-house" gather on the growing boy: and the anxious man sees the glories of the dawn of our life "fade into the light of common day." That is all true: but you must be placed upon a certain level that you may mind it much: and I have known many a widowed woman, left such when the first threads of gray were hardly apparent in her hair, who would have cried Oh let the romance of life go and welcome, if I could but make sure of supporting and educating my little fatherless boys. The terrible facts of life weigh on heart and head till the spring of either is broken. Many a year since, I remember hearing one of the cleverest women I ever knew say, Once I hoped for brightness and romance: now, I am perfectly content if I find *a way of doing*. The phrase was unfamiliar. But, on enquiry, it appeared that the idea conveyed by it was one more gracefully given by a wayfarer of a long-past age, when he said how thankful he would be "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on." Yes: even with such things assured forty-nine out of every fifty of those among whom I live would be well content. And with divers, placed at a different worldly elevation, the heart has entirely ceased to beat high for praise; and is careful and troubled about the great question of the procuring of bread and (if it may be) of butter.

But far sadder than any other deterioration coming after all these years, is moral and spiritual degeneration. It is a terrible thing to feel that we are not so good as we used to be. If we were growing wiser and better, we could bear being less

agile and beautiful, less esteemed and less well-to-do. For in such a case, our life would not be a failure on the whole: rather a cheering success. Now, I do not know how it may be with you, my reader: but I know that with very many Christian people there is the grievous sense of having spiritually fallen off; at the least, there is the never-ceasing self-reproach that spite of all helps and means no progress whatsoever is made, year after year. Do not you often feel as though your faults were never cured? Being tried, you fail, just as before. It seems as though your moral nature, in presence of temptation, were as certain to fail, as wax is to melt being exposed to a certain heat. And if even you discern all¹ that about yourself, how plainly must those around you discern it!

There is a sad conviction in many souls that they have deteriorated and are deteriorating. And it seems to have been always so. "Oh that I were as in months past:" "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed:" is not *that* the strain of much which has been said and written? I know, that here is a case in which it is natural to judge hardly of one's self, in certain moods. But, not forgetting that, the experience expressed so often must (in so far) found upon fact. The heart grows less warm. The mind turns suspicious. The generous impulse is repressed. The kind word is kept back: when you have once learned how it was repeated, misrepresented, and laughed at. It is very difficult, in this world, not to grow worse, through the sorrowful experience of years.

I do not call it deterioration, even though you have lost something that was pleasant, if you have advanced by natural growth to something farther on, which could not, by necessity of nature, co-exist with the something lost. You cannot have the blossom and the fruit together: and the fruit is an advance upon the blossom, beautiful and fragrant as that was in the sunshiny May. Those golden fields I see, looking up from this page, are, after all, better than the fresh green that looked through the soil and spoke to the heart, months ago. Even so, though you often remember, with a sigh, the rosy little face of your little boy or girl, the warm heart, the simple sayings which so touch you yet, still, when they have grown out of all that into the fair promise of their youth, in the main the change is for the better. Something, indeed, is lost; something that was beautiful in its season. There come to you the words of Shakespeare, "I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me." And when you are by yourself, the looks and words come back, that are gone for evermore. You need not pretend but that you have wished that nobody would ever grow older; and (of course) that nobody would ever die. But you know in yourself that all this is weakness, is folly. In this state of being, there is no standing still: "the things which are seen are temporal." And, as long as they are growing,

you try to be content. The day must come when they will fade.

But there is deterioration which is unrelieved: which no philosophy can dress up to look hopeful. It does not come often: but it has come into the life of most of us who are doing the work of life. You remember a bright lad at College: thoughtless, and lacking steadfastness: yet lovable and attractive: with divers accomplishments which made his society be sought after a good deal more than yours ever was: you remember the smiling face, the frank address, the pleasant voice. You had lost sight of him for years; and you sometimes wondered where he was, though not with curiosity enough to lead to active enquiry. Ah, is this he, all that was good in him gone, all that was uncertain in his character developed to its very worst? You are sitting, some evening, at your work, when a poor fellow is shown in, shabby, with trembling hands and an abashed face, and with the awful smell about him of that Poison which ruins so many a Scotchman (and Scotchwoman) in body and soul. Of course, it is easy to make a joke of it: and there never was a cause which has suffered like the cause of Temperance from the intolerant and intolerable foolishness of its advocates. But to me, with reason you would think sufficient if I told it to you, the smell of Whisky is associated indissolubly with degradation, misery, ruin: and that *not* of the humblest. He reminds you who he is: ah, it is in the peculiar phrase and tone which indicate the habitual beggar. He begins by saying he is in some little temporary strait: but meeting kindness which he has not met for long, he ends by bursting out and telling you he is starving. No, I will not go on: I cannot. Here is a case in which in a small country like Scotland one must not even hint at the facts which are in one's mind. All I say is, that far more than twice or thrice such an experience has come to me. In my study, and on the street far from home, I have seen and heard things which are like to break one's heart. Ah, to recall the hopeful and respectable Past, and then look upon the awful Present! You know the threadbare coat, the unshaven face, the bloodshot eyes. And, pervading everything, saturating body and soul, *invariably* the sodden, sickening sense of the presence of Whisky!

Ay, and some day, passing the Police Station, you find a little crowd: and you learn that they have the corpse of the poor suicide within.

There are things too awful to think of. There is evil in this world which seems remediless. We go away from all that; only thinking how He who knew our frame bade every human creature pray *Lead us not into temptation.*

But it is a day of rain and storm. The trees, though not a leaf has fallen, are battling with a wintry blast, and the unreaped corn is waving wildly. I have arrived at a point from which the outlook is no less dreary: and many sorrowful things

are pressing themselves on my memory. I must stop: and consider whether or not I shall tell you of them. If I do so at all, it shall be on a more hopeful day in this cold, bleak summer.

A. K. H. B.

A Birthday Sonnet.

THY Birthday is it, friend? Well, art thou sad
That thou art hasting o'er the road of life?
Or do the cares, the turmoil, and the strife
So chafe thy gentle soul, that thou art glad
So much of earth's drear desert has been trod,
And that thou art far nearer than before,
The heights of Bliss, the Dwelling-Place of God,
Where weary pilgrims rest for evermore?
Is the way rough and thorny to thy feet,
And sinks thy fainting heart with many a fear?
Hark! thro' the gloom there comes a whisper sweet,
"Be not afraid, for I your Lord am near
To guide and guard thee till thy journey's o'er,
Then lead thee, joyful, to th' eternal shore."

MARY A. ROBERTS.

DUNNOTTAR.

Mr. CADENHEAD's Drawing on page 168 represents the Southern aspect of the Parish Church of Dunnottar, in the county of Kincardine. This Church is beautifully situated on the richly-wooded banks of the Carron, near the town of Stonehaven. The plain, massive, unornamented stone in the near foreground is said to be the one at which Sir Walter Scott first met Robert Paterson, whom he afterwards celebrated as "Old Mortality;" and it marks the resting-place, and records the names, of a number of those who died "For their adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's Covenanted Work of Reformation."

In May 1685 about two hundred and forty prisoners, for their adherence to the Covenant, were sent from Edinburgh northwards to Dunnottar Castle, which was then used as a State Prison. Their sufferings on the journey were cruel beyond description, and their treatment in the vaults of the Castle was extremely barbarous. Many of them died there under their sufferings, and several perished by falling over the crags on which the Castle stands, in desperate efforts to escape from their misery. At that time the neighbouring country sympathised but little with these sufferers, but now the humble gravestone of the Martyrs is regarded as one of the most precious possessions of the district. G. C.

Story of a Lost Dog.

By A. L. P. *Concluded.*

CHAPTER III.

HUNGRY and weary, and limping painfully, the poor lost dog took the first opening that led from the street to the outskirts of the little town. Often he stopped and looked about him with piteous eyes, as if he would fain have told his story to some compassionate ear.

Evening had come, and the sky that had been bright and clear in the morning was now dark and threatening, and a bleak wind swept the dust before it in clouds. Prinnie shivered, and gave a low moan, for his lame paw was growing stiff and sore. A heavy rain beginning to fall, he made an effort to reach a small plantation, under shelter of which he lay down on the cold grass, and fell asleep at last.

In the morning when he woke and crawled from his bed stiff and cramped, he was fortunate enough to get a slender meal from an old man who had suspended his work of breaking stones at the roadside to eat his breakfast—contained in an old tin pitcher and a red cotton handkerchief.



"You're a bonnie sharp bit doggie," said he kindly, as he rose again and took his hammer in his hand; "but I'm no able to keep a dog and pay a license for't, so you maun e'en try to find out your ain folk, my man; I hope you may."

What a little kindness will do! Princie had forgotten half his woes. Of his own accord, and to show his goodwill, he had sat up to beg, and offered his paw, and performed all his little accomplishments; and now licking the rough old hands that had fed him, in token of his gratitude, he once more set off on his travels.

It would be too long a story to tell how, for three weeks, the poor creature wandered here and there, starving and ill-used, meeting sometimes with kindness, but far, far oftener with cruelty. At last, all hope gone, he crept one night at a late hour into a back yard containing some outhouses belonging to a baker. The kind watchful eye of Providence, which sees when the sparrows fall to the ground, had followed the poor dog in his wanderings, and smiled upon the faithful love that led him; but poor Princie did not know that, and when he had dragged himself through a space under an old worn door, he laid himself down in the dark upon some old straw, having no more wish to live, for he was broken-hearted and in despair.

CHAPTER IV.

"HOLLOA! what's here?"

It was the baker himself, honest man, seeking an axe to split some old boxes into firewood. He carried a candle in his hand, but it flared so much in the draught that it gave little light, and so he had trodden on Princie, who uttered a mingled bark and howl. Daniel Girdwood stooped down and held the light close to the floor, and the poor dog shrank, fearing some new danger.

"Come," said he, "don't be frightened, I'll not

hurt you;" and Princie, with a dog's intuition, liked his voice and his face and let himself be carried into the house.

"What's that?" said the baker's wife, a "sonsy" motherly-looking woman; and the children gathered round, while the poor dog, half-blinded by the sudden light, looked from one to another, hoping and fearing.

"It's a dog I got in the tool-house, and it's got a collar, I see, and a name on it, but stupidly there's no address. It's 'Prince,' I think."

"Prince," said the children, greatly pleased, "Prince, Princie," and the poor dog's eyes shone beneath his tattered hair, the familiar word, and the kindly youthful tone, were so like old times.

"He'll be hungry, nae doot," said Mrs. Girdwood. "Bring him some bread and milk, bairns, that's aye at hand." And the children, delighted with their commission, set down a plentiful supply.

"Poor beast," said the kind-hearted woman, "see how he eats, and dear me, what a sair foot! I maun get it doctored. He's somebody's dog, nae doot, wi' his collar round his neck; and a clever, sharp wee facie he has, but he's sair dirty. I sometimes think," she added, laughing, "that all the wandered cats, and lost dogs, and hurt pigeons, come somehow a' to me."

"Well, well," said a neighbour who had come in, "you're a simple woman."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Girdwood, "but I want my bairns to learn, 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

Next day an advertisement was sent to the *Scotsman*; and all that day he lay sleeping on the mat, perfectly exhausted, but in supreme comfort and content. The day after that the bell at the shop door gave a sharp ring, and when Mr. Girdwood went out to attend there stood a handsomely-dressed lady, and a little girl.

"It is here, I believe," began the lady; but the little girl cut the explanation short with "Oh, have you got my dog?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Girdwood, smiling broadly; "he's here, missy, all right;" and he led the way into the house, where Princie still lay asleep on his mat.

"My doggie, my doggie!" cried Kate, bursting into tears to see him so thin and changed. "I thought I should never see you again. My own dear dog!" and the raptures of the two were extravagant in the extreme.

When they had taken leave, how proudly Kate carried her restored pet in her arms, while he would not lie quiet, but kept constantly struggling up to lick her face.

"Mamma," said Kate, "I should like to give them something for being so kind to Princie, they are such nice people.—And you, Princie, you are going home, sir, do you know? And you must get your collar brightened up, and be washed and combed, and be a respectable dog again; but whatever you do, you must never get lost any more."



DECEMBER 1881.

Sermon.

CHRIST'S HUMILIATION.

By the Rev. JOHN ALISON, M.A., Edinburgh.

"He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—PHIL. ii. 8.

THIS subject has two sides; one of them is turned from us; it deals with things beyond the range of our experience. "Who can by searching find out God?" and who can know or define the glory which the Son of God had with the Father from the beginning? We speak of it in terms borrowed from the Bible, and it is best to restrict ourselves to these, lest we substitute our human theories for divine truth. There was a time in the history of the Church when a man's faith was tested by his opinions on such questions, but we have learned to make more of that side of the subject which is toward us. The very fact that God leaves anything obscure is a reason for concluding that it is of secondary importance to us. Let us recognise this, and accept it as a reason for turning our thoughts to the more intelligible and practical aspects of the truth in Christ.

Nothing can be plainer than that Jesus Christ was understood by the men of His time to have claimed equality with God. It seems equally plain that He did not discourage that view of Himself. We are constrained to acknowledge as we study His life, that there were elements in it such as have never been in any human life. And St. Paul, in speaking of that height from which Christ came, says that He was "in the form of God, and thought it not a prize to be equal with God." Pre-existence and essential deity are implied in that, as Jesus Himself said, "Before Abraham was, I am."

Now, to know the *measure* of the humiliation of our Lord, we should be able to comprehend the essence and form of God. But of this we must be content to be ignorant. It is enough to know that He is a Person with a definite form, and that Jesus Christ had been in that form.

If the lessons of His humiliation had depended on our knowledge of the measure of His descent, the obscurity as to His pre-existent state might have perplexed us; but this suggests my first main thought, that the element which is most essential, and on which St. Paul rests his argument, is not so much the measure of His humiliation as its *kind*.

Mere change of circumstances is not true humbling. A person may be humiliated in condition without becoming humble. The distance in outward condition between the pre-existent Son of God and the Man Christ Jesus, might be taken as the measure of His personal humiliation, but can give no help to that which is set forth for our instruction, the measure of His humility.

You may notice that St. Paul does not say, Let that *rank* be yours which the Son of God humbled Himself to take, but "Let this *mind* be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." A king may be humbler than one of his own servants. Poverty may only make hard and spiteful the pride which wealth helped to make gracious.

The key to the humbling which St. Paul referred to is to be found in the words, He "made *Himself* of no reputation," which is more correctly rendered in the Revised Version, as He "emptied *Himself*." To feel the point of the expression, emphasis must be put on "*Himself*." It was not merely that He surrendered for a time the glory which He had with the Father from the beginning, but that in that humbler grade He bore Himself with a spirit which we may imitate. Where self would have paraded its importance, exacting or rebelling, He willingly "made *Himself* of no reputation."

In the outgoing of His divine self of love and mercy and wisdom, He resolved for a high end to subordinate that self not only to the will of His Father, but to the hard conditions of a life amongst self-willed, sinful men: "I am come," said He, "not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." "Even Christ," St. Paul says, "pleased not Himself."

There was implied in this, first, a *willingness to accept the limitations of a human life*. "He was made in the likeness of men," and was "found in fashion as a man."

Limitation is in itself trial. It is so whether the person's purpose is good or bad. A bad man frets under the restriction of his self-will. A good man is often tried by the bounds set to his power of doing all the good that he would. We are apt to regard such limits as obstacles, whereas they are divine conditions of the right way. Sometimes the quantity of our doing must be restricted that its quality may be made better. We need in some things to be girded by bands to make us fit. The way that leadeth unto life is a narrow way.

Even God imposes limits on His own working. He obeys His own laws. In dealing with men, morally, He bears with that which He hates, and waits on those whom He might destroy. The Son of God, accordingly, only went in a new direction in the spirit of His Father, when, for the redemption of men from sin, He was willing to give up the power, and freedom, and absoluteness which He had with the Father, and suffer the limitations of a human life.

We cannot know the measure of His conscious self-restraint in that. Sometimes we see men whose souls are like eagles chained by circumstances. These can but help us to a faint idea of the imprisoned consciousness of the Son of God. Like rock, cropping through an upper stratum, that consciousness broke through at times, now in speech, again in mighty acts. "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" Again He commands, and the winds and waves obey Him. And again He says, "I and my Father are one." How the consciousness of power must have pressed against the bars of His flesh and of His high purpose, when the mocking challenge was shouted around the cross, "If thou be the Son of God, come down!"

There was implied, also, *subordination, as man, to the will of God*. He became truly the Son of man. In doing so He took on Him the form of a servant. He who had been sovereign became subject; the Supreme became subordinate. The will which had commanded learned to obey. He who had been ministered unto came to minister.

It was a willing subordination, and He is cited as our ensample for the very reason that He took that lower relation without any sense of humiliation. He took on Him the form of a servant, and served without shame or pain. His was the perfect sonship which feels no degradation in taking any rank, or doing anything pleasing to the Father. His was the perfect humility which from ruling can stoop to serve, and not be conscious that it has stooped. Nothing is more notable in the life of Christ than the combination of gifts and qualities which raised Him high above the best and greatest, with entire absence of self-consciousness. He lived not to proclaim His dignity, and assert His rights, but to minister to those whom others neglected. The motive and rule ever with Him was His Father's will. He came to do it as the Son of man, and the humility and completeness of His doing—finding in it His very meat—showed how perfectly he was emptied of self. The service which in Him was divine should be our highest aim and honour, and the spirit in which alone it can be rendered is that which He lives to quicken in us—the spirit of humble filial devotion to our Father's will.

But there was yet another step in His humbling of Himself. *Submission to the indignity and pain and death which His obedience to God brought on Him from sinful men*. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

It may be well to point out that the words "obedient unto death" do not mean that He submitted to death as afterwards to burial, but that He was "obedient to the Father even unto death." It is most important to understand it so, otherwise the merit of our Lord's work might be supposed to consist in His having died and been buried, whereas it lay in His life-long filial obedience to the Father, notwithstanding that it would lead to a shameful death. Some think of Jesus Christ only as determined to die, whereas His prime determination was to obey. He came to do the will of Him that sent Him, and a Father's will concerning His Son must necessarily be that, at any cost, he should be filially loving and true to Him.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, with its propitiatory merit, consisted merely in His voluntary dying. He did die voluntarily; He laid down His life for our salvation, restraining the power which might have saved Himself, and refusing to take the tempter's way past the cross; but the spiritual essence of the sacrifice consisted in the surrender of Himself, in the obedience of a Son,—resolute to speak only truth, and to do only right, though all the world should be against Him, and He should pay for it by poverty and rejection and death. The cross was the high mark touched by His spirit of obedience, and in touching that mark He shed His blood for us, so completing His propitiatory sacrifice. On that tree "He bore our sins in His own body." In that hour, pre-eminently, there was "laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

The force, therefore, of St. Paul's argument is not so much in the distance between the Son of God in the absoluteness of power in heaven, and the Son of man in the lowliness and shame of the cross, as in the proof of perfect emptying of self, in being willing to obey and serve and suffer despite the ingratitude of those for whose good He obeyed even unto death.

Only unselfish humility is equal to such obedience. Self-devotion to God does not seem difficult, till it must be practised in a sinful generation. We are apt to assume that pride has been cast out of us, till we encounter the provocation of fellow-men.

Jesus Christ did not resent the hatred of His enemies, or refuse to submit to the cross which they set up. The divine humility and sweetness of spirit in Him was proved by those wondrous words spoken from the cross, while malice and bigotry spat on Him, and mocked His humiliation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

To what end, then, was this humbling of Himself? *First*, That He might manifest to the world the mind of God. In the gospel we have the revelation of the Divine Father, seeking that He may save the rebellious. The earth is full of signs of God's self-giving. Providence is His going forth out of His Divine absoluteness to consider and meet the

needs of His creatures. Jesus Christ is the crowning token of that mind of God in relation to the need of a world in sin. The revelation of this love of God is the root motive to such love in us.

Second, That He might offer to the Father an acceptable sacrifice for us. His humiliation was representative. Substitution, rightly understood, can be discerned all through human life, and the covenant of redemption is its highest phase. By the grace of God, He tasted death for every man. He gave His life "a ransom for many." He who "knew no sin" "was made sin for us." As the priestly First-born He offered sacrifice for the family; as our living Head He obeyed and suffered for the members of His body. His empty sepulchre, from which the Father brought Him forth, is the crowning witness to the completeness of His obedience, and the sufficiency of His atonement. By it God said in effect, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." His was a true propitiation—a pouring out of the blood of self for us; His was a whole burnt-offering, the complete laying of a consecrated self on the Divine Altar. Thus "we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

Third, That He might show us the divine ideal of a human life.

Greatness, in the world's sense, lay in power and self-assertion. Greatness, as in Christ, was power with self-denial and self-devotion. Men tainted by sin seek their own pleasure, do their own will, use their neighbours for their own advancement. Men quickened by the Spirit of God unto the "mind that was in Christ Jesus," recognise their duty and their good in learning the will of God, and doing it; and in "seeking not their own, but every man another's wealth;" obeying the new commandment, that we "love one another as Christ hath loved us."

Finally, That He might, by experience of our trials, create a helpful sympathy. The humiliation of Christ was part of His education for the saving and helpful ministry of His exaltation. "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered," and in the same school of suffering He learned a perfect sympathy. "In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

But while He acquired thus the power of laying hold on us, we by the same means have confidence in laying hold on Him. When He stretches out His hand to us in need, and we see the nail-prints of His sorrow and self-giving, we are reminded that He who so suffered and died to redeem, lives to save; that He hath a feeling of our infirmities, and gives His help in the measure of our faith.

He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all principalities and powers. For that humiliation, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and by the way of His humiliation every life should be exalted. Amen.

DINAH'S SON.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee."

TRENCH.

By L. B. WALFORD.

PART XII.

IT was, as we have seen, with a start of apprehension that Lindsay listened to the resolution of Middlemass's daughter.

That Nora should wish to see her father was natural enough; it was only right and proper that in his hour of distress the family of the bankrupt man should seek to be with him, whatever might be their own and the world's verdict on the conduct which had brought him to such a pass; and, had sorrow and affection been all that Mrs. Wade proposed to offer, no one could have had the heart to object. But Lindsay understood what was to be the real object of the interview, and he could not but dread the result. For something above and beyond dutiful sympathy was in his young companion's mind; she burned to express her assurance of belief in the innocence of one whom she looked upon as already injured by suspicion; she was impatient to share his contempt for the slander, and to rouse him more openly to exhibit it. All that was needed was a word from his own lips; one disclaimer from him, and a thousand tongues wagging on the opposite side would not, Nora vowed, disquiet her; but that word—that single word, she was determined, come what might, to have.

It was impossible to make the proud girl understand how absolutely an opposite conviction had been forced upon the mind of Mr. Dundas, and through him upon Lindsay,—she fancied them credulous, even while allowing them to be just—and, in spite of having made matters up with her old friend, was pertinacious in disregarding his hints, and adhering to her own view of the case.

Would she but have done so in silence, Lindsay could have rejoiced over the delusion as a merciful deliverance from an increased weight of sorrow; but unfortunately that was not to be. Middlemass must be met, be enjoined to hold up his head boldly, and face the world fearlessly; and, would he do so, he should have fullest support and sympathy from his high-spirited daughter—should have respect, approbation, participation—she scarce had patience to combat her companion's scruples, so ardently she longed to set forth upon her mission.

But a sharp feverish attack, the result of all this, for some days prevented Nora's carrying her wishes into effect. Lindsay was fain to hope it might also have weakened them; but any such idea was dispelled by his receiving a message on the fourth day that Mrs. Wade would be well enough to leave Glendovey on the following morning, when she would accompany him to Glasgow, and hoped that by that time he would have obtained for her the

address she required. What this meant he knew, and with a sigh he sought Dundas.

"Why, man, it is no secret now," replied the lawyer, lifting his eyebrows in surprise. "He is back to Glasgow, down at his own old office, winding up the accounts. Of course it has to be done, and none but the man who wove the net can unwind it, d'ye see? That's always the way. It will take him some time, and he'd best let it take him as long as he can, too—" shaking his head.

"I understand," said Lindsay, gravely.

"Ay, it's in a rare tangle—I told you what I thought—he won't get his discharge in a hurry. So Nora is still at Glendovey, is she? It's a wonder she likes to stay there; but—oh, you say she's poorly? Oh! And well she may be, poor lassie! Tell her to go and see her father if she likes, then; I daresay he would be pleased with the attention, and I can give you the address of his lodgings—he is at Wat's lodgings, by the way; Nora knows them. Tell her to mind what she says. Her father is a thought sore on the subject; she had best keep off it—or no, she can't keep off it; but let her take her cue from him as to what he wants said. And now, I'm very busy to-day—" Lindsay took the hint and rose immediately.

"He is afraid of me, is he?" said Nora, with a faint smile, on receipt of the lawyer's message. She was downstairs on Lindsay's return, and he told her frankly what had passed. "He thinks I should wound my poor father's feelings! That is rather absurd, is it not? Why, how little he knows. I was the one to hold by papa from the first moment of hearing anything, and I have stood up for him through thick and thin since, as you know, Mr. Lindsay."

"Very true, Nora, you have."

"When you, even you," continued Nora, with a little touch of triumph in her reproach, "when even you have gone over to the other side, I am still on papa's. No, no,"—stretching out her hand with an instant desire to make amends—"no, I should not have said that; but, Mr. Lindsay, you know what I mean. You do believe papa has been—has been in fault; I don't—that's all. Now, am I likely to say anything that he could mind? If all the world fails him, it will make no difference to me when once he has given me his word."—In vain Lindsay besought her not to ask it.

"That is just like you," cried Nora, offended again for the moment. "For want of a little plain-speaking you would have me go on and on in doubt and distrust. You are afraid of the surgeon's knife. I don't say it is not out of kindness to papa; but still papa is not a baby to mind a pin's prick."

"But why should you take the initiative, Nora? Why not leave him to tell you of himself?"

"If he tells me of himself, very well; but I must have it out one way or other. You will have to own that I was right when you hear, as you *will* hear, my father avouch his honour safe."

She would have him to come and be a witness of the scene.

"But surely," said Lindsay, who would willingly have escaped this, and saw no good in it; "surely that would distress him whom you wish to save distress, even if your frankness did not. My presence is not required. Tell him about me, say how willingly I will be of any service to him if he can employ me, and say—say anything you will, Nora; but let me go home now, my dear."

Not a bit of it; Nora had taken the whim into her head, and could not be reasoned with; he had believed ill of his friend, he must have his doubts removed at first hand. Furthermore, his company and protection she needed and (peremptorily) must have; and, in fine, he was just to hold his tongue and (coaxingly) give in with a good grace, for if not, it would infallibly end in his giving in with a bad one.

Accordingly they proceeded together to the lodgings on the following day.

Middlemass was at home, and so was his son; although silence reigned in the room into which the visitors were inducted, and gloomy and estranged were the countenances of the two thus perforce obliged at such a time to keep together. Perhaps the interruption was welcome—perhaps not; the elder gentleman did indeed rouse himself to a feint of pleasure at the sight of his daughter; and, although Lindsay's visit was probably less appreciated, he was also hailed with an attempt at heartiness. "You?—Nora!—My child!" cried her father, kissing her cheek. "My dear girl, this is a sorry place for you to come to," glancing around, "and you are not looking like yourself, either," turning his eyes next on her. "You are feeling this terrible reverse, of course; it's very sad, very sad. Dear me! I would not have had you come here for the world if I had known. Why should *you* be troubled with it all? But still I take it kind, Nora, I do indeed, your looking me up in this way. And Lindsay, you brought her? Well, well, I always knew your worth. You are a true friend—not a mere butterfly acquaintance who would fly off in the day of adversity. What it is to have a fall, Lindsay! Here are all my fine companions who were never away from me when I had anything to give 'em—here are they all to the right about now! None of them will look me in the face, scarcely. It is the deceitfulness of riches, you know—the deceitfulness of riches that you always warned me against—ah, I never listened to you; but now I find it out for myself."

Lindsay turned away sick at heart.

"I'm a poor man now," continued Middlemass, in the same half rollicking, half piteous tone, "a poor man; but I must not take it too much to heart, must I, old friend? To be sure I haven't a farthing, but *you* won't see any hardship in that," with an ill-repressed sneer. "You will tell me I ought to be thankful to be rid of so much temptation. Money is a terrible snare, eh?—"

"Yes, papa, it is." Nora could be restrained no longer. "It is; and I knew, though no one else did, how little you really cared about it. Money is nothing compared with—with other things," wistfully, eagerly looking for response. "Is it not that you meant, papa? I know that was what you meant."

"Very true—yes—just what I meant;" but he turned a curious look upon the speaker, for he was not quite sure—he never had been sure what to make of Nora; what might she be up to now?

"They may take it all, may they not, papa? Papa, I am afraid we have often been to blame, Charley and I, for teasing you to give us what you could not afford. We had no idea about—about this, you know. It shall never happen again. I do not care what Charley says to me, I will never ask you for another penny——"

"Oh, my dear, your settlement is safe enough."

"If I could, it should be given back to you, papa; but they tell me I can't——"

"No, no; certainly not."

"But, papa, it is really no great matter, is it, so long as—as—as everything else is left. You have other things so much more precious"—(Middlemass smiled, he could not help it). "You have all of us," cried Nora, suddenly finding out how difficult it was to speak more to her purpose. "You have us, and—and, papa, why did you run away like this? It looked odd, you know. It made people say things," her voice trembled. "Don't you see, papa? I should not have done it if I had been you."

"Should you not, Nora?"

"No, indeed, papa; I am sure it was a mistake. It—it made people say things," she repeated, finding nothing else to the point.

"Things! What things?" rejoined Middlemass, eyeing the face before him intently. "Come, speak up; what things?"

"Things that never ought to have been so much as named." The daughter's lip began to twitch and her eye to gleam as she caught sight of the coveted opportunity at last. "Things that are terrible to hear, and worse to bear. Papa, I don't believe them—never be afraid I should—I would not repeat it now, but—oh, Mr. Lindsay, you tell him. No—no—no;" she caught herself up the next moment. "No, do not speak," panting and raising her hand to enjoin silence; not that Lindsay had stirred hand or foot, for indeed he had not meant to interfere in any way. "No one shall speak but me," cried Nora; "he shall hear it from no one but me. Papa, they are cruel enough, wicked enough, shameful enough to impeach—your honour."

Middlemass—laughed.

"Papa!" said the girl, in horror.

"Pon my word, you would make a fine tragedy queen, Nora. My honour, did you say? Fiddlesticks! I have done what any other man under the circumstances would have done——"

He was interrupted by a low whistle from the sofa, on which lounged his son, his half-shut eyes watching the scene with stupid amusement.

In a moment all was changed.

"You drunken scoundrel, what do you mean by that? You impudent blackguard, is that the way you behave before your sister?" cried Middlemass, blazing into sudden fury. "You—you—you to dare to speak at all! You who have been nothing but a disgrace to me ever since you went out into the world! You to set yourself up!——"

"Never mind Wat," said Nora, hoarsely. Her attention was now too firmly fixed on one point to admit of its wandering even to another of import—and indeed she knew but too well what was the meaning of her brother's attitude and expression. "Never mind Wat. Answer me, papa—me. Say that you are innocent——"

"Innocent—innocent," cried Middlemass, "innocent of what, pray?"

"Of those transactions which," said his daughter slowly, "which the world accuses you of."

"If the world accuses me, the world may say what it likes!" exclaimed her father with a blustering loudness of tone which was intended to carry off the worthlessness of the reply. "I have nothing to do with what the world says."

"To me, at least, you have," rejoined Nora, with a pale face. "To me, papa, for I will believe you——"

"Will you indeed, miss—ma'am—whatever you are? You are truly kind."

"Say," pleaded Nora, still obtuse, and resolute on obtaining what she wanted, "say that your name has been traduced, that before Heaven your actions have been right and just——"

"No, before Heaven, then, I won't. Before Heaven I am not going to tell a lie, you temptress," roared Middlemass. "There's your answer, if that's what you wanted. Get away, get out of my sight, all of you. That was what brought you here, was it? Then I hope your curiosity is satisfied, and that you will never need to come a second time. Go, get away——"

"I am going; but, papa——"

"Hold your tongue, you jade. Your 'but papas' will drive me mad. I'll stand no more. Never let me see your face again."

"You never shall." Lindsay's soul quaked within him at the voice.

"You never shall," said Nora, turning full on her incensed parent an eye before which even his fell. "If I had dreamed of this, do you suppose that any consideration upon earth would have brought me here? Do you think——"

"Never mind what I think——"

"You had but to tell me. I required no proofs, I asked for no word but your own; you had but to say that your honour was safe, that you could hold up your head among your fellow-men, that you were not a base, deceitful——"

—“This is insufferable,” said Middlemass, goaded to retort boldly. “Hark ye, Lindsay, you put her up to this, I suppose. Now, understand, both of you, that it’s no go; and, what’s more, I’ll not endure it. To be baited by one’s own family——”

—“Baited! I came to——” began Nora, determined to stand her ground.

But her father was a man, strong, overbearing, and driven to desperation; he had recovered from the momentary impression made by her renunciation of him, and was now himself again, ready to vent on any one the irritation caused by his own internal pangs. “I’ll tell you what you came for,” he said. “You came to try and make me do the one thing I have not done. You came with a pretence of affection and sympathy, to try if by your whining and your arts you could not get me to sink myself deeper in perdition than I shall yet be. But I see through you, and——”

—“Shameful!” cried Nora. “You wrong me in every word. As if I would do such a thing—I——”

“Just you. Who else tried to make me perjure myself? Who else? Eh? Answer me that. I told Dundas the honest truth. I told them all the truth——”

—“It *was* the truth, then?”

—“It *was* the truth, of course. Now?”

“Nora, Nora,” put in Lindsay, trembling for the new outbreak. “Nora, stop. Think what you are saying. You would not have your father false——”

—“He has been false. He *is* false——”

—“I am *not*!”

Both were struggling for the mastery, and Wat had risen to a sitting attitude on the sofa, as with interest he noted the different turns of the conflict. At the last assertion he again whistled his incredulity, and Middlemass again turned in frantic passion at the sound. But before he could speak Lindsay had interposed, almost beside himself with grief and apprehension for what might still be to come.

“William,—Nora,—Wat——” he cried, appealing by turns to each. His back was to the door, and he did not perceive that in the confusion it had been opened silently, and that another figure stood behind him, a silent spectator, in the doorway. “William—my dear friend——” the distracted Lindsay was proceeding, but stopped in amazement, for he perceived that William’s eyes had passed beyond him, and were straining wider and wider as at some strange and terrible sight in the background,—Nora also was gazing, insensible to the reach of his words; and Wat had staggered to his feet, aroused to comprehension and to the use of his bemused faculties,—one and all were breathless, dumb, petrified,—for there, before them, stood—within the little chamber, and in the midst of the shameful tumult, as it might have been the avenging angel himself—their long-lost brother.

He had heard enough, he had guessed all, and one by one their faces fell before his.

Middlemass, however, though scared and stunned, was the first to recover, and, his own grievances and misery being still uppermost in his thoughts, to revert to the familiar refrain—the lamentation which had become habitual; but which, in this moment of extremity, was now no longer used as a mere easing of the conscience, or excuse for sin, it was wrung, as it were, out of the very throes of his despair.

“*You* here!” he exclaimed in accents which went to the heart of his son. “*You? Jem?* You are here at last, are you? You have come home at last! Ah, but there is no home for you to come to now! You are too late—too late, I tell you. There was a time when you would have been welcome—when we were all well and happy—it’s past, past and gone. Go your ways now, sir; we have no need of you here. You would not like us if you came; we are not what we were, and you had best have nothing to say to us. Look,” suddenly turning upon Nora, who, with hands clasped and eyes streaming, was rooted to where she stood, a poor wan, worn creature, weak as a babe now that the fictitious strength of passion had departed, “Look at her, a mere wreck of what she *was*,” cried Middlemass, who had long ago perceived it, but had chosen to take no notice; “is that the happy young wife you pictured? Look at him—look at that sot,” with another hasty movement towards the sofa; “is that the brother you left? Look at me——” he stopped short, it seemed as if here no comment was necessary.

“My dear William,”—Lindsay took his arm, for he feared a sudden fall. “Here is your son,” he whispered.

“Ay, here he is,” said Middlemass, harshly—“here he is, sure enough! What is that to me? I don’t want him. I have enough on my hands without him. He will want to be fed and clothed, too; and I am a beggar, and likely to remain so. He left us once—he had better leave us again——”

—“William—William——”

“Hush!” said Jem, in a low voice. “Let him speak.”

“What have you to say to that?” proceeded Middlemass, unheeding either the interruption or the aside; “here we are ruined, wretched, miserable; and you could have prevented it all. If you had been here, *she*,” pointing to Nora, “would never have thrown herself away upon a brute; and he,” pointing to Wat, “would have had no chance of making a brute of himself. They would not have driven me wild between them—and I should have kept the straight road, and let speculation alone. The children will grow up to despise me—my wife avoids me—God baffles me. I had once a son——”

“Father, father,”—cried the young man, falling

on his knees before the speaker. "Father, forgive. Father, is this true? Is it not a dream? Is that my brother? Is that my sister? Oh, my God, my punishment is greater than I can bear!"—his voice failed, his head sank—they flew to hold him in their arms—they almost thought he *had* left them again, and for ever.

But he had not. Thenceforth he lived for and among his own people. He gave up the career on which heart and soul had been fixed; and, entering a house of business, worked diligently for the support of all; for, as Dundas had foreseen, Middlemass had not sufficiently cleared his conduct in the sight of his creditors for them to permit him for some time to re-engage in mercantile concerns. When he did so, with impaired health and broken spirit, a small competence was the utmost he found he could ever hope to realise. On his name a stigma remained which could never be effaced; and few, indeed, cared to hold intercourse with, or to know what became of, the once popular and successful merchant. He passed below the surface of the busy working world, and was seen of it no more. But gradually within the soul of the poor sinner arose the dawn of a new life; with every worldly hope withdrawn, but, with his "Dinah's son" once more by his side, he learned from Jem to lean in sincerity and truth on a stronger arm than his, and to cast his anchor tremblingly, yet surely, on the Rock of Ages.

But who could give back to Middlemass his lost years, his wasted opportunities? Who could undo Nora's wretched union, and reclaim the drunkard Wat?

Alas! not even Jem.

He had, indeed, the sad privilege of soothing his sister's sorrows, of making a home for her when, widowed and desolate, she sought it, and of ultimately seeing her at peace with God in her own heart, her proud spirit brought low, and her soul quieted as that of a little child; but her youth and her bloom were gone,—while, as for the rest, his influence over either brother was never regained; and the young ones, in common with their mother, cared equally little for what he thought or felt. He had lost the hold on them he had once possessed, and it was never to be obtained again.

"That's what it is, my boy," said Lindsay, on one of his visits—and there was no cessation of these in future,—for the home was Jem's, and who so welcome there as our old friend?—"That's what it is. The Lord set you your work to do; but you fancied another kind of work more. So you had your lesson to learn, and a sad one it has been; but He knows, Jem, He knows; and, mind you, wilful and erring creatures as we are, we are but instruments working under supervision,—we go and come, do this and that, at His command,—we commit, but He permits our blunders; in some other way, by some other means, your dear ones may be

brought to a knowledge of the truth; and, though they are wandering now, they may be safe in the fold at last."

"But not through me," said Jem. And he never quite got over the memory of what might have been.

Dear friends, do not mistake the purport of this little story. Do not for a moment imagine it is written by one who would damp the ardour of any youthful spirit inspired by the love of God and of the souls of the heathen to go forth to Mission work. God speed all such. God bless and prosper them. God send yet more labourers into the vineyard. Only, dear friends, there is another side to be considered; and it is that other side which is here set forth. *Set a watch over your own hearts.* When a voice within says, "Go," stop and listen—it may be the Divine call; if it be, happy indeed is the apostle on whom the lot has fallen; but prove it, prove that it is not the outcome of your restless nature craving for excitement, a wider sphere, and a novel field of action: also—and make very sure of this—that no other work has been set you to do which you have no right to forsake or neglect. God never gives men two things to do at variance with each other, therefore find out which is His work, which your own. Remember this, that the missionary's life is the nearest to that of One who was a stranger and pilgrim wherever He went when He trod this earth, and give thanks and rejoice as true soldiers of Christ, when His command is laid upon you,—*"To the front!"* But to you who cannot, who must not, who ought not to press forward to the van, I would say, You can serve your Captain as truly, if less gloriously, in the humble rear. You can serve Him as faithfully at home as abroad, as steadfastly in the family circle as in the great assemblage. When the pillar of fire and of cloud journeyed before the Israelites, they rose and followed, *but, when it stood still, they remained in the place where they were.*

L. B. W.

THE END.

The Uncle.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

From the German.

"MOTHER, uncle is here! uncle has come!" cried the children on the staircase, and immediately the little band rushed into the sitting-room, followed by the father and an old gentleman. This was the uncle, or rather the children's grand-uncle. They had not seen him for many years, and only the eldest children had a clear recollection of him. But then this uncle was an important person in the family; they spoke of him so often that even the youngest, who were usually so shy, now ran joyfully to meet him. Then the mother introduced them by ages; Helene, who was nine years old, and

had already begun French; Paul, the twins, Rose and Lizzie, Max, and Elsa the pet. "Now, wife," said the father, laughing, "it is better to let uncle discover the children's excellences himself." And now the uncle had to tell many stories. In a little he had a child on each knee, and the rest clustering round him, and the mother told them not to trouble uncle too much.

But alas! the children's bed-time arrived. Paul and Helene hoped their father had forgotten it. But he had not. He looked at his watch and said, "Now, you little ones, off to bed." Meanwhile the two youngest had got very sleepy and went quietly, but the twins were sulky, and the two eldest said softly to their mother, "Just a half-hour more, mother, please, please."

"Children, do not trouble me; your father does not like that, you know. What will uncle think?"

Helene hoped that her uncle would intercede for them, but he had suddenly become absent; he was turning over the leaves of a book, and humming softly to himself. "Now, children, that is enough," said the father decidedly; "will you go quietly, or must I get angry?" That settled the matter, but a little discord had tempered the joy of the day.

"Oh, dear uncle," said the young wife, when quiet was restored in the room, "it is a difficult task to train children."

"That is true. It is so difficult that we often come far short, with our own strength and skill."

"You have just had a specimen of how far we have got with our training," said the father. "We have not yet reached implicit obedience."

His wife reddened. "Your business takes you away the whole day, so that the training of the children falls to me entirely."

"With the exception of special punishments, when I am called in to help," added the father.

"Oh, dear uncle," cried the mother, "do help me with your good advice. I wish so earnestly to do the right, but I often go about it in the wrong way, I fear." The uncle looked kindly on the pair.

"When an old schoolmaster is so implored, it is time for him to speak out. My wisdom is only Solomon's: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Every mother knows better than I, that the youngest child can and must be trained to regularity. If you study the spiritual discipline and training of your children in the same way as the bodily, you have then laid hold of the chief principle of all instruction, and, as a Christian mother, you will prove a better instructor to your children than all the learned pedagogues in the world."

"But it is very difficult always to continue the same discipline when the children get older and develop so differently. Our children are so wild that I have to check and forbid the whole day."

"Do you not do it too much, my dear niece? Pardon my freeness; I wish to advise you. Forbid, if possible, little, and only what you can and will

prevent; but whatever you have once forbidden, always carry through. You shall thus, by the force of habit, if God add His blessing, cultivate the precious fruit of instruction in your children—that of obedience. Good Ludwig Harms said of it, 'I have heard people say, That is a clever child, or, That is a pious child, or, That is a lovable child, but I like best to hear, That is an obedient child. Many a clever child becomes an atheist; many a lovable child becomes a time-server; yes, even a pious child has become a hypocrite; but I have never yet found that an obedient child became corrupted.'"

"We often hear that training and obedience are more seldom found in these days than in those of our grandparents," remarked the father.

"But yet obedience should not be forced," said his wife softly; "we wish to receive more from our children than mere respect."

"You wish to be their friends, dear niece, and that is right. Play and joke with your children as much and as often as you like, but when once you have given an order, play no longer; do not argue with them. A greater earnestness must show the child that the mother has now taken the place of the companion; and when, instead of raising the voice, you speak to him quite softly, you thus appeal to your child's conscience."

"Dear uncle," said the young wife after a short pause, "to-day I see clearer than ever that in order to train my children aright, I must first train myself, and I fear that will never be finished."

The uncle smiled, and was silent.

M. M. T.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.

THE Sub-Committee entrusted with the carrying out of the arrangements in connection with the above Guild, or Union of Young Men's Societies, are at present preparing a return of the different local branches in connection with it, with full particulars regarding each. It will be a favour, therefore, if Ministers or Office-bearers of local Associations, who desire to join the Union, will kindly intimate their intention of doing so to the Secretary at their earliest convenience. Immediately on receiving such intimation, the Secretary will forward a copy of the schedule to be filled up with the usual particulars, and with the name of the Representative nominated to the General Committee of the Guild. It is, of course, very desirable that at least all such Societies connected with congregations within the Church should connect themselves with the general Guild, and thus lend their influence in spreading the movement in districts where as yet no such Societies exist. The Guild is intended to include not only Young Men's Associations or Societies, strictly so called, but also Bible Classes. In the case of these, the Minister will, of course, make what arrangements he may think best to enable the Class to elect their own Representative to the General Committee. It may be suggested that this might be done by having a special meeting,—presided over by the Minister,—for the purpose of formally joining the Guild and electing a Representative. In the event of a Bible Class consisting of both young men and young women, such a meeting would, of course, consist of the young men only.

All communications regarding it, and all intimations of adhesion, to be addressed to the Secretary, Christian "Life and Work" Committee, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh, who will give all information.



Hugh Cameron - 1891.

AFFECTION.

Presented by HUGH CAMERON, Esq., R.S.A.

Of Life.

XII. CRITICAL PERIODS AND NEW LEASES.

YOU used to smile, no doubt, when some old or aging man, in the thankful sense that things had somewhat brightened, that heart and foot were not so heavy, told you that he had taken a *new lease of life*. You thought it weakness and fancy. There is no harder thing than for the young to sympathise with the old: for the light-hearted to put themselves in the place of the care-worn and weary. But you have found out for yourself, as you went on, the meaning of the phrase. You have discovered that it expresses a pleasant reality.

There are critical times in our life, when the question is *Shall I go or stay?* The entire machinery, physical and psychical, seems to ask, *Shall I stop, or shall I go on yet awhile?* These critical times come in two fashions. There may be a quiet failure of strength and vitality. There may be sudden and severe illness.

We all know how at the fatal thirty-seven great geniuses tend to break down and die: those human beings whose work is a heavy pull upon the more ethereal powers of body and soul. Great poets, painters, and musicians, are worn out at that age: and they go. This is a fact which is sustained by a very wide and startling induction of instances. It is strange, it is sad, but it is certain, that the finest-strung human natures break down the soonest. They were not made for long wear. Mozart and Mendelssohn, Raphael, Byron, and Burns, had but this little share of troublesome life.

Then, for brain-driving men who are not sensitive geniuses, but hard-driven doers of this world's everyday prosaic work, forty-five is the critical time. I remember well the day when a very eminent man of science told me this: and how I suddenly ran over the names of a dozen of the cleverest men I knew; and found that even in one's own little experience the fact was so. You call it brain-weariness, failure of nervous energy: some folk talk of the mucous membrane. The meaning of all this simply is that there comes a general breaking-up, which (curiously) means the same thing as a general breaking-down. Then it is that I remark how this man and that gets leave of absence from his duty for six months or a year: and goes away, pretty much broken-hearted, to milder regions where all is strange to him: and whence he returns or does not return, as may be. There are three possibilities, my scientific friend told me, when a brain-worker has thus broken down: and let it be said, I have since remarked how many break down almost to the very day. The simplest alternative is, that the poor worn-out over-worker dies. And then, I have seen with a sore heart those who depended on him begin to practise something of that economy and self-denial which (begun sooner) might have saved brain and heart,

and kept him here. The next possibility is, that the worn-out man drags on his life for a few years longer, and even struggles to do his work: but everything is a burden, the buoyancy and hopefulness are gone, the temper is irritable and wayward, every prospect is gloomy, and life is a miserable load. The third possibility is that which I wish God may send to every one who may read this page, if this critical time fall heavy upon him: and well I know that many who will read this page are of those who specially run the risk of it. It is that the man gets perfectly well again: gets through the darkness out into God's good sunshine: is far fitter and stronger for his work than he ever was before: feels a delight in his work beyond all experience, and finds it strangely easy: discerns a true zest and enjoyment in each little detail of the daily round of existence: is undisturbed by noises, and good-natured with stupid and blundering folk: thinks it, like Paley, "a happy world after all:" in brief, takes a new lease of life.

And while new leases are for the most part on less favourable terms for the tenant, it is not so here. There is no dropping down to a lower level. One has known life far brighter and warmer at fifty than it was at twenty-five.

I know that you may say, if you be a robust soul, that all this about critical periods is fanciful. You may ask, Why break down at these more than at any other time? You may say, in all kindness and good faith, to a dwining and dispirited mortal, growing weekly more languid and desponding, Don't give in: Fight against it: Keep your mind healthily occupied: Think how much depends on your life, and don't be selfish: Work for others if not for yourself. Most readers have known worthy but unsympathetic people, whose prescription for every emergency was, *Exert yourself: Make an effort!* But how if you cannot? How, if you spur ever so hard, and there is no responsive effort: only the dreary wish to creep aside and give up altogether? If strength has indeed failed, it will not do to make believe very much, and fancy that this will suffice. There is no fighting against facts: and a wise man will not try to ignore them. Acknowledge them: Mend them: Make the best of them: *This* is the way. And as for the question one has heard put, Why break down at forty-five more than at any other age? it is a silly one, and heartless. Why should I see, on this tenth day of September, on some of these trees the first tinge of Autumn, while all the rest are green? Beautiful and fragrant linden, why are you the first to fade? Why have these great expanses on which I look down, climbing this height, turned yellow; though with little sunshine to make them so? Why, when a few weeks are gone, will all these leaves change, then wither and fall? Why, but because the season comes when these changes must be. The Creator's Fiat, I say: Or if you will have it, the laws of nature have appointed so.

Even so is it with us human beings. Times and seasons are appointed to us, as to all things: and we cannot fight against them, however resolute and brave we may be. And some of us are neither very resolute nor very brave.

I have said, there are two ways in which the Critical Period comes.

We may gradually feel, we do not know why, all our work growing harder, losing interest, turning to a heavy burden. You know the meaning of the pathetic phrase, to *lose heart*. You shirk exertion. The day comes when really you must sit down, where you used to stand. You find in yourself the capacity (it is very strange) to sit for an hour under a group of trees in the warm still Autumn day, or at evening in your chair by the winter fire, vacant: doing nothing, thinking of nothing: in a semi-conscious state. Do you remember a Scotch story, in which an ancient Laird is described as "sitting on his ain loupin'-on stane, glowering frae him"? At the last, after weeks of failing strength, the memorable day comes to folk whose work must be done by considerable effort, on which your work cannot be done at all, whether well or badly: you are beaten at last, and must definitively stop. You send for the Doctor: a hard thing for most men to do. He speaks of long over-work: of nervous weariness, of vital exhaustion: He lays you aside from your occupation, possibly not for so very long: though three or four weeks sometimes have seemed a most extended season. Possibly he tells you that you "must go to grass for a long time:" which (unless you be very ill indeed) you absolutely refuse to do. You say you cannot do it: you cannot be spared: you must work on somehow. You make terms: the good man sees that to send you away would, as things are, bring such trouble that it is better you abide, taking all duty as lightly as may be. Even what must be done is for many months done very heavily and heartlessly; and your temper is a trial to many. Yet you pull through. You turn the corner at length. There is a very slow process, in the recovering of strength and tone. But after half a year or (it may be) a year under the cloud, you find yourself going out and in amid a glow of vigour and cheerfulness. All you have to do is easy, is encouraging: Everything you put your hand to prospers. Sometimes, looking back, you wonder if that breaking-down was not half-fanciful: Might you not have fought it? But this is delusion. Weakness and illness, God be thanked, are quite forgot when they have passed away. But they were awfully real when they were present. You have got a new lease of life. O make the most of it. It may not be for very long.

There is the other way in which the memorable experience may come to you: the way of sudden and sharp suffering. The morning comes whereon, having gone about burning and shivering for two or three days, you say you must stay in bed for just a day and get rid of this bad cold. Even a

day in bed is to many men a thing not easily permitted. But it is not a bad cold. It is Fever: burning fever in which mind and memory go. It is fierce inflammation of some vital organ, of whose existence in you you were hardly aware before. There is no fighting such things as these. You, never a day in bed beyond two or three in all your life: you, who just recently had said (not boastfully but thankfully) that you had never been away from your work for a fortnight together through many years; have now to lie prostrate through week after week, often in acute suffering, soon in deadly weakness, knowing for the first time the awful and indescribable experiences of that which people so easily name as *Delirium*. "He's off his head," you have many a time been told, in a house of sickness: "he is wandering." And you said, "Poor fellow, it is very sad!" and went away. You will know now, you will remember vividly while you live, how strange a fact the easily-said words express: through what weird and weariful tracts of thought and feeling a poor human soul may have to go. If you have lived a decent life, thank God that strangeness and weariness will be the worst: you will not have the ghastly, loathsome, and frightful apparitions which come to those who have treated brain and nerve with awful alcohol, body and soul with degrading and unspeakable sin. In a little, all ordinary cares will cease. Let but the iron grip of pain grasp you tight enough, and what a selfish, narrow creature you will grow: all you will wish will be to be delivered from this torture: all the world will be the little chamber within which you have to suffer. At the first, there will be the terrible sense, that the house, the children, the parish, cannot go on without you: it is not through self-conceit you think so, but because you know that of a truth every day brings you so much to do: Ah, that long list of things to be done next day which you made up the night before you lay down on the bed whence you may never rise. But these things have to go. Get low enough down, and they all pass from your poor relaxing grasp. You will find with a start, how quickly, even without the shock of fatal accident, a man may die: how little is our hold to life. But, though it has come with far less warning than you vaguely thought it would, you will quite reconcile your mind to going. And, when the turn comes, you will truly have come back from the grave. You had worried yourself, in that awful weakness, to a degree of which nobody knew, in thinking where you should be buried: you could not make up your mind. You would let others determine. And you had had terrible cares as to how "They" would do without you: "They," who are all the world to you. If a few years more could have been given! "Yes, mother, but I should like to get better:" so a dying schoolboy said, very near the end. That had gone from you. It was what holy Bishop Andrewes prayed for: "a Christian close, without

fear, and if it may be, without pain." It was the wildest of dreams that you should ever be at work again: That was all past: and what a poor thing the work of a diligent life seemed! Never you talk to me, as ignorant mortals do, about the calm approval of a good conscience in the retrospect of a well-spent life. *That* is delusion. What poor trust there is, is not *there*. As for the amusements of life, as for the engagements of society, how impossible, in the thought of the End that must come to everybody, that time or thought should ever be given to these! Such are the seasons in which you are dependent, as a little infant is dependent, on human kindness and patience. A very little neglect; and you would be away. You will learn more than you ever knew before of the self-sacrifice of which some are capable. And the sympathy of many, near and far, is real and inestimable.

You are not to go. Change for the better comes. Strange, to walk across your room, and find you cannot, save by holding on. Strange, when you can take food again. You are ashamed that you enjoy it so much, and anticipate it so eagerly. You had once rebuked (gently) a schoolboy, who told you how lying in his bed in Germany, he often thought what it would be to have ham and eggs for breakfast again. Strange, to come downstairs: quitting the little room which for these weeks had been all your world. Strange, the first time you are again in the open air: tottering feebly for fifty yards. Strange, the first time you are in God's house. You feel you never valued it as you ought, when you had it habitually through all your life till now. And if your vocation be to instruct your fellows, you bring back, from these weeks of cessation, several messages, not otherwise known. You had gone, very often, into a sickroom: you had talked with the sufferer lying there: but coming, in firm health from the outside engagements and interests, you did not know how different a thing existence is in that hushed apartment: you never quite realised the long days, the terribly long nights, which were going over, there. You had not at all taken in how, in divers forms of illness, there is great difficulty in taking the consolations of religion: how, in great suffering, and notably, in fever, there are stages in which you try to read books; and dislike them ever after. The awful taste of inflammation, of fever, which makes all food nauseous, reaches to what you read too. Aye, the Best of books is a good deal affected: and the beloved Psalms are not quite what they used to be. When life revives, one of the first and pleasantest signs is, that the Sunday, though still in the sickroom, is a blessing: it was a disappointment, for a while: and the Psalms smile in your face and fall on your ear as of old. You sometimes had doubted, rather awfully, whether the consolations of God were really anything at all to you: you feared, with a sinking heart, that you could be devout and resigned only when all goes well: but that you did

but break down sorrowfully when the strain and pressure come.

They are trying, the days through which, strength being so far revived, you must stand and wait: being eager to take to work again, but wisely forbidden. But the time comes, at length, when the task is again taken in hand; amid many kind looks and welcomes. You were always valued just about as much as you deserve: Now, for a while, you are valued far more. All work is a delight. It is curious, for a little, to come upon many things you had provided for future use, which might never have been needed. Some one else might have found them; and looked at them with a sigh. But you know, indeed, the meaning of a New Lease of Life. You will be aware, now, that the illness which laid you prostrate had in fact been coming upon you for long. The evil is purged out of you: and there is a buoyancy unknown for many weeks and months gone by. Your duty was never so easy: never so cheering. It seems as if kindness and charity towards all you know were the pleasant outcome of restored health. You have a wonderfully keen sense of the beauty of reviving nature: a fresh wonder at the words and ways of little children. If feeling be the great fact, you are of a truth younger than for many a year. There is a singular re-awakening of cheerful interest in all the little details of life: and there is no greater worldly blessing than this homely one. For little details make the sum of life. No holiday, however long and reviving: none at least that you have ever known; sends you back to your occupation with that freshened interest which comes of the enforced withdrawal from it all of three months of serious illness. Go, then, and enjoy the New Lease vouchsafed you: Go and improve it. Work, rest, enjoy, endure: Occupy till He come.

One last word: You have had a glimpse of what it will be when you must go: a glimpse which is very cheering, and a great relief; unless you be singularly selfish and self-conceited. *They will be able to do without you.* The World, perfectly. The Parish, very fairly. The House, quite wonderfully. For which you thank God.

A K. H. B.

The Storm at Eyemouth.

14TH OCTOBER 1881.

BY AN INHABITANT.

PEOPLE dwelling far off in the quiet uplands or in inland towns can have little conception of the wild stir and excitement which the sudden rising of the wind always occasions in a fishing village when the boats are out. Then, in a moment, women are seen hurrying to the quay or the seashore with troubled faces; the old men gather in groups at the corners of the narrow "wynds," or at the pier head, gazing seawards, eager to catch the faintest glimpse of the returning boats. Every one

is anxious; even the children hush their play, knowing as well as their elders the danger and the fear.

But the panic which seized the whole community of our little town on the sudden darkening of the sky on the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten 14th of October was something far more than common. A boding dread possessed every heart from the very commencement of the storm. It is worthy of remark that for some days previously a kind of vague apprehension of coming evil was prevalent amongst us; and not a few—chiefly women and delicate persons—experienced unusually distressing sensations on hearing the *erie* gusts of wind which swept through the town—a wailing sea wind, which, it appears to us, has ever a more mournful *sough* than that of a land wind. Some also affirmed that they could not for days get rid of the impression that the Church bells were ringing. An old man—sick in mind as well as in body—who had been a sailor in his youth, and lived in foreign lands, repeatedly maintained that there was going to be an earthquake!

But the fishermen themselves had more tangible grounds for apprehension—the sudden fall of the mercury in the public barometer, the dead and unnatural calm following so shortly after a boisterous night, with many other signs upon the sea, full of meaning for them. How, in the face of all these tokens, they ventured out at all upon that fatal morning, is one of those mysterious occurrences which will never be rightly explained. Several of the men who were spared to return said they had gone with great unwillingness, and as if impelled by some irresistible influence.

It would be about half-past ten o'clock in the morning when the appalling darkness came on, followed instantly by a perfect hurricane of wind, that tore the branches from the few trees which grow in the enclosure before the Church and Manse. The sight of these trees writhing in the blast like creatures in pain, and then the men and women running down the street, will cling to the memory for ever. It was the first scene of the awful tragedy that was to follow. In less time than it takes to write it, we also were hurrying along the main street as best we could, the wind literally lifting us off our feet at every step, while chimney cans, tiles, and slates, were flying about in all directions.

At the bottom of the lane which leads to the beach was gathered a crowd of agonised, miserable people, gazing helplessly at the sea. And what a sea! One mass of foam, and towering walls of water, and blinding "smoke." Sky and sea mingled together in unutterable confusion. With great difficulty we climbed an outside stair, and gained the friendly shelter of a fisher's house. It was filled with women clinging to each other in the wildest state of terror and despair. Their cries ring in our ears yet.

Oh, what would one not have done to have been

able, in the smallest degree, to calm their tortured, torn hearts! Not one there, but had husband, or brother, or son—alas, many had all three, out on that terrible sea! The window of the little room was so blurred with the salt spray, that nothing could be seen from it, so we all crowded in the open doorway, which commanded a full view of the bay and the breakwater.

On a sudden, a wilder cry than before was heard above the roaring of the storm, as three boats, reeling, staggering from side to side, with bare masts, were seen through the blinding smoke. Then a death-like stillness followed, as the brave boats, now plunged deep in the trough of the sea, now lifted high upon the tremendous waves, came nearer and nearer to the shore. Once, one of them was almost dashed upon the rocks—those fatal rocks behind the breakwater—when the cool self-possession of the old skipper at the helm saved both boat and crew. At the only moment when it could be done, he gave the helm the proper turn, which sent them spinning into the harbour on the top of a huge wave. Then what a cry of relief and gratitude went up from every brimming heart!

The other two boats, which belonged to Coldingham, were equally happy; but alas! alas! far otherwise was the fate of the next two. The heart grows sick at the remembrance of what then took place.

These boats entered the bay by a different passage. There is a range of jagged rocks, called the Hurkars, stretching across the entrance of the bay, with openings between. It is almost certain death to enter by the East Yett, as it is termed, on a stormy day. But these two fated boats took this course. The supposition is, that the poor men were at their wits' end, and knew not what they were doing.

The women watched with breathless anxiety those boats, as they staggered on, sometimes quite hid from view by the clouds of spray, sometimes looming dimly through the gloom, none knowing but that there might be in them those nearest and dearest. Their feelings found expression in ejaculations of prayer: "O Lord, guide them safely in!" "O Lord, save them!" Such cries were ringing on every side. One woman shrieked, "Oh my bairns, my bairns!" and mercifully lost all consciousness. She had three sons out. A sudden louder roar of the tempest, and one of the boats heeled over, the sails floating out upon the water. In a moment she went down, and all was over! Not one of the seven brave men in her was ever seen again. It is impossible to describe the scene which followed. A shriek went up from the women, while the men who had been watching, as by an instinctive movement, turned their faces away, unable to look on what was happening. The other boat was shot like an arrow against the rocks. The mast fell upon one of the poor fellows, killing him instantly; the others were engulfed in the waters as the boat

split, and went down with a certain *awesome* slowness. In a little while the hull reappeared, and very soon she was battered to atoms—broken fragments of what but a few minutes before was a gallant boat floating up into the harbour mouth. Retreating into the house, we sat down on a low settle at the fisher's fire, when a lovely little child, missing her mother's accustomed caress, came and laid her fair, curly head upon our knee. Was *her* father one of those we had seen perish? As yet no one could tell. The mother, bewildered with grief, stood at the window, vainly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of what was taking place outside, through the blinding rain, which now beat violently against the panes. More women came in, dripping wet. One poor creature, with an old-fashioned shawl bundled round her, was literally soaked through and through. So intense was her anxiety, that she had stood the whole time at the bottom of the lane, exposed to the full fury of the pitiless storm. Then a man came in who had made his way from Coldingham along the top of the cliffs, and told in a low voice of his having seen a yawl go down off Linkum Bay, and all hands perish. The names of the two boats lost at the mouth of the harbour were the *Harmony* and the *Radiant*. In the *Radiant* were three brothers, and their mother standing at her stair-head had seen them perish only a few yards off.

Shortly afterwards a boat with the sail fully up appeared a little way out from the Hurkars. One cannot say how long this sail kept appearing and disappearing through the darkness of the storm. To us it seemed to be hours, but doubtless it was a far shorter time. At last it suddenly vanished altogether. We afterwards learned that it was a perfectly new boat, out that day for the first time, manned by fine young fellows, proud of their beautiful craft. One of them had been married just one week. The young widow, a stranger in a strange land, is truly desolate.

The storm seemed now to have reached its height. The roof of a tall red-tiled house near was literally stripped off. Nothing could equal the violence of the gusts of wind. Large square slabs slid off the top of a wall close to us, and fell heavily to the ground. Men reeled along as if they were drunk, being quite unable to keep their feet or to walk upright. No woman by this time could have stood out of doors. Just then we saw a strange thing. Two birds of the auk species, called by the fishermen "*Couter-nebs*," were blown right out of the sea high into the air, where they tumbled over and over perfectly helpless.

Another boat now entered the bay. No one for a moment believed that she would reach the harbour. But she did so. *How*, none can tell. God only knows. The men themselves, when questioned afterwards as to how they had managed, said, with looks of awe, that they could not say, but that surely God had helped them. The poor woman

who had shrieked out "Oh my bairns, my bairns," now rushed down the stairs exclaiming, "Twa o' my sons are in her, and are safe!" The boat, in which her third son was, never came to land. But her loss appears small when so many other women have had to bear the loss of husband and sons and brothers, as well as other relatives.

The only gleam of comfort that now remained in the midst of the terrible gloom was the assertion, repeated from mouth to mouth, that many of the boats had run to Burnmouth, where the harbour in certain winds is easier to enter than ours, and that others had stood out to sea—ever the safest course in a storm such as this. But how all these hopes were doomed to disappointment is now known far and near.

No more boats appeared till far on in the afternoon, when it was getting dark. Then "*The Pilgrim*" was driven ashore upon the rocks below the Fort—a round, bluff point which guards the west side of the bay. Thanks to the timely throwing of a rope, every one got safe to land. But, split from bow to stern, the poor "*Pilgrim*" now lies half-buried in the sand and shingle, a type of the desolation which broods over our once prosperous town. And yet, connected with this very boat, is an incident of a brighter nature. When she was seen driving upon the rocks, every one believed that she and her crew were lost, and the rumour that such was the case speedily spread through the town. The minister of the parish was asked to break the sad event to the ailing wife of one of the crew, lest any one else should do so too suddenly. He was just in the act of gently telling the poor woman of the bereavement she had sustained, when a neighbour burst into the house with the joyful news that every man was safe.

And so ended this terrible day. Scarcely an eye was closed that night in Eyemouth; and the morning broke, dark and heavy with gloom and storm, upon a town steeped in bewilderment and sorrow.

The Fisherman's Wife.

WEARILY, wearily, on the hearthstone,
Wearily sitting there all alone,
Idle the wheel, and idle the hand,
Why looks she so wearily down to the strand?

The cradle was empty! And far on the sea
A little boat rocked tempestuously;
The clouds they were gathering fast—so fast,
And they broke o'er the fisherman's boat at last;
And wearily, wearily, through the long night,
The lone one keeps watch in the weird moonlight,
She sees the long breakers come rolling in,
She hears the wild surge and the ocean's din—
But *he* hears not—deep, deep he lies
In an awful calm 'neath the troubled skies!

Cradle and boat! all their sweet tale is o'er,
Nor cradle nor boat for her evermore,
But a changed, sad life on the coming morn;
O pray, light hearts, for that heart forlorn!

E. V. O. E.

FOREIGN SUPPLEMENTS TO "LIFE & WORK."

WE have before us several numbers of an ably edited four-page monthly "Supplement for Ceylon," circulated with "Life and Work" throughout the Congregations of the Church of Scotland in that Island. The Ministers of the Presbytery of Ceylon unite to make their Supplement a record of their work as a Presbytery, and to supply local intelligence and papers, which must be highly interesting and profitable.

We have also received copies of an admirable four-page Supplement from South America, entitled the "Buenos Ayres Scotch Church Magazine," and edited by the Rev. J. W. Fleming, B.D., who was ordained in 1879 to be a Missionary to India, but was obliged, under medical advice, to prefer the less trying climate of Buenos Ayres, where he has been strengthened to do excellent work. The Magazine is full of Missionary zeal. The following is an extract:—

"A favourite objection to Foreign Missions is one levelled at Missionaries. We are told that they are men who could not get on at home. That is an objection we can never hear with patience. Its injustice and falsity make one's blood boil. Let us say, as a minister once said, 'It is an ignorant lie.' Failures! Are the men who volunteer for the Forlorn Hope the cowards of the army? Are the worst soldiers found to be the first to scale the ramparts of heathendom? Are they not the very bravest who are chosen for the post of honour and danger in the front of the battle? We could mention many illustrious names, but our space will not permit it. Let us merely add that, when we were found unfitted for India, the man who immediately volunteered to take his greatest friend's place was not the booby of our class. No! he was the first man in our year,—one who stood first in three of his classes and second in the other one—one who gave up a handsome scholarship in order that the post might not be vacant a day longer than was unavoidable. Surely we shall not suffer such men to labour all alone, if by giving them our sympathy and sending them something from our abundance, we could (as we tell you plainly we can) cheer them somewhat in their loneliness, and make them feel that even oceans and continents cannot bar the way of sympathy and help."

A Story of a Christmas Card.

By Mrs. ALFRED MACLEOD.

CHRISTMAS was coming! Everybody seemed to know that.

The shops were blazing with light, the better to show the treasures in the windows and on the counters.

In many happy homes the rooms were being decorated with holly and mistletoe; and as poor little Jamie Mason passed along the streets he saw glimpses of bright rooms now and then, where the inmates were so busy that they had forgotten to draw the blinds. Or did they wish to shed some ray of light on the cold and comfortless street?

Before one house Jamie stopped. Oh! it did look bright and happy. In the room was a portly elderly gentleman, who Jamie decided must be the

father; and a tall gentle-looking lady, the mother. Two boys, and a sweet fair-haired girl, stood—one on a pair of house steps, the others on kitchen chairs with stools atop—twining wreaths of holly round the mirror and picture frames, on the gas-alier, and, indeed, everywhere that it was possible to fasten them. The younger children stood around handing up the evergreens, laughing and shouting with glee. But the crowning ornament was a Christmas tree, decked in all its glory for the party to-morrow, and laden with innumerable toys.

"Oh, hoo fine it wad be to be thae bairns," sighed Jamie, as he stood lost in wonder at the beauty and brilliance before him. Then he thought of his own wretched home, and the contrast was too much for him; he laid his head against the cold, hard railings, and wept.

Poor little fellow! It was bitterly cold to stand there with his bare chilblained feet in the snow, weak, hungry, and ill as he was. But the garret into which he must soon creep was not much warmer, and was dark, while here he could enjoy the bright light, and could at least see the warm fire blazing. Besides, he had not courage to hurry home, for he had been out all day and had earned nothing, and well he knew what to expect from his drunken father.

Moving his feet about to try if possible to take off the edge of the bitter cold, he touched something warm and soft, and stooping down he lifted a beautiful sealskin purse!

The boy's heart beat quickly. Would there be anything in it? As hastily as his numbed fingers could, he opened it, and there lay glittering before his astonished eyes coins of silver and gold, such as he had never touched before. His first instinct was to run with it. But in a moment the thought of his dead mother's lessons came to him. "Jamie, my puir laddie, never learn tae drink, and be sure aye tae be honest," were almost her last words to him.

It was hard to give it up, but he *would* be honest. He closed the purse, as if to shut out the tempting sight of the money. Whose could it be? It had been lying beside the steps of the house that he had been admiring. He would try there first. Up the steps he went, and tapped gently at the door; but inside they were much too busy to hear a tap. Then he rang the bell, and the door was opened by a smart maid-servant, who in her clean dress, and cap with bright blue ribbons, shrank back when she saw the tattered figure before her.

"Well, what do you want?" she said, adding to herself—"It's been nothing but beggars, beggars, all day long. They're sure to come when a body's busy."

"If ye please, could I see the leddy, or the gentleman?"

"Nonsense, just tell me what you want, and let me get the door shut. It's bitter cold standin'

here. Do you think the maister and the mistress has nothing to do but attend to the likes of you?" She looked very cross indeed, but just then the lady came out, and seeing Jamie asked the maid what he wanted.

Jamie answered for himself, "Please, mum, is this yours?"

It was hers. Alighting from a cab about an hour before, she must have dropped it from her muff, and had not missed it, so there it had lain in the snow. The lady looked at the boy's bare feet and thin pinched face with pity. "Come in, my little man," she said, and led him in to the very room where the happy children were. And when Jamie heard her tell her husband all about the purse, and when they both commended his honesty, he felt glad indeed that he had resisted temptation.

The lady gave him a bright new half-crown from the purse, and bringing a pair of stockings and boots, which had belonged to one of her own boys, assisted him to put them on. They were old and worn, but to Jamie they seemed so warm and comfortable. The kind lady also told him to come back the next day, when she would have some warm clothes for him, and ringing the bell desired the cross servant to give him some beef and bread.

While he waited for it, the little girl, whose name was Mary, came forward with a Christmas card, and gave it to him with a kind smile. The card was very beautiful, and had on the one side a picture of the infant Jesus lying on His mother's lap; and on the other the picture dear to all little ones—that of the Saviour blessing little children. Jamie knew what the pictures meant, for, poor and miserable though he was, he loved Jesus, of whom his mother had taught him so often. Putting this treasure carefully into the bosom of his thin torn jacket, and grasping his half-crown tightly in one hand, and the bread and meat in the other, he thanked the lady, and left the warm, comfortable house again.

Out into the night once more, but with a much lighter heart, he tried to run, for his father would be looking for him. He would buy some supper for him at the cook-shop, or "eatin'-hoose" as it was called, for surely the half-crown was his own, to do what he pleased with; and a hot supper would be better than drink. And so thinking he ran on, eating as he went, till, turning a corner, he knocked up against a boy much older than himself, and fell to the ground. He was not much hurt, and soon picked himself up, but where was his half-crown? Gone! The big boy had it, and with a cruel laugh ran off, calling out, "Catch me if ye can, chappie."

Poor Jamie! his brief happiness was over. There was nothing to carry home to his father now but a small remnant of his bread and meat; and with slow step he started once more for home. Oh! what a mockery it seems to call by that sweet name the wretched place in which he lived.

Groping his way up the rickety staircase to the top, with a slow and hesitating hand he opened the door. He gave a sigh of relief when he discovered that his father was already asleep, and creeping to the corner where a bundle of straw served as his bed, he lay down, and after feeling in his jacket to know if the lovely card was safe, held it tightly in his hand and fell asleep.

But long before morning he awoke, and felt strange pains shooting through his little body. No more sleep for him now; he lay racked and tossing about, till morning dawned at last, and his father awoke.

He had slept off his drunkenness, but was very ill-tempered as he called out, "Why are ye no up? Hoo much did ye bring hame last nicht?"

Jamie tried to rise, but he was stiff all over, and sank down again upon his straw. Then he told how he had got no jobs at all yesterday; how everybody seemed too busy to notice him; but that a kind lady had given him the boots and stockings. He dared not tell about the purse or the half-crown now. "Let's see the boots; ye'll be better without them, lyin' there; and I see ye've got the cauld, so ye canna gang oot the day;" and so saying he bent down and took them off, and soon slunk out to sell them for money to buy drink.

He did not return till late that night, and lay down to sleep without waking poor little Jamie, who had lain there unnoticed and uncared for through all that Christmas Day, and whose only comfort had been his precious card with its lovely pictures and loving words; for besides a sweet Christmas verse there was the text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" and Jamie managed to spell out these words, and knew that they had been spoken by the Saviour.

Another night of moaning and tossing passed slowly by, and when morning broke, his father was moved to try to do something for him; but, alas! he was too late. Jamie could not swallow the food which he brought him; but yet the father did not realise his danger, and once more left him to himself. When after some hours he did return, what did he see?—A cold form stretched on the straw; a sweet smile on the still face; and in the clasped hands the Christmas card.

Little Mary often wondered why Jamie did not come again; but little did she know that her gift had brought the true brightness and cheer and joy of Christmas to the poor dying boy.

BOOKS FOR READING ALOUD AT MEETINGS.

We are often asked what books should be read at Mothers' Meetings, or at Working Parties for Foreign Missions, Jewish Missions, or Home (or Parish) Missions, respectively. Will any of our readers who have learnt by experience which books are most useful kindly send us the names, saying in which kind of Meeting they used them? We shall give in an early number some results of our reading of the notes with which we hope to be furnished.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

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